

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

1893

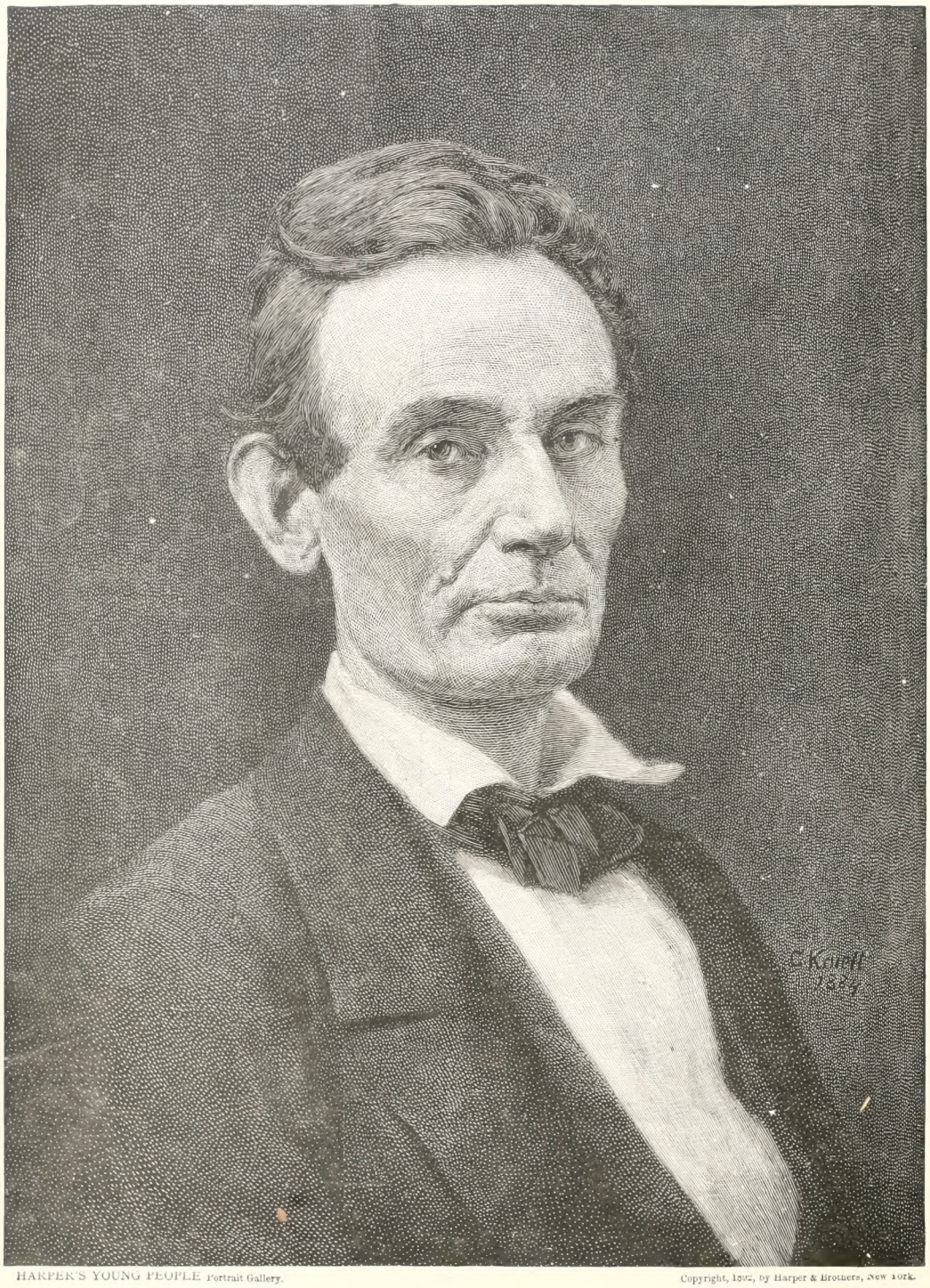


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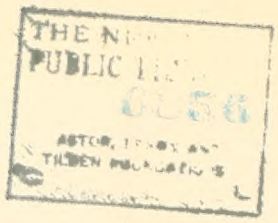
HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

1893



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

RAFTMATES:

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

Author of "Canoemates," "Campmates," "Dorymates," etc

Chapter I.

THE RAFT.

ALTHOUGH the *Venture* was by no means so large a raft as many that Winn Caspar had watched glide down the Mississippi, he considered it about the finest craft of that description ever put together. He was also a little more proud of it than of anything else in the whole world. Of course he excepted his brave soldier father, who had gone to the war as a private, to come home when it was all over wearing a Major's uniform, and his dear mother, who for four weary years had been



both father and mother to him, and his sister Etta, who was not only the prettiest girl in the county, but, to Winn's mind, the cleverest. But outside of his immediate family, the raft, the *Venture*, as his father had named it, was the object of the boy's most sincere admiration and pride. Had he not helped build it? Did he not know every timber and plank and board in it? Had he not assisted in loading it with enough bushels of wheat to feed an army? Was he not about to leave home for the first time in his life, to float away down the great river and out into the wide world on it? Certainly he had, and did, and was. So no wonder he was proud of the raft, and impatient for the waters of the little river, on a bank of which the Caspars lived, to be high enough to float it, that they might make a start.

Winn had never known any home but this one near the edge of the vast pine forests of Wisconsin. Here Major Caspar had brought his New England bride many years before; here he had built up a mill business that was promising him a fortune in a few years more at the time when the war called him. When peace was declared, this business was wellnigh ruined, and the soldier must begin life again as a poor man. For many months he struggled, but made little headway against adverse fortune. The mill turned out lumber fast enough, but there was no demand for it, or those who wanted it were too poor to pay its price. At length the Major decided upon a bold venture. The Caspar mill was but a short distance from the Mississippi. Far away down the great river were cities where money was plenty, and where lumber and farm products were in demand. There were not half enough steamboats on the river, and freights were high; but the vast waterway with its ceaseless current was free to all. Why should not he do as others had done and were constantly doing—raft his goods to a market? It would take time, of course; but a few months of the autumn and winter could be spared as well as not, and so it was finally decided that the venture should be undertaken.

It was not to be a timber raft only. Major Caspar did not care to attempt the navigating of a huge affair, such as his entire stock of sawed material would have made, nor could he afford the expense of a large crew. Then, too, while ready money was scarce in his neighborhood, the prairie wheat crop of that season was unusually good. So he exchanged half his lumber for wheat, and devoted his leisure during the summer to the construction of a raft with the remainder.

This raft contained the very choice of the mill's output for that season—squared timbers, planks, and boards enough to load a ship. It was provided with two long sweeps, or steering oars, at each end, with a roomy shanty for the accommodation of the crew, and with two other buildings for the stowing of cargo. The floors of these structures were raised a foot above the deck of the raft, and were made water-tight, so that when waves or swells from passing steamboats broke over the raft, their contents would not be injured. In front of the central building, or "shanty," was a bed of sand six feet square, enclosed by wooden sides, on which the camp fires were to be built. Much of the cooking would also be done here. Besides this there was a small stove in the shanty for use during cold or wet weather.

The shanty had a door and three windows, and was in other ways made unusually comfortable. The Major said that after four years of roughing it, he now meant to take his comfort wherever he could find it, even though it was only on a raft. So the *Venture's* shanty was very different from the rude lean-to or shelter of rough boards, such as was to be seen on most of the timber rafts of the great river. Its interior was divided into two rooms, the after one of which was a tiny affair only six by ten feet. It was furnished with two bunks, one above the other, a table, two camp-chairs, and several shelves, on one of which were a dozen books of travel and history. This was the sleeping-room that Winn was to share with his father.

A door from this opened into the main living-room of the "shanty." Here were bunks for six men, a dining-table, several benches, barrels, and boxes of provisions, and the galley, with its stove and ample supply of pots, pans, and dishes. The bunks were filled with fresh sweet-smelling wheat straw, covered with heavy army blankets, and the whole affair was about the most comfortable "shanty" ever set up on a Mississippi timber raft. To Winn it seemed as though nothing could be more perfect or inviting, and he longed for the time when it should be his temporary home.

For a whole month after the raft was finished, loaded, and ready to set forth on its uncertain voyage, it remained hard and fast aground where it was built. To Winn's impatience it seemed as though high water never would come. "I don't believe this old raft is ever going to float any more than the mill itself," he remarked pettishly to his sister Etta one day in October, as they sat together on the *Venture* and watched the sluggish current of the little river.

"Father thinks it will," answered Etta, quietly.

"Oh yes. Of course father thinks so; but he may be mistaken as well as other folks. Now if I'd had the building of this craft, I would have floated all the material down to the mouth of the creek. Then everything would have been ready for a start as soon as she was finished."

"How would you have loaded the wheat?" demanded Etta.

"Why, boated it down, of course."

"And so added largely to its cost," answered the practical girl. "You know, Winn, that it was ever so much cheaper to build the raft here than it would have been 'way down there, and, besides, father wasn't ready to start when it was finished. I heard him tell mother that he didn't care to get away before the 1st of November. Anyhow, father must understand his own business better than a sixteen-year-old boy, even if that boy's name is Winn Caspar."

"Oh, I never saw such a girl as you are!" exclaimed Winn, impatiently. "You are always making objections to my plans, and telling me that I'm only a boy. You'd rather any time travel in a rut that some one else had made than mark out a track for yourself. For my part, I'd much rather think out my own plans and try new ways."

"So do I, Winnie; but "

"Oh, don't call me 'Winnie,' whatever you do! I'm as tired of pet names and baby talk as I am of waiting here for high water that won't ever come."

With this the petulant lad rose to his feet, and leaping ashore, disappeared among the trees of the river-bank, leaving Etta to gaze after him with a grieved expression, and a suspicion of tears in her brown eyes.

In spite of this little scene, Winn Caspar was not an ill-tempered boy. He had not learned the beauty of self-control, and thus often spoke hastily, and without considering the feelings of others. He was also apt to think that if things were left to his management, he could improve upon almost any plan proposed or carried out by some one else. He had mingled but little with other boys, and as "man of the family" during his father's four years of absence in the army, had conceived a false estimate of his own importance and ability.

Absorbed by pressing business cares after resuming the pursuits of a peaceful life, Major Caspar had been slow to note the imperfections in his boy's character. He was deeply grieved when his eyes were finally opened to them, and held many an earnest consultation with his wife con-

cerning the son, who was at once the source of their greatest anxiety and the object of their fondest hopes.

CHAPTER II.

WINN ASSUMES A RESPONSIBILITY.

It was during one of these conversations with the boy's mother that Major Caspar decided to take Winn with him on his raft voyage down the Mississippi.

"If I find a good chance to place the boy in a first-class school in one of the large cities after the voyage is ended I shall do so," said the Major. "It is only fair, though, that he should have a chance to see and learn something of the world first. After all, there is nothing equal to travel as an educator. I honestly believe that the war did more in four years toward educating this nation by stirring its people up and moving large bodies of them to sections remote from their homes than all our colleges have in fifty."

"But you mean that Winn shall go to college, of course?" said Mrs. Caspar, a little anxiously.

"If he wants to and shows a real liking for study," was the reply; "but not unless he does. College is by no means the only place where a boy can receive a liberal education. He may acquire just as good a one in practical life if he is thoroughly interested in what he is doing and has an ambition to excel. I believe Winn to be both ambitious and persevering; but he is impulsive, easily influenced, and impatient of control. He has no idea of that implicit obedience to orders that is at the foundation of success in civil life as well as in the army; and, above all, he is possessed of such an inordinate self-conceit, that if it is not speedily curbed by one or more severe lessons, it may lead him into serious trouble."

"Oh, John!" expostulated the mother. "Do you realize that you are saying these horrid things about our own boy—our Winn?"

"Indeed I do, dear," answered the Major, smiling; "and it is because he is our boy, whom I love better than myself, that I am analyzing his character so carefully. He has the making of a splendid fellow in him, together with certain traits that might easily prove his ruin."

"Well," replied Mrs. Caspar, in a resigned tone, "perhaps it will do him good to go away and be alone with you for a while. It is very hard to realize, though, that my little Winn is sixteen years old and almost a man. But, John, you won't let him run any risks, or get into any danger, will you?"

"Not knowingly, my dear, you may rest assured," answered the Major. But he smiled as he thought how impossible it was to keep boys from running risks and getting into all sorts of dangerous positions.

So it was decided that Winn should form one of the crew of the *Venture* whenever the raft should be ready to start on its long voyage; and ever since learning this decision the boy had been in a fever of impatience to be off. So full was he of anticipations concerning the proposed journey that he could talk and think of nothing else. Thus, after a month of tiresome delay, he was in such an uncomfortable frame of mind that it was a positive trial to have him about the house. For this reason he was encouraged to spend much of his time aboard the raft, and was even allowed to eat and sleep there whenever he chose. At length he reached the point of almost quarrelling with his sister, whom he loved so dearly; but he had hardly plunged into the woods, after leaving her on the raft, before he regretted his unkind words and heartily wished them unsaid. He hesitated and half turned back, but his "pride," as he would have called it, though it was really nothing but cowardice, was too strong to permit him to humble himself just yet. So feeling very unhappy, he tramped moodily on through the woods, full of bitter thoughts, angry with himself and all the world. Yet if any one had asked him what it was about he could not have told.

Winn took a long circuit through the woods, and by the time he again reached the river-bank, a mile or more just above the mill, he had walked himself tired, but into quite a cheerful frame of mind. The mill was shut down for the night, its workers had gone home, and not a sound broke the evening stillness. The boy sat on a pile of slabs for a few minutes, resting, and watching the glowing splendor of sunset as reflected in the waters of the stream at his feet. At length he started up and was about to go to the house, where, as he had decided, his very first act would be to ask Etta's forgiveness. The house stood some distance from the river-bank, and was hidden from it by the trees of a young apple orchard. As Winn rose to his feet and cast a lingering glance at the wonderful beauty of the water, he noticed a familiar black object floating amid its splendor of crimsons and gold.

"I wonder how that log got out of the boom?" he said, half aloud. "Why, there's another—and another! The boom must be broken."

Yes, the boom of logs, chained together end to end and stretched completely across the creek to hold in check the thousands of saw-logs that filled the stream farther than the eye could see, had parted near the opposite bank. The end thus loosened had swung down stream a little way, and there caught on a snag formed of a huge half-submerged root. It might hold on there indefinitely, or it might get loose at any moment, swing wide open, and set free the imprisoned wealth of logs behind it. As it was, they were beginning to slip through the narrow opening, and those that had attracted Winn's attention were sliding down stream as stealthily as so many escaped convicts.

The boy's first impulse was to run toward the house, calling his father and the mill hands as he went. His second, and the one upon which he acted, was to mend the broken boom and capture the truant logs himself. "There is no need of troubling father, and I can do it alone better than any number of those clumsy mill hands," he thought. "Besides, there is no time to spare; for if the boom once lets go of that snag, we shall lose half the logs behind it."

Thus thinking, Winn ran around the mill and sprang aboard the raft that lay just below it. Glancing about for a stout rope, his eye lighted on the line by which the raft was made fast to a tree. "The very thing!" he exclaimed. "While it's aground here the raft doesn't need a cable any more than I need a check-rein, and I told father so. He said there wasn't any harm in taking a precaution, and that the water might rise unexpectedly. As if there was a chance of it! There hasn't been any rain for two months, and isn't likely to be any for another yet to come."

While these thoughts were spinning through the boy's brain, he was casting loose the cable at both ends and stowing it in his own little dugout that was moored to the outer side of the raft. Then with strong deep strokes he paddled swiftly up stream toward the broken boom. After fifteen minutes of hard work he had secured one end of the cable to that part of the boom resting against the snag, carried the other to and around a tree on the bank, back again to the boom, and then to the inshore end of the broken chain. Thus he not only secured the boom against opening any wider, but closed the exit already made.

"That's as good a job as any of them could have done," he remarked to himself, regarding his work through the gathering gloom with great satisfaction. "Now for the fellows that got away."

It was a much harder task to capture and tow back those three truant logs than it had been to repair the

boom. It was such hard work, and the darkness added so much to its difficulties that almost any other boy would have given it up in despair, and allowed the three logs to escape. But Winn Caspar was not inclined to give up anything he had once undertaken. Having determined to do a certain thing, he would stick to it "like a dog to a root," as one of the mill hands had said of him. So those logs had to go back inside of that boom, because Winn had made up his mind that they should; but they went so reluctantly, and gave him so much trouble, that it was long after dark and some hours past supper-time before the job was completed.

When Winn at length returned to the raft, he was wet, tired, and hungry, though very proud of his accomplished task. He was shivering too, now that his violent exertions were ended, for the sky had become overcast, and a chill wind was moaning through the pine trees.

"I wonder if I can't find something to eat here?" he said to himself. "I'm good and hungry, that's a fact, and they must have had supper up at the house long ago." Entering the shanty, and feeling carefully about, the boy at length found matches, and lighted a lamp.

Hello! There was plenty to eat; in fact, there was a regular spread at one end of the table, with plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork, and napkin, all neatly arranged as though he were expected. "What does it mean?" thought Winn; and then his eye fell on a bit of folded paper lying in the plate. It was a note which read as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER,—As you didn't come home to supper, I thought perhaps you were going to spend the night on the raft, and so brought yours down here. You can heat the tea on the stove. I'm awfully sorry I said anything to make you feel badly. Please forget it, and forgive your loving sister, ETTA."

"Bless her dear heart!" cried the boy. "She is the best sister in the world. The idea of her asking my forgiveness, when it is I who should ask hers. And I will ask it, too, the very minute I see her; for I shall never be happy until we have kissed and made up, as we used to say when we were young ones. I guess, though, I'll eat the supper she has brought me first; and that's a good idea about heating the tea, too. I can get dry by the stove at the same time. I'll have a chance to see Etta before bedtime, and she'd feel badly if I didn't eat her supper anyway."

All of which goes to show how very little we know of what even the immediate future may bring forth, and that if we put off for a single hour doing that which ought to be done at once, what likelihood there is that we may never have a chance to do it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRESIDENT'S GRANDCHILDREN.

BY M. DE LIPMAN.

"LIEBER Grosspapa, ich bringe Dir
Meinen schönsten Glückwunsch hier:
Will Dich immer herzlich lieben,
Hab' dies Verschen selbst geschrieben,
Möchte es Dich doch erfreuen,
Kunftiges Jahr soll's besser sein."

These lines were not written by a little German boy to his grandfather, as one might suppose from reading them, but by a young American, known, at least by reputation, to millions of newspaper readers—in fact, no less a personage than the world-famous Baby McKee, to President Harrison.

Benjamin Harrison McKee is the full name of the famous "baby," who is now five years of age. His father is J. Robert McKee, and his mother Mary Harrison McKee, one of the daughters of President and Mrs.



BENJAMIN HARRISON McKEE.

Benjamin Harrison. Since General Harrison was inaugurated President, on March 4, 1889, Baby McKee and his little sister, Mary Lodge McKee, have lived where every aspiring American boy hopes to live some day, in the White House at Washington. Master McKee, for he really is too old to be called "baby" any longer, is an unusually sturdy and self-reliant little lad. Both he and his sister, who is about three years and a half old, have light hair, blue eyes, and clear skins. They have good manners, for they have been well and carefully bred, and are polite, and not annoyingly bashful with new acquaintances. This is as it should be, for these young people, though they do not know it, occupy a more prominent position than any others in the country, and so should set a good example. They have remarkable self-possession for so young children, and deport themselves well on all occasions.

For more than a year Benjamin and Mary have had a German governess, Fräulein Kampe. Fräulein, as many of my young readers doubtless know, is the German word which corresponds to our English word Miss. It is the duty of Fräulein Kampe to give such instruction in the rudiments of knowledge as the minds of her young pupils are able to receive and retain. Occasionally she is interrupted by Master McKee, who has a very inquiring turn of mind. He has a most absorbing interest in mechanics, the science that explains the laws of motion and force, and is anxious to talk on this subject quite frequently when Fräulein Kampe has other plans for him.

As compared with Master McKee, whom she will call her big brother within a few years, little Mary is rather timid. This is as it should be, for it would not be pleasing to have a little girl display the somewhat boisterous

self-confidence of the majority of even five-year-old boys. Mary, who was born in Indianapolis, and christened in the White House, has a number of dolls and toys with which she plays, but her principal amusement is found in cutting out and making paper ships. These vessels, which are never launched on real water, she sends to imaginary Londons, Berlins, and Hamburgs. In their adventures on the seas of fancy Mary is as much interested as any sea-captain ever was in the piloting of his ship to a port of safety during a storm. Doubtless she will look with kindly solicitude after the welfare of a large number of dolls for several years to come, but for the present she is content to be ship-builder, admiral, captain, and crew of as frail a fleet as was ever constructed out of newspapers.



MARY LODGE McKEE.

President Harrison has admirably the art of being grandfather. He watches with interest and pride the development of each new idea in the minds of his grandchildren. A visit from grandpa to the nursery – and they are not, like angels' visits, few and far between—is a practical declaration that a holiday exists. No one is more warmly welcomed by the little McKee children, and no one is more glad to see them than the eminent soldier and statesman who holds the most distinguished position in the world, that of President of the United States. The children are too young to appreciate the importance and dignity of the office filled by their beloved grandparent; they only know that he is grandpa to them, that he talks and plays and laughs in order that they may be made happy; that he takes pleasure in all their joys, and sympathizes with all their petty vexations. Within a few days the shadow of death has fallen upon the White House, and the sorrow of a whole nation is mingled with the grief of these little ones, of their parents, and, above all, of their distinguished grandfather.

FLOWERING BULBS.

BY AGNES BAILEY ORMSBEE.

HAVE you ever tried to grow bulbous-rooted flowering plants? If not, suppose you attempt it this winter, and leave the ordinary geraniums that have grown so bulky during the summer for Jack Frost to gather. You might [illegible] few favorites as a consolation if your experiment with [illegible] proves a failure. But you should not fail, for [illegible] cost and their needs are simple, while their cost is small. There could be no more acceptable Christmas or New Year's gift than a growing bulb with its shaft of bloom, entwined by your own hand. The pretty blossoms will be far more valuable than any Christmas card, since a sick, aged, or forlorn friend could not fail to appreciate one of these gay, fragrant tokens grown in a home atmosphere.

Although there are between twenty and thirty different kinds of flowering bulbs suitable for growing in-doors, the method of culture is practically the same, so that a description of the care and needs of one variety will suffice for all. Hyacinths are the most popular of these plants, and they deserve their favor because their blossoms are so beautifully shaped, so fragrant, and so plentiful. They are not recent favorites. They have been grown for about three hundred and fifty years, and even the Dutch, who raise the bulbs, like them almost as well as they do the gaudy tulips.

Hyacinths and other bulbs can be grown in pots, in glasses with water, in sand, and in moss, but the best and simplest way is to plant the bulbs in pots. Growing hyacinths in pots is more apt to produce large perfect blossoms, and you are more likely to get two, sometimes three, spikes of flowers from the same bulb. Perhaps you do not know that hyacinth bulbs are usually four years old before they are offered for sale. In Holland market-gardens the growers cut off every flower-stalk until the bulb is large. This is because each bulb will bloom well but once, although in its season of bloom fine bulbs may produce more than one stalk of flowers.

If you can prepare a large box or basket of earth to use for potting plants during the fall and winter, a soil made of equal parts of loam, leaf mould, and well-rotted manure mixed [illegible] with a little clean sand will be the very best you can have for your bulbs, and next to this the soil from the garden; where you live in a city, however, you will need to get earth which will answer your purpose quite as well. Common red earthen pots with separate saucers to keep the [illegible] are the best to choose. They are porous, and thus prevent the bulbs from rotting in too damp soil. The pots should not be larger than five inches across, and only one bulb should be placed in each pot. Half fill the pot with earth, press the bulb well [illegible] cover the top of the bulb about level with the edge of the pot.

After bulbs are planted they should be kept [illegible] a cool place, and be sparingly watered. This is because the roots must grow, and it is necessary to [illegible] the blossoms. It takes about three weeks [illegible]

peep through the holes at the bottom of the pot. Then bring the plant into a warm room. Water it freely, but be careful not to overdo it, or let it get dry. When the flower stem has fully appeared, it will do to give the plant two or three waterings of some liquid fertilizer. A hyacinth usually blossoms in about six weeks after its planting, and a succession of flowers can be secured by planting bulbs at intervals of one or two weeks.

"Named" hyacinths can be depended on to indicate the [illegible] They cost from two dollars a dozen, while the mixed sort cost five or ten cents apiece. When the flowers have faded, throw away the bulb unless you wish to try cultivating the young bulbs or "offsets." It takes four years to make the "sets" large enough to blossom freely.

It is quite interesting to watch the growth of bulbs in water, but it exhausts them, and the blossoms are generally smaller. In growing them in glasses be careful that the water only reaches the bottom of the bulb, and use rain water if possible. Hard water can be softened by adding a tiny bit of soda to each glass. Change the water every time it is discolored, and fill up the glass if the water evaporates. Keep the bulb in a dark closet till the roots reach the bottom of the glass. Then bring the plant into a warm room, but do not set the glass where the sun will shine directly on it. The sun will heat the water and parboil the unlucky bulb, if the grower is not watchful. Do not place the plants too near the windows, as the cold air from between the sashes will chill them and blight the buds.

Hyacinths and other bulbs can be grown in moss or sand if it is only kept moist enough, and the plants are given plenty of light and air when well rooted. White Roman hyacinths are an early-blooming species with small flowers. Each bulb will give from three to five spikes of very fragrant blossoms. These small bulbs should be placed in three-inch pots.

Tulips, with their gay nodding cups, make a cheery picture on a cold winter's day, and the price of the bulbs, fifty cents a dozen, puts them within the reach of the pocket-money of most young people. Be sure to ask for those best suited for in-door culture. These include the Due Van Thol group, and a few others. Take five-inch pots, and put five bulbs in each, one in the centre and the others around it.

The Narcissus family, which includes the bright yellow jonquils, are generous bloomers. They do not bear disturbing, and should be left until the pots are a mass of roots. These bulbs cost but twenty-five cents a dozen, as do the crocuses in their white, yellow, and purple dresses. The narcissus should be planted alone, but the crocus likes company, and grows best when six to ten of its fellows are together. Care must be taken not to keep crocuses too warm at first, as this will blight the buds.

There are many other bulbous plants not so well known that are beautiful. Among them are the red crocus, with many purplish-red flowers from a single bulb; the snowdrop, which, like the crocus, does not ask a rich soil; the bulbous-rooted irises and the ixias, with their varied blossoms. The *Scilla siberica*, a bulb bearing a dwarf flower of bright blue, is easily grown, while the Amaryllis family has blossoms ranging from deep red to delicate rose-color. The lily candidum—often called the Easter lily—and its long flowered and golden-banded sisters, together with tuberoses, will make home fragrant while winter holds the garden flowers in its grasp.

A SMUGGLING DOG.

WE know that dogs cannot speak, but that they should prove accomplished smugglers with no apparent conveniences for hiding goods seems incredible. Yet for a long time lace and cigars, both being light in weight and highly dutiable, were carried between France and Belgium by the most innocent of smugglers. A shaggy dog was selected for this purpose, and fitted with an overcoat made of the skin of a larger dog, which was fastened underneath, and here the contraband goods were closely packed.

Careful training was necessary before the dog could be sent forth on his dangerous career; and his smuggling master, disguising himself often as a peasant going on a visit to some relative in the customs, would go there by rail, while his accomplice led the dog by a cord through a circuitous road to meet him. It was a joyful meeting, for the poor animal had been deprived of food for twenty-four hours, and his master not only caressed him, but gave him a bountiful repast of what he liked best to eat. This had to last for two or three days, all of which time he was tied up; and then, half famished, he would be sent home by himself, when he took the devious route by which he had been brought, and arrived in a wonderfully short space of time.

At this end of the journey he was fed again, and *not* tied up, so that it became forcibly impressed on his mind that when sent on such an expedition the more haste he made in going and coming the better it would be for him. But this was not all; to train him fully, men lay in wait for him on the road, and if he changed his route in the least from that by which he had been taken, to make a short cut, he was attacked with cudgels and stones, and even fired at with blank cartridge when he persisted. His assailants were always dressed in a uniform like that worn by the customs officers; and the dog thus acquired a wholesome terror of men in uniform, and practised all sorts of cunning devices to avoid them.

The journeys were always made at night, the dog being sent from home at twilight; and with this careful preparation, and the extra intelligence of the animal used, many valuable loads were safely conveyed over the frontiers by these four-footed smugglers with immense gains to their dishonest masters. Like all such dealings, however, it was discovered in time; but it was still carried on by some of the most clever experts.

One renowned dog had a price set upon him by the authorities, who named him Le Diable, because of his "ways that were dark." All white dogs were closely watched, because this was his natural color; but he had a great many different complexions, and was black, brown, or tan, as his master chose to dye him. It was this master's folly in making a sudden display with his ill-gotten gains that led to the poor animal's death; but for a long time Le Diable evaded every snare that was laid for him.

His artfulness and the innocence of his aspect were amazing. He would mingle with a flock of sheep, and travel serenely along with them under the very eyes of a uniformed officer; and on one occasion he actually trotted through his entire route under the vehicle containing the policeman who was on the lookout for him. But his end came at last when he was swimming across the Scheldt with ten thousand dollars' worth of lace between his two skins. He had been slightly wounded with a gun before he took to the water, and he died from drowning.

TOMMY.

THE South has always been noted for its hospitality, and nowhere has this quality been more religiously maintained than in Virginia. Unfortunately the war made sad havoc with the Virginian's resources, but his old-time open-heartedness has never altered.

Some years ago a friend of mine travelling in the lower portion of that State stopped for a few hours with old acquaintances, and remained for tea. An occasion of this kind in Virginia calls invariably for the favorite dish of the South—fried chicken.

Alas! there was but one young chicken on the place, and that one a pet. It had been left an orphan by its mother at a very early age, and like Pip in Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations*, had been brought up by hand. The children called it Tommy, and were very fond of it, while Tommy, in turn, was attached to the children.

The matter was a very serious one, and a family consultation was held. Virginia hospitality could not be lightly disregarded, and it was decided that poor Tommy must become the sacrifice.

My friend, of course, knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted for his comfort, and when tea was served, regarded the plate of nicely browned chicken with contemplative joy.

Soon, however, he became aware that something was amiss. An air of silent sorrow pervaded the little family group usually so gay, and the children took nothing on their plates. The chicken was passed, but with the exception of my friend, no one partook. Selecting a juicy-looking drum-stick, he fixed it with his fork, and cutting off a choice bit, conveyed it to his mouth.

At this there was a sudden and heart-breaking howl from one of the little boys, "Oh, mamma, mamma, he's eating up our Tommy!"

Thereupon the other children mingled their voices in a wild wailing, and the older members burst into uncontrollable laughter, in which, as the truth dawned upon him, my friend joined.

Then there came explanations, more laughter and tears, and adjustments all around.

Poor Tommy could not be restored to life, but he was buried under a big apple-tree with appropriate ceremonies.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

So it is with Them All.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

AUTHOR OF "MEN OF IRON," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

THERE was once upon a time a merchant named Ibrahim, who met failure in every venture he undertook, until all that was left of a one-time great fortune was ten pieces of gold and a daughter named Katoura, who



"THIS IS MY DAUGHTER," SAID THE MERCHANT.

was as beautiful as a rose, but who had been as dumb as a stone from her birth. In every other way she was perfect; but she had never spoken a word since the day of her birth.

The merchant laid out all the little money that was left him in buying a bale of goods for a last tug with his ill-fortune, and loading the bale upon the back of an ass, he set off for the chief city of a distant country. He travelled for three days, then he came to a desert place where nothing was to be seen but sand and rocks. There, in the midst of the dry wilderness, a band of robbers fell upon him, and took away his ass and his bale of goods and all that belonged to him, leaving him nothing but the clothes to his back and the shoes on his feet.

He sat where the robbers left him, weeping and bewailing his fate, and not caring for the passing of day, until the sun beat down hot upon him, and he began to be parched with thirst.

Then he arose and started away across the desert to find a drink of water. He toiled on through the sand, and at last saw in the distance some trees and a little verdant spot in the midst of the surrounding sand. When he reached it he found, indeed, a spring of water as clear as crystal and as cold as ice that came bubbling up under the shade of the trees, and surrounded by the green grass. Beside the fountain there lay a block of black marble, six cubits long and two cubits broad, and on it was written in letters as red as blood

"*Here Lyeth the Mystery of Saadar! Beware How Thou Pollutest His Fountain!*"

But the merchant was too parched with thirst to stop and read what was written. He flung himself upon his knees, and began to slake his thirst with long draughts of the cold water. But hardly had he cooled his throat when his ears suddenly heard a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder. The noise grew louder and louder. It bellowed and roared and trembled. The sky became overcast, and suddenly, with a deafening crack, the slab of black marble split asunder, and out sprang a terrible man, girded with yellow linen, and seated upon the back of a winged horse. In his hand he held a sword that gleamed like lightning. As soon as the horse's hoofs touched the sod of the earth the stone slab closed again and the man leaped from off its back. Instantly he seized the merchant by the hair of his head and dragged him to his knees. "Wretch!" he cried, in a dreadful voice, "how darest thou pollute the sacred fountain that refreshes the mystery of Saadar?"

"Spare me!" cried the wretched merchant; "spare me! I did not know that I was doing harm in drinking from the fountain. Spare my life! It is all that I have left me now in the world excepting a poor dumb daughter!"

So soon as the terrible man heard these words he loosed his hold. "A daughter," said he; "and dumb, didst thou say? Is thy daughter young?"

"Yes."

"Is she beautiful?"

"She is."

"Oh, fortunate merchant!" cried the man, smiting his hands together in his joy. "For a thousand years have I sought for a beautiful virgin who could see all and hear all and ask no question. Such a one only can solve the mystery of Saadar and set Saadar free from the curse. Give her to me, and she shall enjoy the greatest good-fortune in the world, and become a queen greater than the queens of the earth. As for thee, I will make



THERE SAT AN OLD WOMAN AT A WHEEL, SPINNING.

thee a hundred times richer than thou ever couldst have hoped to become.

"You shall have my daughter," said the merchant. As he spoke, the man thrust his shining sword back into its scabbard, seized him, and leaped with him to the back of the horse. He smote the animal upon the neck, and instantly it spread its wings and flew away swifter than the wind, so that within an hour it lit in the garden of the merchant's house.

The merchant led the way into the house, and there sat Katoura, the beautiful dumb girl. "This is my daughter," said the merchant.

"Then," cried the terrible strange man, "I have bargained well." He clapped his hands together, and instantly the wall opened, and there came forth ten young men. Each carried upon his head a vase of crystal, and each vase was filled with gold and with jewels of all sorts and kinds. The young men set the vases down upon the floor, folded their arms, bowed to the strange man, and withdrew. Instantly the wall closed behind them, while the merchant and his daughter stood wonder-struck at all that they beheld.

"All this is yours," said the man, "and a thousand times more shall be yours when your daughter has learned the mystery of Saadar."

So saying, he took the dumb girl by the hand and led her out of the house.

In the garden stood the magic horse. The strange man lifted her upon the back of the horse, and then himself leaped to his place, and away it flew again swifter than the wind.

At last they came to the verdant spot in the desert, and to the fountain and the slab of black marble. The horse lit upon the slab, and instantly it opened, and they all sank into the earth. At last they rested.



THOU ART A WONDER OF WONDERS.

The man helped the dumb maiden down, and then she saw that she stood in front of the white wall of a garden. Over the top of the wall she could see trees with fruit that shone like gold and silver amid the emerald leaves. In the wall was a gate of brass that led into the garden, and beside the gate there sat an old woman at a wheel, spinning. There was nothing upon the distaff, and the old woman spun nothing at all with might and main.

"Be not afraid!" said the strange man to Katoura. "Enter the garden, and when thou findest a sword and a white dove upon a slab of marble, take the sword and cut off the head of the dove."

Katoura nodded her head, for she could make no other reply, and without waiting to hear more she opened the gate of brass and entered the garden.

There she beheld a paradise of flowers that filled all the air with fragrance; there she found trees of a thousand kinds, laden some with blossoms and some with fruits that shone like gold and silver; there were walks of alabaster, and fountains as white as snow. She went forward, looking about her, drowned in wonder, until by-and-by, at the end of an avenue, she came to an open circle paved with squares of red and blue and green marble.

In the centre of the circle was a table of marble. Upon the table lay a shining sword, and beside the sword there crouched a snow-white dove. Then Katoura saw that this was what the man had spoken of to her. She seized the sword, and with one blow struck off the head of the dove.

Instantly it was gone like a flash, and in its place there stood a winged woman with pinions as white as snow, and a crown of gold gleaming and sparkling upon her head. She smiled upon Katoura, and her face shone.

"Thou art a wonder of wonders!" she said. "Never a virgin in a thousand years has gotten so far into the mystery of Saadar without asking a question" (she did not know that the girl was dumb). "Be silent to the end, and thou shalt redeem Saadar, and shalt become his queen, and possess power and riches greater than all in the world."

She thrust her hand into her bosom and brought out a little casket of crystal and gave it to the girl. "Take the box," she said. "Take yonder path, and by-and-by thou shalt come to a palace, and they will tell thee there what to do with the casket. Farewell!"

As she finished speaking she spread her wings and flew away above the tree-tops.

Katoura watched her till she was lost to sight, then she took the path that the winged woman had pointed out, and presently the trees opened, and before her she saw a magnificent palace of marble as white as snow, with towers and domes of gold gleaming in the sunlight like fire. Before the palace stood a vast throng of people, and when they saw the girl they shouted for joy. "She has come!" they cried. "She who was destined to redeem Saadar has come with the casket of life!"

They made a way for her, and she entered the palace surrounded and followed by the throng. They directed her onward through the vestibules of the palace until at last she came out into a great vaulted dome shining with gold and jewels. In the very centre of the room, and beneath a triangle of six stars on the ceiling above, sat the statue of a majestic man all of marble. The statue was dressed in robes like a king, and, like the winged woman, it wore a crown of gold upon its head.

"She has come! she has come!" thundered the voices under the arch of the dome above. "She has come! the one woman in the world who could see wonders and ask no questions! She has come, and has brought the casket of life!"

Then suddenly, in the midst of the shouting, a door opened upon the other side of the apartment, and there came out three venerable old men dressed all in white. They came forward across the space and through the crowd to where the girl stood.

"Welcome," said the first old man, "oh, wonderful virgin!"

"Welcome, oh, thou paragon of the world!" cried the second old man.

"Thou hast brought the looked-for redemption to Saadar!" said the third old man. "Open the casket."

The girl had almost forgotten the crystal box in all the wonders that were happening. Now she knew the time had come. She opened it, and there came out of it a dense cloud of blue smoke that rose in the air until it reached the roof. Then it spread out in a rolling ring of smoke, and filled the whole vaulted space with blue vapor. The smoke stung and tingled in Katoura's nostrils, and as she looked through the misty cloud she saw the statue change to the color of flesh and blood, and then she saw that it was alive—a great and mighty king.

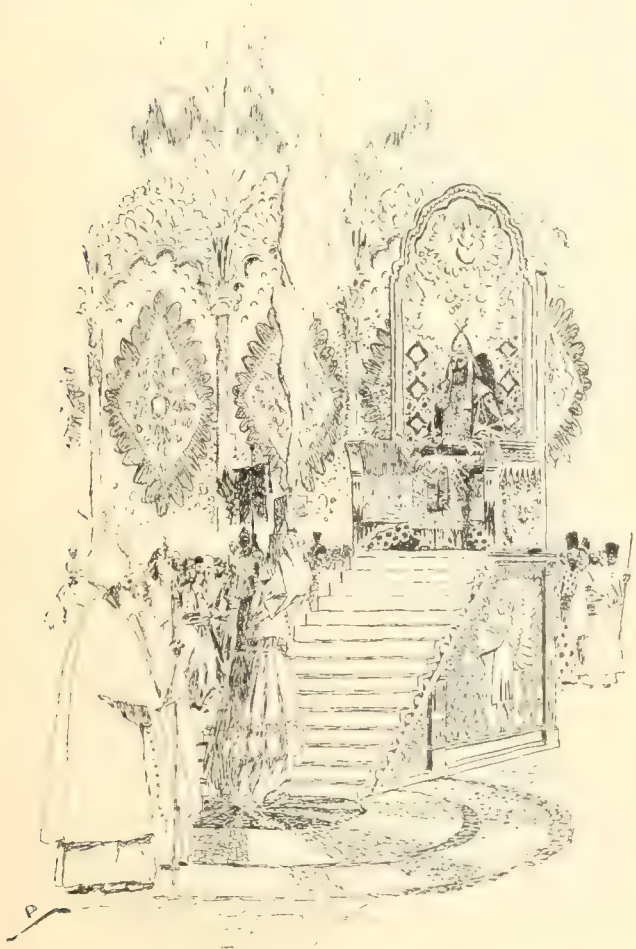
He arose and came down from the throne on which he sat, and instantly a breathless silence filled the vaulted space.

Then the King cried in a loud voice: "The time has come! Let that which is to be done, be done!"

Instantly, in answer to his words, a door was suddenly



"I AM READY," ANSWERED THE YOUNG MAN, STEADILY.



A DENSE CLOUD OF BLUE SMOKE ROSE IN THE AIR.

flung open, and there swiftly and silently entered, first, a tall man dressed all in black, who carried a sword as keen as a razor in his hand and a basket of sawdust upon his head; then two men in red, who led between them a young man hardly more than a youth. His cheeks were like roses, and his hair as soft as silk, and shone like gold. His neck and arms and body were naked to the breast, and the skin was as white as milk. He neither smiled nor looked sad, but he walked between the two men straight to the foot of the dais whereon the King sat. The King bared his right arm, and took the sword from the man in black, who thereupon set the basket of sawdust upon the ground. The beautiful youth kneeled above it, and the King said in a loud voice:

"Art thou ready?"

"I am ready," answered the young man, steadily.

Then Katoura saw what was going to be done, and she hid her face. There was a moment of stillness, and then a loud shout, and when she looked again she saw that a figure lay covered up upon the ground, that the basket was gone, and that the King had given the sword, which was now stained red, back to the man in black.

Then the King turned to Katoura. "Thou hast saved me!" said he. "Thou paragon of paragons! Thou woman who could see all these wonders and ask no question! One short hour more and all will be accomplished, and I shall be free. Oh, beloved! hadst thou asked only one little question in all that thou hast gone through, thou wouldst have been lost, and I should have been a cold dead statue of marble. But thou art she for whom I have been waiting for a thousand years. Thou shalt be my Queen, and possess all that I possess. Ask what thou wilt, and, by the life and honor of Saadar, it shall be thine."

Katoura pointed to her lips.

Then the King saw the case in a glance—that Katoura was dumb, and that she wanted to speak.



FLEW AWAY SWIFTER THAN THE WIND.

"Have thy wish," said he, "Drink forth the water of perfection."

An aged black came forward, bearing an amethyst vase filled with a liquid of sparkling clearness. The King dipped his finger into it, and touched Katoura's lips with the moisture.

Then instantly Katoura felt that she had the power of speech, and without losing an instant

"Tell me," she cried, vehemently, "who was the man who rode the winged horse, and why did he bring treasure to my father, and why did the slab of marble lie in the garden in the desert? And who was the old woman who sat spinning nothing at all? And why were the sword and the white dove in the garden, and why was I to cut off its head, and who was the winged woman?"

A dreadful and mournful cry arose, which filled the space of the arching dome, and the King turned as white as ashes.

"And why did the people welcome me, and why did you wait for me a thousand years, and why were you a block of stone, and who are you?"

"Have mercy!" cried the King. "Pity me!" And the tears ran down his pale cheeks.

"And what was the smoke in the casket, and why did it bring you to life? And who was the young man, and why did you cut off his beautiful head? And why was I not to ask questions, and what harm would it do? And that is all."

Once more a cry of lamentation arose, so keen and piercing that it made the very stones tremble.

"Oh! what hast thou done?" cried the King. "Oh! fool that I was to promise so hastily. Hadst thou refrained from questioning me for one short hour longer, all the enchantment that lay upon this place would have been ended. Know, oh, unhappy one, that I am Saadar, the King of the Genii, and that the mystery of the things that thou sawest was this: first, the young man whom I slew"

He got no further in what he had to tell. Suddenly his lips stiffened and became rigid. An ashy pallor passed over his face, and as Katoura looked, lo! he had become again a statue of marble as he had been before.

She screamed aloud, and ran across the hall, and through the vestibules, and out of the palace.

As she came out into the open air some one suddenly seized her by the arm, and when she looked she saw it was the terrible man with the winged horse. He lifted her to the saddle and smote his hand upon the horse's neck. The horse leaped into the air, spread its wings, and flew away swifter than the wind. When they stopped, Katoura saw they were in her father's garden at home. The man led her into the house, and there sat her father, and he had not yet ended counting the treasure in the first vase of crystal that had been brought him. He looked up and stared. The man smote his hands together, and in instant answer the walls opened, and the ten men who had brought the crystal jars came forth. The one whose vase had been emptied upon the floor scooped up the jewels and gold with his hands, and poured the treasure back into the vase, and all the while the merchant sat staring in dumb wonder. Then each took up his vase, balanced it upon his head, and entered the open wall whence they had first come. Then the wall closed behind them and they were gone.

The strange man said not a word, but as soon as all this was accomplished he turned on his heel and quitted the house, leaving the father and daughter staring at one another

"I would not have minded it so much," said the girl, "if I had only found out what the mystery all meant."

And then the merchant knew that his daughter's tongue had been loosened into the bargain.

AN ANECDOTE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH in his earlier days used to do a great deal of what is called "hack-work"—he wrote for money, without caring what he wrote, and made barely enough to support himself. He would write a book for a publisher on any subject desired, whether he knew anything about it or not. The publishers employed him because he wrote well, and in a humorous and interesting way that made his books sell. It is related in his memoirs that when he was engaged upon a history of Greece he was nearly hoaxed into putting in the book an account of a battle between Alexander the Great (of Macedon) and Montezuma (of Mexico), who lived many, many centuries apart. Again, in his "Animated Nature," he was nearly as bad as Pliny, relating stories of monkeys that preached sermons and nightingales that talked. This roused old Dr. Johnson to say, "If he can tell a horse from a cow, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." Goldsmith was an obstinate man, and held stoutly to his professed belief that he moved his upper jaw in eating, and not the lower. It is probable that he stuck to this out of sheer obstinacy.

He claimed to have received a doctor's degree at Padua, but he never had any patients.

"I do not practice," remarked Goldsmith, at one time. "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends."

"Pray, dear doctor," said his friend, who hadn't much faith in his medical knowledge, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies," which, to say the least, was rather severe.

THE RESCUE OF LITTLE JUD.

A STORY FOUNDED UPON FACT.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THE click-clack of iron-shod hoofs striking in quick succession upon the slimy, slippery floor of the long dark level, the repeating rattle of the rake, as the chain of coal tubs is called, and the growing glimmer of a "Davy" told Dannie Robertson, one of the "trappers" in the Springhill Mines, of the approach of Dave Norris, the driver whose route lay through Dannie's door.

The young trapper was sharply on the watch for the rake, and did not need Dave's cheery call of, "Hullo, there, Dannie! Here we are again. Wake up, now, and open that door," in order to be ready to fling open the heavy door which he tended during the long days of darkness. He and Dave were great friends, and the latter's passing to and fro between the cuttings and the shaft, his little train of cars roaring down full and rattling back empty, formed almost the only break in the monotony of Dannie's dreary task.

It was the way at the Springhill Mines for each driver to take a trapper under his special patronage and protection. Sometimes, of course, this meant a certain amount of bullying on the one side and of fagging on the other, but usually it turned out a good arrangement for the little trapper, who was thus assured of a sturdy champion in case of need. Dave Norris was Dannie's protector, and always treated him with a rough but hearty kindness that had completely won the boy's heart. Of-

ten on his way back from the shaft he would stop for a bit of a chat, provided there was no sign of the overman. To Dannie's delight he checked his old gray horse this time, and as soon as the big door had been duly closed the trapper ran after his friend, and climbed into the car beside him.

"How's it going, Dave?" said he, a bright smile breaking through the grime on his plump face.

"All serene, Dannie," was the reply. "But say, I've made a match for you," Dave went on, quickly, for his halt could be only a short one. "Tom Hogan says his trapper can knock spots out of you, and I've bet him he can't. So we've fixed it for you to fight him in the big cutting at dinner hour to-morrow. You'll be all ready, eh?"

The smile had vanished from Dannie's face while the driver was speaking, and had they both been above-ground Dave could hardly have failed to notice, even through the obscuring layer of coal-dust, the burning blush that had taken its place. But though he could not see this, he did observe Dannie's hesitation in replying, and, mistaking its reason, hastened to add:

"Oh, it 'll be all right about the door. We'll get one of the other boys to look after it, and we'll keep a sharp lookout for the overman, so there's no fear of your being caught."

Still Dannie, instead of giving a brisk assent, as Dave had fully expected him to do, hung his head in silence, and in a tone of surprise not unmixed with irritation the driver demanded:

"What's up with you, Dannie? Why are you so mum?"

It was evidently with great difficulty that Dannie, looking steadfastly downward, as though shrinking from Dave's inquiring gaze, got out the words: "I'd rather not fight, Dave. I don't want to have any more fights."

Dave's response was first a whistle of astonishment and then a torrent of indignant questioning and protesting, winding up with a round of coarse abuse when his temper had altogether got the better of him. From his point of view, Dannie's conduct was both aggravating and unreasonable in the highest degree. Never before had the boy taken this stand; he had always responded promptly to any such summons, and with unfailing success. Time and time again had Dave Norris's trapper taken his place in the extemporized ring in the big cutting, and amidst the cheers of the black-faced miners proved his superiority at fisticuffs to any other trapper in the mine. What, then, could be the meaning of his holding back now? Was it possible that he feared to face Tom Hogan's trapper, a new boy in the mine, whose prowess was yet to be tested?

It would perhaps have been better if Dannie had attempted to explain his conduct to Dave, but a shyness he could not overcome sealed his lips, and presently Dave drove off in high dudgeon, leaving Dannie in a very miserable state of mind.

"I'm sorry Dave's so mad," he muttered. "But I can't help it. I promised Mr. Stirling I'd never fight unless I had to. It's against the rules of the Brigade, and I'm not going to break them even to oblige Dave."

This was Dannie's secret. Only a fortnight before he had joined the Boys' Brigade in connection with the Sunday-school of St. Matthew's Church. Mr. Stirling, the pastor of the church and Commander of the Brigade, knew of these prize-fights in the pit, and was doing his best to put a stop to them. Hence he was especially careful in enjoining upon his recruits that they should never take part in another fight.

The next morning Dave renewed his efforts to persuade Dannie to fight, but with no better success than before, and finally went off vowing that he'd have nothing more to do with him, and that he'd make him the laughing-stock of the mine.

It was a trying ordeal through which the poor boy had now to pass. Dave fulfilled his threat only too well, and Dannie's life was made wretched by his pitiless taunts and the outspoken contempt of the other men in the mine.

"I'm not a coward," the tormented trapper would say to himself. "Dave knows very well I'm not, and it's awfully mean of him to call me such names."

The fact of the matter was that the driver did know it very well indeed, but he had hoped to win money from Tom Hogan through Dannie's prowess, and the boy's persistent refusal to fight nettled him sorely.

It was therefore an unspeakable relief to the latter when the overman, pleased with the fidelity and promptness he showed as trapper, promoted him to the driver's box, giving him a route away over in another part of the mine from that in which he had been working. He thus got out of reach of Dave's ridicule, and could perform his day's duties in comparative peace.

He now, in his turn, had a trapper to lord it over, and was able, if he chose, to take satisfaction out of him for the insults and indignities he had had to bear himself. But that was not the way Dannie looked at the matter. Poor little Jud Farris's experience in the mine had been a very trying one. Naturally of a nervous temperament, the drivers soon discovered his failing, and took pleasure in frightening him half out of his wits. A favorite trick was to blow out their lamps, rub their hands with matches until the phosphorus caused them to shine with a ghostly glimmer, and then make the hair of the terrified trapper stand on end by bearing down silently upon him, holding their hands before their faces. When thus frightened, Jud never failed to dive under his seat without delay, and to remain there until his tormenters had passed out of sight.

Instead of continuing these tricks, Dannie took little Jud, who was only ten years old, under his protection, and would not allow any one to tease him if he could prevent it; so the youngster's lot was greatly lightened, and he got to look up to Dannie and to love him with all the strength of his heart.

One memorable Saturday, in the month of February, everything had been running as smoothly as usual in the mine, and the pit boys were in high spirits because of the nearness of their weekly holiday. Little Jud was at his door; and Dannie Robertson, having hitched up to a long rake of "empties," was driving gayly along inside, his mind full of pleasant thoughts of the morrow, for Sunday was the happiest day in the week to him, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a whirlwind of dust struck him full in the face with such fearful force as to hurl him almost senseless to the ground, his head getting a deep gash at the back where it struck the iron rail.

The next instant an awful wave of devouring flame swept over the prostrate boy, accompanied by a roaring as of the loudest thunder. So terrible was the violence of the explosion that it lifted Dannie from the floor of the level and reversed his position, turning his head towards the bottom of the pit instead of in the direction from which the explosion had come.

For some seconds he lay motionless. Then he staggered to his feet and started for the pit bottom. The heat was intense, and the air choking with foul vapor. The deadly foe of the miner, the fatal after-damp, would soon be upon him. His piteous cries for help brought no response save the roar and crash of the falling roof and timbers.

Leaning for a moment against the side of the level he found it yielding, and sprang away just in time to save himself from being overwhelmed.

Then a fresh horror revealed itself. His clothes were



THE TWINKLING STARS OF YELLOW LIGHT THE LAMPS OF THE RELIEF PARTY DREW NEAR.

on fire! Saturated as they were with oil from his lamp and from the oil-boxes of the coal tubs, the fierce flame had ignited them, and they were burning in many places. In frenzied haste he tore off his coat and vest, burning his hands badly, but ridding himself of danger from that source. Then he plunged on again in the appalling darkness, groping his way with his blistered hands.

And now there fell upon his ears, piercing the unfathomable gloom, a pitiful cry of "Little Jud! Help! Help! Save Little Jud." Badly burned, almost blinded, and bleeding as he was, the instinct of rescue rose uppermost in the heart of Dannie Robertson notwithstanding, and finding the hopelessly bewildered little trapper near the shattered fragments of his door, just about to rush off in the wrong direction, he seized his hand and hurried him along towards the shaft.

It was a frightful journey for two boys to make. Huge bowlders and lumps of coal, sometimes piled up almost to the roof, obstructed their way, so that they had to crawl upon all-fours. Great masses of timber were tangled in wild confusion. Several men passed them shouting for help, but in the darkness and excitement the boys were not noticed.

Then while the shaft was still a good distance off poor little Jud completely collapsed.

"I can't take another step," he whimpered, as he sank down exhausted. "But oh, Dannie, you won't leave me, will you?"

Tortured by his terrible burns, dizzy from the blow at the back of his head, and weak from loss of blood and the fierce struggle to escape the danger that threatened on every side, it seemed as though Dannie might scarce save himself, and that to try to help Jud would be simply to court death.

Yet the heroic lad did not hesitate for one moment in responding to the little trapper's appeal. Stooping down he picked him up, lifted him on to his shoulders, and thus burdened staggered on again with many a slip and stumble and frequent halts for rest, until he too could go no further, and with a pitiful groan of despair he dropped upon the dripping floor.

"I'm clean done out," he said, faintly, to Jud. "You go on if you're rested. Maybe you'll find some of the men, and they'll come back for me."

But now it was Jud's turn to stand by his friend.

"Indeed I won't leave you," he replied, with spirit. "I'll just stay here until you can start again."

For some moments the boys sat in silence, little Jud holding fast to Dannie's hand. The roaring and crashing had abated somewhat, and the air was not so dreadfully oppressive, but who could tell when there might be another explosion that would overwhelm them in hopeless ruin?

Suddenly Dannie started up and pointing along the level, cried out:

"There are lights, Jud. See, they're coming towards us. They're looking for us."

Sure enough, breaking through the awful gloom like twinkling stars of yellow light the lamps of the relief party came into sight, and steadily drew near. Both boys sprang to their feet, and shouted for joy. The leaders of the party answered back, and in a few minutes more Dannie and Jud were among them answering the eager questions poured upon them.

As quickly as possible they were carried to the shaft and sent up to the surface. Not until then was the extent of Dannie's injuries discovered. His face, his hands, his head, and the upper part of his body were cruelly burned, and he was suffering intense agony. Covering him with a coat, they hurried him to his home in a sleigh, and for three months thereafter he never left his bed. Excruciating as his sufferings were, he bore them with wonderful fortitude and great patience. One of his most frequent visitors was Dave Norris. Jud had spread abroad the story of his rescue, and Dannie was the hero of Springhill.

"I'm right sorry for being so mean," said Dave, humbly, the first time he saw Dannie. "If somebody 'ud give me a good kicking for calling you names it 'ud just serve me right."

At last Dannie got out into the sunshine again, but oh! how changed from the sturdy, red-cheeked, curly-haired lad he was before the explosion! Shocking scars disfigured his face, scanty patches of hair took the place of his curls, and his body was thin and weak.

The fame of his exploit, however, went abroad, and a subscription was raised among the school-children of the county for the procuring of a fine gold medal, duly inscribed, which was presented to him together with a well-filled purse.

Neither he nor little Jud ever entered the mine again. He was appointed to check the coal deliveries at the surface, and Jud went back to school. They are greater friends than ever now, and often talk over the terrible experience they shared together in the Springhill Mine explosion.



OLD BARKER'S CONVERSION.

BRISTOW was such a small place that there was only one carpenter in all the village, and he was known as "Old Barker." The boys used to say that Barker was a very good name for him because he was so cross and grumpy. There was a time whenever the boys passed the door of his little shop, and saw the sign above it, "James Barker, Carpenter and Jobber," that they would go "bow-bow," seeking to imitate the bark of a dog. And when the old carpenter heard this his temper was not improved, you may be sure; but all this was some time ago.

James Barker was a widower who lived with his little daughter Alice, a girl of ten. People said that he loved her dearly, and was as kind to her as he knew how to be, but these statements were received with doubt. Some folks who were among the doubters went so far as to say that he was too grumpy to be kind even to himself. Little Alice was not a pretty child nor a bright one, and she had a very hard time of it at school with her lessons. Perhaps if she had possessed one good friend she might have done better, but her schoolmates kept away from her, for no other reason, as far as I could ever learn, than that her father had such an unpleasant reputation for incivility. The other children doubtless thought that Alice inherited her father's manner, and as she made no advances, she was left solely to herself. It was a very lonely life for that poor little girl, who had to study so hard to learn the simplest lessons, and did not have a single confidant to sympathize with her in her many trials.

I said that this was some time ago, but really it wasn't more than three years, and to-day Alice is in the senior class in the school, and one of the most popular of all the girls. The change came about in a very curious way, and though sad at the time, good results were born of the accident.

It happened one day that Alice had failed miserably in her lessons, and the teacher had scolded her sharply for her ignorance. The lesson was not a difficult one, but Alice found it impossible to master it. The tears that the teacher's sharp words had called forth still dimmed her eyes as she walked home, and she did not notice the doctor driving down the street. The doctor saw the little figure crossing the road, and cried out, but Alice in her hurry tripped and fell, and both wheels passed over the little ankles.

Luckily it was the doctor himself, if there was any luck about it, and he quickly attended to the sufferer. She was very patient about it, and when the doctor carried her into her father's shop, and "Old Barker," grim and severe as ever, met them at the door, the little girl smiled and nodded to the old man. After making her comfortable, the doctor drove to several of his patients, who didn't happen to be sick at the time, and told them all about the accident. The doctor blamed himself for it, and wanted to do what he could to help the poor child, but it really wasn't his fault; it was all due to the forgotten lesson, and the tears which ensued.

As soon as the accident became known everybody was filled with pity. The older people set about making jellies and custards, and the children offered to carry the delicacies that their parents made and call upon Alice. They all seemed to think it must be very hard for her to be laid up with only her gruff, cross father as nurse, for they could not picture him in any pleasant light.

When the children first went to the little carpenter shop they entered with a timid manner, and though "Old Barker" was as gruff as ever, and perhaps a little gloomier in manner, he did not say anything to frighten them away.

As for Alice, she was simply delighted to see her schoolmates, and though decidedly shy, made them feel that they had misjudged the little girl. By the end of the first week the room in the rear of the shop was filled each afternoon with half a dozen girls chattering away as only school-girls can chatter.

Mr. Barker lost his aspect of gloom and was actually known to smile at the visitors, until people said that they, too, had been mistaken in the old man.

Under the doctor's care and the kindness of everybody Alice improved wonderfully, and by the time she was able to sit up she counted more friends among her schoolmates than she had ever dreamed of. In confidence Alice told the good doctor that she thought the accident was a mighty lucky thing, and in his heart the doctor agreed with her. After leaving his patient he would stop to chat with the carpenter at his bench, and altogether things went well. No boy dared to "bow-wow" at the sign any more, and the little girls would actually walk down the street with "Old Barker," who proved very agreeable.

But it was Mr. Barker's first kindness that made everything right. Little May Wright, who had become a great friend of Alice's, broke her hoop one day. It rolled into the street and under the wheels of a wagon, and was smashed in two places. Her brother Bob, who accompanied her, made a startling suggestion:

"Why don't you take it to Alice's father?" he said. "He'll mend it."

May stood aghast at the proposition.

"Come along," said Bob, bravely; "I'll go with you." So, hand in hand, carrying the broken hoop, they entered the carpenter shop.

Mr. Barker looked up and saw them.

"Hello!" he said. "What have we here?" and he took the broken hoop.

"Dear me, dear me!" he mused. "How was it smashed? I'm afraid that—well, never mind. How was it broken?"

"Please, sir, it was run over," whispered May.

The old man seemed to choke down a sob. "Run over?" he repeated. "Well, well. Run in to Alice," he continued after a moment, "and I'll see what I can do."

May did as she was bidden, and as the two girls sat talking, Bob having run out to spread the news of Mr. Barker's first kindness, the carpenter came in, bringing a brand-new hoop which he had made.

"The old one wasn't any good," he said, in an apologetic tone, turning away, and May and Alice laughed over the new hoop together.

That was the end of "Old Barker"—everybody heard of his kindness and admired him the more, and to-day in the village of Bristow there are no more popular people than Mr. James Barker and his daughter Alice. The older people say it was because of the accident to Alice; but the young ones hold that things would never have been as they are had it not been for the accident to the hoop—it was that which settled everything pleasantly.

STRANGE COMPANIONSHIPS.

THE opening of a crocodile's jaws is a performance that strikes terror into the heart of the bravest; yet there is a tiny Nile bird, the "sic-sac plover," that goes directly into the living cavern, and finds a very good meal there. As the crocodile lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches. Hence it happens that, while all other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes so much to that bird; for the crocodile, when it leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with its mouth wide open, facing the western breeze. At such times the trochilus goes into its mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

In spite of his forbidding appearance, "the autocrat of all the rushes," as some one has called him, has another crony in the shape of a monitor lizard, that hovers about him when he is disporting himself among the reeds, and keeps a constant lookout for danger. When the crocodile sees his small attendant running before him and plunging into the water, he knows that he must plunge too, and he never fails to obey these directions. Perhaps because of this kind service his unwieldy patron feels a delicacy about saying anything when the lizard eats his eggs and young ones, which the small creature will do whenever it gets the chance. But, all the same, it is devoted to its gigantic charge.

The rhinoceros birds are quite famous, and they pay equal attention to that other thick-skinned creature—the hippopotamus. They also warn their friends of approaching danger, and they keep them clean by devouring the ticks and other objectionable insects that burrow in the folds of their thick skins. The peculiar warning cry of these little birds, as they fly in front of the huge animals, is a sure sign of approaching danger.

Cows and pigs do not usually become cronies, but a certain cow and pig in our own country had the use of the same pasture, and struck up a warm friendship. Their owner found that the cow was milked by some unknown person, and resolved to watch for the thief. He was greatly surprised to see his own pig enjoying the milk with satisfied grunts, while the cow was equally pleased as the proper milking was left until a later hour than she liked.

Many creatures living under the sea have their particular chums and followers. The pilot-fish and the shark are never far apart; and another fish, the remora, literally attaches itself to the fierce sea-tiger that it may be towed along without the trouble of swimming.

Tiny crabs are often found in oysters, and a large species of bivalve that lives in deep water always has two very small ones living in the same shell with him. He does not keep them for food, but apparently for the pleasure of their society. Even the hermit-crab, which ought to be quite alone, has its annelid, a very humble companion indeed, which keeps beside it and eats whatever the crab does not care for. Another species of hermit or soldier crab goes about decorated with a gay sea-anemone that has established itself on its shell, and with which it appears highly pleased. The choicest parts of its fishing are given to the anemone, and several times a day the crab offers it food for fear of its going hungry.

A number of other insects live in ants' nests, and a naturalist says that these busy little creatures possess a much greater variety of domestic animals than we do ourselves. There are many species of beetles among them; but the ants do not admit every insect that wishes to come, and all interlopers are promptly killed. The insects thus provided with a home are supposed to be helpful in "clearing up," or to act as scavengers. Some of them, too, furnish food for the ants in a fluid which they secrete; but a little blind beetle seems to be nourished for his "winning ways" alone, as he cannot even feed himself. The hospitable ants take this upon themselves, and feed him as often as he requires it.

PROFESSOR VON WACHS'S WONDERFUL BOY.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

I.—THE BOY IS BORN.

THE Emperor of Germany stood motionless in one corner of the room, looking haughtily at Princess Mary of Teck, who sat in a gilt chair in the opposite corner with a photograph of the Eiffel Tower in her hand.

It was a large room in a New York city street, and near one of its rear windows Professor von Wachs had been trying for three days to improve the expression of John L. Sullivan, who leaned against a work-bench looking as though he had lost his last friend.

Professor von Wachs does not often take as much time as this to perfect a face, for he is one of the most skilful makers of wax figures in this or any other country, and his imitations of famous people are to be seen in all the great museums of the world. The Emperor William and the Princess Mary were ready for exhibition, and John L. Sullivan should have been finished nearly a week before; but there was something on the professor's mind, and he worked mechanically, thinking all the time of something else. Suddenly he straightened himself up with an exclamation that startled Professor Smyrk and Professor Spring, his two fellow-workmen.

"I have it!" he cried, holding a crisp new ten-dollar note between his eyes and the light.

"You will not have it long," said Professor Smyrk, "unless you change your habits."

"Do you see the tiny silken threads running all through this paper?" Professor von Wachs cried, paying no attention to the hint at his extravagance. "There is an idea. I have it at last, after looking for it for years. There is fame in that idea, and fortune. Now I shall make a man, almost a real man, to talk, walk, breathe, perhaps even to eat and drink. It shall be the king of all figures, and astonish the world. In time it may even take on real life, for electricity I believe to be the basis of all life, and I shall give it plenty of electricity. I may solve the problem of the ages."

Professor Smyrk and Professor Spring looked at each other and smiled. It was nothing new to them to hear Professor von Wachs talk about making a figure that should be almost if not quite human. It was his hobby, and it had taken such possession of him that he was known among his associates as "the cracked professor." He had made a great many such experiments, but none of them had satisfied him.

"What have the silk threads to do with your king of figures?" Professor Smyrk asked.

"Everything!" Professor von Wachs answered. "It is the principle. My figure shall be full of thread-like wires as this paper is full of silk threads, to conduct the electricity to every part of it. It shall be made of soft rubber, to be strong and flexible. It shall have a phonograph inside to make it talk. It shall have springs to make it walk, and other springs to expand its chest, or perhaps a bellows, so that it may really breathe. Who knows but the electricity may develop real life? I shall make it a boy, to give it room to grow."

The other professors only laughed, and advised Von Wachs to save his money. But next morning they saw that he was in deeper earnest than ever, for John L. Sullivan was thrown carelessly aside, and work was begun already upon the wonderful mechanical boy.

There was nothing at first that looked like a human being, for the boy was made in sections, and, as Professor Smyrk said, "inside first." Professor von Wachs spent days in experimenting with a soft whitish stuff that he said was to be the brain.

"The brain is the seat of all motion and intelligence," he explained, "and my boy is to have a large brain. It is the best conductor of electricity I can find, but I shall not tell you what it is made of. When I send a current into the brain, the electricity will go to all parts of the body, just as in a human being."

Of course the other professors advised Von Wachs to put some of the patent brain into his own head if it turned out well; but he took no notice of their frequent jokes, and went on with his work. After the brain was completed, he set up a nervous system. A thorough knowledge of anatomy was necessary in his business, and he knew how to set to work. A large flexible wire represented the spinal column, and somewhat smaller wires branched off for the arms and legs, fingers and toes. When the soft rubber, kneaded full of hairlike wires, was moulded around these centres, he had as complete an imitation of the nervous system as he could make.

The head was his masterpiece, for his whole soul was full of the work, and he spared no thought or labor upon it. It had not merely a moulded face, like the other figures he had made, but all the interior works of a real head as nearly as the professor could imitate them. There was a movable tongue, that showed between two rows of pearly teeth. There were tympanums to the ears, and a palate, and eyelids that could open and shut, and eyes that moved, and beautiful pink ears, and curly brown hair. And the face was so handsome that even the other professors admitted that they had never seen anything like it. It was the face of a beautiful boy of about sixteen, perfect in form and color.

"It's such a natural boy," said Professor Smyrk, when it was nearly completed, "that Von has to wrap it up at night to keep it from catching cold."

"Well, I must give him the credit," said Professor Spring, "of making the best face I have ever seen. There are as good features perhaps in other moulded faces, but this one has expression. It looks as though it knew something. I should not be surprised to hear it speak."

"It shall speak," Professor von Wachs replied to all such remarks. "What do I care for its beauty? Bah! Any of you can make a pretty face. But this boy has brains. He shall not only speak, he shall think. Just wait."

The other professors watched Von Wachs with some anxiety, for his hobby was taking stronger possession of him every day. Week after week passed, and he worked at nothing but his boy, made no money, and had to borrow from his associates to pay his bills.

The boy was so lifelike, sitting in his arm-chair with one hand resting on his knee and the other thumb caught in the armhole of his vest, that visitors often mistook him for a real person. Fortunately the visitors were all men who called on business; for if any impressionable young lady had seen him, she might easily have fallen in love with his intellectual face, his rosy cheeks, and his curly brown hair. He was so astonishingly like a real boy, and looked so feelingly out of his soft hazel eyes, that the other professors called him Von Wachs's eldest son, and nicknamed him Charley Ross.

"Good-morning, Charley," they invariably said to him when they entered in the morning. "How are you, Von? How's the kid to-day?"

One morning, after months of labor, Professor von Wachs replied to this salutation:

"He is finished, and he has more sense already than a great many people I know. He is mechanically as perfect as it can be made. Now, there is nothing left but for the electricity to put the real vital principle into him, and that will come in time. You shall see how smart he is. Do you see this black rubber tablet no bigger than my hand, covered with electric push buttons, and connected with this pliant wire? Very well. I put this tablet in my pocket, and my hand beside it. I know every one of those buttons like the keys of a piano. I touch one of them, and Charley winks; another, and he raises an arm; another, and he speaks—for the phonograph is in his chest. Still another, and he stands up. Others, and he walks, sits down, opens his mouth, or does almost anything I tell him. Now watch him."

There certainly was something startling in the lifelike figure sitting there, though they all knew it was nothing but rubber and wires. It was dressed in a stylish suit of boy's clothes and patent-leather shoes, and carried Von Wachs's watch in his pocket, and his chain across its vest. The professor attached the wire to a strong battery that stood under his work-bench, put the rubber tablet and one hand in his pantaloon pocket, and stepped to Charley Ross's side.

"Now, Charley," said he, as kindly as though he were talking to his favorite son, "I want you to show these gentlemen what you can do. Let them see you wink."

Charley winked with both eyes, as naturally as any boy in the world. Of course it was because Von Wachs pressed the proper button in the tablet, and so set the electrical current in motion.

"It's very warm in here. Better wipe your face, hadn't you?"

Charley deliberately raised his right hand from his knee, took a handkerchief from his coat pocket, wiped his face, replaced the handkerchief, and put his hand back on his knees.

"How do you feel this morning, Charley?" he asked.

"All right," Charley replied, moving his lips, and speaking in a voice that sounded wonderfully like Von Wachs's.

"Do you think you could kick your right leg for us, Charley?"

"Sure!" Charley replied; and out went his right toe, as though he were kicking a football.

"Now the other leg."

Charley kicked out his left foot so suddenly that he caught Professor Smyrk on the shin, and made him spring back.

"Stand up and sing the gentlemen a song," Von Wachs told him.

Charley immediately stood up, sang a few snatches from a German air that Von Wachs had sung into the phonograph, and sat down again.

"Well, that's wonderful!" Smyrk and Spring exclaimed in chorus.

"You have a fortune in that figure, Von," said Smyrk. "There's never been anything to equal it."

"But you have not seen half," Von Wachs answered. "Any of you can make a figure that will move, and put a phonograph inside it to talk; but Charley can do more than that. I want you to see him change his expression. Charley, stand up. Now look at his face, please. Charley, you're a humbug."

Instantly Charley's brows contracted, his forehead wrinkled, the corners of his mouth went down, his eyes winked a hundred and fifty winks a minute, and he showed every facial sign of extreme anger.

"What's that, sir?" the figure said, raising an arm threateningly.

"Oh, I was only joking with you, Charley," said Von Wachs. "You're not a humbug at all. I beg your pardon."

The angry look left Charley's face like magic, his forehead became smooth, and his mouth settled into a pleasant smile.

"Upon my word, that is almost beyond belief," said Smyrk. "You're a rich man with that figure, Von, and you deserve to be."

"It is more than a figure," Von Wachs answered. "At least I intend that it shall be. I have taught it to talk and walk, and I intend to teach it to think."

"Oh, bother that crazy notion," said Smyrk. "You have the greatest mechanical figure in the world, and that's enough. But how do you make him always say the right thing at the right time?"

"That is very easy," Von Wachs replied. "I knew what I was going to say to him this morning, so the answers were prepared to come at the proper places. There are other sets of answers for other occasions, and by touching a button I can bring the phonograph cylinder around to any set of answers desired. Let me show you. Suppose Charley is on exhibition, and a group of unmannerly boys are standing in front of him teasing him. We will imagine that I am the boys, and that I say to him, 'Johnny, are you tied down to that chair?'"

"Pass on!" Charley instantly exclaimed. "Do not trouble me with such talk."

"Now the boys," Von Wachs continued, "go on teasing him, and ask him whether his mother knows he's out."

"Go on about your business," Charley answered. "You fatigue me."

"Of course," Von Wachs went on, "this will only make the boys worse, and they say something more to him. Now see the expression of rage on Charley's face, see his fists double up, and hear what he says."

"I've had enough of this," Charley fairly shouted. "Now will you get out of here, or must I throw you out?"

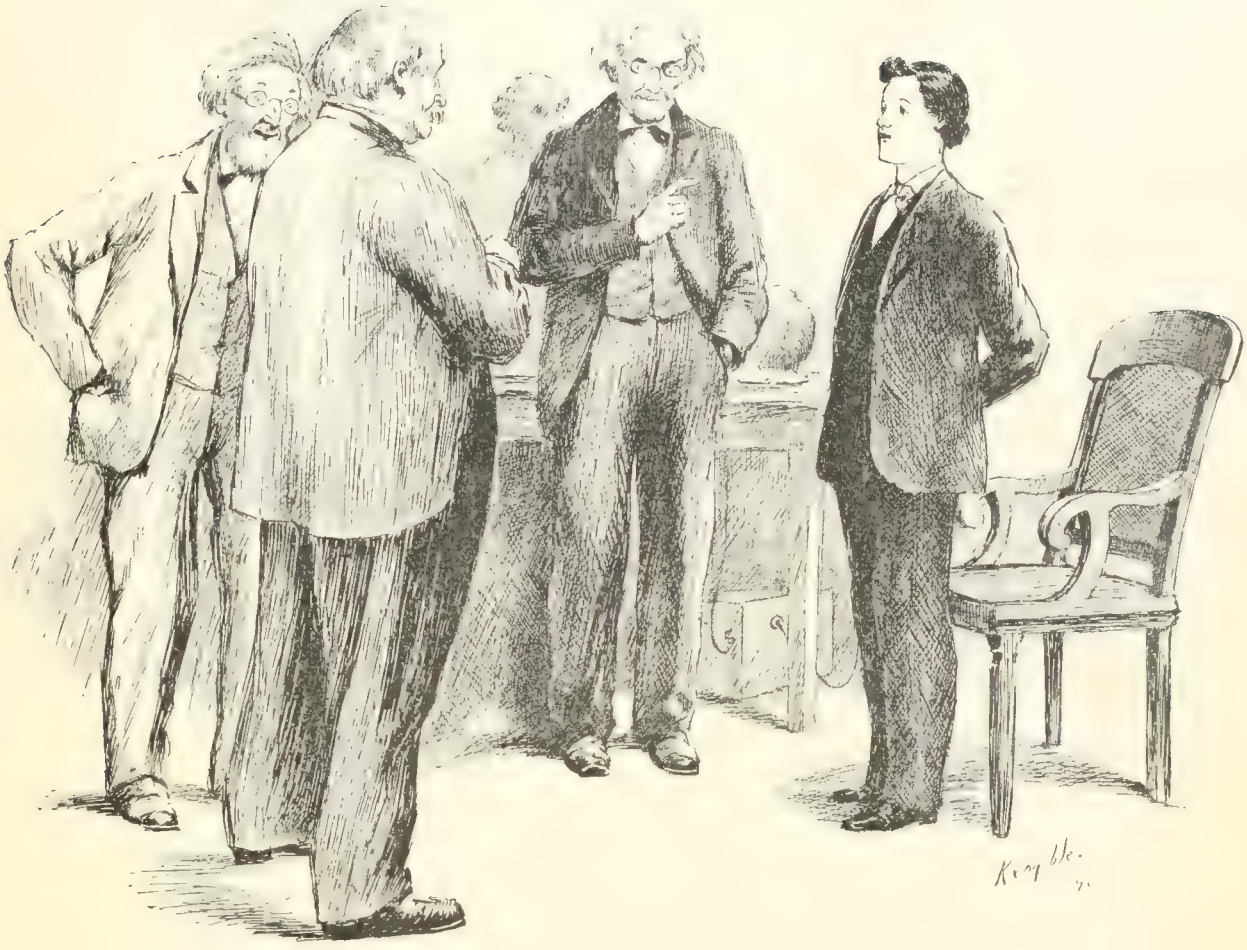
Both the big gray-haired professors clapped their hands, and were almost ready to jump at this exhibition of Charley's powers.

"You see," said Von Wachs, glowing with pride at his favorite child's performance, "this is only one thing out of a thousand that he can be made to say and do. I intend to have one of Dr. Talmage's sermons on a phonograph cylinder, and let Charley preach it. He shall deliver one of Chauncey Depew's after-dinner speeches. He shall sing like Patti and play like Pachmann. There is no end to what he can do. I touch this button, you see, and the cylinder runs back to where it started, so that he is ready to say the same thing over again in case of an encore. Still, all this so far is only mechanical. What I look for is that he shall become so used to doing these things with electricity that he will in time do them of his own accord, always saying the right thing at the right time, without any one to tell him."

"Then he will have more sense than anybody who has ever lived so far," said Professor Spring, who was something of a cynic.

The morning had gone by rapidly, and Professor von Wachs was surprised to see that it was time for lunch. He laid the black tablet down on one end of the long work-bench, and he and Professor Spring went out together. Professor Smyrk remained behind, for he was engaged on a piece of work that was promised for that afternoon, and as the performance with Charley had taken nearly the whole morning, he was a little behindhand.

There was a figure of President Harrison that Professor von Wachs was to have had ready for the Grand Union Museum weeks before, but he had been so busy with Charley Ross that he had not had time even to begin it. Many anxious inquiries had been made for it, and Von Wachs had promised faithfully to do it at once, but he had always forgotten his promises. The inquiries about this figure had all been made by Mr. Dihms, a young man employed about the museum, who, when at



CHARLEY STOOD UP AND SANG A FEW SNATCHES FROM A GERMAN AIR.

work there, usually had his coat off and a handkerchief stuck at his throat to keep his collar clean, but who, when he was sent out on an errand, put on a high silk hat and kid gloves, carried a big cane, and tried to imitate the appearance and manner of some much greater dudes.

The two professors had been gone a few minutes, and Professor Smyrk was at work at the further end of the bench, where he was nearly hidden by a collection of figures that leaned against the wall waiting to be repaired, when the door opened, and in stepped young Mr. Dihms, swelling with his own importance.

The young man saw Charley Ross sitting comfortably in his chair, and seeing no one else, he stepped up to him and said, "Good-mawning."

Charley Ross kept his eyes immovably fixed upon the knob of the opposite door, and paid no attention to his visitor. Professor Smyrk glanced around, and saw how young Dihms had mistaken Charley for a live boy, and instantly remembered that the tablet which would set Charley in motion lay within reach of his hand. He was too fond of a joke even to try to resist the temptation, so he drew back his head and waited.

"I say good-mawning," the young swell repeated, indignant that Charley took no notice of him. "Haven't you mannahs enough to awnsah me? I've come about that Hawwison figgah, and this is the third time—you undawstand?"

Von Wachs had set the phonograph back to the imaginary conversation with the rude boys, and Professor Smyrk remembered that it was the last button in the third row that started Charley to talking. He pressed that button.

"Pass on!" Charley exclaimed, standing up, and looking angry enough. "Do not trouble me with such talk."

"What's that, sir!" young Dihms cried, bristling up with rage. "You impudent young scoundwel, I'll have Von Wachs send you away. Awnsah me at once, sir; is that figgah weady?"

"Go on about your business!" Charley answered. "You fatigue me."

"You're the most impertinent rascal I ever saw!" the young man cried, forgetting in his anger to change his r's into w's. "I've a notion to kick you."

"I've had enough of this," Charley shouted. "Now will you get out of here, or must I throw you out?"

"Throw me out!" young Dihms shrieked. "I'll—I'll—but I'll not lower myself to quarrel with such an unmannerly cub as you. I'll see that Von Wachs gets a boy here who knows his place."

And the indignant young swell swung around on his heel and walked out, slamming the door after him.

Professor Smyrk was almost paralyzed with laughter. He came out of his corner in a minute and went up to the figure, and talked to it as if it could understand what he said.

"Charley, you're a darling," said he. "And I'm going to have a new cylinder made to put in your phonograph that shall astonish Von Wachs as much as you astonished the dude."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

BY ADELIA COOKE.

THERE is a time-honored proverb which says, "Speak well of archers, for you're neither—not in a bow." And all of its wealth of English origin inherit something of enthusiastic admiration for the greenwood rovers, who have contributed so much to the fame and the pleasure of "Merrie England." There was a time when every good Englishman believed, with the poet,

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

Archery was the ruling passion from the Prince to the meanest subject; when not to wield the bow was a mark of serfdom. After the battle of Hastings, the Norman William put the bow into the hands of every citizen, and boys from the age of eight and ten years were taught its use.

The Goths and ancient Persians thought a skilful use of the bow a most desirable attainment for a young man, and boys were put to training at an incredibly early age. The Persians set apart the boys of noble families for this special exercise, and prizes were offered to these young aspirants. The Goths suspended the implements of archery over the infant's cradle; and Scandinavian boys were so expert that they could strike unerringly the breast or feet of the smallest bird with an arrow. The Tartars required their boys to win their breakfasts by shooting, and the little fellows were forced to go hungry until a well-directed arrow had conquered a breakfast. Many of these boys became professional archers, practising their calling from country to country.

A French writer, speaking of the dexterous archers among the Indians of Manila, says that their skill was so marvellous as to seem miraculous. Among them he saw four boys, eight years of age, equipped as archers. He at once challenged their skill by throwing an orange into the air. "Shoot that, my lads," said he. All four struck it in its descent, cutting the orange in four pieces.

Agoutha, a Tartar Prince, was an accomplished archer before he had reached his tenth year. Edward VI. of England possessed wonderful skill in archery when he was a youth, and was so fond of it that he kept a journal recording his failures and successes in the noble art. In the gorgeous parade made by Henry VIII. and Francis of France, upon the plain called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," the sports were of a martial character; and it was when Henry exhibited his skill with the bow and arrow that he showed his real superiority. He was habited in the beautiful garb of the merry foresters of England. A bugle-horn of gold hung across his shoulder, and was sustained by a baldric richly embossed with the same metal. His attending nobles were equipped with equal magnificence, and so gallantly did the archer band bear themselves that a spontaneous cry of admiration burst from the French court. Upon that great day Henry sustained the reputation of his country for skill in archery. His first arrow went to the centre of the white, although the marks were set at the distance of twelvescore yards apart.

Roger Ascham, a tutor to Lady Jane Grey and to Elizabeth, was loud in his praises of the "wholesome and manly sport of archery," and Shakespeare himself, who makes so many happy allusions to archery, was an expert with the bow, and a devoted lover of the good old English sport. The famous Earl Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow, was such a dexterous archer that at the age of eighteen no man could draw a bow like him.

There were famous and merry archers in England whose deeds were chronicled in song and story. Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie were talked of in town and county; but the great hero was the famous Robin Hood. He was born at Loxley Chase, in Yorkshire, during the reign of Henry II. He is said to have been the Earl of Huntingdon, outlawed by reason of some act of resistance to the Crown. He figured as an exiled patriot, a robber, an outlaw, a friend of the poor, and was withal an incomparable archer. "He drew too good a bow to submit to Henry and his creatures," said an old chronicler, so he gathered about him his companions and fled to the woods, there to lead the lives of freebooters. His rough deeds possessed the charm of romance, and his name is still dear to the yeomanry of England. There is a story told that when he was fifteen years old he fell in with a company of foresters on their way to a shooting-match:

"What news?" asked he of his fellow-travellers.

"What news wouldst thou fain have?" asked they in return. "The news is that a shooting-match has been provided by the King."

"Well, I am ready with my bow," exclaimed Robin Hood.

"We hold it in scorn," replied one of the foresters, "that so young a boy as thou, that art not yet able to draw a string, should presume to bear a bow before a monarch."

Robin grew indignant, and replied, "I will wager you twenty marks that I will hit a target at the distance of a hundred rods, and at that distance cause a hart to die."

"We will hold thee twenty marks," answered the foresters, "that thou wilt not hit a mark at a distance of a hundred rods, and that thou wilt not cause a hart to die at that distance."

So Robin bent his bow, hitting the mark and killing the hart at the same length. Of course he demanded immediate payment of the wager, upon which the foresters insultingly refused and said,

"Take up thy bow and get thee hence, lest we baste thee soundly!"

At this reply Robin laughed merrily, and, taking up his bow, walked away with an air of indifference; but when he reached a good shooting distance he turned and let fly shaft after shaft, never missing his aim, until the fifteen foresters lay dead on the ground. He lived and died with his bow, and it was with his arrow that he fixed his burial-place. One day, being ill, he applied to a nun for relief; she opened a vein purposely that he might bleed to death. Just before his death he called for his trusty bow and arrow. "I will let fly a broad arrow," said he, "and where it falls there let my grave be digged. Lay a green sod at my head and feet, and lay by my side my bent bow, which always makes sweet music to mine ear. Make me a grave of green turf, let me have length and breadth enough, that when I am gone they may say, 'Here lies bold Robin Hood.'" They bore him to a window. He drew his bow, and shot. The arrow fell under a green tree, and there they buried him.

"And where it fell they dug his grave,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Meet resting-place for one so brave,
So lawless, frank, and free."

William Tell's skill with the bow is known to every school-boy. Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, King of Persia, was as skilful a bowman as Tell, but by no means so true a hero. It is said that one day he asked one of his courtiers, Prexaspes, what the Persians said about him. "My lord," replied the honest courtier, "they speak your praises, but say you are too much addicted to wine."

"So they imagine me a wine-bibber, do they?" answered Cambyses, angrily. "Well, you yourself shall be the judge. Your son stands yonder in the doorway; if I shoot him through the heart, it will be evident that they wrong me, but if my arrow misses the mark, then there will seem truth in their accusation." And with these words he bent his bow, and shot the youth. When the

boy fell, Cambyses directed an attendant to open the breast, which being done, the arrow was found to have penetrated the boy's heart. With a burst of laughter he turned to the father and said, "You see it is the Persians who are mad, and not I, for whom hast thou known who could shoot so true?"

Among the many advantages of archery is the fact that women can take part in the pastime. The attendance of ladies, with all the woodland accompaniments, must have made archery the most beautiful and romantic of sports. Henry VIII. presented a full set of archery implements to Anne Boleyn, who is said to have discharged many a successful arrow. The ladies of the ancient Persian court practised with the bow, and all their implements were decorated with the gorgeousness of Oriental luxury.

The Greeks, who made everything beautiful, formed their bows and arrows in the most graceful shape and of the finest material. A celebrated Greek archer, named Aster, asked King Philip, who was besieging a city, to be admitted among his troops. Philip rejected him, and he joined the besieged. One day, when on the walls, he perceived Philip within bow-shot, and shot an arrow bearing the inscription, "To Philip's right eye, Aster sends the King a deadly messenger." The arrow took effect, and Philip retaliated with an arrow bearing the inscription, "When Philip takes the city, he will hang Aster." He kept his word, and poor Aster paid dearly for his archery and his wit.

The gun has taken the place of the bow, although in the early days of musketry the merry archers were accustomed to say:

"The white faith of history cannot show
That e'er a musket yet could beat a bow."

A DAY IN A CENTRAL AFRICAN VILLAGE.

BY E. J. GLAVE.



IN the equatorial regions of central Africa day and night succeed each other with but a slight interval of twilight. In the early morn the stars are twinkling in the heavens almost until sunrise, when the darkness rapidly and gracefully dissolves into brilliant day. Equally abruptly does night resume its sway when the sun has dropped below the western horizon. Throughout the year in these latitudes it is light at six in the morning and dark at half past six in the evening.

When the village far away in the wilds of Africa is not at war, and all the natives have retired to sleep, silence is unbroken, save for the occasional call of a night-bird, the croaking of a bull-frog, the humming of insects, or the cry of a savage beast.

The rooster is the native alarm-clock; his note proclaims the approach of dawn. Just about half past five one bird will crow, and will be answered by all the others, one after another, till every rooster within hearing has taken part in the proclamation, and warned everybody that it was nearly time to get up. After this there is a lull for about half an hour, and the day then commences in real earnest amidst the strange hubbub of a central African village.

All the natives now leave their huts, and big log fires



THE GOSSIPS.

are soon blazing just outside the doorways. The old people and children cluster around these till the sun has risen and warmed the damp, cold morning air.

The grown-up men have certain devotions to perform. The medicine-man, who has supplied them with charms to protect them against the enemy's spear or an angry beast of the forest, compels them to abide by his instructions, one of which is that each man upon rising in the morning shall stand within a little circle of ashes, and pray that any malicious evil spirits which may be hovering in the neighborhood may not molest this particular village. Having hurriedly uttered this prayer, the man steps from out his ring of ashes, and goes about his daily business.

The grown people defer any bathing or washing until later on in the day, when the air is warm, but the helpless baby is not consulted as to his wishes on this subject. These Africans are a very hardy race, and I think it is no doubt owing, to a very great extent, to the introduction they receive at a very early age to the strengthening effect of cold-water bathing. Every morning, as soon as they leave their huts, the women file down to the river's edge to give their babies a bath. The mother walks knee-deep into the stream; then catching the half-awakened infant by the wrist, she dips him into the chilly water, and holds him firmly as he wriggles beneath the surface. It always happens that several women are so oc-

cupied at the same time, and they naturally engage in conversation, when the discussion is often of so interesting a character that the infant in the water is almost forgotten, till his frantic struggles and tugging warn the dusky parent that he is not amphibious. The child is then hauled out, but before he has time to recover, his violent choking and spluttering are again lost in the depths of the muddy stream. After repeating this operation four or five times, the mother carries the bewildered little piece of ebonized humanity back to the village, and spreads him out on a mat in the sun to gradually recover from the shock. This seems to me to be rather a rough and uncomfortable means of providing for the survival of the fittest.

The women attend to all domestic matters. The husband builds the hut, but the wife manages it, attends to all the cooking, and brings in the supply of fire-wood, besides which she has sole charge of all agricultural arrangements. The native women have good reason to be proud of their fine plantations of manioc root, sweet-potato, peanuts, and yams. They are made and maintained at great labor and a tremendous amount of annoyance. Sometimes a thieving band of hostile natives will stealthily sneak into a garden at night and carry away the choicest roots; but damage by wild animals is far more frequent and more disastrous. A herd of buffaloes will nibble acres of peanut shoots close to the ground in one night, and a band of elephants will trample beneath their clumsy feet whole plantations of manioc, and if banana-trees are within their reach, they will twist the succulent stems out of pure mischief, creating damage from which the women cannot recover for many months. After such a calamity I have heard the poor women sob most piteously; but they are philosophical, and soon forget their hard luck.

Every day from about half past six in the morning till nearly noon the women are busy working in their plantations. They then return to the native village with baskets full of their produce, and very soon large earthen pots filled with vegetables, fish, and game are steaming over the log fires.



ELEPHANTS DESTROYING A BANANA PLANTATION.

The men are by no means idle. During the morning they have been engaged in some handicraft or employment. Some, expert in the working of metals, have been shaping out iron into glistening spear heads or keen-edged sword-blades, or moulding copper or brass into leg rings, bracelets, or weighty neck rings to satisfy the female appeal for finery. Others have been busily employed weaving fish-nets or plaiting strands of split rattan into shields of delicate make and artistic design.

The village carpenter has been industriously adzing out a paddle. He knows his business thoroughly. He understands the quality of every kind of timber. For the slender paddle he selects a straight log of lance-wood, which, when split by a rough wooden wedge, can be riven into planks as straight as a tightened string. When carving a chair, he selects wood which has but little more grain than a piece of chalk, but it is strong and light. For a patch to cover a hole in a dugout he shapes out a slab of soft yellow wood, which swells when dampened, and stops the leak. These natives have no stores to which they can repair and supply their immediate wants. Every tool or utensil or ornament they use they make themselves. Some of the natives have been to their fishing-grounds, and brought home the catch, and a band of hunters have bagged a wild hog or basket of monkeys.

When the women who have been superintending the cooking announce that the meal is ready, work at once abruptly ceases, and groups of ten or a dozen hungry darkies form round each earthen pot, which is soon emptied after the natives have been busily dipping out its contents with their fingers, which they use as both fork and spoon.

A veritable rampart of varied foliage encircles every village; from a tangled mass of undergrowth, thickly covering the ground, monster trees rise in graceful columns, draped to their topmost heights with delicate creepers, and bedecked with rich-colored orchids of curious shapes, which are firmly rooted to the boughs overhead. The settlement is surrounded by a stockade of sharpened stakes, as a protection against sudden attack from hostile tribes. Within the enclosure well-kept orchards of banana and plantain yield an abundant supply of fruit, and the spreading leaves of the tall palm-trees dotted throughout the settlement afford protection from the fierce sun.

During the heat of the day, between eleven and three, the natives seek the coolest and shadiest part of the village. Many of them go to sleep; some pass away the time by unravelling and replaiting each other's hair; others have a little bargain to settle, a slave or a tusk of ivory to sell. They are great talkers, and are fond of exaggerating and exchanging stories; but the narrative of an event which has happened only a few days before must be greatly pruned down before the actual truth can be reached. It is a favorite pastime during these hours of the day to recite adventures. If a hunter has killed a buffalo only a day or two before, he persistently goes on increasing the magnitude of the deed, till he really begins to believe that he has slaughtered a whole herd.

The palm-tree is a wonderful possession of these people; it provides most generously towards the village welfare. The leaves thrown over the rafters form a rain-proof thatch, and the heavy bunches of palm-nuts which



WORKERS IN METAL.

are yielded each year supply a delicious oil; but to the native its most comforting supply is the "malafu," or palm wine, which is the sap of the tree extracted by means of holes drilled at the top of the trunk, out of which the juice runs through stems of grass into small gourds, which are collected each morning. The taste of this when fresh resembles somewhat a very superior "ginger pop"; it is rather milky in color, and very effervescent. When they have a few big jars of this beverage, they need no better occupation during the noonday lull than the imbibing of it; and those who would otherwise sleep prefer to postpone that pleasure till some time when there is no delicious inducement to keep them awake.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun has ceased his fiery rule, preparations are made by the women for the evening meal. The men paddle off to set their fishing traps and nets for the night; the hunters go to their animal traps and pitfalls, and see that all is properly arranged for any passing beast; the mechanics of the village put away their work; and as soon as the sun dips out of sight, all partake of the evening meal which their women have been cooking. If the night is fine, a dance is usually held, commenced at first by a few of the younger people, but gradually old and young join in the throng. Every available instrument for making tumult is brought into play; drums are energetically beaten, coarse cymbals clanked, and horns blown. They play and dance, sing and shout, till their bodies are streaming with perspiration, and not until every one is exhausted does the entertainment cease. Then once more the village sleeps in silence, save for the call of the passing bird, the loud kong-kong of the giant bat, or the yawn of the leopard.

WILD CATS IN CENTRAL PARK.

IT sounds almost incredible to say that there are scores of wild cats running at large in Central Park, and yet the assertion is strictly true. Not the kind of wild cats which were the ancestors of the common household pets, but the sort of which the "tabbies" were the progenitors. Their forefathers were originally respectable house-cats, and no doubt occupied their time during daylight in purring on a mat before the fire. With their occupation at night every one is painfully familiar.

Becoming friendless and homeless through being left on street corners by owners who had more cats than they could care for, many of the animals had to shift for themselves. Under these circumstances they easily returned to their original condition, and found in Central Park a refuge from their natural enemies, dogs and small boys. They have lost all their domestic habits now and are beasts pure and simple, living entirely out of doors, and depending for sustenance on the prey that they can capture.

Through various generations of wild life they have become somewhat different in appearance from their ancestors. They are larger in every way, especially in the length of their bodies. An incessant war is waged by them on the gray squirrels and birds, and I have no doubt that if they were hard pushed they would attack persons molesting them. They infest almost the whole of the Park above Seventy-second Street, and they live almost entirely on the birds and squirrels which they capture. It was through the fate of one of these squirrels that my attention was first called to the beasts.

Nearly every morning I was in the habit of taking a "constitutional" through the rambles, and quite often I stopped for a short rest under a big oak-tree. Several times I observed a particularly big gray squirrel running about under the tree in search of acorns. After seeing this several times I decided to try and tame it. I succeeded so well that every time I arrived at the spot the little animal would come forward fearlessly and take from my hand the nuts and lumps of sugar that I had brought along.

Finally, one day the squirrel was missing; but as the acorns and nuts had begun to get ripe and plentiful in the neighborhood, I decided that my friend had found something more suited to his taste. After the return of cold weather, and the failure of his natural food supply, I felt confident that he would recognize me once more.

Not long afterwards I thought one morning that I saw the little animal running about under the tree again. But when he got a little nearer I saw that he was too small and too shy for my old friend. While I was still meditating, a long, lank cat sprang from behind another tree, and before I knew what was happening, the beast had the squirrel by the back of the neck, and was running away with it.

I yelled at the top of my voice to scare the beast, but the noise only made the cat run the faster. The fate of my former pet was plain. A big policeman came running up to the spot to find out what the trouble was all about, and I came near being arrested for trying to save the life of the squirrel. The officer looked at me suspiciously when I told him why I had been yelling so loudly.

After that I observed the habits of the beasts to a considerable extent, and I found that they abounded in nearly the whole of the upper part of the Park. Although they will approach quite near to a person, they will not allow you to touch them, and if you try to make friends, they become suspicious at once and sneak away. They have never been hunted, and consequently are not afraid of man. No doubt they have killed hundreds of birds and squirrels, and it would be a good thing if the place could be rid of them.

H. B. BRADBURY.

AN ANECDOTE OF TAD LINCOLN.

ONE of the prettiest incidents in the closing days of our civil war occurred when the troops "marching home again" passed in grand form, if with well-worn uniforms, and tattered bunting, before the White House. Naturally an immense crowd had assembled on the streets, the lawns, porches, balconies, and windows, even those of the Executive Mansion itself being crowded to excess.

A central figure was that of the President, Abraham Lincoln, who, with bared head, unfurled and waved our nation's flag in the midst of lusty cheers. But suddenly there was an unexpected sight. A small boy leaned forward and sent streaming to the air the banner of the boys in gray. It was an old flag which had been captured from the Confederates, and which the urchin, the President's second son, Tad, had obtained possession of, and considered an additional token of triumph to unfurl on this all-important day. Vainly did the servant who had followed him to the window plead with him to desist. No. Master Tad, the pet of the White House, was not to be prevented from adding to the loyal demonstration of the hour.

To his surprise, however, the crowd viewed it differently. Had it floated from any other window in the capital that day, no doubt it would have been the target of contempt and abuse; but when the President, understanding what had happened, turned, with a smile on his grand plain face, and showed his approval by gesture and expression, cheer after cheer rent the air.

It was, surely enough, the expression of peace and good will, which, of all our commanders, none was better pleased to promote than the Commander-in-chief.

Tad, as he was called at home, was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast to the President's tall lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories. His early death was a calamity, for on his return from Europe he promised everything fine, manly, and noble which his father had hoped for.

A characteristic incident, which he himself related to the writer, occurred a day or two after his entering, temporarily, a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile which was his sole point of resemblance to his father, answered,

"A wood-chopper."

"Oh, indeed!" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the high-born lad turned the cold shoulder to the "new boy."

Judge of his feelings when, very soon, the American lad's prestige being known to all the school, he found that he had made himself ridiculous. Tad, however, was too much of a little gentleman not to accept the friendship, however tardily offered.

UP MONT BLANC IN TENNIS FLANNELS.

AMERICANS are variously regarded on the continent of Europe, sometimes with amusement, sometimes with disapproval, at other times with friendly regard, but almost invariably as eccentric persons who need more or less watching. The New York *Sun* tells a capital story of an American who registered at a hotel in Chamonix as John Watson, of St. Louis. He said he came to make the ascent of Mont Blanc, and two Englishmen and a Russian admitted him to their party, which included three guides. When he appeared for the journey he sustained the reputation of his countrymen for eccentricity; for while every one else was clad with the apparent expectation of meeting cold weather, and had with him a stout bundle filled with further guards against cold, Mr. Watson was clad in a loose white flannel suit. He wore no waistcoat, and a black silk sash held up his trousers. On his head was a white flannel cap. On his feet were strong-soled patent-leather shoes, and his rolled-up trousers showed at times thin black silk socks. His shirt was a silk négligé, open at the neck, and a black silk scarf was knotted loosely there.

Everybody protested against making the ascent clad in this airy raiment, but Mr. Watson replied cheerfully that in his country people were used to extremes of temperature, and dressed the same in cold weather as in hot. He carried a small bundle which he said contained pajamas and a fur cap and gloves, as his head and hands were sensitive to cold.

They set out, leaving everybody in Chamonix talking about the insane American, whom no one ever expected to see again. "If he tries to make the ascent, he will die of cold," said they; "and if he fails, he will be ashamed to come back."

The tourists climbed snow fields; they crossed crevasses; they ascended precipices of ice. Through all the cold and the fearful peril Mr. Watson was serene and cheerful and apparently warm. The others would have admired his steady nerve that permitted him to jest as soon as a peril was past had it not been that they regarded him as a madman. But madmen are chilled by zero temperature as much as sane men. And how this American, in a flimsy flannel suit, with only a fur cap and fur gloves to protect him from the cold, could pass through zero temperature with cheeks healthily glowing, and a body that did not shiver till his teeth fell out, they could not understand.

When, three days later, they reappeared in Chamonix, the whole town was filled with amazement. The fact of the ascent was confirmed beyond a doubt, and Watson got his certificate as well as the others.

"Just put in," he said to the man that was making it out—"just put in that John Watson, of St. Louis, ascended in a white flannel suit, a silk summer shirt, and no heavy clothes except a fur cap and fur gloves."

The man put it in, and handed over the certificate when it was duly countersigned. He staid a day, answering questions as to his diet, his mode of exercising, his family history, physical and mental.

When he got back to London he produced his certificate to a friend, and claimed the £100 that had been put up. "You see I've won the bet," he said. "I ascended in a summer suit."

"Yes, I see you did; in fact, I have heard all about it a dozen times," said the stake-holder. "Here's the money. And, on the quiet, tell me how you did it?"

"Well," said Mr. Watson, "there was no proviso as to what I should wear underneath. If you come up to my room at the Savoy, I'll show you a skin-tight, fur-lined chamois suit that might explain the matter."

TWO VERY DEAR FRIENDS.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

JUST before Professor Garner went to Africa he told this story to one or two people he knew very well. It is Professor Garner, by the way, as perhaps you have heard, who has been studying so carefully the language of the monkeys. His vocabulary is already very large. Some of the papers have it that there are only eight words in it, but he told this friend of mine that there were twenty-one. But to have even eight words is wonderful enough, I think. Eight words with which to converse with any monkey one met! I only wish I knew half as many.

When Professor Garner comes home from Africa he hopes to be able to tell us everything the gorillas have been discussing this summer in the woods. Of course many people laughed at the very idea of it all, but then there once was a time when many people laughed at the very idea of there being any gorillas at all. And this was not so very long ago either. It was only when Mr. Du Chaillu came back from his great journey into the African forests, and Mr. Du Chaillu is living yet, I am glad to say, to tell us more about it.

Now in order to understand as much of their language as he does, Professor Garner has had to be much with the monkeys. Some of them became very dear friends of his. It is the story of one of these that he told.

The name of this particular friend was Ginty, neither a poetical nor a romantic name, and one, let us hope, given to the monkey before Professor Garner met him. It was always Ginty who, when the professor arrived, greeted him most warmly. Indeed, he knew his voice among a hundred, and at the first sound of it bounded across the cage, thrusting his tiny hands through the bars. When the professor went inside, it was Ginty who sprang on his shoulder, and with his arms around his neck sat there and talked. Exactly what they both talked about, the professor and the monkey, I unfortunately do not know. Perhaps they said the same things over and over to each other every day, as people very much interested in each other often will. They may, indeed, have been obliged to do this. With only twenty-one words to talk in, there are not many subjects to choose from. Or perhaps, and I think this may be nearest the truth, they said many things to each other that neither could have understood, except by means of that subtle sympathy which helps one friend always to understand another whom he loves, no matter in what tongue he may speak.

With all the other monkeys, however, Professor Garner discussed a variety of matters—questions of food, of water, and of danger. When the word that meant danger was uttered, there used to be a great scampering of them all to the other side of the cage and a huddling close in the corner. The only one who never ran was, of course, little Ginty, safely cuddled up on the professor's shoulder. This used to go on every day till Ginty grew to love Mr. Garner better than anything else in the world, while the other monkeys grew to feel quite as much at home before him as though he had been one of themselves. They talked quite as freely.

Once when Professor Garner left town for a little while, a dreadful calamity befell his friend Ginty. He was sold away from all his relatives and acquaintances, and transported to the other side of the Hudson River, to a place called Fort Lee. Here, all alone, and without his good friend the professor, not a monkey to speak to, he was supposed to be cheerful as ever, and to make a home for himself. All day long the poor little creature crouched in the corner of his cage, too desolate and too unhappy to move.

Professor Garner heard that Ginty was at Fort Lee, and, being quite unwilling to go to Africa without a word of good-by to his little friend, he made a journey over the river to see him. Ginty then had two cages, one inside the other. In the dimmest, darkest corner of the inner cage, Ginty, with all his griefs and heartaches, used to lie like a little heap all day. His keeper could not rouse him.

Professor Garner stepped on the threshold of the room and uttered a word that Ginty knew. Oh, what a jump was made inside the cage! What cries filled it as the wild little figure of Ginty, calling back to the professor, flew against the wires that held him, trying with all his strength to get through to the man he loved so much! When the door was opened, with a spring Ginty was on his shoulders, tears, Mr. Garner said, running down his face. He kissed Mr. Garner, and patted his cheeks, and shook hands with him, and put his arms about his neck, and chatted away in joyous strain, only to begin to pat his cheeks once more and kiss him and rub his cheek softly against that of Mr. Garner.

When the good-bys had to be said, Ginty understood all about it, and his grief was so great that it touched the heart of the man who owned him.

"If monkeys have as much sense as that," he said to Professor Garner, "there is nothing I won't do to make the fellow happy, if you will only tell me what he would like."

So Professor Garner told him to get Ginty a companion and to get him some playthings—a rubber ball, some marbles, a piece of string, and one or two other things that I have forgotten. For monkeys need society and amusement as well as the rest of the world. Why, even birds are happier for a little fun. Have you never read what Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells us about giving playthings to birds?

When Professor Garner comes back from Africa, one of the very first visits he pays, I am sure, will be to Ginty at Fort Lee; no longer an unhappy Ginty, I hope, but one, of course, who will be just as glad to see him. And if you think it almost beyond the power of belief, this intimate acquaintance of men and monkeys, let me tell what I saw with my own eyes this summer. It was at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and hundreds of people all the afternoon were streaming by the cages with the monkeys. I stopped by one all alone in his cage, a black monkey with a great long tail that curled at the end. Suddenly this monkey startled me by jumping with a loud cry of delight against the walls of his cage, and putting his face against them, trying to kiss (just as babies do, and with the same noise) somebody through them, all this time chattering with delight. I looked about, and saw an old man, a workman he seemed to be, who had just come in the gardens. He went up to the cage, and the monkey, overjoyed to see him, did all manner of funny things—one moment would turn to kiss him; the next, turning round and poking his little shoulder up to be scratched.

I do not think there are many more interesting animals than monkeys, after all; and if Mr. Garner ever publishes a dictionary of the Simian language, I am certainly going to get one to study. Won't you? It will no doubt prove deeply interesting.

AN AUTUMN BONFIRE.

IT'S burning in the twilight,
Against the haze-veiled hill,
And casts its dreamy incense
Upon the breezes chill.

By all its pretty colors,
That ripple, fold on fold,
In richest orange, amber,
And cardinal and gold,

I know the flames, so fitful
And beautiful, are fed
By autumn's gorgeous leaflets
Of warmest gold and red.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A GENEROUS ACT.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of England, as all the children who have studied English history know, never married, though many of the noblemen at her court were suitors for her hand. Among them all, the Earl of Essex—a handsome man and a gallant soldier—was said to be her greatest favorite, and there were rumors that he would share her throne. But, instead, he died upon the scaffold, and his friends, who loved him devotedly, were enraged against the Queen.

Among these friends was the famous Shakespeare. In his wrath he wrote some verses assailing Elizabeth. One of her courtiers, an enemy of Shakespeare, bribed a servant to secure a copy, and instantly placed it in the hands of his royal mistress, remarking that the actor Shakespeare—an actor in those days was held in very low esteem—had written a malicious lampoon against her Majesty.

Elizabeth took the paper, and flung it into the fire, saying, "My lord, William Shakespeare is more than an actor; he is the greatest author in Britain."

Then she sent for Shakespeare. "Sir," she said, as he entered, deeply troubled, for he had already learned what had occurred, "I hear that you have written a lampoon against me. A copy has been placed in my hands, but it lies yonder on the hearth, ashes. If there is truth in the matter, I advise you to burn the original. Your Queen pardons you. She would not wish to bear the stigma of having robbed England of her most brilliant intellect."

Shakespeare stood speechless; then suddenly kneeling at her feet, he exclaimed, "Your Majesty, here I again swear a new and inviolable allegiance." And they remained friends to the end of their lives.

HIGH PRICES.

MY father was in California during the great gold excitement of 1848 and 1849, and I have often heard him tell about the high prices charged for everything in those days.

Gold-dust was at that time worth $12 an ounce in money, or from $15 to $16 in trade at the mining-camp stores, and I have heard my father relate how he once paid $225 for a suit of clothes which he would not have thought good enough for every-day wear at home. He paid $30 for a flannel shirt, $50 for a pair of shoes, $25 for a hat, $45 for a pair of coarse trousers, and $75 for a poorly made and ill-fitting coat and vest; worst of all, he had to pay $7 for a comb, and $5 for a tooth-brush.

On the other hand, he one day found a nugget of fine gold weighing ten ounces in the sandy bed of a stream, and on the same day he "panned out" ten ounces of gold dust, making a total yield of twenty ounces, or $240 worth of gold in a single day. He had three companions living in his tent with him, and it had been a day of prosperity for all of them, each of his companions having "panned out" as much as $150 on that day, and one of them came home in the evening with nearly thirty ounces of gold-dust in a bottle in his pocket. The men were so elated that they thought they would have something in the way of a treat for supper, to take the place of the flapjacks and bacon which was their usual fare. One of the men went down to the store, and paid $30 for a box of sardines, $15 for a can of peaches, and $25 for a can of oysters. He also paid $8 for a tin pan in which to stew the oysters; so their little treat in the way of a supper cost them $78. At that same time they paid $225 for a barrel of mess pork, a part of which, they discovered, was unfit to eat. But the California merchants of those days never took anything back, and the men had to make the best of their bad bargain.

H.



CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

MELL. "We had to write about George Washington at school to-day."
MOTHER. "I hope you remembered to tell about the cherry-tree?"
MELL. "Oh yes! I said he sawed it down."
MOTHER. "You mean he chopped it down."
MELL. "Yes. I know he did, but I couldn't spell hatchet."

HIS COLOR.

I am a little colored boy,
  But not the way you think;
My color isn't brown or black,
  But pretty rose-leaf pink.

MADE A LOT OF DIFFERENCE

"Did you ever taste coffee, Bobbie?" Abner asked.

"Yes," said Bobbie. "It was awful good."

"What did it taste like?"

"Medicine."

"I shouldn't think that would be good."

"It wouldn't have been if it had been medicine; but it wasn't. It was coffee."

HAD THE BEST OF IT.

"My papa's braver 'n your papa," said Jamie to Wallie.

"No, he ain't, neither," said Wallie. "My father isn't afraid of nothing."

"Ho! It doesn't take much to be afraid of nothing. My papa isn't afraid of something," said Jamie, triumphantly.

A NEW KIND OF GOAT.

"Wish I had a pair of goats," said Bobbie.

"What kind of goats?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, a new kind. A kind that looks exactly like a pair of Shetland-ponies harnessed up to a wagon."

DURING AN AUTUMN WALK.

Mr. Fitzhugh. "Do you know we have walked about six miles?"

Clarence. "We have?"

Mr. Fitzhugh. "Yes. Don't you feel tired?"

Clarence. "No; but my feet feel a little bit sleepy."

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

The other day Mr. Burleigh was taking a walk in the woods with his little boy. They commenced hunting for chestnuts, and soon Donald's eyes bulged when he saw the double-handful his father had found; and then he made this kind remark:

"Say, papa, wouldn't you like to carry your chestnuts in my pocket?"

A QUESTION OF DEGREE.

"Papa," said Walter, "did you say I was cranky this morning?"

"I'm afraid I did, my boy."

"How cranky was I? If I'd been a boat, would I have upset?"

AN INDUCEMENT.

Louis. "Papa says that I mustn't play football any more."

Max. "Ask him again. Tell him you'll only wear your oldest clothes."



A SELF-MADE MAN.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

RAFTMATES:

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

Author of "Canoemates," "Campmates," "Dorymates," etc.

Chapter III.

A MUD-BESPATTERED ARRIVAL FROM CALIFORNIA.

ACTING upon the suggestion contained in Etta's note, Winn lighted a fire in the galley stove, and was soon enjoying its cheery warmth. When the tea was heated, he ate heartily of the supper so thoughtfully provided by the dear girl, and his heart grew very tender as he thought of her and of her unwearying love for him. "I ought to go and find her this very minute," he said to himself; "but I must get dry first, and there probably isn't any fire up at the house."

To while away the few minutes that he intended remaining on the raft, Winn got one of the books of exploration from a shelf in the little after-room, and was quickly buried in the heart of an African forest. Completely lost to his surroundings, and absorbed in tales of the wild beasts and wilder men of the Dark Continent, the boy read on and on until the failing light warned him that his lamp was about to go out for want of oil.

He yawned as he finally closed the book. "My! how sleepy I am, and how late it must be," he said. "How the wind howls, too! It sounds as if we were going to have a storm. I only hope it will bring plenty of rain and high water. Then good-by to home, and hurrah for the great river!"

By this chain of thought Winn was again reminded of Etta, and of the forgiveness he had meant to secure from



ner that evening. "It is too late now, though," he said to himself. "She must have gone to bed long ago, and I guess I might as well do the same; but I'll see her the very first thing in the morning."

With this the tired boy blew out the expiring flame of his lamp, and tumbled into his bunk, where in another minute he was as sound asleep as ever in his life.

In the mean time the high water for which he hoped so earnestly was much nearer at hand than either he or any one else supposed. The storm now howling through the pines had been raging for hours about the head-waters of the creek, and the deluge of rain by which it was accompanied was sweeping steadily down stream towards the great river. Even as Winn sat by the stove reading, the first of the swelling waters began to rise along the sides of the raft, and by the time the storm broke overhead the *Venture* was very nearly afloat.

Although Winn slept too soundly to be disturbed by either wind or rain, the storm awoke Major Caspar, who listened for some time to this announcement that the hour for setting forth on his long-projected journey was at hand. He had no anxiety for the safety of the raft, for he remembered the stout cable by which he had secured it, and congratulated himself upon the precaution thus taken. "Besides, Winn is aboard," he reflected, "and he is almost certain to rouse us all with the joyful news the minute he finds that the raft is afloat." Thus reassuring himself, the Major turned over, and went comfortably to sleep.

Etta knew nothing of the storm until morning, but hearing the rain the moment she awoke, she too recognized it as the signal for the *Venture's* speedy departure. From her window she had heretofore been able to see one corner of the raft; but now, peering out through the driving rain that caused the forest depths to appear blue and dim, she could not discover it. With a slight feeling of uneasiness, she hastily dressed, and went to Winn's door. There was no answer to her knock. She peeped in. Winn was not there, nor had the bed been occupied.

"He did spend the night on the raft, then, and so of course it is all right," thought the girl, greatly relieved at this discovery. "The *Venture* must be afloat, though. I wonder if father knows it?"

Just then Major Caspar appeared, evidently prepared to face the storm.

"Well, little daughter," he said, "high water has come at last, and the time of our departure is at hand. I am going down to see what Winn thinks of it."

"Oh, can't I go with you, papa? I should dearly love to!" cried Etta.

"Well, I don't know," hesitated the Major. "I suppose you might if you were rigged for it."

This permission was sufficient, and the active girl bounded away full of glee at the prospect of a battle with the storm, and of surprising Winn on the raft. Three minutes later she reappeared, clad in rubber boots and a water-proof cloak, the hood of which, drawn over her head, framed her face in the most bewitching manner. The Major attempted to protect her still further with a large umbrella; but they had hardly left the house before a savage gust swooped down and gleefully rendered it useless by turning it inside out. Casting the umbrella aside, the Major clasped Etta's hand firmly in his. Then with bowed heads the two pushed sturdily on toward the river-bank, while the wind scattered bits of their merry laughter far and wide.

It took them but a few minutes to reach the little stream, when their laughter was suddenly silenced. There was the place where the *Venture* had been put together, there was the tree to which it had been so securely moored; but the raft that had grown into being and become a familiar sight at that point no longer occupied it, nor was it anywhere to be seen. Only a flood of turbid waters, fully two feet higher than they had been the evening before, swept over the spot, and seemed to beckon mockingly toward the great river.

"Why, the raft has gone!" exclaimed Etta, in a dismayed voice.

"It certainly has," answered the Major, firmly; "and as it cannot possibly have floated up stream, it must have gone towards the Mississippi. I only hope that Winn managed in some way to check and hold it before it reached the big water. Otherwise we may have a merry hunt for it."

While he spoke they had been hurrying to a point a short distance down stream, around which the creek made a bend. From here they could command a view of half a mile of its course, and somewhere along this stretch of water they hoped to see the raft safely moored. They were, however, doomed to disappointment; for as far as the eye could see there was no sign of the missing craft. Full of conjectures and forebodings of evil they reluctantly turned back toward the house.

The mill hands, some of whom were to have formed the crew of the *Venture*, had already discovered that it was gone. Now they were gathered at the house awaiting the Major's orders, and eagerly discussing the situation.

Mrs. Caspar, full of anxiety, met her husband and daughter at the open door, where she stood, regardless of the driving rain.

"Oh, John!" she cried, "where is Winn? What has become of the raft? Do you think anything can have happened to him?"

"Certainly not," answered the Major, reassuringly. "Nothing serious can have befallen the boy on board a craft like that. As to his whereabouts, I propose to go down to the mouth of the creek at once and discover them. That is, just as soon as you can give me a cup of coffee and a bite of breakfast, for it would be foolish to start off without those. But the quicker we can get ready, the better. I shall go in the skiff, and take Halma and Jan with me."

Nothing so allays anxiety as the necessity for immediate action, especially when such action is directed toward removing the cause for alarm. So Mrs. Caspar and Etta, in flying about to prepare breakfast for the rescuing party, almost worked themselves into a state of hopeful cheerfulness. It was only after the meal had been hastily eaten, and the Major with his stalwart Swedes had departed, that a reaction came, and the anxious fears reasserted themselves. For hours they could do nothing but discuss the situation and watch for some one to come with news. Several times during the morning Etta put on her water-proof and went down to the mill. Then she would gaze with troubled eyes at the ever-rising waters, until reminded that her mother needed comforting, when she would return to the house.

On one of these occasions the girl was surprised to see a saddle-horse, bearing evidences of a hard journey, standing at the hitching-post near the front door. But this first surprise was as nothing to the amazement with which she saw her mother clasped in the arms of a strange young man who was so bespattered with mud that his features were hardly recognizable. Mrs. Caspar was laughing and crying at the same time, while both she and the young man were talking at once. Near them, and regarding this tableau with the utmost gravity, was a powerful-looking bull-dog, who would evidently be pure white when washed.

For a full minute Etta stood in the doorway gazing wonderingly at this strange scene. Then her mother caught sight of the girl's wide-eyed bewilderment, and burst into a fit of laughter that was almost hysterical.

"It's your uncle William!" she cried, as soon as she could command her voice. "My little brother Billy,

whom I haven't seen for twelve years, and he has just come from California. Give him a kiss, dear, and tell him how very glad we are to see him."

Then Etta was in turn embraced by the mud-bespattered young man, who gravely announced that he should never have recognized her.

"No wonder, for she was only a baby when you last saw her!" exclaimed Mrs. Caspar, "and I'm sure I should never have recognized you but for your voice. I don't know how you look even now, and I sha'n't until you wash your face."

"What's the matter with my face? Is it dirty?" asked the young man.

For answer Mrs. Caspar led him in front of a mirror.

"Well, I should say it was dirty! In fact, dirty is no name at all for it!" he laughed. "I believe I look about as bad as Binney Gibbs* did when he covered himself with 'mud and glory' at the same time, or rather when his mule did it for him."

"Who is Binney Gibbs?" asked both Mrs. Caspar and Etta.

"Binney? Why, he is a young fellow, about Winn's age, who went across the plains with me a year ago. By-the-way, where is Winn? I want to see the boy. And where is the Major?"

Then, as Mrs. Caspar explained the absence of her husband and son, all her anxieties returned, so that before she finished her face again wore a very sober and troubled expression.

"So that is the situation, is it?" remarked the newcomer, reflectively. "I see that Winn is not behind his age in getting into scrapes. He reminds me of another young fellow who went campmates with me on the plains, Glen Matherson—no, Eddy. No; come to think of it, his name is Etting. Well, any way, he had just such a habit of getting into all sorts of messes; but he always came out of them bright and smiling, right side up with care, and ready for the next."

"He had names enough, whoever he was," said Etta, a little coldly; for it seemed to her that this flippant young uncle was rather inclined to disparage her own dear brother. "Yes, he certainly had names to spare; but if he was half as well able to take care of himself as our Winn is, no one ever had an excuse for worrying about him."

"No, indeed," broke in the young man, eagerly; "but I tell you he was— Why, you just ought to have seen him when—"

"Here comes father," cried Etta, joyfully, running to throw open the door as she spoke.

Chapter IV.

BILLY BRACKETT STARTS DOWN THE RIVER.

It needed but a glance at Major Caspar's face, as, dripping and weary, he entered the house, to show that his search for the raft had been fruitless. His wife's mother-instinct translated his expression at once, and the quick tears started to her eyes as she exclaimed:

"My boy! What has happened to him?"

"Nothing serious, you may rest assured, my dear," replied the Major. "I have not seen him; but I have heard of the raft, and there is no question as to its safety. We reached the mouth of the creek without discovering a trace of it. Then we went down the river as far as the Elbow, where we waited in the slack water to hail upbound steamboats. The first had seen nothing of the raft; but the second, one of the 'Diamond Jo' boats, reported that they had seen such a raft—one with three shanties on it—at daybreak, in the 'Slant Crossing,' ten miles below. If I could have got a down-river boat, I should have boarded her and gone in pursuit, sending the men back to tell you what I had done. As we were unable to hail the only one that passed, I gave it up and came back to report progress."

"Oh, I'm so glad you did!" cried Mrs. Caspar.

"So am I," said the young stranger, speaking for the first time since the Major's entrance. The latter had glanced curiously at him once or twice while talking to his wife, but without a gleam of recognition. Now, as he looked inquiringly at him again, Mrs. Caspar exclaimed:

"Why, John, don't you know him? It's William—my own brother William, just come from California."

"So it is," replied the Major, giving the young man a hearty hand-shake. "so it is, William Brackett himself. But, my dear fellow, I must confess I was so far from recognizing you that I thought your name was—"

"'Mud;' I reckon," interrupted the other, laughing; "and so it will be before long if I don't get a chance to clean up. But, Major, by the time both of us are wrung out and dried, and sister has looked up some dinner, I'll be ready to unfold a plan that will make things look as bright for you and Winn and the rest of us as the sun that's breaking away the clouds is going to make the sky directly."

Mrs. Caspar's brother William, "Billy Brackett," as all his friends called him, was a young civil engineer of more than usual ability. He had already gained a larger stock of experience and seen more of his own country than most men of his age, which was about twenty-six. From government work in the East and on the lower Mississippi he had gone to the Kansas Pacific Railway, been detailed to accompany an exploring party across the plains, and, after spending some time on the Pacific coast, had just returned to the Mississippi Valley—out of a job, to be sure, but with the certainty of obtaining one whenever he should want it. From the moment of leaving San Francisco he had intended making the Caspars a visit, and had directed his journey toward their home. In Chicago he had run across an engineering friend named Hobart, who was at that moment regretting the pressure of business that forbade his trying for what promised to be a most profitable contract. It was one for furnishing all the bridge timber to be used in the construction of a new railway through Wisconsin. The bids were to be opened in Madison two days later. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, Billy Brackett hastened to that city and tendered a bid for a contract, which, to his surprise, was accepted.

In doing this, the young engineer had counted upon the assistance of his brother-in-law, from whose mill he expected to obtain the timber he had thus contracted to furnish. As the work must be begun immediately, he hurried on to the Major's house with an offer of partnership in this promising undertaking, and arrived as we have seen.

"It's a big thing, Major," the young man said in conclusion, after explaining these details at the dinner table; "and it's not only a big thing in itself, but it will lead to other contracts equally good."

"I should like nothing better than to join you in such an enterprise, Billy," replied the Major. "But I don't see how I can go into it just now, with this affair of Winn and the raft on my hands. You say the work must be begun at once?"

"Yes. It really should be started this very day, and it can if you'll agree to the rest of my plan. You see, I've only told you the half I thought out before getting here. Since then I have added as much more, which is something like this: Suppose you and I change places. You take my horse and go to Madison in the interests of the contract, while Bim and I will take your skiff and start down the river in the interests of Winn and the raft. You know a heap more about getting out bridge timber than I do, while I expect I know more

* See *Campmates*, by the same Author.

about river rafting than you do. Not that I'm anything of a raftsman," he added modestly, "but I picked up a good bit of knowledge concerning the river while on that government job down in Arkansas. If you'll only give me the chance, I'll guarantee to find the raft and navigate it to any port you may choose to name—Dubuque, St. Louis, Cairo, New Orleans, or even across the briny with such a chap as I know your Winn must be for a mate. When we reach our destination we can telegraph for you, and you can arrange the sale of the ship and cargo yourself. As for me, I've had so much of dry land lately that I'm just longing for a home on the rolling deep, the life of a sailor free, and all that sort of thing. What do you say? Isn't my scheme a good one?"

"I declare I believe it is!" exclaimed the Major, who had caught a share of his young kinsman's enthusiasm, and whose face had visibly brightened during the unfolding of his plans. "Not only that, but I believe your companionship with Winn on this river trip, and your example, will be infinitely better for him than mine. I have noticed that young people are much more apt to be influenced by those only a few years older than themselves than they are by persons whose ideas they may regard as antiquated or old-fogyish."

"Oh, papa, how can you say so?" cried Etta, springing up and throwing her arms about his neck. "How can you say that you could ever be an old fogy?"

"Perhaps I'm not, dear, to you," answered the Major, smiling at his daughter's impetuosity. "But to young fellows mingling with the world for the first time nothing pertaining to the past seems of any value as compared with the present or immediate future. Consequently a companion who is near enough of an age to sympathize with the pursuits and feelings of such a one can influence him more strongly than a person whose thoughts are oftener with the past than with the future."

"I can't bear to hear you talk so, husband," said Mrs. Caspar. "As if our Winn wouldn't be more readily influenced by his own father and mother than by any one else in the world! At the same time, I think William's plan well worth considering, for I have hated the idea of that raft trip for you. I have dreaded being left alone here with only Etta, too, though I wouldn't say so when I thought there wasn't anything else to be done."

With this unanimous acceptance of the young engineer's plan, it took but a short time to arrange its details, and before dark everything was settled. The Major was to leave for Madison the next morning, while Billy Brackett was to start down the creek that very evening, so as to be ready at daylight to begin his search for the missing raft at the point where it had been last reported. By his own desire he was to go alone in the skiff, except for the companionship of his trusty Bim, who made a point of accompanying his master everywhere. The young man was provided with an open letter from Major Caspar, giving him full authority to take charge of the raft and do with it as he saw fit.

Both Mrs. Caspar and Etta wrote notes to Winn, and gave them to Billy Brackett to deliver. The Major also wrote a line of introduction to an old soldier who had been his most devoted follower during the war. He was now living with a married niece near Dubuque, Iowa, and might possibly prove of assistance during the search for the raft.

Thus equipped, provided with a stock of provisions, and a minute description of both the raft and of Winn, whom he did not hope to recognize, the young engineer and his four-footed companion set forth soon after supper on their search for the missing boy. An hour later they too were being swept southward by the resistless current of the great river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIDING THE ELEVATOR BAREBACK.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

I'VE pulled up and down this elevator shaft, sir, as long as elevators have been. This is the first elevator put in in Boston, and one of the first in the country. Of course, it being a new-fangled thing, the company had to get a steady hand to run it, and they've kept all these years the steady hand they got then. The company know a good thing when they see it.

Elevator getting rickety? No, sir. It was the best when we put it in, and it's as good as the best now. Of course it might have mirrors and gilding and plush cushions and nonsense; but for easy running and common sense and safety, give me this make every time. And that's what the inspector says too.

Ever had any accidents? Say. That reminds me. You write for the papers, and I have a yarn for you. It's right in your line, and you may say I said it. Hold on. There's a call from the fourth floor. Ride up, and I'll show you the very fellow.

There. Did you notice the chap setting type right in front of the door as you looked in? Well, that's the fellow. That's 'Tator; only he isn't called 'Tator any longer. He was called that, short for Imitator, and because whatever he saw any one doing he was set to do too, no matter what it was.

When he first came, we had a little scamp in the printing-office up there called Sam. Sam was up to anything. I never set eyes on a meaner fellow than Sam. I used my influence with the company to get him ousted; but that was after it happened.

I don't see how Sam set any type, he was around so much, cutting up, nor how the foreman let him run loose so. Slack fellow, that foreman. We put in a better one the other day. But Sam cut up his greatest monkey-shines at noons going out to dinner, or else I saw more of him then.

Here's one thing he used to do. He'd put in a bent wire, and open the shaft door on the second story while I was on the first. Then he would get out on the top of the elevator, and ride up, slipping out at the sixth story. Those fool boys on the sixth floor packing-rooms, you know would whoop and yell as if he had done something smart. He called that riding the elevator bareback.

Sam liked to wait until the girls in the folding-room were coming up. Then he would sneak up to the second floor, get on the elevator like a flash, and as we were going up, he'd drum with his heels as if the roof was coming in and the whole thing going to smash. The first time he did that one girl fainted—fainted dead away.

And when 'Tator came, Sam soon saw his weakness. He almost worshipped Sam. He watched him, everything he did, with his mouth open. I hate to see that in a boy. But I'd never have guessed what happened.

I found out afterward that 'Tator, being a regular brag, had said that he could ride the elevator bareback as well as Sam, and Sam had dared him to do it. Well, Sam opened the door one day up on second, and he was going to play one of his fool antics, when 'Tator says, says he, "Let me get on." And there were a lot of those looney boys around, so Sam winked at them, and that made 'Tator mad; so he pushed Sam aside, and got out on the elevator roof himself, and the boys all scampered up to the sixth story to see 'Tator out and hear the girls screech.

I'd got up to the third story, or maybe the fourth, when I began to see what was up. There was an awful thumping around on top, and screaming, and rattling of doors. I found out afterwards that 'Tator didn't know how to open the doors from the inside. The locks do work a little stiff, and there's a knack to them that you have to have. Sam could fling them open like a flash, but 'Tator only fumbled, and howled as he saw the top of the shaft getting near.

I thought it was Sam. Of course I thought it was Sam. What else was there *to* think? So when I came near the sixth story I put the old machine through in a vicious way. I wanted to make him scramble for it that time.

But just as I got to the top there was a yell that I knew never came from Sam's throat, and I heard an awful crash of breaking glass, and then my heart leaped up in my mouth. *Some one had been crushed up against the skylight.* I looked to see the blood oozing through the elevator.

Sam's face stared in through the grating of the door. He was white as a sheet. "It's 'Tator! it's 'Tator!" cries Sam. "Open the door!" cries Sam. And I did it, though I didn't think why I did it a bit. "Now go down one story," cries Sam; and I did, and I could hear Sam getting out on the top of the elevator. "Go up slow," cries he.

You may guess that I did go slow. I didn't want to crush another boy up against those wheels and pulleys and that skylight. Ugh! I can feel it yet.

Then I could make out Sam's pulling 'Tator out of that—out of the wheels and the pulleys and the big hole he had made in the skylight. "Now go down one story," calls Sam, sort of faint. And so he got him out into the packing-room.

What a time we did have bringing him to! You see, he was hit about the head, and stunned and bloody, and his clothes and face all torn with the broken glass. I never saw a fellow so used up as Sam was either. I will say that for him, the scamp.

Oh, of course he got all right again. Didn't I show him to you just now in the composing-room? We don't call him 'Tator any more. That experience kind of drove it out of him, name and nature. Ah! good-morning, Mr. Brownlow. Going up?



THE LORD OF RAGS AND TATTERS.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

BY CHARLES AND VIRGINIA BENJAMIN.

ONCE on a time a King of Spain was battling with the foe,
When an arrow from the Moorish host his gallant steed laid low;
He almost wished himself had felt its mortal hurt and pain
Ere he had seen that noble beast stretched, dying, on the plain.

Small time for grieving had the King; the battle must be won;
Afoot he pressed towards the foe, as he before had done,
But a brave young trooper marked his plight, and, spurring in his course,
Cried, "Stay! my Liege;" then, leaping down, "I pray thee, take my horse."

"Nay, friend," the generous King replied, "though fortune frown on me,
I'll front the Moor e'en as I stand; nor would I peril thee."
But answered him the trooper, "By all our country's might
I swear, if thou on foot wilt go, beside thee I will fight."

"No more!" the grateful monarch said; "I take thy gift for Spain,
And should the conflict spare us both, thou'lt hear from me again;"
The soldier bowed, and to his lips the royal robe he pressed;
From it a shred he deftly tore and hid it in his breast.

The victory won, rejoicings o'er, it came to the King's mind
That no attempt he yet had made the faithful youth to find,
So forth the proclamation went that he, the Sovereign Lord,
Commanded him whose horse he rode to claim his fit reward.

Soon through the palace court-yard the high contention ran
Of eager, angry voices, each crying, "I'm the man,"
Till roared the puzzled Chamberlain, "Ye brawling crew, have done!
Why prate of horses by the score? the King rode only one."

At last the rightful claimant came, before the very throne,
Nor long the King remained in doubt when he the shred had shown:
"'Twas shrewdly done, to tear my robe to make thy witness sure;
With subjects apt and brave as thou long should my realm endure:

"Lords of Rags and Tatters be thyself and all thy line,
And many a good estate I'll add to make the title shine;"
The merry monarch kept his word, and still, in that proud land,
The noble name of JIRON* may with the proudest stand.

* Meaning a rag, shred, or tatter.

PROFESSOR VON WACHS'S WONDERFUL BOY.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE

II.—THE BOY IS ELECTROCUTED.



MUCH as Professor Smyrk was pleased at the way Charley Ross deceived the museum agent, it rather worried him, and he determined to say nothing about it to Professor von Wachs.

"We who have been here in the room all the time, and have seen Charley made," he said to Professor Spring, when he had a chance to talk with him alone, "cannot appreciate the figure. It is so wonderfully lifelike that it is startling, and if Von Wachs knew how young Dilm took it for a real boy it would turn his head worse than ever. The man is really going crazy over his figure. I can see him growing worse every day, and I have made a little plan to cure him of his hobby. You just watch what happens, and don't be surprised at anything Charley says or does."

Professor von Wachs spent several days in improving the motion of an arm and putting finishing touches here and there; and while he was at work at this, Professor Smyrk had a new cylinder made for the phonograph that lay in Charley's breast, and went in late one night and put it in place while Von Wachs was at home and asleep.

"Now see whether you don't think this has a more natural effect," Von Wachs said the next morning, "since I have slightly changed the motion of this hand and forearm. How do you feel this morning, Charley?"

The professor touched the button that should have made Charley answer "All right," but instead of that he replied,

"My head feels very queer to-day!"

Von Wachs was so startled by this unexpected answer that he sprang back, and the wire that ran from his pocket to the figure almost pulled Charley out of the chair.

"What" he exclaimed, "your head? You say your head feels queer?" In his excitement he talked to Charley as though he thought the figure really could answer his questions.

Charley, of course, made no reply, and this reminded Von Wachs that he must press the button. Then Charley answered,

"Oh! my head is in a terrible state!"

"Do you hear him?" Von Wachs shouted to his two companions. "Do you hear what he says? There are no such words in the phonograph! The boy is talking for himself, and he is thinking!"

Von Wachs was almost beside himself with excitement. To give Charley the proper attitude for thinking he touched a button that sent the figure's hand up to its head.

"How does your head feel, Charley? Can you tell me that?"

"It feels very strange indeed," Charley answered. "There is a rumbling in my ears, and I seem to be trying to remember things that happened a long time ago. Where have I been so long?"

No matter how much Professor von Wachs pressed the buttons that morning, Charley would talk about nothing but his head; and as to the professor himself, his head was in a worse state than Charley's. He was so wild with excitement that Professor Smyrk became more alarmed about him than ever. A few days of such nervous tension would destroy his reason entirely, and Smyrk saw that the plan he had formed must be pushed through at once, or it would be too late.

Professor Smyrk gave up his work for that afternoon, and went out into the streets, wandering up and down as though in search of something. What he was looking for was a boy—a handsome boy, about sixteen years old, with hazel eyes, and curly brown hair, and beautiful teeth; a boy, in short, who looked so much like Von Wachs's figure that it would be hard to tell them apart.

It was hard to find as handsome a boy as the India-rubber Charley Ross, but Smyrk found him at last, dressed in a very ragged suit of clothes, and with a bundle of afternoon papers under his arm. He had no trouble in engaging this boy for a day or two's work at good pay; and when he took him into the work-room late in the evening, and turned on the electric lights, and seated him beside the figure, he was satisfied that the real boy would pass finely for the electrified Charley Ross.

The greater part of the night Smyrk and the new boy spent in the work-room, and when they turned off the lights Mickey Donohue (that was the new boy's name) was well drilled in the part he was to play next. Everything had been explained to him, and the reason for it, and Mickey could hardly wait for daylight to come, he was so anxious for the great sport he expected to have. They were both back in the work-room before six in the morning; and when Von Wachs arrived, Charley Ross was hidden away in a closet, with Mickey Donohue's ragged clothes hanging beside him, and Mickey was seated in Charley's chair, dressed in Charley's handsome suit, and looking as much like a lifeless figure as possible.

When Von Wachs entered the room, he walked straight up to the chair as usual, and stroked the figure's hair. The first touch gave him a start. He pressed the backs of his fingers against the figure's neck, and turning around to the other professors, he shouted:

"He's warm! he's warm! Come and feel him! He's alive! I tell you he's alive! I left the battery turned on all night, and it has done the work. I knew it would. Just feel his hands; they're as warm as mine. My boy is as much alive as you are."

The other two went up to the chair, and felt the boy's hands and face.

"He is certainly alive," said Professor Spring, who did not know what Smyrk had done, but suspected. "Maybe he can talk now without the phonograph, and that would be more wonderful yet. I should try him, Von."

"How do you feel this morning, Charley?" Von Wachs asked, taking hold of one of his hands.

"All right," the figure answered, rather slowly. "But my throat is so hot and dry it feels as if it was burning up."

"That's natural!" cried the delighted Von Wachs, letting go the hand, and fairly hugging Smyrk and Spring. "It's no wonder he should have a little fever at first. I'll give you a drink of water, Charley."

"I shouldn't do that," said Smyrk. "You don't know whether water would be good for him. What do the doctors give fever patients? Cracked ice, I think, or ice-cream. Why don't you try some ice-cream?"

"Ice-cream!" said the figure, hoarsely; and he shut his eyes as though the thought of it gave him infinite pleasure.

Von Wachs dashed out of the room, and came back in two or three minutes with a heaped-up plate of strawberry ice-cream in his hand.

"If he eats that," he shouted, "he's the greatest boy in the world."

"If I don't," said Mickey Donohue to himself, "I'm the biggest fool in New York."



BEFORE THEY COULD INTERFERE THE ANGRY WOMAN HAD THE FIGURE BY THE COAT COLLAR

He ate slowly at first, carrying each spoonful to his mouth with a mechanical motion; but he soon warmed up to the task, and cooled his parched throat with great vigor.

"Does that make your throat feel better, Charley?" Von Wachs asked.

"Much better," the figure replied. "Down here, too," and he rubbed his stomach. "I feel like a new man."

"And your head?" said Von Wachs. "Can you remember the things you were trying to think of yesterday?"

"Some of them," said the figure. "But they seem so very long ago. How old am I?"

"About three months," said Smyrk, before Von Wachs could reply.

"But you can remember some former existence," said Von Wachs, eagerly. "What can you remember about it?"

"I remember," the figure answered, "that I used to go out-doors, and walk under those beautiful green things overhead—trees, do you call them?"

"Do you think you could walk out?" Von Wachs cried. "Why, Charley, if I had a million dollars I'd give it all to have you walk down the street with me. You shall go out and see the beautiful trees again."

"Better try how he walks first," Smyrk suggested. "He may not be strong enough yet in the legs."

"Stand up, Charley," said Von Wachs, "and let me see you walk across the room."

The figure stood up, and walked a little stiffly at first, but soon grew accustomed to the motion and walked briskly about the room.

"Kneel down," said Smyrk; "bend your back; turn your head; stand on your toes—let us see whether you know what your muscles are for."

Instead of doing any of these things, the figure turned a hand-spring so quickly and neatly that they hardly saw him start, and came up rigidly in the same position as before, his eyes fixed upon the chair.

"He'll do to go out," said Professor Spring.

"And he shall walk out with me now," said Von Wachs. "Think of it, will you—my own boy, that I made out of wires and rubber, walking down the street with me? Come on, Charley; you shall have more ice-cream, and eat your first good solid meal."

He put on the figure's head the hat he had long had ready for such an occasion, and arm in arm the two walked out together.

"That boy will eat Von Wachs out of house and home," said Smyrk, when he and Professor Spring were alone together, "if he fills him up with ice-cream and dinner. I found him yesterday, and spent half the night training him. But I declare I hardly thought Von was so far gone. We must bring the thing to an end to-day, and let him see what a fool he is making of himself. Walk down the street with a rubber figure indeed! Here's the real figure in the closet."

As he spoke, he brought out the real India-rubber Charley Ross, and Mickey Donohue's ragged clothes.

"We'll put these rags on Charley and seat him in his old chair," Smyrk went on. "When Von comes back he can hardly believe that his one rubber boy has turned into two."

Professor Spring helped dress the figure in the old

clothes, and when seated in the chair it looked wonderfully like the Mickey Donohue who had gone out to walk with Professor von Wachs.

Both men went on with their work, and in a few minutes there was the sound of heavy footsteps outside, and a loud knock at the door. It was customary for people to open that door without knocking, but Professor Spring answered the summons, and found a very large and apparently a very angry Irish woman outside.

"It's lookin' for me boy I am," said this woman, "an' I hear yees have got him in here. Ah, you young imp," she shouted, catching sight of Mickey Donohue, as she thought, seated in the chair, and making a bold push past the astonished professor; "it's you would rin away from home, is it, an' kape yer ould mother lookin' for you for t'ree days! I'll tache ye betther manners, ye spalpeen!"

Before either of the men could interfere, the angry woman had the figure by the coat collar, and gave it a shaking that would have made a real boy's teeth rattle. She produced a heavy lath from the folds of her dress, and proceeded to administer gentle admonitions over all parts of its body. It only increased her rage to find that the boy would neither cry out nor make any effort to escape.

"Ye whelp! ye young cub!" she cried, applying a new epithet with every whack; and she would have beaten the figure into jelly if the two professors had not seized her arms, and explained that it was only an India-rubber image she was trouncing. "An image, is it?" she shouted. "Thin where's me bye? It's got me bye's clothes on its back, an' if ye've killed me Mickey, it's me'll have the blood o' yees, that I will."

Another patient explanation and some silver coins, and a promise that Mickey should be safe at home before dark, at last sent the woman away satisfied.

"This thing is growing worse and worse," said Professor Smyrk, after the two had recovered from their surprise and laughter. "That figure would be the death of us all in another week. But it shall all be ended to-day one way or another. Von is so far gone that he may refuse to believe the evidence of his own senses when he gets back. I'll tell you what I intend to do. I'm going to take the wires off the batteries, and attach them to the electric-light wires. Then if we can't convince Von that it's a real live boy he has been walking with, and that his figure is nothing but a lump of rubber, I shall turn on the current, and that's the end of Charley Ross. There's enough current in the electric-light wires to burn all the interior works out of him in a minute."

"Don't you think it would be mean to destroy such a handsome figure?" Professor Spring asked.

"I know it would," Smyrk answered; "but it would be a great deal meaner to let Von go on with a thing that is making him crazy. He'd be in an asylum in a short time if we didn't stop him. He can make another figure, but he can never get his senses back if he loses them."

"I am afraid we shall have to do it," said Professor Spring; and the wires were soon changed, and so arranged that a single turn of the key would destroy poor Charley Ross's usefulness forever.

Professor von Wachs and Mickey Donohue all this time were having a grand walk down Sixth Avenue. The professor was as happy as a king to walk beside what he thought was a figure of his own creation; and Mickey soon found that to get unlimited supplies of ice-cream he had only to suffer from a new dryness of the throat. In front of a drug store he was seized with an attack of dizziness, and whispered that a glass of soda-water would revive him. This glass was only the first of a series; and with ice-cream and soda-water, a good dinner, and some candy that was bought because it reminded him so much of something he had tasted long before, Mickey was provisioned for another week of newspaper selling.

When the two returned to the work-room, Von Wachs was hardly inside the door before his eye fell upon the figure seated in the chair.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, running up to it.

"You ought to know your own child," said Professor Smyrk. "That is Charley Ross, of course."

"Charley Ross!" cried Von Wachs. "Here is Charley Ross, standing by my side. He has been out to walk with me."

"Nonsense!" Smyrk replied, pretending to forget all that had happened earlier in the day. "An India-rubber figure been out to walk with you! Here sits Charley Ross, just as you made him, only he seems to have torn his clothes. Where did you get this boy that came back with you?"

"I tell you this is my Charley Ross," Von Wachs exclaimed, laying his hand on Mickey Donohue's shoulder. "This is my boy. I don't know anything about the boy in the chair."

"Don't you know that we've been playing a little joke on you, Von?" Smyrk asked. "Are you really so far gone that you think a rubber figure can eat ice-cream, and walk out in the street with you? I brought the boy here, and dressed him in Charley Ross's clothes, and taught him what to say and do, and put your Charley in the closet. And yesterday I put a new cylinder in Charley's phonograph; that was how he said those foolish things about his head. Your Charley is a handsome figure, but he is nothing but wires and rubber, and he will never have any more life in him than that door."

"It is very strange," Von Wachs answered, putting both hands up to his head. "Here is my Charley Ross, the king of all figures, that walks, talks, eats, and drinks. I don't know anything about that figure in the chair. But there are more strange things in this world than we can account for. If that is my Charley in the chair, then I have two Charleys. I don't understand how it is."

Professor Smyrk determined from this talk that nothing would save poor Von Wachs but the utter destruction of his beautiful figure. He stepped up to the electric-light fixture and turned on the current.

The Charley Ross sitting in the chair gave a tremendous spring under the influence of that powerful current that carried him almost to the ceiling. When he came down he struck the chair and bounded off to the floor. The commotion started the phonograph for an instant, and it gave one wailing gasp that sounded startlingly like a groan. The figure writhed on the floor, as though suffering terrible agony.

Professor von Wachs sprang forward to rescue his favorite child, and Smyrk instantly turned off the current. Von Wachs stooped down, but before he could seize the figure his senses gave way under the strain, and he fell to the floor unconscious.

Little clouds of dense smoke poured out of the figure's body, and a terrible smell of burning rubber filled the room. They found afterward that every wire in the figure was twisted out of shape, the phonograph burned out, and the face melted into a shapeless lump of rubber. Poor Charley was electrocuted.

Professor von Wachs had a severe illness that lasted for several weeks; but when he recovered his health his mind was restored too, and he laughed at the queer notions he once had. They cost him dear, he still says, for his friends had to destroy the most beautiful mechanical figure that ever was made; but he intends to make another without trying to give it life. He will be satisfied with mechanical perfection next time.

Mickey Donohue looks in at the work-room occasionally, still dressed in Charley Ross's good clothes, to inquire whether they're not "'most ready to have him be a wax figger again."

THE END.



THE PINK GOWN.

BY LEIGH WEBSTER.

"THERE, I'm glad that's done," and the head dressmaker looked the pink gown over critically as she shook it out. "Miss Miller, I want you to take it home, so you can put in a stitch if it needs one anywhere. You'll have to hurry, for it's to be worn this evening, and it's after six now."

Miss Miller, a thin careworn woman of about twenty-five years, stepped into the hall to get her bonnet and shawl, while the pretty gown was carefully laid in a box, its soft silken folds suggestive of a good time for somebody.

The errand was quite out of Esther Miller's way home, and she hastened along eager to get through with it. Poor Kittie, how she would be fretting at this delay—her impatient little sister! She was going to a party to-night, just like this other girl, but no pretty pink gown had she to wear. Only an old much-mended muslin which had been in the family ever since Esther herself

was a girl. All day as she had been sewing on the dainty gown the elder sister was imagining Kittie in it. How becoming the pink would be to her! And a fierce feeling arose in her heart that she could give her darling so little, while other girls had so much.

She reached her destination, a handsome house on Beacon Street, and went up the steps. A rush of warm flower-scented air came out as the door was opened to her. Miss Kirkham's dress? Oh yes, that was to go right up to her at once, and over the richly carpeted stairs Esther followed the little page.

"Miss Hazel's been awful put out," he remarked, "because you didn't come sooner."

Esther was a little faint after her hasty walk, and felt quite dizzy as she was shown into the brilliantly lighted room, where before the mirror stood a young girl putting some last touches to her golden locks.

"I do think it is too bad of Miss Comstock to be so late," she burst out, in an aggrieved tone, as she turned about. "I told her I was to go at seven, and it's nearly that now."

"Miss Comstock was sorry for the delay, and we all did our best to hurry," said Esther, meekly. "Shall I help you put it on?"

"Yes, please. I've been ready for half an hour."

And petulant Miss Hazel allowed the pink gown to be put on.

"Those folds are all wrong," she declared. "I told Miss Comstock to have them come to a point at the waist, and she has made me look like a barrel. I do think it's a perfect shame! Just see, mamma," as a tall lady languidly entered the room. "I can't wear this dress, after all."

"Hazel, how foolish! It is a very pretty gown."

"Well, I certainly sha'n't wear it. I'll put on my old white."

"Wear your white if you prefer. I thought all the time it was unnecessary to have a new one, you know. If you are so fussy while you are a school-girl, what will you be when you come out?" sighed the mother.

"I'll go to Paris for my things. Please take this off," turning to Esther Miller again. "And you may carry it right back to Miss Comstock, and tell her I can't wear it until it is changed."

"*Hazel!*"

"I consider that I have been treated very shabbily, and I want her to know it. My evening is half spoiled by her mistake, and I shall be too late now to receive."

Poor Esther kept her opinion to herself, and in a moment was out of the house with the box again in her arms. She must carry the dress home with her, and keep it until morning, as she could not go down town again at that hour. She took a horse-car, and stood up with her big box all the way to the suburb where she lived. When she alighted from the car, she hurried down a side street, and came to a small house, dimly lighted. As she neared the top of the stairs a door flew open above her, and an impatient young voice said:

"I don't think I can go, Esther. This dress is so short, now that it's been done up again, I look frightful in it." Kittie's cheeks were all stained with tears, and her hair was tumbled. "I can't wear it, and I'm just going to give it up, and stay at home."

"No, indeed you sha'n't," said Esther, stoutly. And forgetting how she had been longing for a cup of tea, she picked up the despised gown, and smoothed it out. "Put it on, Kittie, and let me see what the trouble is."

Cheered a little by her sister's encouraging tone, Kittie tried the gown on again. Esther studied it with an anxious face. She could say little. This last "doing up" seemed to have stretched the poor old muslin out of shape.

"You'll look very nice when you get your sash on," she faltered.

"Don't try to deceive me. I know it looks awful. I sha'n't go." And with a burst of tears the poor child threw herself on the old sofa in the corner.

Every sob went through Esther's heart like a pain. An angry bitterness filled her soul at the inequality of things. Her eyes fell upon the box lying on a chair. Suddenly a determination sprang full fledged into her mind.

"Kittie," she said, "you are going to the party in as pretty a gown as any one there." And with trembling fingers she began to untie the string.

Kittie was roused by the decision in her voice, and sat up to watch her. When the dainty dress was taken from its wrappings, the girl gave an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, Esther! Where did it come from?"

"Never mind that. I'll tell you to-morrow."

Her elder sister had such an air of calm security, Kittie felt that it must be all right, and in a moment the dress was on. *She* found no fault with the effect in the back, but looked in the glass with entire satisfaction. The only trace of her tears was the liquid brightness in her eyes and a soft pink flush on her cheeks. Never had she looked so pretty.

"It's like a fairy tale!" she cried. "Did you find it on one of the trees as you came along? Oh, Esther, you old darling, it's perfectly lovely!"

Just then there came a ring at the door, and in a few moments she was gone with the young friends who had called for her, their gay voices floating back on the night air.

Left to herself, the elder sister went steadily to work to put the little room in order. She picked up the old white gown and hung it away, and smoothed out all the tissue papers which had covered the new pink one, and put them carefully in the big box. When everything was in its proper place, she made herself a cup of fresh tea. As she became restored to her normal state of mind a realizing sense of what she had done began to creep over her. She tried to push the thought of it away, but she had been guided by conscience too long a time to be able to ignore that voice now. The conviction forced itself upon her that in trying to steal a few hours of enjoyment for Kittie she was no better than a thief. What would her father have thought?

They were minister's children in a comfortable and happy home, but after both their parents died they were left penniless. She must earn their support, and for this was forced to depend upon her needle. She had been fortunate enough to get a very good position, which enabled her to make a home for Kittie in a locality where their mother had been known as a girl, and where for her sake the daughters were treated kindly, though they did live in "a tenement," as Kittie called it. She went to the High School, and knew a pleasant circle of young people. How Esther had schemed and scrimped and worked that Kittie might have some of the things which the other girls had.

She looked around the room. It seemed actually pretty and cozy to her. What if they should have to give it up? Of course she must confess to Miss Comstock, and if she were turned adrift after it, what could they do? The possible consequences of her act now rushed over her, combined with her remorse at the sin itself. Supposing that the dress should be injured in any way? What if coffee should be spilled upon it? Then she would have to buy the dress as well as lose her place perhaps.

She was walking the floor and fairly wringing her hands, when at last she heard the door open below. To her listening ear the step on the stairs seemed slow and dragging. It bore but one meaning. She hardly waited for her sister to get into the room before she fell upon her with eager hands, unwrapping her as she asked breathlessly, "Did you hurt it much?"

"Not a bit."

"Take it off and let me see."

Kittie did not know what to make of her sister, as with hasty fingers Esther took the gown from her. She carefully scanned every inch of it outside and in, then put it down on the lounge, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Esther, are you crazy?"

Esther could not answer. She had lost all self-control. Kittie was frightened. Never had she seen her sister in such a condition. She stared at her with such an alarmed face that Esther for her sake at last checked herself.

"Did you—have—a good time?" she managed to get out.

Kittie's face brightened as her thoughts were turned back to the joys of the evening.

"Elegant! I danced every time. At first I felt rather hot and uncomfortable, for I knew by the way Mrs. Blake looked that she thought my dress was too fine for me. But May thought it was lovely. Now do tell me where it came from, and what is the matter."

It was a relief to poor Esther to confess the truth. Kittie was horrified.

"What if anything had happened to it?" she exclaimed; and she made as minute an examination as her sister had before her, looking up finally with a sigh of relief.

"I don't see that it's jammed any more than the trying on and staying overnight in a box would account for. But we should have had to pay for the whole thing if I had spilled one drop of ice-cream on it."

"Yes, and I should have lost my place too. But I may do that now, for I think it's my duty to confess to Miss Comstock."

"Esther, don't you do it. That would be suicidal!"

"But, Kittie, I *must*."

"I don't think so at all. I didn't hurt it any, and Miss Comstock would rather not know, I'm sure. If you told her, she would feel that her dignity required her to dismiss you, and she'd hate to lose you."

This was pretty shrewd of Miss Kittie.

Esther sighed hopelessly. "My conscience would be clearer, anyway," she said, leaning her aching head on her hand. "The first time in my life I ever knowingly acted dishonorably!"

"Well, you didn't do it for yourself; you did it all for me; and it wouldn't do anybody any good for you to tell of it," said Kittie, decidedly.

It was so new for Kittie to take the lead in this way that Esther was overruled, though not satisfied. She was up early the next morning, after an almost sleepless night, and smoothed out the gown so carefully that it looked as innocent as if it had never been out of the box. She went off to work white and haggard, and came home with little lightening of her face, although no suspicions had been aroused. A cloud was over the two sisters; but no allusion to the subject was made for several days, until Kittie came in one night with hot cheeks.

"Oh, Esther! What shall I do? The King's Daughters are getting up some tableaux, you know, and May asked me if I was willing to lend my pink dress for one of them. I said I did not believe you would want me to. Oh, how mean I felt! She looked so queer and surprised. I wish I had never seen that dress!"

Poor Esther! "I can never forgive myself—never!" she said. "My sin has led you into deceit. Oh, Kittie, I must confess to Miss Comstock. I cannot carry this burden on my conscience any longer."

"There's no use in that now," Kittie said, moodily. "Just turn us out of house and home. No, we've got to stick it out!"

The next day, at school, Kittie heard something which filled her with horror. As the girls were talking over their coming entertainment at recess, May Blake said, suddenly,

"Oh, did I tell you that I saw Hazel Kirkham the other day, and she said she would come out to see our tableaux?"

"Hazel Kirkham!" ejaculated Kittie. "Do you know her?"

"Yes. Why?" And May glanced curiously at Kittie, who looked strangely excited.

"Oh, I've heard of her, and I thought—" Kittie hesitated.

"You thought she was too great a swell to know me, I suppose." May had been a little inclined to be tart since Kittie had refused her gown.

"They used to live out here before they grew so rich," May went on; "and though I haven't seen her since she went abroad, she condescended to be very nice to me when I met her the other day, and she thought she would like to come out and see the girls again."

The bell rang, and they all took their seats without Kittie making any reply.

As soon as the session was over Kittie hurried home, avoiding speech with any of the girls. She could not see Esther until six o'clock. Poor Esther! this would be the last straw. "I really believe she will have brain-fever!" Kittie thought: "I won't tell her. She has suffered enough already. I'll do something myself. But what can I do? Write an anonymous letter to Hazel Kirkham, and warn her not to come out here? No; that would be cowardly. I'll have to write and tell her the truth. Then she'll fly to Miss Comstock, and it will all come out. Oh dear! It will take a volume to explain it all, and she never will believe it. If I could only make her see how it happened. Oh, I could say it so much better than I can write it!"

And then she stopped short, with her hand on the gate. "Oh, I *couldn't!* It would be horrid to meet her face to face."

But she rushed up stairs, and proceeded to eat some bread and milk as if she were in a great hurry. She then took out her best hat and gloves, and made a careful toilet. Leaving the house, she took a horse-car for the city and was soon at the public gardens. As she entered Beacon Street, and began to realize fully what she was doing, her heart thumped wildly. "If she isn't in—and probably she won't be—I shall take it as a sign that I had better write."

But when she asked at the door, with a gasp, if Miss Hazel Kirkham was in, she found that the omens pointed distinctly to the ordeal. Miss Kirkham was still at lunch, and her visitor was ushered into a little reception-room to await her.

"What name, miss?" asked the man in livery.

"Miss Miller," Kittie said, hesitatingly; then added, "She won't know me," but he was out of hearing.

Hazel thought she did know "Miss Miller," and in a moment came flying into the room.

"Oh, you dear—" Then she came to a stop. "I beg your pardon. I thought it was Christine Miller."

Kittie had risen to her feet, and the two girls faced each other—so alike in coloring, in figure, in face, they might have been twins.

"I am sorry to trouble you when you don't know me at all," Kittie faltered; "but there is something I must tell you."

Hazel's curiosity was aroused. "I am glad to meet you," she said, politely, her eye involuntarily seeking the long mirror before which they stood. She could not fail to see the resemblance, but what a contrast there was in costume! Kittie in her dark rough dress and well-worn coat, Hazel in her tailor-made gown of delicate gray cloth.

"Won't you sit down?" said Hazel, noticing how pale Kittie was growing. Then she fastened her eyes inquiringly on the face before her, and Kittie had to begin.



SHE BURST INTO TEARS AND SOBBED CONVULSIVELY

"Do you remember," she said, "the night your pink gown came home from Miss Comstock's?"

"Yes," said Hazel, wonderingly.

"Do you remember who brought it?"

"I don't know her name, if that is what you mean." Hazel was extremely mystified. "I remember that she was tall and thin and looked tired, and that's all I can tell you about her, I am afraid."

"Oh, I did not mean to ask you about her; I wanted to tell you something." Kittie's voice became almost inaudible. She had planned just how she would tell her story, but it was very hard to begin. "You would not wear the dress, you know, and she took it away. Well, she couldn't go back with it that night, so she took it home. And at home she had a younger sister; the sister was going out to a party, and they had fixed over an old white muslin for her, and when she put it on it looked so dreadful she couldn't wear it at all. And the older sister couldn't bear to have her disappointed. She is so fond of her she would do anything for her." Here Kittie's voice broke a little, but she went on, looking steadfastly at the floor. "And she finally pulled out the pink dress from the box and told her sister she might wear it, and—and—and so I did."

"Oh," exclaimed Hazel, "you don't mean *you* wore *my* dress?"

"Yes, I did," said Kittie; "but I didn't know whose it was or anything about it."

"How perfectly horrid! I never heard anything so queer in my life." And Hazel rose excitedly to her feet, her eyes flashing.

Poor Kittie! The valley of humiliation was harder to tread even than she had expected. She struggled to speak, then burst into tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Warm-hearted Hazel was completely disarmed at the sight of such distress. She flew to Kittie's side, and impulsively put her arms around her. "Don't cry. Don't cry. I really don't mind a bit."

But Kittie, with her head bowed on the arm of her chair, could not seem to control herself, and Hazel felt that she must do or say something to soothe her.

"I didn't mean to be disagreeable. Just at first it did seem funny to me, but I see how it happened. Don't feel so badly."

As soon as Kittie could speak, she started to her feet, saying, "I must go home."

Hazel, finding that she could not persuade her to stay longer, declared that she would take her home herself. "Mamma said I could have the carriage this afternoon." And hardly waiting for a reply, she ran up stairs. Her heart was overflowing with pity. "What can I do for her?" she thought. "She seems so nice. Oh, I know! I'll just give her that dress, and then it will be all right."

Rushing into her closet, she pulled out the pink gown, and rolled it up in a fashion that would have filled Miss Comstock with dismay. She rang for her maid, and told her to give it to the coachman, adding, "Tell James to keep it out of sight until I ask for it, and I want the carriage right away."

Kittie in the mean time was sorely tempted to flee, and it was only her strong sense of propriety that withheld her. As they stepped into the luxurious carriage Hazel inquired, "Where shall I tell James to drive?"

"Why, that is where I used to live," she exclaimed, when Kittie told her; and then asked, as they were rolling along, "Do you know May Blake and Hattie Renshaw and those girls?"

"Oh yes, we go to school together." Then Kittie gave an involuntary little exclamation under her breath. She had suddenly remembered that she had not said a word about Hazel's wearing her pink dress to the tableaux. How could she mention that dress again? She glanced furtively at her companion, who was looking out of the window, deep in thought.

Hazel had had a glimpse into a new world. Heretofore she had always thought of people as divided into two classes, the rich and the poor. She had never realized the half-tones in the scale. Here was a girl with whom she might have grown up if she had not moved into town. Just as pretty and nice as the other girls, but with not one dress that she could wear to a party! Hazel felt guilty as she thought of her closet full of dainty gowns, and remembered the pathetic quiver of Kittie's lips as she confessed to crying because she had nothing that she could wear. Hazel was all sympathy now, though Kittie, sitting pale and shy in her corner, was feeling sure that she must despise her. She turned to speak, and caught the wistful expression with which Kittie was regarding her. It soon disappeared under the friendly light in Hazel's eyes, and in a few moments they were talking as if they had always known each other.

Meanwhile Esther had unexpectedly received leave of absence for the afternoon, and reached home soon after Kittie had left it. She was much disappointed to find her sister gone, and sat down disconsolately by the window to watch for her. When the Kirkham carriage drew up before their door, and Hazel stepped out, Esther gasped. She recognized her instantly, and the thought flashed into her mind that her day of reckoning had come. But to her further astonishment Kittie stepped out after her.

Esther thought her senses must be deceiving her. Those two together, it could not be!

But they entered the house, and then there was a little delay. Kittie came hurrying in alone. Hazel had turned back for something, while Kittie ran ahead to see if the room was in order. Esther was standing with wide-open eyes in the middle of the floor.

"Why, Esther, where did you come from?"

"Kittie, who was that with you?"

"Hazel Kirkham; here she comes;" and Kittie rushed out to the top of the stairs.

Hazel walked in, a big bundle clasped in her arms. She paused as she saw Esther, and they confronted each other, the older girl pale in her agitation, the younger one flushing in sympathetic embarrassment. Kittie had to speak first:

"She knows all about it, Esther, and she has been so nice!"

Esther's head was bowed in humiliation. "Oh, Miss Kirkham, I cannot tell you how I feel. I "

"Please don't say anything more about it," said Hazel. "I know just how it was, and I want Kittie"—here she tore open the bundle—"to have this dress for her very own. It seems as if it belonged to her, anyway. She wore it first, and I never needed it."

"Oh, how *could* you!" cried Kittie, the angry color rushing to her face. "We are not beggars."

Hazel in her impetuosity had done the wrong thing. She stood, with the gown in her hands, looking piteously from one sister to the other.

"Kittie!" exclaimed Esther, reprovingly; then she said, gently, to Hazel, though there was a bright spot in each cheek: "We could not accept such a gift from a stranger, Miss Kirkham, though I know you mean it kindly. But if you will let us buy it, I should be very glad to do that."

"Oh, I am always saying the wrong thing! I did not mean to hurt Kittie's feelings. We girls are always exchanging things, and I never thought of her minding a thing like that."

It was some time before matters could be adjusted; but Esther was firm, and it ended finally in an agreement that the sisters should take the dress, and pay for it by degrees.

"Of course," Esther ended with, "this all depends upon your mother's approval."

"Oh, she won't care. I always do what I like with my things," Hazel responded, superbly.

"To think," she said to herself, when she was once more in the carriage, "of my taking money from those poor things! But I ought to have known that they would feel insulted to have anything given them. What a stupid I am! They are just as nice as any one. I'm going to see them again."

One warm spring night some months later the two sisters sat together sewing. Esther had obtained extra work from Miss Comstock to bring home, and evening after evening they had stitched steadily away. It was a long-drawn-out expiation, but with each penitential stitch the burden on Esther's conscience had grown lighter, and to-night she said, with a bright smile, as she fastened her thread,

"That ends it!"

"Ends it!" exclaimed Kittie, tragically. "As long as I live I shall have to appear at every party I go to in that pink gown!"

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT FRIDAY.

MANY years ago, when sailing-ships were the only means of communication between the different countries, superstition was more rife among sailors than at the present time. These absurd fancies were not confined to Jack alone, but they were shared in to a greater or less extent by ship-masters and owners. Friday was considered a day of evil, and the most malignant results were supposed to attend a voyage commenced on this day of the week. In those times he would indeed have been a reckless skipper who would have attempted to sail on this ill-omened day, for the crew would have broken out in open rebellion, rather than lift the anchor from the bottom or cast off shore moorings.

Since the advent of steam many of these prejudices have become as derelict as the ships on which they were once entertained.

A true story is told of a sceptical Massachusetts captain who, 'way back in the early years of the republic, determined to exhibit the fallacy of this particular superstition. He contracted on a certain Friday for the building of a ship, and it was arranged that the keel of this vessel was laid on Friday, that she was launched on a Friday, named *Friday*, commenced loading on a Friday, and hauled into the stream on the same day of the week. To add to the possibilities of disaster, a negro cook named Friday was engaged; and thus fully freighted with the sinister name, the *Friday* sailed on a Friday, bound to a port in the West Indies. From that day to this no tidings of the ill-conditioned craft have been received. But those of us who like Friday for various reasons, but chiefly because it leads up to Saturday, upon which day schools are closed, will be pleased to hear that it is not half so unlucky a day as Monday, the day school opens again. A German statistician, feeling that Friday had been a much-maligned day, determined to make a scientific investigation of the matter, and has found that it is not Friday, but Monday, that is the most unfortunate of the week-days. According to his investigations 16.74 per cent. of all accidents occur on Monday, 15.51 per cent. on Tuesday, 16.31 per cent. on Wednesday, 15.47 per cent. on Thursday, 16.38 per cent. on Friday, 16.38 per cent. on Saturday, and only 2.69 per cent. on Sunday.

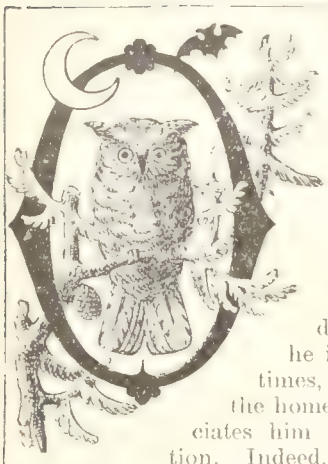
So, you see, Friday isn't such a bad day after all.



A COZY CORNER.

KINGS OF THE NIGHT.

BY ZELLA COOKE



ONLY those birds whose predatory instincts lead them to shun the day and to infest the night are regarded with a sort of superstitious terror. And so it is that the owl has ever been unpopular with his own kind—the feathered tribe, and even more unpopular with mankind. Bird of Wisdom, as he has been called, he is now, and was in ancient times, an unwelcome visitor to the homes of men. The Bible associates him with darkness and desolation. Indeed, his very speech betrayeth him, for how could such dismal hootings proceed from anything but a bird of ill-omen! As the bird of Minerva, he has been esteemed the Bird of Wisdom, because, it is said, he is the only bird which looks straight before him. This directness of vision, unknown to all other birds which have their eyes on the sides of the head, gives him his name and reputation, and thus entitles him to a place beside the patron goddess of Athens.

An old Yorkshire song says he is wise because he can see in the darkness; and Yorkshire youth are fond of singing the lines:

"Of all the birds that I ever see,
The owl is the wisest in his degree;
For all the day long he sits in a tree,
And when the night comes away flies he."

All nations agree in making the owl a supernatural agent. He is always and everywhere a forerunner of evil and calamity. The poet Virgil introduces him as predicting the suicide of Queen Dido. With such dread did the ancient inhabitants of India regard his solemn hootings, that any person who imitated him was summarily and severely punished. If anywhere in the city of Rome an owl alighted, the unfortunate spot underwent a lustration, or thorough cleansing, before any person was permitted to approach it. Upon one occasion an adventurous owl flew into the capitol of ancient Rome. It was caught and burned, and its ashes were thrown into the Tiber, and the capitol was subjected to a process of purification. The elder Pliny gives numerous instances of the terror felt by persons who happened to be near a grove or forest in which a dreaded owl was singing his nightly invocation.

Very strange stories are told of the origin of the owl. We all remember the pathetic song of poor Ophelia, who in her madness says, "The owl was a baker's daughter." And the story goes that once when our Lord was on earth He asked bread of a baker. The baker was generous enough to offer a goodly portion, but his daughter, who was mean and parsimonious, snatched the bread out of her father's hand, and breaking from it a contemptibly small fragment gave the smallest possible piece to Him who had asked for it. Straightway she was changed into an owl. Hence it was commonly said, "The owl was a baker's daughter."

Another old legend has it that the owl was Pharaoh's daughter, as is said in the song, often sung in the north of England and Scotland:

"Once I was a King's daughter,
And sat upon my father's knee;
But now I am a poor hoolet,
And hide in a hollow tree."

But while there are no exceptions to the belief in the supernatural agency of the owl, a few tribes have had faith in his power to give aid and blessing. The Tartars wore owl feathers in their caps to insure success in battle. A Khan of ancient Tartary once took refuge in a thicket; his enemies, following in hot pursuit, saw an owl perched in the thicket, and believing that no man would dare seek safety in any spot inhabited by such an ill-omened bird, passed by, and the Khan made his escape. He commanded from that time that the owl should be held in reverence by the tribe, and to this day the unpopular bird finds a warm friend among the Tartars, in commemoration of the deliverance of the fugitive Khan.

Josephus tells of a certain Agrippa who was persecuted by the Emperor Tiberius. As the unhappy victim was being bound to a tree, a German soothsayer, who shared the same fate, saw an owl alight upon the branches of the tree, and at once predicted their escape. And so it happened that the two men, with the assistance of friends, succeeded in making their escape. Upon the reverse of a coin of the time of Trajan is the head of an owl, the upper side bearing the head of the goddess Minerva. The Greek soldier wore the figure of an owl on each side of his helmet, in compliment to the favorite goddess of the Athenians.

The great staring goggle eyes of the owl are for seeing in the darkness rather than the light, but his hearing is acute by day as well as by night. The rustle of a straw he hears distinctly, hence it is very difficult to catch him, and his capture is ordinarily the result of accident. It sometimes happens, in his nightly adventures, that he flies into a place where he is compelled to remain until day, and then he falls an easy victim.

Although a bird of prey, he rarely molests anything save when he is seeking his food. He is much too wise to love fighting, and rather than fight, will retreat before other birds. Nor will he remain in localities inhabited by other birds. His haunts are lonely, and far away in the forest, which adds to his reputation for solemnity. In the hours of the night he steals forth and utters his doleful warnings and predictions, to the great discomfort of a superstitious neighborhood. The negroes in the Southern States of North America believe the owl to be a bird of ill-omen, and when they hear his hootings, immediately put a poker in the fire, claiming that the heating of a poker will do away with the evil predicted by the bird.

A peaceable creature the owl is, yet he sometimes grows bold enough to make an attack. The grove in front of a large family mansion in Alabama, deserted by its owner after the war, became the habitation of owls. The grounds of the neglected estate were remote from the main road, and there they were secure from molestation. After the lapse of years the place found a purchaser, and one evening after nightfall a party of gentlemen on horseback rode up the winding carriage avenue which led to the mansion. Suddenly the owls realized that their proprietorship was about to be disturbed, and flew in the faces of the gentlemen, assailing them with beaks and claws, until the riders retreated in dismay. The next day a series of gun-shots drove the owls into other quarters; but they held the ground until driven from it by force of arms.

The screech-owl screams and screeches as it flies, although it floats along like a downy balloon. His morals are not of the best, for he is said to be as thievish as a magpie, and is a terror to maternal hens with broods of young chickens. As I write, a screech-owl in a deep hollow west of my window is uttering his doleful, shivering "tu-whoo-tu-whoo," shaking his notes like the tremolo of an organ, and my negro chamber-maid insists that something dreadful is going to happen, and she knows it by this sign.

THE PHARMA FAMILY.

FROM the earliest times certain families in all civilized countries have been noted for following the same trade or profession from generation to generation. The males of some families are nearly all clergymen, and in other families they are lawyers, or merchants, or workers in metals. For many centuries the Pharma family has had to do with drugs and medicines. The Pharma family is an unusually large one, and one of its peculiarities is the putting of its family name always first and its given name afterwards.

The dictionary is not much given to biographies, but the Pharma family is so celebrated that even the dictionary gives a full account of it. There is Pharma Cy, to begin with; not a Chinaman, as you might think from his name, but a genuine Greek. Then there are Pharma Centic, Pharma Cist, Pharma Cology, Pharma Cologist, and Pharma Copolist. Two of the members of this family have such long names that they deserve to be put in a sentence by themselves. They are Pharma Cody Namics, and Pharma Copœia.

You have discovered before this that you are acquainted with some members of this family. Pharmacopœia is a very useful one for you to know. He is not a real live person, but a book, and usually a large book. He, or rather it, tells all about the making of medicines. It is found in drug stores oftener than in other places, but there is no reason why any boy or girl should not be familiar with it, and learn what the medicines are that it is sometimes necessary to use.

You come in from a ball game or a skating party with such a cold across your chest that the drawing of each breath gives you intense pain. Mamma saturates a piece of flannel with chloroform liniment, and lays it upon your chest. For a minute the liniment burns like fire, and in another minute the pain is entirely gone. It is so quick and so effective that you wonder what magical stuff it is, and you open the pharmacopœia, and find that it is nothing but four parts of olive oil and three parts of chloroform, mixed together. No matter what medicine you have to take, the pharmacopœia will tell you what it is made of. And it is always a satisfaction to know.

Nearly every country has its own pharmacopœia, and in most countries they are prepared and issued by the government. The French one, called the Codex, is largely used all over the world, and is the official medicinal guide also in Turkey. India, Mexico, Norway, Portugal, Holland, and Hungary all have their pharmacopœias, as well as the larger nations; and the Argentine Republic, Chile, and Japan, have been preparing theirs for some years.

The Pharmacopœia of the United States is not issued under the authority of the government, but is prepared under the direction of commissioners from the different medical societies, and is revised every ten years. A great many changes are made, and many new medicines are added every time it is revised. At first the European pharmacopœias were used entirely in this country. The first one of our own was published by the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1808; then the New York Hospital published another in 1816. The first national one was published in Boston in 1820. As lately as 1860 the volume was a very small one; but it grows every ten years, and now it is a large book of more than 600 pages.

No wonder the name of this member of the Pharma family is a long and hard one, for it is made up of two Greek words, each of which is hard to pronounce. One of these Greek words means "to make," and the other means "medicines"; so a pharmacopœia is a book that tells how to make medicines.

MILITARY SCHOOL-BOYS IN THE NEW YORK COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

ANY of our young photographers will admit that if they had had the task of photographing the various bodies of marching school-boys in the recent Columbus celebration in New York city, and had been required to identify each body after the plates were printed, they would have had a difficult task. Accordingly, through the inability of our photographer to remember what school each plate represented, two of the titles to the pictures on pages 864, 865 of the last volume of the YOUNG PEOPLE are wrongly given. The one entitled "Military Corps of Public School No. 16" should have been "Students of the Preparatory Department of St. Francis Xavier's College," and the lads who were described as being "Almost big enough to join the National Guard" were actually cadets of St. John's College, Fordham.

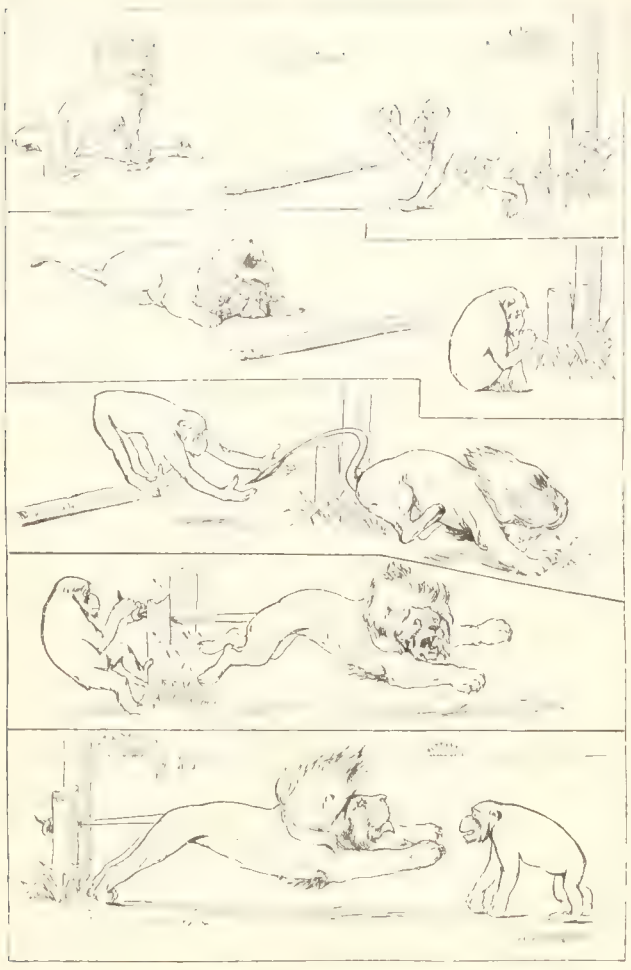
"A GIRL OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO."

I WONDER what the children of the present generation would say if they could see a school-room of seventy years ago, in which the souvenirs of a child-life are still carefully preserved. It is in a New England town, not far from Boston, and is pathetic and perhaps a bit painful in the suggestions it affords of the discipline and overwork of that period. The little girl who spent so many of her childhood's days there was an old lady when I knew her, white-haired, venerable, and charming, with great-grandchildren eager to hear her stories of "old times," and the articles of furniture of her school-room were like pictures thrown on a screen to illustrate a lecturer's story. Did it seem possible that baby hands of five years old had worked that careful sampler which hung above the mantel? But yes, indeed, old Madame D—— told how at four she began at her mother's knee to sew her "stint" — first patching and darning, and cross stitching on canvas; then came the alphabet in colors on the sampler, and curious designs not recognizable, I must say, until deciphered by our old friend, for an object meant to be a dog resembled some of Jimmy Brown's efforts far more than a canine creature, and a peculiarly green affair was a tree worthy only of a dream; but the workmanship was admirable—indeed marvellous from tiny fingers — while the "copy" written at the same age was equally surprising. This little maiden shared none of the luxuries of life for which her father's house was noted until at ten or twelve years of age she was considered somewhat emancipated from school-room restraint.

She slept and was dressed in a fireless room. Her breakfast was never anything but bread and milk. She sat at her needle-work, primer, copy-book, or ciphering with "some one of the globes," until noon, when her simple dinner — meat and one vegetable and a light pudding—was served, after which came an hour of "spiritual reading and instruction" at her mother's side in the "black-walnut parlor," a room in which her grandchildren passed many a merry hour. Then the daily "exercise" — a prim walk — after which more needle-work, more bread and milk, and a quiet half-hour of "mother's" talk. On rare occasions, such, for instance, as Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July (Christmas rarely was celebrated), little miss was allowed to participate mildly in the family festivities; but under no circumstance was her small voice to be heard unless she was spoken to. Such a thing as a child *leading* a conversation among her elders would not have been dreamed of, and at the bountifully spread table she took what was put before her only, not what she demanded. Sunday was a day strictly devoted to devotional exercises, or quiet sitting in the walnut parlor, either with a "good book" or listening to some pious discourse; and if at the third church service of the long day the baby head nodded, and thoughts of Monday morning ran rife in the weary little brain, who can wonder?

By-and-by came the period when she must be instructed in the accomplishments of a young lady of the day. She had her spinet to practise little melodies upon. Her dancing-master came twice a week. She learned *deportment*, as the manners of polite society were called. A French teacher taught her daily, and she began to learn fine sewing, and fine cookery for the domestic arts were considered part of every girl's education. The mysteries of her mother's "still-room" were unfolded. There she preserved fruit, made cordials, currant-wine, and blackberry-brandy, and assisted in preparing and arranging all kinds of herbs, even some medical decoctions.

Still, the decorum of manner was kept up, and the deference to elders, and in company a primness of deportment was preserved between the young folks who danced in the presence of their elders, and had no stronger beverage at the well-laden supper table than lemon-cordial, or on cold winter nights a little hot wine and water. At sixteen a girl was supposed to have become proficient in school and drawing-room accomplishments; to have "made up" a quantity of house linen for her future home; to be able to conduct a conversation in company or at home as well as to write or respond to letters from relatives and friends, the latter being, I must say, specimens of what we see in the *Complete Letter-writer* of the day. Formal, stiff, perhaps, as a girl's life might have been in those days, it yet had the exquisite charm of preserving simplicity of thought, reverence for one's parents or guardians, and a courtesy without which no life, young or old, can be gracious or self-respecting.



A DUEL IN THE DESERT, OR THE FALL OF A MONARCH.

A WORTHY AMBITION.

"I HOPE I grow to be nine feet tall," said Abner, the other day, "because if I do, I can stand up back of a crowd and see any procession going."

A POSSIBLE REASON.

CHESTER. "Mamma, is that hissing sound make by the logs?"

MAMMA. "Yes, my dear."

CHESTER. "And does the log hiss because it thinks it's a shame to burn it?"

NELLIE AHEAD.

"IF my grandma had lived until to-day," said Jennie, "she'd have been one hundred years old."

"Poh!" retorted Nellie. "If mine had been born one hundred years sooner, she'd have been one hundred and sixty years old now."

ACUTE HEARING.

"JOHN," said his mother, severely, "I hear you were very naughty in school this morning, and disturbed every one by making a noise."

"Yes'm," answered John; "but I didn't know I made loud enough noise for you to hear."

JOHNNY AND HIS HAND-ORGAN.

I HAD a fine hand-organ once
That played sweet melodies;
But now, alas! I turn the crank,
And all it does is wheeze

I'm sure I don't know why it is,
Because it's far from old.
I have a sort of notion that
It's gone and caught a cold.

And now while mamma's not at home,
And nurse is at her toil,
I think I'll give the thing a dose
Of squills and castor-oil.

CURIOUS.

"MAMMA, let me stay up till twelve o'clock to-night, won't you?" pleaded Wallie.

"Why do you wish to do that, dear?" asked mamma.

"I want to see what the end of a day looks like," explained Wallie.

WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

"THIS is a hard family to live with!" pouted the piano. "Miss Susie pounds me every day for an hour or two!"

"Well, at least you don't have to work," exclaimed the clock. "My hands are never idle; they keep them moving every minute and second."

"Talk about work!" cried the table; "why, almost everything is put on me."

"I wouldn't mind work," observed the lamp, "but I'm sensitive, and it isn't pleasant when you're quite bright to be turned down once or twice every evening."

"Sensitive!" sneered the mirror. "Think of the ugly faces often turned on me!"

"And think also," said the carpet, "how the children jump on me; still I'm not worn out yet."

"You may all talk till you're tired, yet you must admit that not one of you is so sat upon as I am," finished the chair, decisively.

THE THING TO DO.

KENNIBOY and Whitney had found a dead bird.

"Let's bury it in my garden," said Kenniboy.

"No; let's bury it in mine," said Whitney.

"I'll tell you, we'll bury it in both, only mine first," said Kenniboy.

And they did.

A SUGGESTED GAME.

"LET's play you're a piano, Tommy," said Jack. "You lie down, and I'll bang on you with both hands till you sing a tune."



THE BUBBLE A STARTLING ILLUSION.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PAT-SKI'S MADNESS.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

"WHAT is his name?" asked Farmer Green.

"Pad-ski," answered the interpreter at Castle Garden. There was a given name, and several syllables more of the surname, but in the course of their articulation Farmer Green had been unable to obtain a firm grasp on more than the two—Pad-ski.

"Mercy!" he exclaimed. "The boy 'ud surely be late to meals if I took the time to call him by his full name. D'you suppose he'd mind if I called him Pat-ski?"

"Call him anything you wish to," said the interpreter. "He won't care."

"Well," said Farmer Green, dubiously, "if you think so. I don't want to call him out of his name, but the whole of that would be too much for me."



"I'll tell him what you say," said the interpreter, and therewith he turned to the foreign lad, who had stood dully by without showing any interest in the conversation, and spoke to him in his own Polish tongue.

The boy, who was a sturdy, active-looking fellow, but with great melancholy eyes looking out of his olive-complexioned face, listened to the interpreter, uttered a few disdainful words, and made a gesture of indifference.

The interpreter turned to the farmer. "Call him what you like. He says he doesn't care."

"Umph!" ejaculated the farmer, looking doubtfully at Pat-ski. "He looks kind o' sulky. I hope he's not ugly-tempered."

"Oh no," answered the interpreter, reassuringly; "it isn't that. He's only homesick, and doesn't care whether school keeps or not."

"School!" repeated Farmer Green, with a puzzled air.

The interpreter laughed.

"That's just an expression," he said. "I mean the boy isn't interested in anything because he is homesick."

"Oh," said the farmer, "an expression! Yes, I see. I s'pose, now, my boys would ha' known what you meant. They pick up all those slang

things." A troubled look came into his eyes. "They've taken to gadding nights a good bit lately."

"That's bad," said the interpreter, indifferently. He was not interested in the old countryman's boys.

"Oh, but they're good boys," Farmer Green hastened to say. "And I know where they are—around among the neighbors."

"No harm in that, I should think," commented the interpreter, yawning.

"No harm, meaningly," said the farmer, evidently speaking aloud some troublesome thoughts. "But you see, many of them are world's people—"

"World's people?" interjected the interpreter, inquiringly.

"Yes. I'm a Friend—what you would call a Quaker—and they are not. And I am sure they have piannas and organs among 'em, and dance and sing. I haven't asked my boys, but I'm afraid they jine in."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the interpreter. "Why don't you get a piano yourself, and let them do their dancing and singing at home, if you don't wish them to go out?"

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "that's just what my Bess is always saying. The last thing before I came away she begged me to get a pianna while I was down here."

"That's where her head's level," said the interpreter. "But you must excuse me, I'm wanted. You'll take the boy, will you? All right. I'll tell him."

And with a few words to the lad, he waved his hand carelessly to the old farmer, and hurried away.

"Head's level!" repeated the old farmer. "I think not. If my Bess hasn't as round and comely a head as any— But, there! I s'pose that's only one of them slang expressions again. No, a pianna is nothing but a device. First a pianna, then singing worldly songs, and then dancing. No, no, no! Come along, Pat-ski! Get your trunk, and we'll go."

Pat-ski understood the gesture and expression, and went to a corner where a miscellaneous lot of baggage was piled up, and procured a quaint old-fashioned carpet-bag, such as was common enough in this country fifty years ago.

They looked a strangely assorted pair as they went through the streets of the city together. But any one seeing the old farmer in his precise garb, and the boy in his shabby Polish dress carrying the carpet-bag, would have understood the situation at once. It was as plain as if it had been written on a placard that the farmer had come to the city to procure an immigrant boy at Castle Garden to take back to the country to work on his farm.

Josiah Green had been first attracted by the strong sinewy form and sturdy limbs of the boy, and had engaged him in consequence. But he was of a bright cheery nature himself, and he grew more and more troubled at the heavy and continued melancholy of the boy. And he wondered more than once as he cast furtive glances at him, as he trudged stolidly along, if he had made a mistake in hiring him.

It certainly seemed very unnatural for a boy to evince as little interest as Pat-ski did, either in the bustle and strangeness of the great New World city of New York or in the scenery that was revealed as they hurried along in the train that was carrying them to the country home where gentle Bess was waiting for her father, and wondering if he had bought that longed-for piano for which she had begged.

The thought of Bess, indeed, together with the settled gloom on the dark boyish face by his side, combined to make that ride home a very dismal one for the old farmer. And he hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, when he got out at his station, to see Bess by her brother Nathaniel's side on the front seat of the old spring wagon.

"Oh, papa! Did thee get the piano?"

The sweet voice, eager and expectant, was Bess's; but the old man saw plainly enough that Nathaniel was as interested as she.

"No, child, no!" he answered, a little irritably. "I told thee I would not. It is just a vanity and an aping of the world's people."

"Yes, papa, I know thee said thee would not. I—I hoped maybe thee would—"

Her voice was beginning to grow tremulous, and she stopped with a little catch in her throat. Nathaniel kicked the dash-board. The old man turned uneasily from Bess's downcast eyes to see that Nathaniel was staring with fixed fierceness at the colt's head.

"Here, you Pat-ski!" he said, abruptly, to the boy, "get in. In the front seat. Bess, thee sit behind with me. Did thee finish cutting that corn to-day, Nathaniel?"

"Yes, sir," said Nathaniel, and subsided into silence.

Pat-ski's face had lighted up a little—and whose would not?—at the sight of pretty Bess, but had resumed its melancholy in the presence of the evident constraint that had fallen on the party. He put his old carpet-bag in the wagon and took his seat by the side of Nathaniel, while the old man got in beside Bess, and took her plump hand affectionately in his. Bess turned her face up to him, making such a brave effort to smile, as if she had forgotten her disappointment, that Josiah Green found himself wishing from the bottom of his heart that he could see that it would be right to give her the piano she wished.

Nathaniel flicked the colt with the whip, and the spirited animal leaped forward so indignantly as to jerk Pat-ski over backward into Bess's lap, there being no back to the front seat. Bess blushed and laughed, and Pat-ski gathered himself up and took off his cap, apologetically.

"I think thee doesn't need to urge him, Nathaniel," said the old man, gently.

"I don't see what harm there is in a piano," said Nathaniel, irrelevantly.

"When thee is older thy judgment will be better, Nathaniel," said his father, without irritation now, for Bess, the peace-maker, was squeezing his hand.

For the remainder of the drive Bess and her father were the only ones who spoke. Nathaniel was determined to nurse his grievance, at least until they were home, so that he would be in tune for the indignation meeting with Peter and Elias in the barn; and Pat-ski, not only had no intelligible words to converse with, but had no wish to speak, anyhow.

That evening the indignation meeting was held, and "father's" unreasonable prejudice against dancing and singing was discussed with great bitterness and vigor. Bess came in while Nathaniel was holding forth. When he had finished with a long peroration on the harmlessness of dancing and the old-fogyism that would prevent it, she said, reproachfully:

"If thee knew how badly papa felt about the piano thee wouldn't say such things. He thinks he is right about dancing and worldly music and singing, and that is why he won't buy the piano. But he feels real badly about it."

"Oh, thee's too good for this world," said Nathaniel, sarcastically. "If thee had a harp and a pair of wings thee'd be fitted out, wouldn't thee?"

Bess made no answer to this, not being quick at retort, and Nathaniel was speedily ashamed to think he had said it; though, boylike, he did not admit it, but rather showed it by being particularly sweet with Bess the remainder of the evening.

And that apparently was the end of the piano rebellion, though every one, excepting Pat-ski, continued to think and talk of it, including good Mrs. Green, who was secretly with the children in their desire. But only Bess

knew that, and the boys would no more have expected help and countenance from her than from Pat-ski; and surely he was the last one to do anything for them.

Poor Pat-ski! He was hardly what Farmer Green called sulky, for he learned readily and eagerly the farm-work they taught him, and worked with a sort of vehement industry, so that no fault could possibly be found with him.

But if the thing were possible, his face grew more and more dull and heavy with melancholy, and when his day's work was ended he did nothing but mope, and, as Bess declared, stare at her. And he made almost no progress in learning English, in spite of every effort to teach him.

He went about with dull eye and drooping head, and often had to be spoken to twice before he heard; and at last Farmer Green became alarmed, and said a doctor must be called. So a doctor was called.

He asked a great many questions of Farmer Green, and a few of wondering Pat-ski. He felt of the boy's pulse, and looked at his tongue. Sometimes he shook his head gravely, and sometimes he said, "Um! um!" And he looked puzzled all the while, until Farmer Green modestly said that Mrs. Green believed that homesickness was the trouble.

At that the doctor brightened and looked wise; and then drew out his tablets, and said he would write a prescription. Farmer Green watched him while he wrote something in an undecipherable hand, and began to feel still more alarmed for Pat-ski.

"What do you think is the matter, doctor?" he asked.

"It is undoubtedly a very severe case of nostalgia," replied he. "The worst case, I may say, that I have ever seen."

"You don't tell me!" ejaculated Josiah, in distress. "Nos-- What did you say it was?"

"Nostalgia," replied the doctor. "Have this made up, and let him take it three times a day, before meals."

"Has it—has it," queried the old man, eying Pat-ski pityingly, "anything to do with the brain? We've been kind o' 'feared he might have some mental trouble."

"Oh yes; mental," said the doctor, sententiously. "Mental and nervous. But I think we shall bring him around in time—if he doesn't get worse."

In speaking of it afterward to the family, Josiah said: "Of course it can't be anything that's catching, or the doctor would have said so; but if his mind's affected, we'd all better be careful, and thee in especial, Bess."

After that they all watched Pat-ski very closely, and he shortly discovered that he was being watched, which certainly did not tend to make his actions any less erratic, though he had no suspicion of the cloud he was under.

He took his nasty medicine and they compared notes, and it was wonderful how clearly they saw now that he did many strange things. In fact, it did not take kindly old Josiah long to make up his mind that something must be done. He could not desert the homeless stranger, but, on the other hand, he could not risk any harm coming to Bess through a sudden frenzy on Pat-ski's part. But while he was considering what to do the crisis came.

He and Bess had been to the village with the colt and buggy. Nathaniel took the colt to lead him to the stable, Peter and Elias were at work on the barn floor, and Pat-ski came forward to help carry the purchases to the house.

He threw the carriage robe over his arm and took a new axe out of the buggy. Somehow Josiah felt uneasy the moment he saw that shining implement in his hand, and started forward to take it from him. But as he did so a st[illegible] And [illegible] ish [illegible] hour o[illegible]

His eyes lighted up and grew large and wonder[illegible] his lips parted, and his head was inclined to one side, as if listening. Then he emitted a sudden gasping cry, and leaped toward where Bess stood, preparing to go to the house.

But where Bess was concerned old Josiah was as quick and bold as a lion. He saw her peril, and threw himself on Pat-ski. Pat-ski turned and a brief struggle ensued, during which Pat-ski dropped the murderous axe, but freed himself from the old man and darted away at a run.

Bess screamed, but Pat-ski did not notice her. He kept on down toward the house, running like a deer.

"Mamma! oh, mamma!" Bess cried, frantically, wringing her hands.

"The boys!" gasped Josiah, and started after Pat-ski.

"Peter! Nathaniel! Elias!" screamed Bess. The boys were already staring out at their father and Pat-ski. "He's gone mad!" cried Bess. "Mamma! In the house!"

The boys understood, and sprang after their father with all the vigor of their sinewy limbs. Pat-ski, however, had not stopped at the house, but had passed it, and was already in the road when they reached their father.

"After him, boys!" panted the old man. "Mad! He'll do somebody an injury. Tried to kill Bess!"

The boys caught the words almost without stopping, and were presently in the road, speeding after Pat-ski. He never looked behind, but kept in the middle of the road, running like a sprinter. The boys did not gain on him, but they held their own. Nathaniel had turned back with an idea. He had tied the colt without unharnessing him. He would go back and put him to the buggy.

About a quarter of a mile up the road Pat-ski leaped over the fence into a meadow. The cows grazing there looked up and watched the boy and his pursuers. Peter and Elias remembered hearing that insane persons had wonderful strength, and they believed it now as they saw Pat-ski, with apparently undiminished vigor, leap the fence into John Martin's vineyard and run up the slope toward the orchard.

"He's making for the woods by the creek," panted Elias.

"We'll never catch him if he gets there," said Peter.

They scrambled over the fence and staggered up the slope, pretty nearly winded by the run. There was a stone wall between the vineyard and orchard. Pat-ski went over it like a deer.

"Martin's man is there," gasped Elias.

"Hey! look out for him! he's mad!" yelled Peter.

"He doesn't hear," said Elias. "He's playing that old cornet of his. John Martin says he's everlastingly tooting on it."

"Pat-ski's got hold of him!" screamed Peter.

"He's biting him!" yelled Elias, looking around for a weapon and picking up a big stone.

Pat-ski, in fact, had run around in front of the cornet-player, had thrown his arms about wildly for a moment, and then had leaped on the musician, and certainly seemed to be biting him. By the time the boys reached the spot, however, Pat-ski had drawn back, and was laughing, crying, and talking all at once.

Peter saw his opportunity, and sprang on the Polish boy and caught his arms behind him, Elias standing ready to fell him with the stone he held at the first sign of Peter's inability to conquer him. But Pat-ski, instead of struggling, only stared for a moment at the two boys, and immediately resumed his excited talk with the musician.

"Did he hurt you, Lazur?" asked Elias, anxiously scanning the face of the man with the cornet.

"No," answered Lazur, gazing from one to the other

in astonishment; "he did not hurt me. Why should he?" He used very good English, but spoke with a pronounced accent, for he was a Bulgarian.

"He's mad, you know," said Peter, feeling very heroic in his successful battle with a madman.

"Here come father and Nathaniel and John Martin," said Enas. "We've got him, father," he cried, excitedly. "He was just going at Lazur when Peter caught him."

"Poor fellow!" said old Josiah, panting with his exertions. "I s'pose we'd better tie him. Let me have that rope, Nathaniel. He seems quiet enough now, though. Why, Lazur, do you understand his lingo?"

Pat-ski and Lazur were talking with great earnestness, Pat-ski still crying and laughing, but evidently not dangerous. Lazur, a handsome, soldierly-looking Bulgarian, turned to Josiah, and said, earnestly:

"The boy is a Pole. He is not crazy—not at all, unless you say he is crazy with delight and joy. He says he has been so sick for his old home, and for the dear mother who died just before he came away, that it seemed to him as if his heart was dead inside of him. Then all at once he thought he heard a message from heaven. But it was not that; it was this old cornet on which I was playing an old Polish hymn, which his mother used to sing to him when she put him to bed when he was a little boy. When he knew it was not from heaven, but was made by somebody over here, he came quickly so that he might find me. That is all. Ah! I know what that feeling is. I am alone, too, and I come out here to make this very horrible music because I must get back home somehow; and it seems to me when I play ever so badly, I am back with the mother and the little sister again."

He was a strong man, and had seen war and bloodshed, but a tear trickled down his face as he spoke. Old Josiah coughed and blew his nose, and Peter slowly and shamefacedly loosed his hold of Pat-ski.

"I think, boys," said the old man, "that maybe we'd better let Pat-ski stay here a bit with Lazur, so's they can have it out together. Lazur, send him home by-and-by, will you?"

And the change in Pat-ski after that meeting with Lazur was so marked that he was like another person, so bright, gay, and cheerful was he.

One day, about a month afterward, when Bess and the boys reached home from the district school, they were met by their mother on the kitchen porch, her eyes all aglow with excitement.

"What's the matter, mamma?" cried Bess.

"Go into the parlor! Thee and the boys go straight into the parlor!" was all Mrs. Green could say; and they dropped their books and ran, she following.

A beautiful brand-new upright piano stood against the wall. The lid was turned up, exposing the glittering white and black keys; and old Josiah, beaming from every line of his kindly face, sat on the sofa looking eagerly into the face of Bess.

"Oh, papa!" murmured Bess, and dropped down by his side, and put her head on his knee.

"I thought maybe thee was right about the music, Bess, so I got the piano. I s'pose thee may thank Pat-ski for getting rid of an old man's prejudice. Mother has been that way of thinking for a good bit, but I was sort o' obstinate, I guess. Thee'll find some worldly songs there, too, boys, and a book or two o' hymn tunes."



Nettle Culture

BY W. H. GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

VERY few of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will need an introduction to the nettle. It is, perhaps, the one plant which may claim the largest number of intimate acquaintances. It was Dr. Culpepper, the old-time herbalist, I believe, who claimed, moreover, that it was one of the easiest of plants to distinguish, in proof of which he affirmed that "it could be found even on the darkest night by simply feeling for it." Even those most ignorant of botany, after having once "scraped acquaintance," as it were, with the nettle, find it to their interest to keep its memory green.

It is partly because it *is* so well known, and partly because so few people use their eyes analytically, that a certain little mystery of the plant is so well guarded. For almost any bed of nettles may well tempt the young entomologist to tarry, while he forgets the tingling fingers as he fills his collecting-box with welcome specimens.

We are sure to have company if we linger long about our nettles. There is a small brood of butterflies which we can always count upon. Here is one of them coming over the meadow. It has a sharp eye for nettles, and is even now on the lookout for them. In a moment more its beautiful black, scarlet-bordered, and white-spotted wings are seen fluttering among the leaves, alighting now here, now there, each brief visit leaving a visible witness if we care to look for it. It has now settled upon a leaf within easy reach. Creeping along its edge, it is soon hanging beneath, but only for a second, and is off again on the wing. Let us pluck the leaf. Upon looking beneath it we may see the pretty token of the Red Admiral, a tiny egg which we may well preserve for our microscope.

We shall not wait long before another butterfly visitor arrives, smaller than the last, and with its deep orange, black-spotted wings conspicuously jagged at the edges—one of the "angle-wings," which immediately announces his name as he alights with wings folded close above his back, disclosing the silver "comma" in the midst of the dull brown of the nether surface. Many are the tiny tokens which she also leaves behind her, as she flutters away in search of a new nettle clump.

We have been closely observing these two butterflies perhaps for half an hour, and during that time our eyes have rested a dozen times upon a condition of things here among the leaves which certainly should have immediately arrested our attention. Almost [illegible], who of our hand, upon one stalk, are three leaves only [illegible] boy, and [illegible] by do

not hang like their fellows. One of them has been drawn up at the edges, and fully one-half of its lower portion is gone, while its angle of drooping indicates more than the mere weight of the leaf. "A spider's nest, of course," you remark. As such it has been passed a thousand times even by young and enthusiastic entomological students who would have risked their lives for a "cecropia" or a "bull's-eye" caterpillar, or stung their hands mercilessly as they swept their butterfly net among those very stinging leaves. It is interesting to gather a few of these "spider's nests," and examine the cause of their heavy droop, which proves to be a healthy-looking gray caterpillar an inch or more in length, covered with formidable spines, perpetuating as it were the tendency of its foster-plant. Only yesterday he built himself this tent, having abandoned the remnant tent just below, for he eats himself out of house and home every couple of days. About five weeks ago he began his career, his first meal consisting, perhaps, of the iridescent shell of a tiny egg, precisely such a one as our first butterfly visitor has just left, for this is the caterpillar of the Atalanta or Red Admiral.

We may find a number of these tents if we look sharp, and even while gathering them may overlook a still more remarkable roof-tree of another caterpillar, which constructs its pavilion on quite a different plan. This, too, might even deceive a "spider," the edges of the leaves being drawn together *beneath*, and the veins partly severed near the stem, giving it quite a steep pitch. Upon looking beneath, we disclose another prickly tenant somewhat similar to the first, only that he is yellow and black instead of gray, while he is clothed with the same complementary growth of branching spines.

A single nettle clump of any size will disclose dozens, perhaps hundreds, of these tent-dwellers. Though armed with formidable *chevaux-de-frise*, these species are stingless, and the caterpillars may be safely gathered. The object of my directing attention to them is not simply to disclose them in their haunts, but to recommend their transfer to our collecting-box, looking to the further beautiful surprise—always a surprise—which they have in store for us. Although they quickly desert their tents in captivity, they continue to feed on the fresh leaves provided from day to day, and suffer little in confinement.

The full-grown caterpillars are about an inch and a half in length, and if our specimens average such dimensions we shall not have many days to wait for our surprise. Perhaps to-morrow, as we open the lid of our box, the caterpillars will be seen to have left the leaves, and to be scattered here and there on the lid or walls of their prison in apparent listlessness. Let us observe this individual here beneath the box cover. Its body is bent in a curve, and a careful inspection reveals a carpet of glistening silk, to which it clings. Now the insect regains confidence, and takes up the thread which it dropped a moment ago when the box was opened, its head moving from side to side in a motion suggesting a figure 8, with variations. Gradually, through the lapse of several minutes, this sweep is concentrated to a more central point, which is at length raised into a minute tuft of silk; and if we wait and watch for a few moments longer, we shall see our spinner turn about and clasp this tuft with its hinder pair of feet. And this same process has been going on in different parts of our box. Lifting the lid an hour or two later, we find the interior full of the caterpillars dangling by their tails, each with its body forming a loop.

Twenty-four hours after this suspension a singular feat and a beautiful transformation take place, a revelation which, as I have said, even to those already familiar with it is always new and surprising. Here, indeed, may we observe "the miraculous in the common."

It is as though our box had met with some enchantment beneath the wand of Midas or Iris; for is it not, indeed, a box of jewels that is now disclosed, a treasury of quaint golden ear-drops of a fashioning unlike any to be seen in a show-case, but which might well serve as a rare model for the mimetic art of the jeweller? When we consider the length to which these exquisite artisans will go for their natural originals—the orchids in gems, beetles in jewelled enamel, butterflies in brilliants and emeralds and rubies—need we wonder that this one most significant model of nature's own jewelry, apparently designed as a tempting pendant, should have been ignored by a class of designers to whom its claims would seem irresistible? But we forget. The jeweller is not necessarily an entomologist or naturalist. The butterfly, the beetle, the flower, every one sees; how few even dream of these glowing chrysalids (aurelias) which hang beneath the nettle leaves or in unseen coverts among the hop or thistle?

I have looked in vain among all the designs in the shops for any hint of the existence of such a thing as the aurelia of Archippus, comma, semicolon, Red Admiral, Hunters, White J.; and, indeed, even if wrought to imitative perfection, how few would recognize any resemblance to aught on the earth or in the waters under the earth!



LEAF TENTS OF THE "COMMA" CATERPILLAR.

I will not attempt to describe this living gem of our "comma." There are degrees in its brilliancy, an occasional specimen being almost a mass of gold. Indeed, we need scarce wonder that the aurelia should have proved so tempting a lure to the ancient alchemists.



A DESIGN FOR A JEWELLER.

Almost any group of nettles will show us our "comma" caterpillar, but one of its favorite haunts is the wood nettle, a large-leaved low variety, which is to be found in moist woods and shady river-banks, and will be recognized by the illustration on the preceding page. I have gathered many of these animated tented leaves in a few moments' search among the plants.

I have said nothing of the wonderful transformation of the caterpillar to its chrysalis, and the astonishing trick by which the latter gets out of its skin, and again catches the silken loop with its tail. This feat is well worth a close study; the authorities in the past have all been at sixes and sevens as to what really takes place. Which of our boys or girls can discover the facts as they *are*, and tell us why the chrysalis does not fall out at the last moment?

RAFTMATES:

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE VOYAGE WAS BEGUN.

WHEN Winn Caspar turned into his comfortable bunk aboard the raft on the night of the storm, it never once occurred to him that the *Venture* might float before morning. She never had floated, and she seemed so hard and fast aground that he imagined a rise of several feet of water would be necessary to move her. It had not yet rained where he was, and the thought that it might be raining higher up the stream did not enter his mind. So he went comfortably to bed, and slept like a top for several hours. Finally, he was awakened so suddenly that he sprang from the bunk, and by the time his eyes were fairly opened, was standing in the middle of the floor listening to a strange creaking and scratching on the roof above his head. It had aroused him, and now as he listened to it, and tried in vain to catch a single gleam of light through the intense darkness, it was so incomprehensible and uncanny, that brave boy as he was, he felt shivers creeping over his arms and back.

The boy felt his way into the forward room and opened the door to look out, but was greeted by such a fierce rush of wind and rain that he was thankful for the strength that enabled him to close it again. Mingled with the other sounds of the storm, Winn now began to distinguish that of waves plashing on the deck of the raft.

After a long search he found a box of matches and lighted the lamp, forgetting that all its oil had been exhausted the evening before. It burned for a few minutes with a sickly flame, and then went out. Even that feeble light had been a comfort. It had showed him that everything was still all right inside the "shanty," besides enabling him to find and put on the clothes that had hung near the stove to dry. As he finished dressing, and was again standing in utter darkness puzzling over his situation, he was nearly paralyzed by a blinding glare of light that suddenly streamed into the window nearest him. It was accompanied by the hoarse roar of steam, a confusion of shoutings, and the loud clangor of bells. Without a thought of the weather, Winn again flung open the door and rushed into the open air. So intense and dazzling was the flood of yellow light, that he seemed to be gazing into the crater of an active volcano. It flashed by as suddenly as it had appeared, and the terrified boy became aware that a big steamboat was slipping swiftly past the raft, but a few feet from it. The bewildering glare had come from her roaring furnaces; and had not their doors been thrown open just when they were, she would have crashed at full speed into the raft, with such consequences as can easily be imagined. As it was she was barely able to sheer off in time, and a score of voices hurled back angry threats at the supposed crew of the raft, whose neglect to show a lantern had so nearly led to death and destruction.

So long as he could detect the faintest twinkle of light from the rapidly receding boat, or hear the measured coughings of her exhausted steam, Winn stood gazing and listening. That steamboat had told him as plainly as if she had spoken that the *Venture* was not only afloat, but had, in some way, reached the great river, and was drifting with its mighty current.

As he turned towards the door of the "shanty," he stumbled over something, which, by stooping, he discovered to be the branch of a tree.

"That accounts for the noise on the roof that woke me," he said to himself. "The raft was passing under those low branches at the mouth of the creek, and I can't be more than a mile or so from there now."

For an instant the idea of paddling home in his canoe and leaving the raft to its fate flashed across his mind, but it was dismissed as promptly as it had come. "Not much I won't!" he said, aloud. "I've shipped for the voyage, and I'm going to see it through in spite of everything. Besides, it's my own fault that I'm in this fix. If I hadn't carried away that cable this thing never could have happened. Who would have supposed the water could rise so quickly?"

The thought of his little dugout caused the boy to wonder if it were still attached to the raft where he had made it fast the evening before. Again he ventured outside to look for the canoe, but the darkness was so dense and the violence of the storm so bewildering that, after a narrow escape from stepping overboard, he realized that without a light of some kind the undertaking was too dangerous. "There must be a lantern somewhere," he thought. "Yes, I remember seeing one brought aboard." Finally he discovered it hanging near the stove, and, to his joy, it was full of oil. By its aid his search for the canoe was successful, and he was delighted to find it floating safely alongside, though half full of water, and in danger of being stove against the timbers of the raft by the waves that were breaking on deck. With infinite labor he at length succeeded in hauling the little craft aboard and securing it in a place of safety. Then, though he would gladly have had the comfort of a light in the "shanty," the thought of his recent narrow escape warned him to guard against another similar danger by running the lantern to the top of the signal-pole, and leaving it there as a beacon.

He could do nothing more; and so, drenched, chilled, and weary, the lonely lad crept back into the "shanty." How dreary it was to be its sole occupant! If he only had some one to talk, plan, and consult with! He felt so helpless and insignificant there in the dark, drifting

down the great river on a raft that, without help, he was as incapable of managing as a baby. What ought he to do? What should he do? It was so hard to think without putting his thoughts into words. Even Etta's presence and counsel would be a comfort, and the boy laughed bitterly to recall how often he had treated the dear sister's practical common-sense with contempt because she was only a girl. Now how gladly would he listen to her advice! It was pretty evident that his self-conceit had received a staggering blow, and that self-reliance would be thankful for the backing of another's wisdom.

As Winn sat by the table, forlorn and shivering, it suddenly occurred to him that there was no reason why he should not have a fire. There was plenty of dry wood. How stupid he had been not to think of it before! Acting upon this idea, he quickly had a cheerful blaze snapping and crackling in the little stove, which soon began to diffuse a welcome warmth throughout the room. By a glance at his watch—a small silver one that had been his father's when he was a boy—Winn found the night to be nearly gone. He was greatly comforted by the thought that in less than two hours daylight would reveal his situation and give him a chance to do something. Still, the lonely waiting was very tedious, the boy was weary, and the warmth of the fire made him sleepy. At first he struggled against the overpowering drowsiness, but finally he yielded to it, and, with his head sunk on his folded arms, which rested on the table, was soon buried in a slumber as profound as that of the earlier night.

At daylight the unguided raft was seen in the "Slant Crossing" by the crew of an up-bound steamboat, and they wondered at the absence of all signs of life aboard it. Every now and then the drifting mass of timber touched on some sand-bar or reef, but the current always swung it round, so that it slid off and resumed its erratic voyage. At length, after floating swiftly and truly down a long straight chute, the *Venture* was seized by an eddy at its foot, revolved slowly several times, and then reluctantly dragged into a false channel on the western side of a long, heavily timbered island. Half-way down its length the raft "saddle-bagged," as the river men say, or floated broadside on, against a submerged rock. It struck fairly amidship, and there it hung, forming a barrier, around the ends of which the hurrying waters laughed and gurgled merrily.

With the shock of the striking Winn awoke, straightened himself, and rubbed his eyes, wondering vaguely where he was and what had happened.

Chapter VI.

MR. GILDER AND HIS RUDE RECEPTION.

After emerging from the "shanty," it did not take the solitary occupant of the raft long to discover the nature of his new predicament. The water was sufficiently clear for him to make out an indistinct outline of the rock on which the raft was hung, and as the rain was still falling, he quickly regained the shelter of the "shanty," there to consider the situation. It did not take him long to make up his mind that this was a case in which assistance was absolutely necessary, and that he must either wait for it to come to him or go in search of it. First of all, though, he must have something to eat. He had no need to look at his watch to discover that it was breakfast-time. The condition of his appetite told him that.

Now Winn had never learned to cook. He had regarded that as an accomplishment that was well enough for girls to acquire, but one quite beneath the notice of a man. Besides, cooking was easy enough, and any one could do it who had to. It was only necessary to put things into a pot and let them boil, or into an oven to bake. Of course they must be watched and taken from the stove when done, but that was about all there was to cooking. There was a sack of corn meal in the "shanty" and a jug of maple syrup. A dish of hot mush would be the very thing. Then there was coffee already ground; of course he would have a cup of coffee. So the boy made a roaring fire, found the coffee-pot, set it on the stove, and filled a large saucepan with corn meal.

"There may be a little too much in there," he thought; "but I can save what I can't eat now for lunch, and then fry it, as mother does."

Having got thus far in his preparations, he took a bucket and went outside for some water from the river. Here he remained for a few minutes to gaze at a distant up-bound steamboat, and wondered why he had not noticed her when she passed the raft. Although the river seemed somewhat narrower than he thought it should be, he had no idea but that he was still in its main channel, and that the land on his left was the Wisconsin shore.

Still wondering how he could have missed seeing, or at least hearing, the steamboat, the boy re-entered the "shanty." Thinking of steamboats rather than of cooking, he began to pour water into the saucepan of meal, which at once began to run over. Thus recalled to his duties, he removed half of the wet meal to another pan, filled it with water, and set both pans on the stove. Then he poured a stream of cold water into the coffee-pot, which by this time was almost red-hot. The effect was as distressing as it was unexpected. A cloud of scalding steam rushed up into his face, the coffee-pot rolled to the floor with a clatter, and there was such a furious hissing and sputtering that poor Winn dropped his bucket of water and staggered toward the door, fully convinced that he was the victim of a boiler explosion.

When the cloud of steam cleared away, the boy ruefully surveyed the scene of disaster, and wondered what had gone wrong. "I'm sure nothing of the kind ever happened in mother's kitchen," he said to himself. In spite of his smarting face, he determined not to be daunted by this first mishap, but to try again. So he wiped the floor with a table-cloth, drew another bucket of water from the river, and resolved to proceed with the utmost care this time. To his dismay, as he stooped to pick up the coffee-pot, he found that it had neither bottom nor spout, but was a total and useless wreck. "What a leaky old thing it must have been!" soliloquized the boy.

Just then his attention was attracted by another hissing sound from the stove and a smell of burning. Two yellow streams were pouring over the sides of the saucepans.

"Hello!" cried Winn, as he seized a spoon and began ladling a portion of the contents from each into a third pan. "How ever did these things get full again? I'm sure I left lots of room in them."

At that moment the contents of all three pans began to burn, and he filled them with water. A few minutes later all three began to bubble over, and he got more pans. Before he was through with that mush, every available inch of space on the stove was covered with pans of it, the disgusted cook was liberally bedaubed with it, and so was the floor. The contents of some of the pans were burned black; others were as weak as gruel; all were lumpy, and all were insipid for want of salt.

For a moment Winn, hot, cross, and smarting from many scalds and burns, reviewed the results of his first attempt at preparing a meal with a comical expression, in which wrath and disgust were equally blended. Then, yielding to an impulse of anger, he picked up one of the messes and flung it, pan and all, out through the open door. He was stooping to seize the next, which he proposed to treat in a similar manner, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was almost petrified with amazement by hearing a voice exclaim:



"HOLD ON, YOUNG MAN! ONE AT A TIME IS ENOUGH."

"Hold on, young man! One at a time is enough. It's very pleasant to be greeted warmly, but there is such a thing as too warm a reception. I'll allow you didn't see me coming, though if I thought you did, I'd chuck you overboard for that caper."

The speaker, who stood in the doorway striving to remove the mess of sticky mush that had struck him full in the breast and now covered a large portion of his body, including his face, was a man of middle age and respectable appearance, clad in a rubber suit and a slouched hat.

Filled with shame and contrition at this unexpected result of his foolish action, Winn was profuse in his apologies, and picking up the useful table-cloth that had already served him in one emergency, stepped forward with an offer of assistance. The stranger waved him back, and removed the greater part of the mess by taking off his rubber coat. At the same time he said:

"There's no harm done, and worse might have happened. You might have been pitching stove lids, or hot soup, or knives and forks, you know. So, you see, I'm to be congratulated on getting off as well as I have. But where is the boss of this raft, and the crew? How did you happen to run in here out of the channel? You are not alone, are you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Winn. "I'm Captain and crew and everything else just at present—excepting cook," he added, hastily, as he noted the stranger's amused glance at the stove and its surroundings.

"Who is cook, then?"

"There isn't any," answered Winn; "and for that reason there isn't any breakfast, nor likely to be any, for I'll starve before I try my hand at it again."

"There seems to be plenty of breakfast, such as it is," said the stranger, gravely, indicating by a glance the many pans of spoiled mush. Then seeing that the boy was really in distress, and not in a joking humor, he added: "But let me help you set things to rights, and then I'll see if I can't show you how to get up some sort of a breakfast. I'm not a regular cook, as perhaps you may guess; but then, again, I am one, in a way, as all we river traders have to be."

Are you a river trader?" asked Winn.

"Yes; and there are three of us. But I'll tell you all about it, and you shall tell me your story after we've had breakfast."

To Winn, the expeditious manner in which his recent culinary disasters were repaired and a simple but well-cooked breakfast was made ready by this stranger was a source of undisguised admiration. Even coffee, clear and strong, was made in a tin can. One edge of the can was bent into the form of a rude spout; then it was filled two-thirds with water, and set on the stove. When the water came to a boil, half a cupful of ground coffee, tied loosely in a bit of clean muslin, was dropped into it, and allowed to boil for three minutes. A kind of biscuit made of flour, water, shortening, baking-powder, and salt, well mixed, and rolled thin, was quickly baked, first on one side and then on the other, in an iron skillet on top of the stove. At the same time a single cupful of corn meal, well salted, and boiled for half an hour, furnished a large dish of smoking mush. Half a dozen thin slices of bacon broiled on a toaster completed what Winn enthusiastically declared was the very best breakfast he had ever eaten. Still, the boy was so ravenously hungry that it is probable even his own burned and lumpy mixture of corn meal would not have tasted so bad as it looked.

While he was busy with the breakfast the stranger, who said his name was Gilder, talked pleasantly on many subjects. At the same time he managed somehow to learn all about Winn and his family, the raft and how it happened to be where it was, without giving a single item of information concerning himself in return.

When Winn finally declared that he could eat no more, Mr. Gilder also pushed back his chair, and said:

"Now, then, for business. First, I must tell you that you are in a very serious predicament. I examined the position of this raft before coming aboard, and arrived at the conclusion that both it and its cargo are in a fair way of becoming a total loss. As soon as the river falls again, which it is likely to do at any time, the raft will probably break in pieces of its own weight. In that case you would lose both it and your wheat. The only plan I can suggest for saving the raft is to lighten it until it floats clear of the rock on which it is hung, by throwing the wheat overboard; or, if you can manage it, land your wheat on the island, where it can remain until you can take it away. Of course the decision as to which of these things you will do rests entirely with yourself; but you must make up your mind quickly, for with this uncertain state of water there isn't an hour to lose."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE COMING TO LIFE OF BÉBÉ JUMEAU.*

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

AT first Nannie was delighted with beautiful Bébé Jumeau. She could do nothing but make clothes for her—dresses and aprons and caps and sashes, shoulder capes, jackets, and wonderful muffs for her hands. There grew to be a small trunkful of garments of Bébé's own that Nannie had made herself.

One morning Nannie woke very early, and lay looking at Bébé (or Baby as she soon fell into the habit of calling her) fast asleep, with her eyes wide open and staring straight up to the ceiling.

"She would be perfect if she were only alive," said Nannie, aloud. "Why can't she be? She isn't very big, but she is big enough to live."

Then Nannie turned over and went to sleep again. When she woke a second time it was later than usual. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. Baby Jumeau instantly did the same.

Nannie rubbed her eyes harder. What had happened to them to see such strange sights?

Baby Jumeau rubbed her eyes very hard indeed, and began to yawn. "So stupid waking up, isn't it?" she said.

Nannie jumped out of bed. "Are you truly alive, Baby?" she cried. "Tell me. I must pinch myself to make sure."

"Don't pinch *me!*" exclaimed Baby, lying down quickly and pulling the bedclothes over her up to her chin.

"Dear, dear," said Nannie, "to think my wish should come true!"

Baby laughed.

"And what to do with you now that you *are* alive," pondered Nannie. "I'm sure I don't know."

"You will have to take care of me," said Baby.

* Bébé Jumeau is the name given to the French dolls made by Jumeau, of Paris.

"Oh, of course," acknowledged Nan, beginning to dress hurriedly. "You will be so much more fun alive! I suppose you will always be the same age as me, and answer back. When you were only a doll I could have you any age I chose. Sometimes an infant in long clothes, sometimes a sweet little child of five."

"Being alive has its inconveniences," answered Baby.

"Please don't be philosophical!" broke in Nan. "All the world is philosophical nowadays, and I find it tiresome. If you are too I shall not give you any breakfast."

Baby began to cry. The cry sounded a little squeaky, not exactly spontaneous.

Nan jumped up and down for joy. "Oh, oh!" she exclaimed. "Can you really cry? How splendid! Now I *do* believe you are alive!"

Baby laughed. "I'm alive, oh yes, very much. But I'm as helpless as a doll. I cannot even dress myself."

"I'm glad of it!" answered Nannie, promptly. "I shouldn't like to lose my baby. I'd rather dress you."

She pulled Baby out of bed.

"Oh, oh!" cried Baby. "You must not drag me out by one arm that way. I'm alive now, remember. It makes a difference."

"I'm sorry!" said Nan. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I never dreamed you were so sensitive."

"*Please* be careful how you lift my foot," pleaded Baby. "And why do you put upon me the soiled clothes of yesterday?"

Nannie stared at her. "You are only a doll!" she exclaimed. "How can you know what you wear?"

"I like clean under-linen," said Baby.

"Your other things are in the wash. I haven't had time to iron them yet," explained Nannie.

"No excuse," commented Baby. "You must iron them immediately. I fear you are not a good housekeeper."

"I almost wish," said Nannie, "that since you had to come to life you had come as a little—little baby, too small to talk so much!"

Baby laughed. "Then I should have been no companion for you."

"That is true, I suppose," said Nan, sighing. "Mamma says she would not have a companion for anything."

"Why do you make all my bands to button round my waist?" complained Baby. "They are not comfortable. I prefer combinations."

Nannie tossed Baby back into bed.

"Lie there," she cried, "you fussy, particular thing! Lie there and go dead again as soon as you like. I don't care!"

Nannie ran down stairs to breakfast. After breakfast came school, and after school, lunch, and after lunch, a walk with mamma.

After the walk mamma gave Nannie a bit of lovely sky-blue cashmere to make a tea gown for Baby Jumeau.

Baby! Nannie's heart smote her. "If she truly is alive, then she has been starved all day," she thought.

Timidly she opened the door of her room.

Baby still lay where Nannie had thrown her, face downwards on her little blue satin bed.

"Baby, Baby," cried Nannie, taking her up tenderly. "I have been cruel to you, my darling! Please forgive me! And do *do* come alive again."

For Baby lay rigid in Nan's arms, and stared straight up at the ceiling in the usual way of dolls.

"I'm afraid I have starved you to death!" sobbed Nannie.

At this Baby began to cry, and to root around with her mouth like a six-months-old baby.

"What is it, my pet? What does Baby want?" asked Nannie.

Baby did not reply. She only cried, and screamed, and doubled over as though she had colic. She grew red in the face, and kicked and screamed lustily, as babies will when they are hungry and neglected.

"Dear, dear, dear!" cried Nan. "What *am* I to do now?"

She put Baby up over her shoulder, and paced up and down the room. Baby's screams rang more loudly than ever, and she kicked out with her feet and fists in a tempest of fury at not being understood. Just like a live baby!

"I never knew babies could be so troublesome," said poor Nannie. "I believe I'd rather you'd be old enough to talk than young enough to *only* scream."

"Please, Baby," she shouted, "stop screaming, or you cannot hear me! *Please* turn yourself into a nice, dear, dumb, dead Baby Jumeau again." The screams subsided into sobs; heaving sobs like a ground-swell at sea. Little by little Baby sobbed herself to sleep, just like a live baby.

Nannie drew a long breath of relief. "Babies are terrible things," she said. She sat down by the window with her work-basket to cut out Baby's sky-blue tea gown.

Suddenly a voice spoke: "Is dat for me? Me like blue! Me coming!" Baby Jumeau slipped to the floor, and scampered over to Nan in her bare feet. Her yellow curls were tossing and her sweet eyes glowing.

"What are you *now*?" asked Nan, in a tone of dread.

"Baby! Me Baby!" was the lisping reply. "Oh, oh, pretty thimble! Me have pretty thimble. Oh, oh, pretty t'ings! Baby have *all!*"

Next came a moment of intense quiet, signal of mischief. Baby was snipping the pretty blue cashmere into bits with Nannie's little pointed scissors.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what a horrible child!" cried Nannie.

Baby looked up at her innocently with a happy smile.

"I wonder if true children bother so?" mused Nan. "When she was big like me she talked all the time, and asked no end of questions. When she was a baby she screamed and kicked. Now she meddles—*unbearably*."

Baby was roaming about the room—"into everything," as the phrase goes.

"I wonder if she will always stay alive after this!" thought Nannie. Then, with a look of stern determination, "If she does, I'll give her away."

"Oh, but you dare not give away your own child!" cried Baby. "It would be inhuman!"

"Seems to me you are inhuman!" answered the tortured Nan.

Then she looked at Baby sharply. "You look older now," she said; "more as you did when you first came to life."

Baby laughed. "I'm just your age to a day!" she cried. "I've been pretending! That was to make you appreciate me."

"Oh!" said Nan. "Then you never were a screaming baby?" she asked.

"No; I only screamed like one," said Baby. "It's no fun being a baby; they get so badly abused. No one ever understands them. By-the-way, you ought to have given me some milk."

"But I did!" cried Nan.

"In a cup!" scoffed Baby. "Don't you know babies drink out of bottles?"

"How inconvenient!" said Nan. "How do they manage it?" Then she added, "What do *I* know about babies?"

"More than you did before, miss," answered Baby Jumeau.

"And just now," asked Nan, "when you scattered the spools, how old were you?"

"I was a 'sweet little child of five!'" answered Baby. "The most meddlesome age!"

"And now?" asked Nan.

"Now? Oh, now, I'm so hungry!" cried Baby. "You



"OH, OH, PRETTY THIMBLE!" "ME HAVE PRETTY THIMBLE."

have not given me a morsel to eat since I obliged you by coming to life."

"I'll go and get some cookies," said Nannie.

"And make some sandwiches, please."

"But I don't know how," objected Nan.

"That doesn't matter. Cook will teach you. She likes to have you messing round the kitchen."

"Oh, *does* she?" cried Nan. "Much you know." She ran down stairs and returned with a plate of bread-and-butter and another of cream-cookies. "They look so good, I'll eat some too," she said.

"Now if you will be sensible and make up your mind to like me, just as I am, we can have some good times together," said Baby.

Nan nodded; she was nibbling a cookie.

"But you must do exactly as I tell you," said Baby.

"Oh no," replied Nan. "Why should I?"

"And why should you not?" retorted Baby. "First of all, you must cut a slice of buttered bread into delicate doll slices; my mouth is too small to eat those mountains. And please be quick, for I'm starving. That's the worst of being alive; one must eat!"

Nannie cut a doll slice as quickly as she could, and Baby ate it daintily, but with evident hunger. Meanwhile Nan was thinking.

"You never had anything to eat before, I suppose," she remarked, as Baby began on her fifth slice.

"Now you only expose your ignorance!" said Baby, calmly.

"Please don't talk so dictionary!" said Nannie. "Seems to me the longer you stay alive, the worse you grow."

"Like most other people we all know," rejoined Baby.

Nan sighed.

"What is the matter?" asked Baby.

"I once heard my papa say that he disliked people who were quick at repartee. He said sharpness always grew upon them."

"Your papa must be a wise man," said Baby, helping herself to the scallop of a cookie.

Nan watched her — soberly. "I keep thinking what I am to do with you," she said.

"What ever you do with yourself," answered Baby.

"What do you mean?" asked Nannie.

"Why," replied Baby, "you will dress me in the morning carefully, and always with fresh under-linen. Then you will carry me with you on your arm wherever you go—to breakfast, to school, to lunch, to walk—"

"Why, I should be your slave!" interrupted Nan.

"You must see that I am dressed warmly in winter and lightly in summer, but always elegantly, mind. You must always button every button on my boots, and you must carry an extra wrap for fear I might get a chill."

"Seems to me you have turned into an old lady or an invalid," said Nannie.

"You must cut my food into delicate morsels. You must let me share in all your amusements. I particularly like to drive. Above all, you must *never, never* throw me down, as if tired of me, and leave me alone for hours."

"Do you mean that I must always take you about with me every day, wherever I go, from morning till night?"

"Yes, that is what I mean," said Baby. "I wish to see the world."

"But I will not do it," said Nan.

"Oh yes, you will," returned Baby, coolly. "You brought me to life, and now you must take care of me. Else there might be consequences."

"What consequences?" asked Nan.

"I might die of cold or hunger or neglect. Then it would be in all the papers, and you would have to go to prison. I'm not a doll any more; I'm a live Baby."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Nan. "How dreadful it all is! And what will you do for me in return?"

"Give you the pleasure of my company," said Baby.

"Humph!" exclaimed Nannie. "And what else?"

"I shall tell you when you do wrong. You almost always do wrong, you know."

"Do I?" said Nannie.

"Yes. Bad table manners—oh my! I will educate you, my dear."

"What an awful bore you will be!" cried Nannie.

"Now, my child, you must learn to speak politely. Avoid such words as 'awful' and 'horrid.' Besides, you must never call any one a bore—that is, to his face."

"How old are you now?" asked Nannie, suddenly. "Seems to me you are as old as the hills."

"What a *very* impolite child you are! I shall have a long task before me."

"I can change my age at will," said Baby.

Nan's face grew still more melancholy.

"Now look," cried Baby. "I'll show you something." She caught a white lace scarf from her trunk in the

corner, and swinging it high above her head, she let it float lightly about her like a wreath of mountain mist. Then she began to dance. Nannie watched her with delight. Baby twirled and twirled and capered and spun all about the room in mazy circles.

"You seem like a fairy," exclaimed Nan.

"But I'm only a Baby Jumeau," answered the dancer.

"What else can you do?" asked Nannie, when Baby paused out of breath. "Can you skate and play lawn-tennis and ride a bicycle?"

Baby smiled. "I shall keep my accomplishments to surprise you with," she said.

"How queer you are!" exclaimed Nan.

"I hoped you would learn to love me," said Baby, and her voice sounded wistful.

"Perhaps I should, if I could ever get away from you," answered Nan. "I used to love you when you were a doll, but since you've been alive, I don't know."

"I came alive only to please you," said Baby.

"I know," assented Nannie. "And yet, you see, you've made yourself so very disagreeable."

"I thought live folk always did," said Baby.

"Perhaps they do," answered Nan. "But I never noticed it so—so—strong before. It is horrible to me, the thought of carrying you round with me wherever I go."

"Even though you love me?" asked Baby.

"I *couldn't* love you well enough for that," said Nan. Then she added: "You see, I might carry you about always, and enjoy it—*perhaps*. But it is the knowing that I'm obliged to that I hate."

Baby laughed. "Liberty *is* sweet. I think so myself. I'm not at all sure that I care to be pinned to your arm for life."

"But you said it," exclaimed Nan. "I thought, of course, you meant it."

"Live people say many things that they do not mean," said Baby. "Dolls never do. I find it rather demoralizing to be alive. I shall be a doll again very soon, I hope."

"I hope so too," cried Nan. "Oh! I forgot. If you die—and it gets into the papers—and I have to go to prison—"

"Dear child, think a moment. How many Babys Jumeau do you suppose are broken—killed—every day?"

"They are warranted not to break," said Nan.

"How queer live folks are!" exclaimed Baby. "You never can hold them to the point!"

"What is the point?" asked Nan.

"*I'm* the point!" snapped Baby.

"What are we talking about, anyway?" asked Nan.

"I've forgotten," answered Baby. "Besides, I don't care. I don't like being alive. It is only fun for a very, very short time. I'm going to relapse into my original condition."

"Now you are talking dictionary again," said Nannie.

"I mean I'm going back to be a doll. I like it better."

"So do I," said Nan, promptly.

"Please lay me back into my own little bed, and cover me up," said Baby.

Nannie did as she requested, folding the sheet smoothly over the blanket, and arranging Baby's curls picturesquely on the pillow.

"Would you like to have me come to life again some day?" Baby asked.

"Oh, no; *never!*" cried Nan. "Please don't. Promise me that you never will."

"I'm sorry you do not like me when I'm alive," said Baby.

"I'm sorry too," replied Nan; "but it cannot be helped."

"Perhaps I *will* come again some day," said Baby, whose eyes were growing vacant and staring.

Nan had been thinking. She tried to say something comforting. "I did like you when you danced," she said.

"Of course you did. But in this weary world one cannot always be dancing."

"No," assented Nannie. "One would get out of breath."

There was a pause; then Baby started up with a final gasp. "Be sure you make me many new dresses—and—some sandwiches, and—and—wash my under linen, and—"

"And what then?" asked Nan.

The eyes stared straight up toward the ceiling, but again Baby spoke. "I'll come again—some day—just to please you."

The voice ceased. Baby lay in her bed, a pretty, rosy cheeked, smiling doll.

"I hope she will never make herself so disagreeable as to come alive again," said Nan to herself.

"Dolls are dolls and folks are folks. It is better we stay so. What was it she said? Oh yes, I remember: 'Liberty *is* sweet!'"

PICKED UP AT SEA.

BY DAVID KER.

"IT *is* a boat, sure enough."

"And there's a man in her too."

"There are *two* men; one of them is lying down in the bottom of the boat."

"Castaways from some wreck, I suppose. They must have had a hard time of it, poor fellows!"

The Australian trading brig *Pearl*, while on a cruise among the South Sea Islands, had been suddenly becalmed in one of the loneliest parts of the Pacific. A whole day had passed without a breath of wind, and the night that followed was equally still and unusually dark; but toward morning a slight breeze sprang up from the northwest, and the *Pearl* shook out her canvas in readiness for the coming wind.

The boat was evidently drifting slowly along with a cross-current, which would bring it pretty near the larger vessel; and as the breeze freshened, the brig stood direct for her, in the hope of saving the two forlorn men, who seemed to form her whole crew.

But as they neared her, the rescuers began to fear that their help had come too late after all. The man who was lying in the bow of the boat remained as still as if he were actually dead; and his comrade, who seemed to have been steering, had fallen forward in the stern sheets with his head and hands hanging over the side, in an attitude of utter helplessness that told its own story.

A boat was quickly lowered, and the second mate of the *Pearl*, with four of his men, was soon alongside of the strange craft.

"It's all over with this poor fellow here," said he, after a brief inspection of the prostrate man in the bow; "he must have been dead some time. Well, let us see the other one. Aha! *he's* alive, anyhow—I can feel his heart beating! Hand him into the boat, and mind you handle him gently, for he's pretty far gone."

In a trice the rescued man was in the *Pearl's* boat; but as they lifted him, the sailors made a startling discovery. On the stern of the strange boat, just where the name of the vessel to which she belonged must have been painted, the surface of the wood had been so hacked with repeated blows of a hatchet as to efface the name utterly.

"That don't look good, nohow!" muttered the mate, with a meaning shake of his huge black head. "There's been foul play here, or my name ain't Jack Owen!"

As soon as they got him aboard the brig, the helpless man was put under the care of one of the two passengers—a veteran American missionary, who, in the course of a long life spent in wild and remote regions, had learned to do almost everything that could be done by man.

Among other things, he had picked up a very fair knowledge of medicine and surgery; and he at once pronounced that his patient (to whom the other passenger, a kind-hearted German trader, promptly gave up his own berth) was suffering wholly from the effects of prolonged thirst and hunger, and that food and water were the only medicines which he needed.

Both were supplied to him in cautiously small doses, and, little by little, he began to revive; but it was not till two days later that he was able to relate what had befallen him, and then he told a very startling tale.

His name (so he said) was Robert Wilkins, and he had been cook aboard a light English schooner called the *Sea Queen*, bound (like the *Pearl* herself) on a trading voyage among the Pacific islands. During the last few weeks of the cruise the men had behaved in a very disorderly and mutinous way, and the second mate—the first mate having died on the voyage—seemed to encourage, rather than to repress, their turbulence, having (as afterwards appeared) a secret understanding with them.

At length one of the crew having openly threatened the Captain, the latter put him in irons with his own hands. But during the night the men set him free again, and the next morning they all came aft in a body, with the second mate at their head, and made the Captain a prisoner in his turn.

During the scuffle which attended this act of violence, he (Wilkins) had stood by the Captain as best he might; but with the whole crew against them, their case was hopeless from the first. After a short but very sharp fight (in which several men were badly hurt, the Captain himself included) the two were overpowered and disarmed by the mutineers.

"Why they didn't kill us," continued the ex-cook, "I can't think. Perhaps they thought it unlucky, or perhaps they were afraid of being called to account for it by-and-by; but anyhow, instead of settling us both on the spot, they lowered a boat, and made the Cap'n and me git into her, with jest enough food and water to last us for three or four days; and after they'd set us adrift, away they went with the old schooner, heading sou'west by south."

"That, then," cried the Captain of the *Pearl*, who had been listening with great interest, "was why they cut the name of 'Sea Queen' off that boat's starn. They thought that if you were picked up dead, at any rate the *boat* would tell no tales."

"Our stores ran out afore we sighted land," resumed Wilkins, "and the few ships that hove in sight either didn't see us, or didn't care to stop; and ne'er a drop o' rain fell, and not a fish could we catch, try as hard as we liked. Then the calm came, and there we stuck like flies on gum-paper, frying and frizzling in the sun, with our tongues hanging out of our mouths, till at last the Cap'n—who had never been quite right since that hurt he got in the scrimmage—just lay down and died, and I hadn't even the strength to throw the body overboard; and that's the last thing I remember till I woke up and found myself aboard of this here brig."

After this adventure the *Pearl* had a very fair run all the way to Melbourne; and hardly had she cast anchor in the harbor when a merchant bark was seen moving up to a berth alongside of her, the captain of which, after one quick glance at the brig, shouted:

"Jim Ward, ahoy!"

"Hello!" roared Captain Ward. "Is that Dick Brown? Come on board and let's have a look at you."

Captain Brown came on board the *Pearl* in a trice, and the two old sea-dogs shook hands heartily, and slapped each other on the back like school-boys.

"Where are you from last, Jim?"

"Samoa—and a fine run we've had. Where are *you* from, Dick?"

"Manila. And *I* haven't had a fine run, I can tell you! 'Bout four days ago we looked like making a fine run to the bottom; and sure enough, we *did* carry away some of our sticks, as you see. However, I needn't grumble, for we had better luck than some other fellows who were in it—poor lads!"

"How was that?" asked Captain Ward.

"Well, just as the gale was beginning to abate a bit," said his friend, "we sighted a small schooner with a distress signal up; and no wonder, for she had carried away her fo'mast, and was so deep in the water already that we could see she was leaking fast and wouldn't keep afloat much longer. So we bore down to help her if we could; but before we could get anywhere near her, whoosh! a squall of wind and rain burst over us as if some one had emptied it out of a bucket, making it so thick all 'round that you couldn't see the end of your nose. And when it cleared again, and we looked for the schooner, she was *gone*—foundered with all hands, God help 'em!"

"And did you ever find out who she was?" inquired Captain Ward, suddenly struck with a strange suspicion.

"Indeed we did, for her stern was toward us as we bore down, and we could plainly see on it, 'Sea Queen.'"

Captain Ward exchanged a meaning glance with Bob Wilkins, who was standing near him.

"This is a providence, if ever I saw one yet!" said the Captain of the *Pearl*, solemnly. "By turning you adrift like that, those fellows saved your life, and the very death that they meant for *you* has come upon themselves!"



KITTY PLAINLY DECLARES THAT SHE DOESN'T LIKE BEING A DOLL-BABY.
DRAWN BY GEORGE FOSTER

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A BABY'S life seems to hang by a very frail and tender thread, and yet it is wonderful what these creatures of humanity can sometimes endure without being any the worse for it. Such knocks as they get!

On the second day of last September a Mrs. W. S. Danna was on her way from Cincinnati to Colorado with her baby boy, who was about a year old. The baby was allowed to crawl around on the floor of the car, the door of which was open. When the train was twelve miles from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and going at full speed, the boy was missed and could not be found in the car. There could be but one solution of the mystery. He had evidently crawled out upon the platform, and fallen off.

The train was near a station, and a hand-car with four men was sent back to find the baby's body and bring it to its distracted mother. The body was found a few miles from where the baby was missed, but it was a very active little body still. In fact, it did not seem to be in the least injured, and it was having a very pleasant time playing in the sand by the side of the track. How that baby could have fallen from a train running forty miles an hour without being any the worse for it will always be a mystery to its parents and to those who were aboard the train.

It is equal to the escape of the boy who, a few years ago, fell from the top of an eight-story building, alighting on the back of a horse and bounding from thence to the stone pavement, and who was running around the streets as lively as a cricket, and ready for another tumble, in a very few days.

AN ANIMATED PINCUSHION.

IT is rather startling, unless one has seen it before, to come upon a curious prickly ball with earth and dry leaves sticking to it, and while wondering what it might be, to see a head and feet and tail thrust out until a small animal not unlike a mole is quite complete. The tail, to be sure, scarcely counts, as it is only an inch long, and the head is shorter than that of the mole, but the comical little hedgehog belongs to the same family. He is not often seen in the Middle States, as he seems to prefer the colder regions, and he is quite at home in England, where his nest may be found in groves and thickets, and even in gardens.

English literature is quite full of hedgehogs, who have pointed morals and adorned tales for centuries, and as a knowledge of natural history has greatly increased in that time, the point of some of these allusions is quite destroyed, as, for instance, when a poet says,

"Like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his bristles."

A hedgehog knows better than to roll up the wrong way, and he never torments himself with his bristles. All this is provided for; as the prickles or "spines" cover only the upper part of the body to the strong muscles of the sides which enable him to roll up and unroll at his pleasure—while the under part is protected with thick fur. All he has to do when he dreads an enemy is to tuck his head under his breast and draw in his legs, and this rolls him up the *right* way very quickly. An interesting performance not often witnessed is the hedgehog's method of getting down from a height, which is merely to let himself drop and turn into a ball before he touches the ground. After a short rest, he unrolls himself and travels off as sound as ever.

In old times the hedgehog has been accused of doing a great many preposterous things that it could not possibly do if it tried. Ignorant people declared that it stole the cows' milk at night, when these animals were sleeping in the meadows, and that it would roll itself over on fallen apples and other orchard fruit, and carry them off on the ends of its spines. Some even believed that it climbed the trees and knocked down the apples! He *does* eat eggs when he can get at them, but no hedgehog ever yet rolled on them, and then ran away with his ill-gotten spoils. There would not ordinarily be much left after that first performance.

Our pincushion likes bread and milk and many civilized things; but for a night of wild revelry it asks nothing better than to be let loose in the hall of a country house, where it is sometimes kept as a pet and a devourer of vermin, to enter into lively engagements with the beetles and snapping-bugs and crickets that are sure to abound. It catches mice, too, as cleverly as a cat does; but for a steady residence it prefers the garden.

The hedgehog's favorite weakness is snakes, and it loves them well enough to eat them. It has a comical way, when it encounters one, of pushing it over to see if it bites; and as the indignant snake does not leave it long in doubt, the little animal bites off the end of its enemy's tail, and eats its way up, paying no attention to the stings it receives at intervals. A good sized snake will usually serve for two meals, but sooner or later it is always eaten.

A NEW AND WONDERFUL INVENTION.

IN reading a newspaper recently I came across an account of a new and wonderful invention. It is so wonderful that I feel it my duty to spread the news so that the public may be forewarned, for people have been known to indulge in fits on less provocation than the exhibition of this new invention.

Suppose you should wake up some gloomy morning in the fall, and rush to the window to see what the weather was to be. And while you are looking at the gray clouds, and speculating as to whether it would rain or not, suppose you should see the following sentence in bright letters suddenly shine above,

Are You Prepared?

Of course you wouldn't be prepared for any such demonstration, and might imagine that some dire disaster was predicted unless you waited to see what came next, and saw the following flash forth:

Are you prepared for a rainy day?
If not
Stop in on the way down town and buy one of
Peters's Umbrellas!

To see any such advertisement appear in the sky would be decidedly startling, and therefore it is well to be warned. An Englishman has succeeded in perfecting an electric apparatus that enables him to cast luminous letters and figures upon the clouds, so this warning is by no means unnecessary. It is quite possible that such an advertisement may some day be seen. It would certainly be a great novelty at first, and after a while could be made useful. Any great piece of news might be thrown upon the sky so that thousands could read. The portraits of prominent men might be given, and already Mr. Gladstone's familiar face has shone on high. Ships upon the ocean could signal each other at night, and tell each other all the news, so that the passengers might understand also, and not worry the captain to death by questioning.

In a fog at sea the steamer might anchor, and throw out from all sides signs of warning, such as

No Trespassing!
Go Slow, We are Here!

If a man wanted to hire a house, or had one to let, he might advertise the same on the clouds, and feel certain that it would be viewed by a great number of people. He could also give a picture of the house, if he so desired, and then they would know just what he wanted, or what he had. There is absolutely no end to the schemes suggested by this new invention.

But there is also a sad thought in connection with it, for a report further says that on clear nights, when there are no clouds, the inventor has found a way to manufacture artificial ones. This is really too bad. The moonlight is often very desirable for straw-rides or sleighing or some other amusement, and it would be very sad indeed to have a moonlight party broken up by an artificial cloud shutting out the moon, and have a sign staring down upon you advising you to

Go to Jones for Shoes!

This, too, might possibly happen at some future time, and it is well to be prepared. But what a shame it would be to have the skies at night converted into advertising sign-boards! And what would poets do in the future if they couldn't see the "star-gemmed heavens, etc.," and so be unable to write about them?

MARY'S LAMB.

THE real lamb that "Mary had" was a very unfortunate animal, both in its beginning and in its end; only that part of its life that was spent with Mary seemed to be particularly pleasant. It was a twin; and when it was born, its unnatural mother, indignant at having two babies to tend instead of one, pushed it out of the pen to shift for itself. But being too young to grapple with the world, it must have died had not the farmer's little daughter Mary happened upon it. She took it home and fed and warmed it, until the lamb, which seems to have had a

naturally lively disposition, throve wonderfully under this treatment, and quite endeared itself to the family by its playfulness.

When the lamb got old enough to be taken to pasture, it appeared to enjoy its new life quite as much as the others; but it evidently liked frequent changes, and one morning when the time came to deposit it among the clover, it could not be found. Mary started for school, singing as usual; and hearing her voice, the loving lamb came from no one knew where, and followed her; for

"Everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

It was rather unusual, however, for animals to go to school, and at the door Mary picked it up and covered it carefully with her shawl, hoping that it would stay quietly on her desk where she had placed it. But this perverse lamb's one object in life was to follow her, and very soon it was trotting after her into the spelling class. The children, of course, laughed, and the teacher was displeased, until Mary explained the ways of this particular lamb, when he kindly gave her permission to take it home.

Meanwhile the deserted twin, which certainly displayed a great deal of character for a lamb, was on the eve of becoming famous. A young man who was in the school on the memorable morning when the lamb made an attempt to get an education wrote three verses of a poem on it; but he died soon after, and Mary never could tell how the verses came to be published. The lamb itself lived to be quite an old sheep, and was finally killed by the horns of an angry cow, which it may have been investigating too closely.

SOME ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON AND HIS FRIENDS.

NAPOLEON the First found himself in his latter days not only shorn of his power, but in a sad measure deprived of his friends. In the time of his success, however, he had many evidences of the devotion to him and his cause of those by whom he was surrounded.

At the battle of Marengo, for instance, the great Corsican was dictating some written intructions to an officer whose name is unfortunately lost. While writing, a cannon-ball struck the amanuensis, and threw him, grievously wounded, to the ground. Immediately Napoleon called for another secretary, who came. The General began to dictate once more, when the dying soldier with difficulty drew himself up, and gasped,

"General — we — we stopped there." And then he repeated the last words Napoleon had dictated to him, and fell back dead.

A similar incident to this, and one which resulted more happily, is told of Marshal Junot, who, being a good penman, was once ordered to write a letter at the dictation of his commander. This was in the days before blotting-paper was known, and sand was used for drying the ink. The soon-to-be Marshal of France was seated in an exposed situation, taking down the words dictated to him, and had just finished the letter when a shell came screaming through the air, and bursting near where Junot sat, nearly covered the brave fellow with earth.

"Good!" said Junot. "We needed some sand."

Napoleon was the officer who was dictating the letter, and so impressed was he by the coolness of Junot under such trying circumstances that upon every possible occasion thereafter he advanced him in rank, until he finally became one of Bonaparte's most trusted lieutenants.

One of the interesting features of Napoleon's hold upon his soldiers, which was marvellous, and to which no doubt he owed many of the victories which he snatched from seemingly certain defeat, was the manner in which he employed music to keep the courage of his men alive when it was about to falter. He employed certain pieces of music at stated times, prohibiting their use at other times. Some he permitted to be used under circumstances of a peculiar nature, and others were never played until the final charge in a battle. The potency of music as an aid to the maintenance of a soldier's spirit he recognized to the fullest extent, and it is said by writers of judgment that his wonderful feat in taking an army across the Alps in the face of appallingly adverse conditions was largely due to his knowledge as to how best to employ music as an aid. When he perceived that his men hesitated, he ordered the buglers to play their liveliest notes, and when the men were confronted by an apparently insurmountable obstacle, the whole band was ordered to sound forth the battle charge, which so aroused the men that they stopped at nothing.

Considering Napoleon's feeling toward music as an aid to success, it is singular to note that, according to Junot, he always paced the floor, humming some tune, falsely, when he was cross. It is told that upon one occasion a caller wishing to see Bonaparte was thus advised by Junot:

"If you have anything to say to the General, I advise you not to go near him just now, because *he is singing*."

HOW SOME OLD SAYINGS ORIGINATED.

IT seems strange to speak of the United States as "Brother Jonathan," and the wonder is how it ever began; but on inquiring into the matter we find that the custom arose from an ordinary remark made by General Washington at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. On going to Massachusetts to organize the army, he found it scant of ammunition and all means of defence; and no one could suggest any way out of the difficulty. Something must be done at once for the public safety; and General Washington, who had great confidence in the judgment of Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, said in this dilemma, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject."

"Brother Jonathan" was equal to the occasion, and supplied many of the lacking necessities; and afterward during the war it became the custom in any emergency to say, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." In time the name became applied to the whole country, and it is pleasant to know that the great Washington himself was the originator of it.

"A Roland for an Oliver" is a much older expression, which dates from the time of Charlemagne. Roland was his nephew, and like the great Charles, was eight feet high. Oliver, a celebrated knight of the same period, was quite a match for him, and they agreed to test their respective strength and skill in a combat on an island in the Rhine. The contest lasted five days without the slightest advantage to either; if Roland got in a well-directed blow, his opponent gave him quite as good a one in return; or if Oliver performed a feat of extraordinary skill, Roland was sure to match it with a movement quite as adroit.

It was a remarkable and altogether unsettled combat, and it gave rise to the saying, "a Roland for an Oliver," when a person who has attacked another receives a blow or a retort fully equal to what he has given. Whatever it may be that is received, a return in kind is often called "a Roland for an Oliver."

"A feather in one's cap is especially comical when applied to a person who could not be induced to wear either the feather or the cap; but the origin of this expression is many hundred years old, and belongs to Hungary, where it is said to have been an ancient custom among the inhabitants, "that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom only it was lawful to show the number of his slain enemies by the number of feathers in his cap."

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" was first used when Westminster Abbey was called St. Peter's Cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's Cathedral, it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's, quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Over two hundred years afterward, the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while Parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster Abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The Abbey very justly carried the day.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is a very old saying, and was first uttered to the King of Samos, an island in the Grecian Archipelago. This King, Ancæus by name, planted a vineyard and treated the slaves who cultivated it so badly that one of them told him he would never live to taste the wine made from it. When the wine was ready, and a cup of it poured out for the King, he sent for the slave who had prophesied his death, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now. The slave replied, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"—and just as he had spoken the words Ancæus received warning that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was ruining it. Putting down the wine untasted, he rushed out to attack the boar, and was killed.



HER REASON.

ETHEL. "You are very fond of your mustache, aren't you, Uncle James?"
UNCLE JAMES. "Why do you think that?"
ETHEL. "You stroke it so much."

A WAIL.

Alas! alas! the world is queer,
I cannot make it out;
Things are not what they're said to be,
And all is full of doubt

'Tis said that soda-water has
Of soda not one trace;
That milk of lime contains no milk,
That shoe lace isn't lace;

That German-silver is not coin,
That nobles are but plebs;
That copperas is iron salt,
And patriots are rebs

If this be true, what of myself?
I seem a man to be;
Yet if all things aren't what they are,
What, then, becomes of me?

Am I a man, or am I not?
What warrant have I that
I'm not a tennis-racket or
A Maltese pussy-cat?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A QUESTION OF LEGS.

"You ought to run all mamma's errands without grumbling," said papa. "Little boys ought to be better than spiders, and yet spiders are just as patient as possible."

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "and perhaps if I had as many legs as a spider I'd be patienter."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Are you studying arithmetic and geography, Jack?" asked his uncle.

"Yes," said Jack.

"I don't believe you know the difference between them," said his uncle.

"Yes, I do," said Jack; "the geography's bigger than the arithmetic."

AN OBSERVATION

"Baths don't clean everybody," said Jimmie, sagely. "I saw a duck this summer that was in bathing all the time, and my! how dirty he was!"

GOOD REASONING.

Mrs. Pendleton. "Carleton, do you know why Towser runs around so violently to catch his tail?"

Carleton. "Certainly. It is because his tail is so very short."

Mrs. Pendleton. "But suppose it were long?"

Carleton. "Then he wouldn't have to run around to catch it."

A COMMON OCCUPATION.

"What do you do in school, Polly?" asked Polly's aunt.

"Wish I was home," said Polly.

HAROLD'S VIEW.

Mrs. Somerby. "It hurts me a great deal more than it does you when I have to whip you, Harold."

Harold. "Then I think you ought to make me go without bread pudding instead of whipping me. Don't you think so?"

NOT SO EASY.

Papa. "Well, how do you like your new bicycle, Horace?"

Horace. "I like it very much, but I wish it was as easy to get on as it is to get off."

JUST THE SAME.

"Well, Carter, been punished at school lately?" asked his aunt.

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied Carter; "the teacher sends a note to papa, and he attends to it at home."

THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES.

"How many kinds of seals are there?" asked Penelope.

"Well," said papa, "there is one kind that is found on a sheet of paper and another kind that lives on a sheet of ice."



A NEW THING IN AERIAL NAVIGATION—DESIGNED FOR USE IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR



THE WHITE TURKEY'S WING.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

MARY ELLEN was coming home from her school-teaching at the Falls, and Nahum from 'tending in Blodgett's store at Edom Four Corners, and Uncle and Aunt Piper with Mirandy and Augustus and the twins were coming from Juniper Hill, and there was every prospect of as merry a Thanksgiving as one could wish to see. And Thanksgivings were always merry at the Kittredge farm on Red Hill. Uncle Kittredge might be a trifle over-thrifty—a leetle nigh, his neighbors called him—but there was no stinting at Thanksgiving, and when a boy is accustomed to perpetual corn-bread and sausages, he knows how to appreciate unlimited turkey

and plum-pudding; and when he is used to gloomy evenings in which Uncle Kittredge holds the one feeble kerosene lamp between himself and a newspaper, and Aunt Kittredge knits in silent meditation on blue yarn stockings, he knows how good it is to have the house filled with lights and people, jolly games going on in the parlor, and candy pulling in the kitchen. All these delights were directly before Jason Kittredge, as he dangled his legs from the stone wall and whittled away at the skewers which Clorinda, the "hired girl," had demanded of him, and yet his heart was as heavy as lead.

He did not even look up when his sister Minty came up the hill toward him. He knew it was Minty, because she was hop-skipping and humming, and he knew that Aunt Kittredge had sent her to Mrs. Deacon Preble's to get a recipe for snow-pudding; she had said she "must have something real stylish, because she had invited the new minister and his daughter to dinner."

"Oh, Jason, don't you wish it was always going to be Thanksgiving day after to-morrow?" Minty continued her hop-skipping; she went to and fro before the dejected figure on the wall. Minty was tall, for twelve, and she had a very high forehead, which made Aunt Kittredge think that she was going to be "smart." Aunt Kittredge made her comb her hair straight back from the high forehead, and fasten it with a round comb; not a vestige of hair showed under Minty's blue hood, and her forehead looked bleak and cold, and her pale blue eyes were watery, and her new teeth were large and overlapped each other; but Aunt Kittredge said it was no matter, if she was only good and "smart."

"Why, Jason, is anything the matter?" Minty stopped, breathless, and the joy faded out of her face.

Jason continued to whittle in gloomy silence. His hands were almost purple with cold, and the wind flapped his large pantaloons—they were Uncle Kittredge's old ones, and Aunt Kittredge never thought it worth the while to consider the fit if they were turned up so that he could walk in them.

"You don't care because the new minister and his daughter are coming?" pursued Minty. Jason's tastes, as she well knew, did not incline to ministers and schoolmasters as companions in merrymaking. "She's a big girl, almost sixteen, and she will go with Mary Ellen, and we shall have Mirandy and Augustus and the twins, and the Sedgell girls and Nehemiah Ham are coming in the evening; and we shall have such fun, and such lots to eat!"

"That's just like you. You're friv'lous. You don't know what an awful hard world it is. You haven't got a realizing sense," said Jason, crushingly.

This last accusation was one with which Aunt Kittredge was accustomed to overwhelm Clorinda when she burned the pies or wore her best bonnet to evening meeting. Minty's face grew so long that it looked like the reflection of a face in a spoon, and the tears came into her eyes. It must be a hard world, since Jason found it so. He was much stouter-hearted than she; his round, snub-nosed, freckled face was generally as cheerful as the sunshine. Jason had his troubles—Minty well knew what they were—but he bore them manfully. He didn't like to have Clorinda use his hens' eggs when he was saving them to sell, and perhaps it was even more trying to be at school when the eggs-man came around, and have Aunt Kittredge sell his eggs, and put the money into her pocket. Jason wished to go into business for himself, and he had a high opinion of the poultry business for a beginning. Cyrus, their "hired man," had once lived with a man at North Edom who made fabulous sums by raising poultry. But Aunt Kittredge's peculiar views of the rights of boys interfered with his accumulation of the necessary capital. All these troubles Jason bore bravely. It must be some great misfortune that caused him to look so utterly despairing, and to accuse her of such dreadful things, thought poor Minty.

Jason took pity on her woful face. "P'r'aps you're not so much to blame, Mint. You don't know," he said, in a somewhat softened tone. "It's Aunt Kittredge."

Minty heaved a long, long sigh. It generally *was* Aunt Kittredge.

"She's told Cyrus to kill the—the white turkey!" continued Jason, with almost a break in his voice.

"To kill Priscilla!" gasped Minty. "She couldn't she wouldn't! Oh, Jason, Cyrus won't do it, will he?"

"Hasn't he got to if she says so?" demanded Jason, grimly.

"But Priscilla is yours," said Minty, stoutly.

"She says she only let me call her mine. Just as if I didn't save her out of that weak brood when all the rest were killed by the thunder-storm! And brought her up in cotton behind the kitchen stove, no matter how much Clorinda scolded! And found her nest with thirty-one eggs in it in the old pine stump! And she knows me, and follows me round."

"I shouldn't think Aunt Kittredge would want to," said Minty, reflectively.

"She wants a big turkey, because the minister and his daughter are coming to dinner, and she doesn't want to have one of the young ones killed, because she is too stin—"

"I wouldn't care, if I were you. After all, Priscilla is only a turkey," said Minty, attempting to be cheerful.

But this well-meant effort at consolation aroused Jason's wrath. "That's just like a girl!" he cried. "What do you care if you only have blue beads and lots of candy?"

Poor Minty's face lengthened again, and her jaw fell. "There's my two dollars and thirty cents, Jason," she said, anxiously.

Jason started; a ray of hope flushed his freckled face.

"We can buy a big turkey over at Jonas Hicks's for all that money," continued Minty. And then she drew nearer to Jason, and added a thrilling whisper, "And we can hide Priscilla!"

Jason stared at her in amazement. He had never expected Minty to come to the front in an emergency. Perhaps the high forehead meant something, after all. "*She'll* be after you about the money, you know," he said, with a significant nod towards the house.

"It's my own. I earned it picking berries and weeding old Mrs. Jackman's garden. It's in my bank, and the bank won't open till there's five dollars in it."

Jason's face darkened.

"But we can smash it," said Minty, calmly.

Certainly the high forehead meant something.

Priscilla was hidden. The "smashing" was done in extreme privacy behind the stone wall of the pasture. Cyrus was bound over to secrecy, as was also Jonas Hicks, who, after some haggling, sold them his finest turkey for two dollars and thirty cents.

"Cyrus is gettin' real handy and accommodatin'," said Clorinda the next morning, when they were all in the kitchen, and Jason, ignobly arrayed in Clorinda's kitchen-belle apron, was chopping, and Minty was seeding raisins. "I expected nothin' but what I'd got to pick the white turkey, and he's fetched her in all picked and drawed."

"She don't weigh quite so much as I expected," said Uncle Kittredge, as he suspended the turkey on the hook of the old steelyards.

Jason and Minty slyly exchanged anxious glances. Neither of them had looked at the turkey, and Minty's face was suffused with red even to the roots of her tow-colored hair.

Mary Ellen and Nahum came that night, and bright and early on the morning of Thanksgiving day came Uncle and Aunt Piper with Mirandy and Augustus and

the twins, and the house was full of noise and jollity. Jason was obliged to go to church in the morning with the grown people, but Minty staid at home to help Clorinda, and after much manœuvring she found an opportunity to run down to the shanty in the logging road and feed the white turkey. The new minister and his daughter came to dinner, and Jason and Minty were glad that the children had seats at the far end of the table. The minister's daughter was sixteen, and looked very stylish, and Aunt Kittredge said she was glad enough that they had the snow-pudding, and that she had asked Aunt Piper to bring her sauce-dishes.

It had begun to be very merry at the far end of the table in a quiet way, for Aunt Kittredge's stern eye wandered constantly in that direction, and Jason and Minty had almost forgotten that there were trials and difficulties in life, when suddenly Aunt Piper's loud voice sounded across the table, striking terror to their souls.

"You don't say that this is the white turkey? Seems kind of a pity to kill her, she was so handsome. But she eats real well. Now, you mustn't forget to let me take a wing home to Sabriny. You know you always promised her a wing for her hat when the white turkey was killed."

Sabriny was Aunt Piper's niece, who had been left at home to keep house.

"Sure enough I did," said Aunt Kittredge. "Jason, you go out to the barn and get Cyrus to give you one of the white turkey's wings; and, Minty, you wrap it up nice, so it will be handy for your aunt to carry. Go as soon as you've ate your dinner, so's to have it ready, for Uncle Piper has got to get home before sundown."



AUNT KITTREDGE TURNED TO THE SHRINKING FIGURE BEHIND HER.

"Yes, 'm," answered Jason, hoarsely, without lifting his eyes from his plate. He could scarcely eat another mouthful, and Minty found it unexpectedly easy to obey Aunt Kittredge's injunction to decline snow-pudding lest there should not be "enough to go round."

"What are you going to do?" asked Minty, overtaking Jason, as he walked dejectedly through the wood-shed, as soon as dinner was over.

"I don't know; run away and be a cowboy like Hiram Trickey, I guess."

Minty's heart gave a great throb. Hiram Trickey had sent home a photograph, which showed him to have become very like the picture of a pirate in Cyrus's old book, with pistols and a dirk at his belt.

"Jason, the new minister's daughter has got a white gull's wing on her hat, and—and it's up in the spare chamber on the bed, and I don't think Sabriny would ever know the difference."

Jason stared in mild-eyed speechless wonder. Minty had never shown herself a leading spirit before.

"It will be dark before the minister's daughter goes, and there's a veil over the hat, and if we put a little something white on it I'm sure she won't notice. And when she does notice she won't know what became of it. And we can save up and buy her another gull's wing."

"Sabriny 'll know," said Jason, but there was an accent of hope in his voice.

"They don't have turkeys, and they know that Priscilla wasn't a common turkey; perhaps they won't know the difference," said Minty. "Anyway, it will give us time to get Priscilla out of the way. If Aunt Kittredge finds out, she will have her killed right away."

"You go and get the wing off the minister's daughter's hat, Mint," directed Jason, firmly.

Minty worked with trembling fingers in the chilly seclusion of the spare chamber, but she made a neat package. And she stuck on to the hat in place of the wing some feathers from the white rooster.

There was an awful moment as Uncle and Aunt Piper were leaving

"Just let me see whether he's got a real handsome wing," said Aunt Kittredge, taking the package which Minty had put into Aunt Piper's hand.

"Malachi is in considerable of a hurry, and they've done it up so nice," said Aunt Piper. "There! I 'most forgot my sauce dishes, and Sabriny's going to have company to morrow!"

Minty drew a long breath of relief as the carriage disappeared down the lane, and Jason privately confided to her his opinion that she was "an orfle smart girl."

There was another dreadful moment when the minister's daughter went home. They had played games until a very late hour, for Corinna, and she dressed so hurriedly that she did not observe that anything had happened to her hat, but as she went down the garden walk Jason and Minty saw in the moonlight the rooster's feathers blowing from it.

The next morning, in the privacy afforded by the great wood-pile, to which Jason had gone to chop his daily stint, the children debated the advisability of committing the white turkey to the care of Lot Rankin, who lived with his widowed mother on the edge of the woods.

"It's hard to get a chance to feed her," said Jason, "and she may squawk."

"Lot Rankin may tell," suggested Minty. And she heaved a great sigh. Conspiracy came hard to Minty.

Just then the voice of the new minister's daughter came to their ears. She was talking with Aunt Kittredge on the other side of the wood pile.

"There was a high wind last night when I went home, and I suppose it blew away. I am very sorry to lose it, because it was so pretty, and it was a present too," she said.

"Maybe the children have found it; they're round everywhere," said Aunt Kittredge. And then she called shrilly to Jason.

Minty shrank down in a little heap behind a huge log as Jason stepped bravely out from behind the wood-pile, and answered promptly that he had not seen the gull's wing. That was literally true; but how *she* was going to answer, Minty did not know.

It was so great a relief that tears sprang to Minty's eyes when, after a little more conversation, the minister's daughter went away. Aunt Kittredge had taken it for granted that, as she remarked, "If one of them young ones didn't know anything about it, the other didn't."

Minty felt her burden of guilt to be greater than she could bear. And there was no way in which she could earn money to buy the minister's daughter a new feather until berries were ripe and the weeds grew in old Mrs. Jackman's garden. Minty racked her brains to think of something she could give the minister's daughter to ease her troubled conscience. There was her Bunker Hill Monument, made of shells, her most precious treasure; she would gladly have parted with even that, but it stood upon the table in the parlor, and Aunt Kittredge would discover so soon that it was gone. And Aunt Kittredge was quite capable of asking the minister's daughter to return it. Minty felt, despairingly, that this atonement was impossible.

But suddenly a bright idea struck her. The feather on her summer Sunday hat! It was blue—it had been white originally, but Aunt Kittredge had thriftily had it dyed when it became soiled. Blue would be very becoming to the minister's daughter, and perhaps she would like it as well as her gull's wing. There was another sly visit to the chilly spare chamber. Minty took the summer Sunday hat from its bandbox in the closet, and carefully abstracted the blue feather. It was slightly faded, and there were some traces of the wetting it had received in a thunder-storm in spite of the handkerchief which Aunt Kittredge carefully pinned over it; but Minty thought it still a very beautiful feather. She put it into a little pasteboard box, wrote the minister's daughter's name on it, placed it on her door-step at dusk, rang the bell, and ran away.

It was nearly a week before she could find this opportunity to present the feather, for Aunt Kittredge didn't allow her to go out after dark; and in all that time they had not been able to negotiate with Lot Rankin, for Lot had the mumps on both sides at once, and could not be seen. But the very next day after the minister's daughter received her feather—as if things were all coming right, thought Minty, hopefully—Uncle Kittredge sent her down to Lot Rankin's to find out when he would be strong enough to help Cyrus in the logging camp; and Jason gave her many charges concerning the contract she was to make with Lot. But as she was going out of the house, there stood the minister's daughter in the doorway, talking with Aunt Kittredge.

"I shouldn't have known where it came from if Miss Plympton, the milliner, hadn't happened to come in," the young girl was saying. "She said at once, 'It's Minty Kittredge's feather. I had it dyed for her last summer, and there's the little tag from the dye-house on it now.' I can't think why she sent it to me."

Aunt Kittredge turned to the shrinking figure behind her, holding the blue feather accusingly in her hand.

"Araminta Kittredge, what does this mean?" she demanded, sternly.

"I—I—she felt so bad about her gull's wing, and—and—" A rising sob fairly choked Minty.

"Please don't scold her. I'm sure she can explain," pleaded the minister's daughter.

"It's my duty to find out just what this means," said Aunt Kittredge, severely. "I never heard of a child doin' such a high-handed thing! You can do your errand now, because your uncle wants you to, but when you come back I shall have a settlement with you."

Poor Minty! She ran fast, never looking back, although the minister's daughter called to her in kindliest tones.

There was no hope of keeping a secret from Aunt Kittredge when once she had discovered that there was one. The only chance of saving Priscilla's life lay in persuading Lot Rankin to care for and conceal her.

But, alas! she found that Lot was not to be persuaded. He was going into the woods to work, and his mother was "set against turkeys." Moreover, she was "so lonesome most of the time that when folks *did* come along, she told 'em all she knew."

Jason, who had been very anxious, met her at the corner. Perhaps it was not to be wondered at that Jason was somewhat cross and unreasonable. He said only a girl would be so foolish as to send that feather to the minister's daughter. Girls were all silly, even those who had high foreheads, and he would never trust one again. He hoped she was going to have sense enough not to tell, no matter what Aunt Kittredge did.

Poor Minty felt herself to be quite unequal to resisting Aunt Kittredge, but she swallowed a lump in her throat, and said, firmly, that she would try to have sense enough.

As they passed the blacksmith's shop, Liphlet, Uncle Piper's man, called out to them: "Mebbe I sha'n't have time to go up to your house. The blacksmith is sick, so I had to come over here to get the mare shod, and I wish you'd tell your aunt that Sabriny says 'twa'n't no turkey's wing that she sent her; 'twas some kind of a seabird's wing, and it come off of somebody's bunnit, and she's a-goin' to fetch it back!"

Minty and Jason answered not a word, but as they went on they looked at each other despairingly.

"We should have been found out anyway," said Minty.

Her pitifully white face seemed to touch Jason, and arouse a spark of manly courage in his bosom.

"I'll stand by you, Mint, feather and all. You can't help being a girl," he said, magnanimously. "And I won't run away to be a cowboy like Hiram Trickey."

Minty gave him a little grateful glance, but she could not speak. It did not seem so dreadful now about Hiram Trickey. She wished that a girl could run away to be a cowboy.

As they slowly and dejectedly drew near the house they saw a horse and a farm wagon at the door, and through the window they discovered that Uncle and Aunt Kittredge, Clorinda, and Cyrus were all in the kitchen. There was a visitor. Here was at least a slight reprieve. They went around through the wood-shed; it seemed advisable to approach Aunt Kittredge with caution, even in the presence of a visitor.

"Well, I must say I'm consid'able disappointed," the visitor was saying, as they softly opened the door. He was a bluff, burly man, who sat with his tall whip between his knees. "I ought to 'a' stopped when I see her out there top of the stone wall the last time I come by—the handsomest turkey cretur I ever did see, and I've been in the poultry business this twenty years. I knew in a minute she belonged to that breed that old Mis' Joskins had; she fetched 'em from York State. She moved away before I knew it, and carried 'em all with her."

"I bought some eggs of her, and 'most all of em hatched, but that white turkey was the only one that lived," said Aunt Kittredge. "I declare if I'd known she was

anything more'n common, and worthy of havin' her picture in a book—"

"You'd ought to have known it, Maria!" said Uncle Kittredge, testily. "I wa'n't for havin' her killed, and you'd ought to have heard to me!"

"I was calc'latin' to hev her picter right in the front of my new poultry book," continued the visitor, whom the children now recognized as the distinguished poultry-dealer of North Edom for whom Cyrus had once worked. "And I was goin' to have printed under it, 'From the farm of Abner Kittredge, Esq., Corinna.' Be kind of a boom for you 'n Corinna, too - see? And if you didn't want to sell her right out, I was calc'latin' to make you a handsome offer for all the eggs she laid."

"There! Now you see what you've done, Maria! I declare I wouldn't gredge givin' a twenty-dollar bill to fetch that white turkey back!" exclaimed Uncle Kittredge.

"Oh, oh! Uncle Kittredge!" Minty broke away from Jason, who would have held her back, not feeling sure that it was quite time to speak, and rushed into the room. "You needn't give twenty dollars! Priscilla is down in the little shanty in the logging wood! We saved her—Jason and I—and we bought a turkey of Jonas Hicks instead. I paid with my own money, Aunt Kittredge! And then I—I took the gull's wing off the minister's daughter's hat to send to Sabriny, and—and so that's why I sent her the blue feather, and—and Sabriny's going to send the gull's wing back—"

"Jason, you go and fetch that turkey home!" said Uncle Kittredge. "And, Maria, don't you blame them children one mite!"

"I never heard of such high-handed doin's!" gasped Aunt Kittredge.

"I expect I shall have to send you children each a copy of my book with the picter of that turkey in it," said the poultry-dealer. "And maybe the boy and I can make kind of a contract about eggs and chickens."

The minister's daughter wore her gull's wing to church the next Sunday, and she privately confided to Minty that she "didn't blame her one bit." Aunt Kittredge looked at Minty somewhat severely for several days; but only as she looked at her when she turned around in church or fidgeted in the long prayer. And after the poultry book came out with Priscilla's photograph as a frontispiece, and people began to make pilgrimages to the Red Hill farm to see the poultry, she was heard to say several times that "it was wonderful to see how a smart boy like Jason could make turkey-raising pay," and that "as for Minty, she always knew that high forehead of hers wasn't for nothing."



JOHNNY WAS SEIZED WITH A SHIVER THAT RAN ALL OVER HIS BODY.

THE CARELESS BOY WHO LOST HIS HEAD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IF there ever was a more careless boy than Johnny Fletcher, I dread to hear of him, and I shudder to think of what must have been his fate. Johnny was so careless that he seldom put anything back in the place where he found it. His father's house was kept in confusion. The shoe-blacking would be found on the breakfast table among the plates of food, and the garden rake, when any one searched for it, was apt to be discovered under the lounge in the parlor.

This very careless boy's father once told me that the great, heavy piano in the parlor was the only thing that Johnny always left where he found it.

"Surely," I said, "the doors of your house remain in their places."

"Alas! no," said the poor father; "not even the doors escape, for if Johnny finds one shut he leaves it open, and if he finds one open he leaves it shut."

One day the wretched father spoke very seriously to his son. "You may thank Heaven," said he, "that your limbs and bones are all fastened to your body, for if they were not you would lose your legs or your arms, and never be able to find them."

Johnny was a very bad boy, as well as the most careless one in the world, and so he said the worst words that can be imagined. He said, "I don't care."

When he spoke those wicked words, that have caused so many men to be hung, a very strange and terrible

thing happened. He was seized with a shiver that ran all over his body, and a strange lot of noises were heard under his clothes. "Click," went something, "click!" went something else. "Kerchick" sounded from his knees, while his shoulders and ankles and elbows all gave out short sharp sounds like those. The unfortunate boy fell upon the floor, and his father seized him in his arms and carried him to his bedroom—that disorderly room, where a cap and pair of trousers were lying on the floor, where one shoe was on the bed and one was on the wash stand, while a necktie hung on a picture, and a torn book and a penknife lay in a corner. Johnny's mother undressed him to put him to bed, and—oh, horror! it was seen that he had become like a doll! His arms were stuck into his shoulders, and held there with wooden pins. His legs were dovetailed at both ends to fit into his body and into his feet, and in the middle to form his knees, and wooden pegs held all together. His head was joined to his neck in the same way, and pinned there. His hands, his fingers, his toes, everything, was grooved and pinned in this doll-like fashion.

Never was a boy more frightened. He was sorry he had said "Don't care." It needed no lecture to make him promise that he would never touch the wooden pins in his body, and run the risk of mislaying any part of himself.

Still, we must all admit that it was a strange thing for a boy to feel himself all pinned together like a dressmaker's pattern, and it is no wonder that one morning, when he woke before the household was up, little Johnny began to try whether the pins would pull out. They did pull out, and the first thing he knew he had taken himself apart and scattered himself all over the bed. He knew where each part belonged, so he did not think it was any harm to mix himself all up and then piece himself together again, so long as he did it on the bed, where nothing could go astray.

One day Johnny Fletcher wandered into the woods and got lost. He had been losing things all his life, but this was the first time he had ever lost himself. Round and round he wandered until dark. By that time he was so frightened and so tired he thought he would die. A farmer came along and said: "Oh, I know where you live. You live in the village of Mull, and as I am going there, I will take you home."



THE FARMER FETCHED JOHNNY'S FEET THE NEXT DAY.

Johnny got into the wagon, and then his feet pained so much that he unpinned them. After they were loose in the bottom of the wagon he did not feel the pain, and he fell asleep. His father lifted him out of the wagon, never noticing that his feet were off, and carried him to bed, while the farmer drove away with the feet. Fortunately (or unfortunately, I cannot say which) he was an honest farmer, and he brought Johnny's feet back the very next day.



TIED A TAG TO EVERY PORTION OF HIM THAT WOULD COME APART.

Whether this was fortunate or not, Johnny became just as careless as ever again, and said to himself, "If I ever lose any part of myself somebody will surely bring it back."

After that he was forever taking himself to pieces, or unpinning fragments of himself. If one of his arms grew tired he would take it off and go away and forget it. If he skinned a knuckle he would unpin that finger and lay it on the bench or chair on which he was sitting, and often he would go away without it. Everybody found pieces of him everywhere, and he was on the minds of all the people, so that not even the sweethearts of the town ever thought of taking a walk but they would say, "Let us keep an eye out for pieces of Johnny Fletcher."

When Johnny grew older his father got wire and shipping-tags, and tied a tag to every portion of his son that would come apart. On each tag were these words:

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN

TO JOHN FLETCHER, JUN.,

13 BEETLE STREET, MULL.

Johnny was now quite big — I should say he was fourteen—and went about a great deal. Parts of him came home under people's arms, in express wagons, on freight-cars, in the hands of messenger-boys, in wheelbarrows, and every way. Sometimes a leg would lie against a tar-barrel on the cars, and would get all sticky. Other parts got nicked and peeled and gouged and scratched, so that Johnny never dared to go in swimming with the other boys, for fear they would see how damaged and soiled he was. He looked very much the worse for wear. He had lost fingers and toes now and then, and one naughty boy called him "Remnants," a word he had seen in a store on Sixth Avenue, New York.

One night Johnny's head ached terribly. He went to bed, but it ached so that he could not sleep. He never had unpinned his head before, but now he pulled out the pin in his neck with one hand, and with the other hand he lifted his head by the hair and popped it under the bed. That night the house caught fire. Flames and smoke filled every room. The family escaped only with their lives. Johnny's father rushed into the boy's bedroom, wondering how he could sleep in all that smoke. Of course Johnny could not know the danger while his head was under the bed, and Johnny's father did not happen to hear Johnny's head gagging and sputtering and coughing where it lay in the smoke. The father seized the boy, rushed down stairs with him and out into the street, where, in his excitement, he set him down carefully and gently in a big mud-puddle.

That was the last the family ever saw of this unfortunate boy. A little girl said that after the father put Johnny down in the puddle, she saw the boy leap up and run straight back into the blazing house, out of which he never afterwards came. "He had missed something and gone back to get it," said his father; but we know that *he had lost his head*, and that nothing else could have made him venture back into that furnace of fire.

THE WRONG KITTEN.

A TRAVELLER going through some Western woods was struck with their utter loneliness as his horse turned into them from the beaten road; and but for the approach of night, and the shortening of an already long ride by taking this rather gloomy route, he would gladly have gone back to the highway. He kept on, however, comforting himself with the expected good cheer and companionship awaiting him at the house where he was to spend the night; but he could not help wishing that the gloomy silence might be broken by a sound of almost any kind.

And presently he had his wish, although it was not uttered aloud. There were strange cries near him, as of some small animal in great distress; and as a boy, Mr. B—— had always been noted for his kindness to forlorn kittens and puppies. He looked carefully around, and soon discovered near the pathway a half-grown, miserable-looking kitten that seemed to have been starved and ill used. He could not stand this sight any better than he could when a boy; and dismounting from his horse, which seemed quite unwilling to stop, he picked up the deserted little creature and squeezed it into his overcoat pocket.

Any reasonable kitten would have been pleased with the change, and the humane traveller intended to leave it at the house where he was going, which was only a few miles farther on. But his captive was getting frantic; it made a horrible noise, unlike any kitten he had ever heard before; and although Mr. B—— did not trouble himself about this, he presently heard a scream from behind which sounded alarming. The loneliness of the woods had entirely vanished; and on turning around to inquire into this last noise, the astonished traveller saw a large panther rushing after him at a terrible speed. The angry animal was evidently the owner of the troublesome kitten, and she was bent on rescuing her child.

Mr. B——'s first thought was to end his unpleasant predicament by throwing the squalling baby to its mother; but the kitten would neither stay nor go, and it clung so tightly with teeth and claws to the lining of the pocket in which it had been deposited that it was impossible to get it out. All the time its shrieks came thicker and faster as though it were being killed, while the eyes of the panther glared with savage wrath as it drew nearer and nearer.

In this dangerous situation the perplexed traveller tried to get his outer coat off, but he soon found that this would delay him, and every tug he made caused a fresh squall from the wretched kitten. There was nothing to be done but to put spurs to his horse and fly for his life. The panther was gaining on him, and his well-tried horse showed signs of flagging, when just as he was about to despair, the edge of the woods was reached, and the house that marked the end of his journey appeared in sight.

Never was any man more glad of a shelter; but the approach of this strange party was such a noisy one that three or four large dogs rushed out barking at the disturbance, and the panther mother, feeling that the case was hopeless, unwillingly turned back into the woods. One cannot help feeling sorry for the poor thing who was struggling for her own child; while Mr. B—— was equally innocent in protecting a deserted kitten that was calling its mother when he picked it up. Finding it left on his hands after all, he took it home and brought it up to be quite a civilized member of the family. It became a great pet, and visitors found it very entertaining when they could get over their first fear of so formidable-looking a cat. There really seemed to be no harm in the creature on a closer acquaintance; and Mr. B—— declared that he was fonder of it than he ever expected to be when it was clawing the lining out of his overcoat pocket and squalling like a whole bagful of kittens rolled into one.

ON GRUYO'S RANCH

BY FELIX L. OSWALD

A VERMONT school-teacher of my acquaintance knows a boy who crossed the Hudson River in a canoe, and walked forty miles to see the wild animals in the New York Central Park.

I have often wished that little fellow could have found a job in Venezuela, on Captain's Gruyo's ranch, where I once spent a memorable afternoon. The Captain had sent me a note asking me to come and take a look at one of his neighbors who had been kicked by a vicious horse, so I hired a team at the railway station, and found a guide who pretended to be perfectly familiar with the road to the Captain's ranch.

The distance from the station was about nine English miles, and we did find our way as far as the rail fence of the Captain's pasture, but there my guide appeared to get puzzled.

"This cannot be the main road," said he, after looking up and down the fence for several minutes.

"Didn't you find a gap in that fence on the other side of those cancho-trees?" asked the driver.

"Yes, I saw it," said the guide, "but there is one of the Captain's harpy eagles sitting on a stump, and he looks so vicious I am afraid he will fly at us if we try to pass. I can't see anything like a gate. Let's take down some of these rails and drive in, anyhow."

We tried that plan, and had just replaced the rails when a puma leaped down from a wayside tree, and landed in the brambles with a crash that made our horses rear and snort with horror.

"Never mind, never mind, sir," laughed the guide. "That's only old Pinto, one of the Captain's pets. He's a nuisance for playing such tricks, but there is no harm in him."

"Do you think this is the right road?" asked the driver.

"Yes; just keep ahead," said the guide. "We can't miss the— Hold on!" he suddenly interrupted himself. "Keep a little more to the right, will you. I thought I heard something snort in that bush, and I'm afraid it's that big ant-bear. It would scare the horses crazy if he should suddenly rear up on his hind legs. But this is the right road," he added. "Look over yonder. You can see the roof of the house. And here comes Chico, the Captain's pet monkey. He doesn't go out alone, I know. I expect we'll see some of the folks directly."

Master Chico, too, proceeded to make himself at home. Grabbing the spokes of a wheel he swung himself up, but getting a glimpse of the puma he gave a squeak, and hastily retreated behind my mantle, where he hid his head, every now and then crawling out to take a peep at the big cat.

I had forgotten all about him, when the driver suddenly stopped his team. "Look at that monkey," said he. "There he goes. He's pulled that big silk handkerchief out of your overcoat pocket, and is making away with it. He will tear it all to shreds."

"No, he won't," said the guide, leaping down in the grass. "I'll warrant you I catch him before he gets over that fence," meaning the fence of a separate pasture, where the Captain's cattle were grazing in the shade.

The monkey, indeed, at first seemed to be jogging along at his leisure, but seeing the pursuer, he gathered himself up, and contrived to cross the fence some twenty yards ahead. Somehow or other he did not like the looks of those cattle, and turning aside into a brier patch, soon got his plunder entangled, and at once took to his heels at a double-quick, while the guide picked up the handkerchief, and waved it over his head in triumph. But the next minute we saw him lower his signal-flag, and start for the fence at full speed, closely followed by a black bull.

"That's old Sylvester," laughed the driver. "That

young fellow will catch it if he doesn't hurry up. See that. They've both got over the fence. Here they come. Now watch me stop that brute if he comes this way."

"We had better get our team out of the way," I suggested; but the driver had already snatched an axe from the tail-box of his wagon, and planted himself squarely in the path of the raging bull.

"Turn aside. I'll stop him for you, Tom," shouted the driver; and the guide had almost reached our team, when he suddenly saved himself by a sideward leap, and ran up the slope, whooping and yelling, to assist the stratagem of his friend.

The bull turned, and swinging himself around, was about to resume the chase in the new direction, when the driver's axe hit one of his horns with stunning force. Down he came, head foremost, and when he regained his feet he seemed to be completely stupefied, and kept turning slowly in a circle, hanging his head, and squinting upward as if he was not quite sure if the top of his skull was still in the right place.

"He won't bother us any more," laughed the guide. "Here's your handkerchief, sir; that wretched ape did rip it a little, but I snatched it in time, after all. Hello, here comes the Captain."

"You had quite an adventure, Doctor, I see," said Captain Gruyo, as he shook hands with me. "You somehow missed the right road, but that wouldn't have made much difference if your boy had not waved that red handkerchief. The moment I saw it I knew old Sylvester was going to rush him. Well, let's go to the house, and, by the way, you've just come in time to see that Spanish greyhound I told you about. The owner brought him along this morning, and told me you can have him for a dollar and a half. See him romp about on that lawn over yonder."

The dog in question was not much bigger than a terrier, but had the shape and graceful movements of a true greyhound. As he approached the house, he darted about the lawn, and in and out of the shrub plots, but upon entering a copse of flowering mesquit bushes he shot out a little faster than usual. A big long-legged bird had picked himself out of the tall grass of the copse, and at once took after the dog, kicking like a mule whenever he came in reach of the fugitive.

"Here, pup! here, pup!" shouted the Captain. "Bad luck, that's the *avestruz*" (Rhea, or South American ostrich). "That foolish dog will get his head kicked off if he doesn't take care."

The dog at first seemed inclined to show fight, but after the ostrich had kicked him once or twice all over the lawn like a football, he concluded to take safety in flight, but limped too much to have much chance of escape, so we all rushed to the rescue, and by shouting and swinging sticks at last succeeded in routing the vindictive bird.

"Look here, Captain, don't you think you have got one or two pets too many?" said the driver.

"Yes, I'm afraid you are right," laughed the Captain; "but I declare I didn't know that old ostrich had got out of his pen. We generally keep him in the corral behind the stable."

"The ostrich? Oh, that's not what I mean," said the driver. "I was going to tell you about your tapir. He came trotting down the road when I had hitched my team, while you were gone, and came near scaring my horses out of their wits. One of them broke the halter, and they both started down the road, and nearly got to the fence before I could head them off. Your tapir kept chasing them and grunting like a big porker."

"Where is he now?" cried the Captain, excitedly, and snatching up a stick ran in the direction of our team.

While he was gone a boy took the opportunity to step up and ask me if I could find time to take a look at the Captain's sick neighbor. "Please don't open that cage, sir," said the boy, when I put my hand on the lid of a big box that I had mistaken for a spring-house; "the Captain keeps his snakes in there, and they are apt to crawl out and twist around your legs."

I found the sick man in bed, with his knee badly swollen, in consequence of his encounter with a wild pony, which the Captain had captured on the pampa and dragged home as a curiosity.

An hour after, I met the proprietor of the greyhound. "I'm afraid that ostrich hurt your dog," I remarked, as the poor puppy came limping up the road.

"Oh, he's all right, no bones broken," said the farmer; "but this morning he came mighty near getting into a worse scrape. I saw him nose about the stable where the Captain keeps his wild-cats, and he would have squeezed himself in, sure enough, if I had not grabbed him in the nick of time."

We had no difficulty in concluding the bargain, and seeing that the sun was getting rather low, I put the dog into the hack and bade the Captain farewell. Our guide was going to take the same road back, as it was really a short-cut to the public highway.

"Keep an eye open for that bull, Tom," said the driver. "I'm afraid he is ready for mischief again by this time."

"Oh, he's all right," said the guide. "You knocked him too cross-eyed to walk straight for a week to come."

But the driver was right after all. We had already left the plantation and entered the sandy road through the woods, when a crashing in the bushes made us look back. There came our friend the bull, more vicious-looking than ever, but otherwise evidently not much the worse for his late adventure.

"Jump out, Tommy," cried the driver. "Here, take this pole" (a "caraxo pole," or goad, used instead of a whip in Spanish America), "and hand me that axe. Let's play the game over again."

Tommy leaped down, and after attracting the attention of the bull, turned sharp to the left into the woods, while the driver stood ready, axe in hand. But this time old bull was on his guard, and wheeling short about, dashed into the bushes before the driver got the least chance to repeat his trick. Splash! and a heavy plunge.

"Did you hear that?" cried the driver. "That brute has chased him in the lagoon. There's a big pond on this side of the road. Let's hurry up and see what we can do about it."

Poor Tommy was paddling about the lagoon, dodging like an otter whenever the bull came too close. But the moment he tried to land, the brute gained on him, and obliged him to plunge in the water again.

"Get your pole, Tom, quick!" yelled the driver. "See it float there? Give him a good one in the ribs! That's right! Try that again! Now again! Let's see how long he can stand it! Wait! I'll help you a bit if I find a stone. Hurrah! Here he goes! No place like home, is there, old fellow?"

The bull suddenly had struggled out of the water, and, after turning back to get a look at his sore ribs, started for home at a straight gallop, with his tail flying.

"Too bad, gentlemen, too bad," said Captain Gruyo, who had been attracted by the uproar of the bull-fight, and helped us pull our guide ashore. "I made sure that old rascal had got enough of his first lesson, but I'll stake my ranch that he will not bother you any more this evening. By-the-way, since you did get out in this part of the woods, wouldn't you find time to step across to my old stables in that clearing yonder? I caught four young wolves last fall, and penned them up, to see if they can't be tamed. It's only a quarter of a mile out of your way. Wouldn't you like to take a look at them?"

But we had seen pets enough for one day, and resumed our road to La Guayra.

END RUSH, AND THE END RUSHER

BY F. W. HALLOWELL, OF THE HARVARD ELEVEN.

THE game of football has changed to such a degree in the last four years that many of the positions are scarcely recognizable. The end rush is one of these. If an end rusher of four years ago, who had not followed the game since that time, should come into the field to-day, he would feel completely lost. Formerly the end rusher always played opposite his opposing end, more as tackles and guards do now. He must break through his opponent, and tackle the man with the ball. There was no heavy interference to avoid after he had broken through—merely one man with the ball, and most of his skill came in the first breaking through. This occasioned perhaps less head-work for the end rusher and more scrapping than he has to do to-day. Also, when the ball went out of touch at the side lines, the end rusher used to put it in play by touching it in. At present the ball is generally carried in ten or fifteen yards and put in play from a down.

There is one duty which the end rusher of to-day and of four years ago has in common—a duty which he must continually bear in mind. He must always watch the ball and follow it as closely as possible. Wherever the ball goes he must be after it, ready to drop on it if there is a fumble. This is one of the most necessary attributes of a good end rusher.



GOING DOWN FIELD ON A KICK.

His general play is divided into two distinct parts, offensive and defensive; offensive when his own side has the ball, and defensive when his opponents have it. In the offensive there are two styles of play commonly used by the end rusher. He either stands in the line next his tackle, or takes his position back on a line with the half backs. When standing in the line he seldom is in front of his opposing end. A quarter back or rush-line half back has generally come into the line on the other side, and the tackle moves in to take him. The end must block the inside man, and take the opposing tackle, thus leaving his opposing end unblocked. As the play starts he either makes a hole, or, if the play is on the other side of centre, cuts across in front or runs round behind and shoves. If he is not playing a line game, but what is commonly known as "ends back," he stands next the half back, starts with them, and forms with the back a block of interferers around the runner. If the signal is given for a kick he must start the instant the ball is snapped, avoid his opposing end, who will probably try to delay him; must sprint down the field for all that is in him, and be ready to hold the opposing full back. During the run down the field he must not lose track of what is happening. After getting a good start he must look over his shoulder to see where the ball is going, in order to be able to follow it closely. This is most important of all. Follow the ball closely; by doing this, you are always ready to take advantage of any missplay of your opponents. It does not sound like much, but it often means the winning or losing of a game on what is called a fluke.

On the defensive work, the playing of the end rusher stands in close relation to that of the tackle next him. By constant practice with each other, the end and tackle must learn to know in what way and just how much ground the other can cover. Each must feel perfect confidence in the other, and learn to depend on the other. On these two men falls the work of stopping round-the-end plays. The end must drive the runner in, and the tackle get him. If the end has a man in front of him, blocking him, he must think just how he is going to get through the first man. If he is unblocked, as is more often the case, his sole idea is to get through the interference and get at the man with the ball. In football of to-day the faculty of avoiding interference is much more useful to an end than that of breaking through a rush line. To learn to do this is perhaps his most difficult task. Each man must have his individual way. No two ends ever play exactly alike, but the many different ways can be summed up as variations of the three following:



READY FOR ACTION.

First, as the end meets the interference, he can get down very low, sometimes on his knees, bending almost to the ground; then, after the first interferers have passed over him, thinking perhaps that they have knocked him out of the play, he can jump up and grasp the runner. To do this, the end must be very strong and very quick, and it is much more of an individual than a team game. If the runner gets by the end, he is pretty sure of a touch-down, for all his interferers are still around him.

Another way is to meet the interference, keeping outside of it and at arm's-length, making sure that the runner turns in, and ready to duck in after him. But in this way it often happens that the end is shoved completely out of the play, and might just as well have not been there at all.

The third way is to buck into the interference and slow it up, perhaps destroy it, and get the man if you can. To do this, the end must be very powerful, and must also be very careful not to get drawn in so that the play can get round outside him.



WATCHING THE BALL.

All these methods have their good points and their faults. Perhaps a combination of them all is best. Each man must work it out for himself; a little man may get an advantage from the one way, a big man from another.

If the play is through the centre, the end must be careful not to get drawn in too much. It may be only a fake, and while he is diving under the pile, the runner may sneak

out round the outside. The end must always keep it in mind that he is responsible for all the territory outside his position. After he has made sure of that, then let him make himself useful somewhere else.

When his opponents kick, he can do one of two things; either go through and try to stop the kick, or else block his opposing end, and interfere with him as he runs down the field under the kick. Which of these it is best for an end to do is an open question. It depends largely on the size and character of the end rusher. Some men can make themselves more effectively useful one way, some the other.

The requirements for a good end rusher are agility, speed in running, coolness in a tight place, and quick judgment in deciding the best thing to be done. Of course he must be able to tackle clean and hard. It is no drawback for him to be large if he is also quick and agile.

No one can thoroughly understand the position without long experience; but if any school-boy wishes really to enjoy the game of football, let him begin now and make a study of the best position of the field—that of end rush.

TWO TRUE STORIES.

JOHN was a coachman who took life most seriously, and being very particular, would return frequently in the course of the day to make sure that he understood the orders that had been given him in the morning. One afternoon he presented himself before his mistress, and began:

"Mrs. T——, Oi'm not quite certain ez to Mr. T——'s ordher this mornin'. Oi was drivin' him to the thrain, an' he noticed that the horse was lame, an' he told me to do somethin' to him, mum; but sure Oi don't know whither he told me to *shoe* him or to *shoot* him. Mebbe ye can till me."

A shoeing was evidently required, but the execution of the order, and likewise of the horse, was deferred until Mr. T—— returned.

Again John was driving Mr. and Mrs. T—— to the station, when it was noticed that the horse would stop every now and then, and Mr. T—— remarked upon it.

"What is the matter this morning, John?" he asked.

"Shure, soir," said John, "the horse is a sinsible craythur, an' Oi think that he stops now an' thin to listen as to what yez are sayin' behind his back, soir."

The truth of the matter was, though, that John, in trying to listen himself, neglected to pay attention to his business, but his ready wit saved him from any reprimand on that occasion.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A GANG OF "RIVER TRADERS."

FOR a whole minute Winn sat silent, while from the opposite side of the table Mr. Gilder regarded his perplexed countenance with an expression that was not altogether pleasant. Winn, suddenly looking up from his hard thinking, was a bit startled by it; but as it instantly melted into one of smiling sympathy, his confidence in the man remained unbroken. Had he seen Mr. Gilder two hours earlier, instead of one, his opinion of the individual who had just prepared such a capital breakfast, expressed so great friendliness, and now showed him so plainly the unpleasant predicament into which he had fallen, would have been decidedly different.

At that time Mr. Gilder was kneeling beside an opening in the floor of a log hut, in the centre of the island, and lifting from it a tray of odd-looking but beautifully made tools. The hut was small and rudely constructed. It was surrounded by a dense forest growth, and stood in a tiny clearing from which no road or trail could be seen to lead. All its appointments were of the most primitive description, and yet a single glance into its interior would have impressed one with the belief that its occupants were millionaires. The effect of piles and stacks of greenbacks, enough to form the capital of a city bank or fill the vaults of a sub-Treasury, amid such surroundings, would certainly have startled even those accustomed to the handling of great wealth. The bills, all of which were new and crisp, were done up in neat packages, each of which was marked with the number of hundreds or thousands of dollars it contained. In one corner of the room stood a small printing-press of exquisite make. Besides this press, a work-bench, table, and several rude stools, the room contained only the piles of greenbacks.

A man sat beside the table counting and sorting a large number of bills, the worn appearance of which showed them to have been in active circulation for some time.

"I tell you what it is, Jim," the other was saying, as he bent over the secret opening in the floor, "it's high time we were moving. This is a first-class location, and we've done well here; but you know as well as I do that our business requires a pretty frequent change of scene, and I'm afraid we've staid here too long already. One of those mill fellows said only yesterday that we must have collected a powerful lot of stuff by this time, and asked if we weren't about ready to invite him up to inspect and bid on it. I told him we were thinking of putting it into a raft and taking it down river. Never had such an idea, you know, but the notion just popped into my head, and I'm not sure now but what it's as good a one as we'll strike. What do you think?"

"It 'll take a heap of hard work, and more time than I for one want to spare, to build a raft large enough for our purpose," answered Grimshaw. "Still, I don't know as the idea is wholly bad."

"It would take time, that's a fact," answered Mr. Gilder, lifting his tray of tools to the table, and proceeding to polish some of them with a bit of buckskin. "And it looks as though time was going to be an object with us shortly. That last letter from Wiley showed that the Chicago folks were beginning to sniff pretty conspicuously in this direction. I've been asked some awkward questions lately, too. Yes, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that we ought to be getting out of here as quickly as we can make arrangements. We must talk it over with Plater, and come to some decision this very day. He's— Hello! Something's up. Plater was to stay in camp till I got back."

Again came the peculiar, long-drawn whistle that had arrested the attention of the men, and which denoted the approach of a friend. Mr. Gilder stepped to the door and answered it. Then he looked expectantly towards a laurel thicket that formed part of the dense undergrowth surrounding the hut. In a moment the dripping branches were parted near the ground, and a man, emerging from the bushes on his hands and knees, stood up, shook himself like a Newfoundland dog, and advanced toward the open door. He was a large man with long hair and a bushy beard. He was clad in flannel, jeans, and cowhide boots, and was evidently of a different class from Mr. Gilder, who appeared to be a gentleman, and was dressed as one.

"What's up, Plater?" asked the latter.

"Big raft, three shanties on it, in false channel, saddle-bagged on the reef pretty nigh abreast of camp. Can't see nobody aboard. Reckon she broke adrift from somewheres while her crew was off on a frolic."

"You don't say so!" cried Mr. Gilder, excitedly. "Perhaps it's the very thing we are most in need of, sent by a special providence to crown our labors with success. I'll

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 659.

go down and have a look at her, while you stay here and help Grim pack up the stuff. We might as well be prepared for a sudden move, and he'll tell you what we have just been talking about."

So Mr. Gilder, donning his rubber coat, a garment that Plater would have scorned to wear, left the clearing through another bushy thicket on the opposite side from that by which his confederate had entered it. An almost undiscernible path led him to the shore of the island that was washed by the main channel of the river. Here he struck into a plainly marked trail that followed the water's edge. In this trail Mr. Gilder walked to the southern end of the island, and up its other side until he reached a comfortable camp that bore signs of long occupancy. It stood high on a cut bank, and just below it a rude boom held a miscellaneous assortment of logs, lumber, and odd wreckage, all of it evidently collected from the stray drift of the great river.

From the edge of the bank, a short distance from this camp, the man commanded a good view of the stranded raft, and for several minutes he stood gazing at it. "There's the very thing to a T, that we want," he said to himself. "Not too big for us to handle, and yet large enough to make it seem an object for us to take it down the river. I can't see what they want of three shanties, though; one ought to be enough for all the crew she needs. Our first move would be to tear down two of them, and lengthen the other; that alone would be a sufficient disguise. We haven't got her yet, though, and she isn't abandoned either, for there's smoke coming from that middle shanty. I reckon the cook must be aboard, and maybe he'll sell the whole outfit for cash, and so give us a clear title to it." Here Mr. Gilder smiled as though the thought was most amusing. "I'll go off and interview him anyway, and I'd better be about it too, for the river is still rising. She won't hang there much longer, and if the fellow found his raft afloat again before a bargain was made he might not come to terms. In that case we should be obliged to take forcible possession, which would be risky. I'm bound to have that raft, though. It is simply a case of necessity, and necessity is in the same fix we are, so far as law is concerned."

While thus thinking, Mr. Gilder had stepped into a light skiff that was moored near the boom, and was pulling towards the stranded raft. He first examined its position, and assured himself that very little labor would be necessary to float it; then he stepped aboard, and very nearly lost his customary self-possession upon the receipt of Winn's warm greeting. He was on the point of returning it in a manner that would have proved most unpleasant for poor Winn, when he discovered that his supposed assailant was only a boy, and that the act was unintentional. It took the shrewd man but a few minutes to discover the exact state of affairs aboard the raft, and to form a plan for gaining peaceful, if not altogether lawful, possession of it. This plan he began to carry out by the false statement of the situation made to Winn at the conclusion of the last chapter. This beginning was not made, however, until he had first gained the lad's confidence by a deed of kindness.

When Winn looked up from his hard thinking he said: "I hate the thought of throwing the wheat overboard, even to save the raft. There are two thousand bushels of it, and I know my father expects to get at least fifty cents a bushel. So it would seem like throwing a thousand dollars into the river. Then, again, I don't see how it will be possible to land it, and so lighten the raft. It would take me a month to do it alone with my canoe. Besides, father is sure to set out on a hunt for the raft the moment he finds it is gone, and so is likely to come along most any time."

"All the greater need for haste," thought Mr. Gilder; but aloud he said: "That is very true, but in the mean time your raft will probably break up, and your wheat spilled in the river, anyway. Now suppose you agree to pay me and my partners a hundred dollars to get the wheat ashore for you and reload it after the raft floats."

"I haven't a cent of money with me," replied Winn.

"That's bad," said the other, reflectively. "It's awkward to travel without money. But I'll tell you what we'll do. I hate to see a decent young fellow like you in such a fix, and I'm willing to take a risk to help him out of it. Suppose I buy your wheat? I told you that I and my partners were river traders. To be sure, our business is mostly in logs, lumber, and the like; but I don't mind taking an occasional flier in wheat, provided they are willing. You say your father expects to get fifty cents a bushel for this wheat. Now I'll give you forty-five cents a bushel for it; that is, if my partners agree. That will leave five cents a bushel to pay us for landing it, transferring it to some other craft, and getting your raft afloat. What do you say?"

"I wish I could ask father about it," hesitated Winn, to whom, under the circumstances as he supposed them to exist, the offer seemed very tempting.

"Oh, well," sneered Mr. Gilder, "if you are not man enough now to act upon your own responsibility in such an emergency, you never will be. So the sooner you get home again and tie up to your mother's apron-string the sooner you'll be where you belong."

The taunt was as well worn as it was cruel, and should have given Winn an insight into the true character of his new acquaintance, but on a boy so proud of his ability to decide for himself and so ignorant of the ways of the world as this one, it was sufficient to produce the desired effect.

Winn flushed hotly as he answered: "The wheat is my father's, and not mine to sell; but for the sake of saving it as well as the raft, I will let you have it at that price. I must have the cash, though, before you begin to move it."

"Spoken like the man I took you to be," said Mr. Gilder, heartily. "Now we'll go ashore and see my partners. If they agree to the bargain, as no doubt they will, we'll get to work at once, and have your raft afloat again in no time."

Chapter VIII.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE RAFT.

When Winn and his new acquaintance stepped outside of the "shanty," it did not seem to the boy that the river was falling, or that the raft was in a particularly dangerous position. He would have liked to examine more closely into its condition, but his companion so occupied his attention by describing the manner in which he proposed to remove the wheat, and so hurried him into the waiting skiff, that he had no opportunity to do so.

The "river-traders'" camp was not visible from the raft, nor did Mr. Gilder, who handled the oars, head the skiff in its direction. He rowed diagonally up stream instead, so as to land at some distance above it. There he asked Winn to wait a few minutes, until he should discover in which direction his partners had gone. He explained that one of them had been left in camp at a considerable distance from that point, while he and the third had been rowing along the shore of the island in opposite directions, searching for drift-logs. Thus he alone had discovered the stranded raft. Now he wished to bring them to that point, that they might see it for themselves before he explained the proposed wheat deal. With this Mr. Gilder plunged directly into the tall timber, leaving Winn alone on the river-bank.

It was fully fifteen minutes before the man returned to the waiting lad, and he not only looked heated, but anxious.

"I can't think what has become of those fellows," he exclaimed, breathlessly, as he wiped the moisture from his forehead with a cambric handkerchief. "I've been clear to camp without finding a trace of either of them. Now there is only one thing left for us to do in order to get them here quickly. You and I must start around the island in opposite directions, because if we went together, we might follow them round and round like a kitten chasing its tail. If you meet them, bring them back here, and I will do the same. If you don't meet them, keep on until you are half-way down the other side of the island, or exactly opposite this point; then strike directly into the timber, and so make a short-cut back here. In that way you will reach this place again as soon as I, for the island isn't more than three hundred yards wide just here. Be spry, now, and remember that the safety of your raft depends largely upon the promptness with which we get those other fellows here."

With this Mr. Gilder began to walk rapidly down the shore in the direction he had chosen. Carried away by the man's impetuosity, Winn did not hesitate to obey his instructions, but started at once in the opposite direction. Mr. Gilder, noting this by a backward glance over his shoulder, instantly halted, and concealed himself behind a large tree trunk. From here he peered at the retreating figure of the boy until it was no longer visible; then he gave the peculiar whistle with which Plater had announced his own approach to the log hut in the woods. The sound was immediately answered from no great distance, whereupon Mr. Gilder hastened in that direction. A minute later he returned, bringing a coil of stout rope, one end of which he made fast to a tree on the bank. At the same time both Grimshaw and Plater appeared, each bearing a large package securely wrapped in canvas on his shoulders.



A BROAD STREAM OF WHEAT RUSHED OUT ON THE DECK.

All three men entered the skiff and pulled out to the raft, carrying the loose end of the rope with them. Mr. Gilder and Grimshaw quickly returned to the land, leaving the burly Plater to make a vigorous attack with an axe against the sides of one of the wheat bins. He soon splintered and tore off a board, leaving an aperture through which a broad stream of wheat rushed out on the deck of the raft. This Plater began to shovel overboard, working with furious energy, as though combating a hated enemy. In ten minutes both bins were empty, and so much of the wheat had gone into the ever-rising waters that the craft, which had been on the point of floating when Plater began his operations, now did so, and swung in close to the bank at the end of its new cable.

In the mean time the other men had brought several skiff-loads of their peculiar merchandise to the raft, and now it took but a few minutes to transfer what remained on the bank directly to it. Even the tent, which had been hastily torn down, together with a portion of their camp outfit, was tossed aboard, and within fifteen minutes from the time of Winn's departure the *Venture*, with its new crew at the sweeps, was moving slowly out from the island, and gathering impetus from the current for a continuance of its eventful voyage.

Without a suspicion that the gentlemanly stranger who had so kindly smoothed away his culinary difficulties, and, while apparently willing to assist him, was also anxious to make a good bargain for himself, was anything but what he appeared to be, Winn made his way briskly toward the head of the island. It was only after rounding it and starting down the opposite side without seeing a sign of those whom he sought that he began to have misgivings.

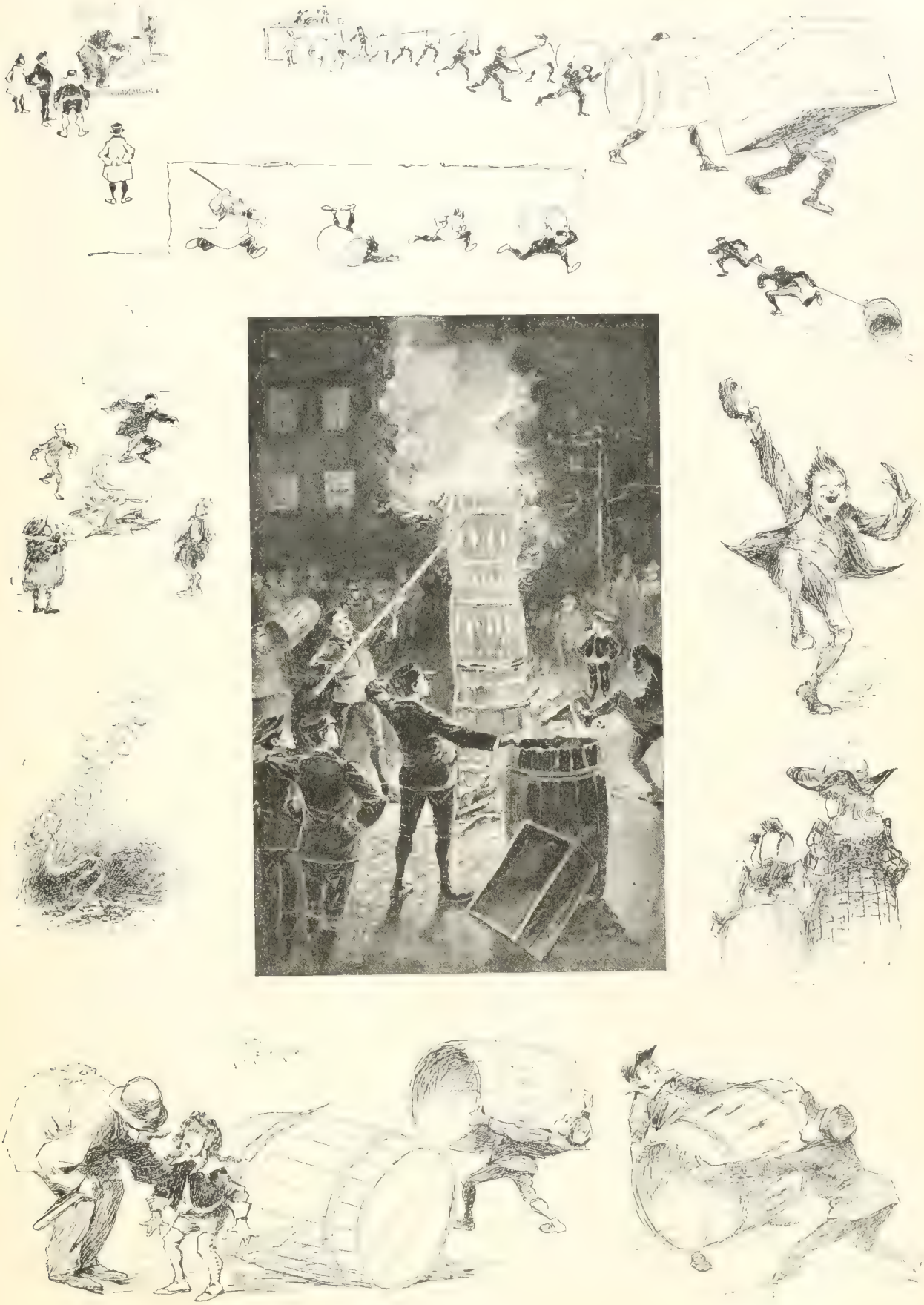
"I wonder if it is all right?" he said to himself. "What could be the man's object in telling me that the raft was in a dangerous position if she isn't? I declare I don't believe she is, though! She didn't look it when I left, and I do believe the river is still rising. I wonder if I haven't done a foolish thing in leaving the raft? If I have, the best thing to do now is to get back as quickly as possible."

By this time the boy had worked himself into a fever of apprehension, and, remembering what he had been told concerning the narrowness of the island, he determined to make a short-cut across it. This was exactly what the far-sighted Mr. Gilder had anticipated, and Winn fell an easy victim to his artfully planned trap. For nearly an hour the boy, versed in wood-craft as he was, wandered and struggled through the dense undergrowth of that island forest. Suddenly, as he burst his way through a thicket, he was confronted by the log hut so lately occupied by the "river traders." Winn shouted as he approached it; but, of course, received no reply. It had the lonely look of a place long deserted, and the boy paused for but a single glance into its uninviting interior. Then, getting his bearings anew by the sun that was beginning to struggle through the clouds, he pushed his way resolutely toward the western side of the island, which, somewhat to his surprise, he reached a few minutes later.

He emerged from the timber at the abandoned camp of the traders; but without stopping to examine it, he ran to the water's edge, and gazed anxiously both up and down stream. There was no sign of the raft nor of any moving object. "It must be further up, around that point," thought Winn, and he hurried in that direction. From one point to another he thus pursued his anxious way until the head of the island was once more in sight. Then he knew that he must have passed the place where the raft had been, and that it was gone.

As a realizing sense of how he had been duped and of his present situation flashed through his mind, the poor boy sat down on a log, too bewildered to act, or even to think.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CELEBRATING THE ELECTION IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by F. Ver Beck.—[See Page 70.]

CELEBRATING ELECTION.

WHAT would the manufacturers of barrels do if it were not for election-night bonfires? I do not know that any statistics have ever been compiled as to the number of barrels consumed, but the figures would probably be appalling, and the consequence is that the barrel-makers have to work hard in order to keep the people supplied. Of course the barrels are first used for sugar, flour, and such things, but a barrel never commands admiration or is a thing of beauty until it comes to the bonfire. According to the belief of the average boy, there is nothing that can compare with a barrel for making a bonfire unless it be two or three barrels, and he certainly ought to know. I am sure that most grown people agree with the boys, and like to watch a crackling bonfire as well as the youngest, unless it happens that one or two of their own particular barrels that they have use for are in the midst of the flames. Then it is different.

The only person whose soul is not alive to the beauty and glory of a bonfire is the policeman on the beat. That is perfectly proper, for bonfires are sometimes dangerous; but, bless your soul, a single policeman cannot be in eighteen different places at once, and boys will be boys. While the policeman is at the other end of his beat a half-dozen barrels are brought forth, a few shavings, some sticks of wood, and a pile of old newspapers. A match is lighted, and then, presto change! the newspapers are afire, then the shavings, the kindling-wood blazes up, and finally the barrels are a pillar of flame. Such a roaring and a crackling and spluttering and smoking, while the boys go mad and dance about like Indians around their camp-fire! Perhaps the policeman sees the blaze from afar off, and hurries to the scene. The chances are that he will not find the boys when he gets there, unless some of the smaller ones be too frightened or fat to run away, and even then the policeman is not likely to do anything except to frown severely and make the trembling culprit promise never, never, *never* to do it again—until next election.

There is no necessity for the older people to run at the policeman's approach, for they didn't make the fire; they only came out of the house to watch it. And perhaps when the policeman arrives on the scene hot and panting after his run, some gray-haired elderly man (a barrel manufacturer, maybe, rejoicing in the consumption of his wares) may remark, "Well, officer, boys will be boys," and the officer say that they can be nuisances as well. Then the blue-coated guardian stands guard over the fire until it dies out, or else he has to hurry to another part of his district, where another bonfire has burst forth, in order to make sure that the services of the fire department are not needed.

Barrels and policemen have a pretty hard time of it on election nights, but the custom of years cannot be done away with, and the traditions of our fathers must not be overturned. It is hard to say when the custom originated, but for centuries public joy and exultation have been made manifest "by bonfire and by bell," according to an English poet. So the boys celebrate the victories of the polls, not caring how their fathers or their uncles may have voted in the morning, or who was elected, but, like true Americans, honoring the men who have been chosen the representatives of the people. The English boys celebrate Guy Fawkes day on the 4th of November in the same manner, but their celebration is a thing of the past, while every year, and particularly every four years, the American boy has an opportunity to make merry over an event of the present. Politics do not enter into the bonfires of the boys on election night, for they are lighted and generally out before any result of the votes is made known.

Next to a good brass band, there is nothing to me so inspiring as a roaring bonfire, particularly if it has at least three barrels, and is half a block away from my own house. In this, I think, most people will agree with me, certainly subscribing to the last clause. Last May a family moved into a certain city house, and one day while everything was confusion an old servant, a man of about sixty, was sent to the cellar to clean up. His mistress went down there after a while, and found everything in order, the packing-boxes broken up for kindling, and in one corner six barrels piled together.

"Why don't you split up the barrels, William?" asked the lady of the house. "They are not good for anything."

"Oh, mum," replied William, reproachfully, "I thought you'd want to keep them for election night; they'd burn splendid." And notwithstanding William's sixty years, his heart was filled with sorrow at the idea of destroying six old barrels, instead of keeping them for an election-night bonfire.

F. S. M.

A MONKEY ON SHIPBOARD.

WHILE cruising on the west coast of South America, where the ports are widely distant, and the routine life on shipboard monotonous, our captain allowed us to collect a number of animal pets for our amusement during the leisure hours of the cruise. They were kept forward on the spar-deck until after supper each day, when they were given the run of the gangways. There were two setter puppies from San Francisco, a llama and two vicuñas from Peru, an alpaca from Bolivia, a guanaco from Chili, a diminutive donkey from Ecuador, and a ring-tailed monkey, picked up somewhere in the Gulf of California.

They were all amiable creatures except the llama and the vicuñas, and furnished daily much fun in the dog-watches for officers and crew. The monkey was a fine specimen of his kind, and most agile in climbing the masts and rigging, where the sailors vainly tried to catch him. But he always came around the mess-table at meal-times, and after supper he was dressed up by the captain of the after-guard in trousers and jacket, and strapped on the donkey's back for a ride up and down the decks, a ride that he never seemed to enjoy, for he chattered and screeched incessantly till he was taken off. The many ropes about the masts afforded him excellent opportunities for exercise, and he would come aft on the ridge-rope at a surprising rate, first holding on by his tail and then swinging head downwards and regrasping the rope with his hands.

One day the officers and crew were drawn up on deck to receive a French admiral, a dignified old gentleman, full of ideas about etiquette and propriety of conduct. The admiral's barge came alongside, all the brass row-locks and the bright woodwork clean and shining, and the crew in their neatest clothes. The admiral, in full uniform of blue broadcloth and glittering gold-lace, stepped up the ladder to the quarter-deck, where the captain and officers, with uncovered heads, stood ready to receive him. Just as he lifted his hat to bow his greetings, the monkey, holding on to the ridge-rope with his tail, reached down and pulled the shining head-covering from the admiral's hand, and began to scamper off. The old gentleman was thunderstruck, and exceedingly annoyed at his reception, while the officers on the quarter-deck could hardly restrain their mirth at this ludicrous interruption of the ceremony. The monkey was finally induced to let go his hold on the prize, but unfortunately the hat fell overboard and was completely soaked. The old admiral was much put out by what seemed to him an attack on his dignity and self-importance, and left the ship in anything but a pleasant humor.

Having succeeded well in lifting the admiral's hat, Jocko, on the following day, repeated his exploit when an English naval chaplain visited the ship, wearing an Oxford cap and gown. The cap, as the chaplain came over the side, was, like the French cocked hat, a tempting prize, and it suffered the same fate. But the Englishman relished the fun at once, and entered heartily into the laughter that followed.

A long sea-trip of sixty days brought us to the Samoan Islands, where there are no animals except such as are brought from other countries. Here the Samoans were deeply interested in our pets, and flocked on board every day to see them. The young Samoan girls brought bunches of cocoanuts and bananas, and baskets of luscious oranges to exchange for combs, soap, and

hard biscuit, of which they were very fond. Each girl would select some officer or sailor as her friend, saying, "You be my fliend?" And if the answer was favorable, she would continue, "Then I be your fliend." This meant a daily interchange of presents, and every day at meal-time the decks were crowded with natives of both sexes bringing their offerings. Of course it was natural that the captain, on account of his position, should have more "fliends" than any one else. On the quarter-deck, that part of the upper deck reserved for him, a half-dozen of the prettiest girls would cluster around, munching hard biscuit, and enjoying the envious glances of the other girls.

One day, as they were seated there during the noonday meal-hour, Jocko spied them from forward, and thought he would like a nearer view. On he came, head down and up alternately, swinging rapidly along the ridge-rope, and chattering away. As he neared the quarter-deck the crowd of girls looked up in strange wonder at the unusual sight, and quickly sprang to their feet, not at all sure of the advisability of remaining where they were. The inquisitive monkey came closer and closer, till the now alarmed girls with one impulse rushed to the rail, and together plunged headlong into the blue waters of the bay. Nor could they ever after be induced to come on board, but would remain swimming and sporting about till their friends were ready to leave with their canoes for the shore.



THE BIRD OF HISTORY.

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

THERE are some boys and girls who are beginning to grow fond of Wordsworth's poetry, I have no doubt, because it is very natural for all who love nature to love Wordsworth; and those who have seen swans gracefully gliding over the lake or stream will remember how true are these words of the great poet,

"The swans on sweet St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow."

And what a beautiful sight it is! We do not wonder that Apollo claimed the bird as his own, and that Venus and her pretty boy declared that they had an equal right to it. Nothing is more graceful or picturesque. Watch its curves and poises, its flexible, strong, yet gentle motions. See the neck and head, the very picture of grace! You are not surprised that Cleopatra found delight in gazing upon a lake covered with swans, and that her galleys were swanlike in shape and appearance!

The framework of a swan is a model for ship-building. The swan is an animated living ship. Its broad back is a goodly deck for the young swans to rest upon, the neck, with the shapely head, makes a handsome prow. Then there are the oars, the feet and legs, constructed and set in just the way in which the living galley may be best propelled. And where can be found a plumage of such unrivalled whiteness? And so it is that poets, from Homer to the present day, have sung of the swan, and of course a thousand fables, mixed with considerable truth, have been handed down through story as well as song. For instance, it is said that swans always sing a touching and melodious song just before they die, whereas the truth is that they most frequently die without having a song in their mouths, and the noise they make is far from being melodious. It was, however, this popular superstition about the swan's death-song which made a satirical poet write the very amusing couplet,

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
If certain people died before they sing!"

The swan's song or cry is harsh, shrill, and unmusical. The instrument in his throat which produces these sounds is a very curious and even astonishing piece of mechanism—a cylindrical tube down the neck, reaching to the forks of the bone called the merrythought, and doubled back, very much in the shape of a French-horn. This is the instrument upon which this famous bird of history and poetry performs, and when we hear it we must admit that there are French-horn and cornet players whose performances are far more pleasing. When we read, therefore, what Aristotle says about swans, that they pass over waters singing and making music, we must believe that difference of taste accounts for very many opinions. Swans in swimming and flying long distances often accompany their motions with a loud clangor or resonant cry which can be heard for miles. The Icelanders frequently know of their approach, as they return in the spring, long before they see them, and they have a saying, "The spring will come early, I heard the swans trumpeting." There is, however, a species of swan which, perhaps, was known among the ancients, called the mute swan. It never cries aloud, but utters a sort of murmur, in a low, soft voice, to call its young. This, it may be, was the dying song which has made the swan so celebrated.

But one thing has fallen to the lot of the swan, and that is long life. The age of some swans seems incredible, one hundred years and more often being allotted to them. The life of the swan has, in many countries, been protected by law, which made it a misdemeanor, subject to fine and other punishment, to kill one of these birds.

For a long time the swan was considered a royal bird in England, and the privilege of keeping swans had to be paid for at a high rate. This law was made by Edward IV. At high feasts and festivities the swan has held an important place. At the famous marriage feast of Iphicrates with the daughter of the King of Thrace the swan was conspicuous both as an ornament and an article of food. Bluff King Hal, as Henry VIII. was called, was always pleased to see a swan on the table; and among the recipes of the master-cooks in the time of Richard II. there was quite a celebrated one for the cooking of swan-flesh.

In a wild state swans are found in Russia and Siberia and throughout Europe, also in the countries between the Black and Caspian seas, and in the winter many are seen in the Bay of Smyrna.

The swan's food consists chiefly of leaves and stalks of plants, and he is often seen eating flowers. This circumstance seems to add to the attractive picturesqueness of the bird, and it is true that he disdains to feed upon flesh when he can find enough lily leaves and roots and flowers to satisfy his hunger.

The swan is a courageous bird—peaceable enough when he is let alone, but then he insists upon being let alone. Aristotle called him a pugnacious bird, because he had the courage to fight an eagle. One swan does not permit another to trespass upon his dominions. One morning a little flock of newly hatched swans were quietly sitting upon one of the islands in the garden of the Zoological Society when a large crow made a dash at them. The enraged father of the swans seized the crow with his bill. The surprised captive struggled in vain; the old swan dragged him into the water, and held him under until he was drowned. When the indignant father loosed his hold the crow was an inanimate mass of flesh and feathers, and the victor sailed along over the water with an air which seemed to say that he had a contempt for the black wreck floating by his side.

Perhaps some young readers can recall an instance of having been chased by an infuriated old gander or goose, who had constituted himself the proprietor and emperor of the poultry-yard. If so, they can form some estimate of the strength and determination of these feathered aggressors which belong to the same genus. There have been many uncomplimentary things said of geese, but there has been no question of their courage. The cackling geese that saved Rome were duly appreciated, and for that courageous act the old Romans regarded them with great respect. Unlike the swan, the goose is clumsy and ungainly in appearance, but in the care and preservation of her young and general instincts closely resembles her beautiful cousin. The geese known as the Hong-Kong species, imported from China, are of spotless whiteness, and have the same long, gracefully arched neck that is characteristic of the swan. Their trumpeting is so persistent and loud that it was as effectual a guard as a watch-dog. It was not unfrequent to find them on plantations in the Southern States. They were quick and alert, and the presence of a thief was soon revealed by the noisy outcry of these white-winged sentinels. The geese that saved Rome must have been of this species.

In the days of Assyria and Persia great attention was paid to the care and culture of swans. The hanging gardens of Babylon were rendered still more beautiful by the sight of these snow-white birds gliding over the artificial lakes, and Queen Semiramis had hundreds of them, which were kept not only to furnish a delicious edible for her luxurious table, but as an ornament to her gardens. We all remember the story of the ugly duckling which turned out to be a beautiful swan, but was heartily despised by the ungainly fowls with which the poor unfortunate had been associated. It was simply the old story of being beyond the appreciation of the vulgar crowd by which it was surrounded. In all ages this beautiful bird has had thrown around it the most poetical associations, and whether it sings or not its attractiveness will always fascinate the poet. Byron, who could say very disagreeable as well as beautiful things when he was so disposed, was quite disgusted with the poet Landor, who praised Southey, and perpetrated the couplet,

"Write, Savage Landor
Praise to a worth [illegible] gander."

and so ridiculed Southey and his friend Landor at the same time.

A marked characteristic of the swan is its love for its kind. They defend each other in their encounters with enemies, and in the long flights from country to country and from zone to zone they have been known to wait for the recovery of a sick or wounded one of their number. A writer records an instance of a swan descending from a flock on its way to the north of Europe. The bird was sick and could sustain itself no longer, and sought refuge in a farm-yard. For some days another swan was seen flying round the farm and hovering in the neighborhood until the retreat of its companion was discovered. Upon that it too descended to the farm-yard, and the two were seen constantly side by side. When the sick swan recovered, the pair started on their journey, and were seen no more. It is difficult to decide which was more evident in this act, judgment or affection.

THE FESTIVAL OF HOME.

BY DORA READ GOODALE

No flattering tricks to-night! The kingly sun
Passed like a ploughboy in a cap of dun,
Bleak and more bleak the pinched November day
In vaporous darkness slipped unseen away.
The veriest boor that laughs has scented snow,
And brought in logs an hour or more ago;
The sorriest flock is housed that, gaunt and chill,
Nipped the pale herbage from the frosty hill;
The wind begins to pipe; and with the sound
The leaves to dance in many a gypsy round,
And autumn, laboring to his exit, feels
Old winter's churlish pack quick snarling at his heels.

Cold pipes the wind; yet not a house in town
Lacked for its incense when the sun went down;
From countless chimneys countless generous fires
Proclaim the best-loved dainties of our sires.
Here smokes the 'possum, there the savory 'coon,
Bayed down by dogs in glimpses of the moon;
Hare and sleek squirrel, poultry low and high,
Lie fitly tombed in many a toothsome pie;
The jovial turkey, prince of all the clan,
Becomes alike master and serving-man;
Nay, even the woodchuck yields his lesser cheer
To grace the artless feast this feast day of the year!

Young and old mingle; laugh and jest go round;
All hearts are opened, every tongue unbound;
Why, not a wandering dog that roams the street
Need fear to-night to starve for want of meat!
The very poorhouse, full of light and noise,
Has tried the cooks to please the rusty boys:
That wretch, unblest with sister, sire, or son,
Sweetheart, or even the memory of one,
Now at his neighbor's luckier board surveys
The unctuous pudding fat with fruity maize,
And fancy, capering, builds a castle gay
Where every day for him shall be Thanksgiving day!

A PRISON UNDER THE SEA.

A TRUE STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

"I'LL tell you what, my boys, it's a good job for us that the tide *is* so low, for if it came up and caught us here, we should all be drowned like rats!"

"Well, I suppose that would just suit old Jim here; he's never happy except when he's doing his best to get killed."

"Perhaps," laughed Jim, "I might be a descendant of the Irishman who vowed to hang himself or perish in the attempt!"

"Ay, and you *will* perish in the attempt if you don't

look out, but I wish you wouldn't try quite so hard to make *us* perish along with you. Do you remember, George, how Jim took us into the seals' cave, where there was only just room for one man to pass at a time, so that if even *one* seal had thought of coming back while we were there, it might have eaten us all—one after the other, as our friend Giant what's his name did with the sailors of Ulysses!"

"And how he made us let him down with a rope over the edge of a precipice," cried George, "on to a ledge no broader than my hat, just to get hold of an egg not worth twopence!"

"It certainly wasn't worth twopence when I'd done with it," chuckled Jim, "for I smashed it against the rocks in getting back; but that, after all, only showed that I was not inclined to *bear the yolk!*"

"No," grinned George; "it showed that you were *egged on* to it!"

The three brave English lads who spoke thus had indeed thrust themselves into a perilous adventure; and though they talked so lightly, they all saw the danger clearly enough.

On the rocky coast of Devonshire—one of the most dangerous as well as most beautiful portions of the whole English seaboard—the waves have tunnelled out a small cave in the base of a huge projecting cliff, only to be reached by two narrow openings just wide enough for a man to crawl through, which are poetically called "The Eyes" by the native fishermen. Through these holes our heroes had made their way into the cave, where they had a famous time hunting crabs, splashing through pools, leaping from point to point of the slippery rocks, crowning each other with wreaths of seaweed, and making every nook and cleft of the dark cavern ring with an uproarious impromptu parody of "Over the Sea":

"Under the sea, under the sea,
In the home of the lobster how happy are we!
Under the sea, under the sea,
We'll be snug till the tide comes again."

At length, determined not to leave anything unseen now that they *were* there, the young explorers lighted a candle, which they had brought with them, and fixed it in a crack of the rock, chuckling at the thought of the amazement that would be felt by all the homeward-bound fishermen at the sight of this sudden and strange lighting up of "The Eyes" amid the gathering dimness of evening.

But, as their ill luck would have it, the candle-light showed them another opening at the far end of the cave, which seemed to lead into an inner grotto going still deeper into the heart of the cliff. This was quite enough for their daring leader, who, as if bent upon showing how fully he deserved his popular nickname of "Mad Jim," insisted on crawling through this hole, "to see what the place was like."

"Don't make a fuss about nothing, old fellows," he said, in answer to the remonstrances of his two friends. "I don't suppose I shall find anything uglier than myself inside."

"Highly improbable," muttered George, with a broad grin.

"And if I light upon a shark or an octopus mounting guard in there," went on Jim, calmly ignoring the sarcasm, "I'll just bring him out along with me, and we'll have him for supper."



HE SUCCEEDED IN WRIGGLING HIS HEAD AND ARM THROUGH THE GAP.

So saying, he thrust his feet into the cleft, and began to wriggle his way through. It was a very "close fit"; but luckily, or, rather, unluckily for him, the sharp points of the rock sloped the other way, and he at length made good his entrance, though not without a scratch or two.

His comrades handed him in the light through the gap, and he just had time to discover that he was in a large, high-roofed, nearly circular cave, with no opening in its rocky walls save the one by which he had entered, when the quick ears of the two sentinels in the outer cavern caught a distant sound which the pair knew only too well.

"I say, old man, you'd better look alive!" shouted he through the hole; "the tide's coming back to its lodgings, and if it finds us in the act of committing a burglary on the premises perhaps it won't be pleased."

"Hold on half a minute," answered Jim, who was evidently very far from realizing the imminence of the danger; "I want to have a good look at the way the water has hollowed out these arches." But as he held up his candle for a better view, a sudden splash of water from a bunch of seaweed overhead effectually cut short his inspection by putting out the light. "Well," cried he with a laugh, which came echoing up hoarse and hollow through the rocky cleft, as if issuing from a tomb, "that's rather a mean trick, but if it won't let me see any more, I suppose I had better come out." And he thrust himself head-foremost into the gap.

"Come along, old fellow!" cried George, impatiently;

"the tide's coming up full split, and we have another hole to get through, you know."

"It's all very nice to say 'come along,'" retorted Jim; "but I can't!"

In fact poor Jim found to his cost that it was easier to get in than to get out again, for the jagged points of the rock, all jutting *inward*, now caught him like the teeth of a man trap. He barely succeeded in wriggling his head and one arm through the gap, and then he stuck fast, unable to move either forward or backward.

"Do you mean to say, old boy, that you really can't get through?" cried George, as he and his comrade anxiously watched their friend's vain struggles, neither of them daring to hint to the other the ghastly thought that was beginning to rise in the minds of both.

"It doesn't look very like it," replied Jim, forcing a laugh. "I suppose I must just try it the other way. I came in here feet first, so perhaps I can go out in the same style. Give us a shove, boys!"

And then, making a violent effort, he succeeded in backing out of the hole on his own side, whence he instantly made a fresh attempt feet foremost.

But to their utter dismay, though he had got so far, there was no getting him one inch farther. They tugged till their faces grew purple, and Jim seconded them with all his might; but it was all in vain. And then there came back upon all three with a sudden thrill of horror the memory of poor Jim's light jest on entering this fatal prison about his finding nothing there uglier than himself. He *had* found something uglier—he had found *death!*

"It's no use, boys!" said the doomed lad, faintly. "Save yourselves while you can—it's all over with me!"

"Shut up!" cried George, fiercely; "do you take us for cowards? We won't budge till we've got you out."

But every word of this bold defiance fell like lead upon his own heart, for he felt that he spoke without hope; and in the gloomy silence that followed the roar of the hungry tide was heard more plainly than before.

"*I* have it!" cried Jim, suddenly, showing even in this deadly crisis the cool readiness which was to make him so renowned in after-years. "It must be my *clothes* that stop me; I'll pull them off and try again!"

In a trice he had stripped himself, and passing his clothes through the gap, made one final effort to force his way out. Even then, however, the cruel rock teeth did not easily quit their prey, and he was bleeding from more than one deep gash when his friends at length dragged him out of that living tomb, gasping and exhausted.

For several weeks to come this hair-breadth escape was the talk of the whole district; but the adventure was recalled with a deeper and gloomier interest not many years later, when "Mad Jim," its principal hero, had become famous throughout the whole world as Bishop Hannington, the martyr missionary of Uganda.

THE WRONG LETTER.

SOME very peculiar mistakes are made at times in type by the use of a single wrong letter. These mistakes are not always the compositor's fault, for sometimes the manuscript which he "sets up" is so poorly written that half of the words have to be guessed at. The English language is full of examples where a single letter misplaced will change the whole meaning of the word, and oftentimes make a sentence meant to be serious extremely laughable. A paper recently speaking of a "garbled" account of a play prints it "warbled," making it appear an opera. Another editor wrote and recommended a certain "diet" for children, but the letter "i" was substituted for the "e," and therefore the praise of "dirt" was sung. As most very young people are fond of making "dirt pies," the mistake did not seem so apparent, but even that kind of pies would not do for a steady "diet."

In a Western paper, not long ago, the review of a school-book was given in which the writer spoke of "Greek and Latin roots and verbs." That is, he meant so to speak to the public, but the compositor probably thought he knew better than the writer, and using an "h" in place of a "v" the account read "Greek and Latin roots and herbs." The combination would be all right in a book on botany, but was sadly wrong in connection with a grammar. The most recent instance of a misplaced type occurred in a New York evening paper, relating to the sinking of the steamship *Bokhara*. According to the story "a majority of the officers and crew were lost," and this left the reader in grave doubt as to the truth. An "i" in place of the "a" would make it a "minority," but a "j" in place of the "n" would be a "majority," and between the two words is a vast difference. It was later found that the latter was unfortunately correct, but the mistake illustrated very well how much depended upon one little letter.

Sometimes whole words are mis-read by the compositor, and an old joke speaks of a reporter's grief when he found that his account of a young lady's shoes, referred to them as "ferry-boats," instead of "fairy boots," as written. In an Indiana paper the "regular meeting" of the town council was rendered a "burglar meeting," and a Buffalo paper came out one day with the startling head line "A Solemn Circus in Church." Upon investigation it proved that the editor had written "A Solemn Service in Church," but before the mistake was discovered and the explanation given there was much speculation as to what was meant.

YE EARLIE THANKSGIVING.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THERE is one festival in the calendar that Americans can really and truly claim as their own. This is Thanksgiving day. It is perhaps the only holiday that has been most generally observed in this country from the earliest times. The day was formerly devoted to religious exercises and observance, but it is now celebrated with an amount of feasting and merrymaking quite unknown to our strait-laced ancestors.

Thanksgiving day carries in its name a reminiscence of its origin and meaning. But whence came the custom of eating turkey on this day? Oddly enough, the practice is alluded to in the first account that we have of a thanksgiving in New England. On the ingathering of the harvest in September, 1621, the corn and barley having yielded manifold, a public Thanksgiving was declared. It is worthy of note that the chroniclers mention this incident—that four hunters were sent out to procure wild fowl, and they returned with *an abundance of turkeys*. The result was that King Massasoit and ninety men were entertained in royal style for three days.

The second public Thanksgiving in New England was declared in 1623. The reason for it is told by the author of *New England's Memorial*. He says that there had been a long spell of dry weather, and the crops withered; that in answer to the prayers of the people "the Lord sent them such seasonable showers, with interchange of warm weather, as caused in time a fruitful and a liberal harvest; for which mercy, in time convenient, they also solemnized a day of thanksgiving unto the Lord."

Here we see that old Puritan faith and spirit which made the invitation to set apart a day for thanksgiving and praise mean something more than a dinner. For on more than one occasion the colonists were on the verge of starvation. Such a time is described by Lieutenant-Governor Dudley in a letter written to the Countess of Lincoln. The writer begins by apologizing for his writing, "having," he says, "yet no table, nor other room to write in than by the fireside upon my knee, in this sharp winter; to which (the fireside) my family must have leave to resort, though they break good manners, and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not."

The winter of 1631 had been one of great severity and suffering. The poor colonists were visited not only by disease, which broke out, but by a famine. In the quaint

language of the letter-writer, "the people were very much tired and discouraged, especially when they heard that the Governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven." Meanwhile the vessel dispatched for provisions was long overdue. Day after day passed, and no sail appeared on the horizon. Starvation stared the Massachusetts colonists in the face. "But," says the writer, "God, who delights to appear in greatest straits, did work marvellously this time; for before the very day appointed to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer, in comes the ship laden with provisions. Upon which occasion the day of Fast was changed, and ordered to be kept Thanksgiving; which provisions were by the Governor distributed unto the people proportionable to their necessities."

This was the first general Thanksgiving in the Massachusetts Colony. It was a feast after a famine. As the years went on, the festival became a formal, yearly celebration in New England. The people used to assemble for worship twice a day. There was no jollity or amusement associated with the festival. Indeed, it was as wicked to stay away from the meeting-house on Thanksgiving day as on the Sabbath day. By degrees the religious feature grew less and less prominent, and then worship once a day sufficed. The afternoon was devoted to general relaxation and merriment of every kind. Thus the day has become one for family reunions under the old roof-tree, and among our Yankee cousins the festival is, if anything, more in favor than Christmas.

Finally, there is the question, How did the local and New England holiday become a national one? The first national Thanksgiving was appointed by President Lincoln in a proclamation, in which it was "recommended to the people of the United States at their next weekly assemblages in their accustomed places of public worship." This state paper was dated April 10, 1863. Then came the great victory at Gettysburg, and the capture of Vicksburg in July, 1863. Whereupon the President "set apart Thursday, the sixth day of August, to be observed as a day for national thanksgiving, praise, and prayer." Again, in October, 1863, President Lincoln "invited the people to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next." And so the day is fixed for all time.



"SUPPER, SAME AS BREAKFAST, LUNCH, AND DINNER."

BABY'S DIARY FOR ONE DAY.

WAKED up as usual at three o'clock in the morning, and cried until everybody else in the house was awakened. Then I went to sleep again.

Was aroused once more at six o'clock by a fly dancing on my face. I tried to hit him, and only succeeded in slapping myself so hard that I had to scream. I screamed until everybody decided to dress, and when they were ready for breakfast, half an hour before breakfast was ready for them, I fell asleep.

My breakfast was served at eight o'clock. I don't think the cook can be much good, for I never had anything but milk for breakfast, dinner, or any other meal since I can remember. After breakfast I saw my big brother playing with a jumping-jack. As I wanted it myself, I cried until nurse made brother give it up. Then brother began to cry, and because I was sorry for him I cried too.

Had lunch at ten o'clock (same as breakfast). Went out riding afterwards in my carriage, and cried all the way home because nurse wouldn't let me have a nice big black doggie to carry. He was a lovely doggie, and when I screamed he barked, so I screamed real hard lots of times. It was great fun.

Got so tired screaming that I went to sleep. At twelve o'clock waked and had dinner (same as breakfast and lunch).

Mamma played on the piano and sang to me. When I tried to sing she laughed, and as I don't like to be laughed at, I cried. Nurse said I was a cry-baby, and cried all the time at everything, but I don't agree with her. I never cry now at meal-times, because I tried it once and found I couldn't eat and cry at the same time, so gave it up. I have all night to cry in if I want to, and I can't eat then.

Had lots of fun. Pulled nurse's hair, then pulled mamma's hair. It wasn't so much fun when I tried to pull brother's hair, for he slapped my hands. I didn't like that, so I cried. Then brother laughed, and I cried harder, and then brother was sent away. I cried harder than ever at this, for I wanted to play with brother.

Had supper at three o'clock (same as breakfast, lunch, and dinner). Got mad and dropped the bottle, and cried because I couldn't have any more supper as the bottle was broken. I have discovered that bottles break. Hooray! Tried to tell nurse about my discovery, and nurse said, "Poor little sing." I wasn't a "sing." I'm not "little," because there's no such word, and I will never be "poor," so I cried.

From four until five I made a new record. I generally cry at half past four every day, but to day I didn't. I was asleep.

At half past five I had the last meal of the day, a new bottle having been procured. I don't know the name of this meal, but it doesn't make any difference, for it was the same as breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. I went to bed at six o'clock.

At nine o'clock I waked up, and hearing company down-stairs cried for some company myself. Mamma came up to me. Went to sleep.

Didn't wake up any more that night after I went to sleep the last time until the next morning.

A SPERM CANDLE

THE Walters family sat about the evening lamp. It was nearly time for Joe to go to bed, and there was warning of that ever-dreaded event in Mrs. Walters's voice as she said, "Mary, bring in the candles, please."

"Mamma," said Joe, in a desperate attempt to postpone bedtime, "what are sperm candles made of?"

"I know," said Perry, who is three years older than ten-year-old Joe. "They're made out of whales."

"What kind of whales?" inquired Joe.

"Why, there's only one kind," replied Perry.

"Ah, there you're wrong!" said the boys' grandfather. "There probably are about as many kinds of whales as there are of people; and what is more strange than that, the whales resemble people, so far as the structure of their bodies is concerned, more than they resemble fish. In one sense, porpoises and dolphins are whales, and the whale from which the material for sperm candles comes is no more like the arctic whale, from which most of the so-called whale oil is obtained, than he is like a dolphin."

"Did you ever catch a whale?" inquired Joe.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Perry, loudly. "I guess grandpa is no sea-blubber. He's a land-blubber."

"Landlubber, you mean, probably," corrected Mr. Walters. "But, on the contrary, I ran away to sea on a whaling vessel when I was seventeen years old."

"Oh, grandpa!" gasped Joe.

"Tell us about it," begged Perry.

"Shall I?" inquired Mr. Walters, glancing towards the boys' mother, who was cutting the pages of a magazine. "Pretty near bedtime, isn't it?"

"If it's a short story," she replied, "I think Joe might sit up to hear it."

"Well, then," began Mr. Walters, "when I was a boy of seventeen I became very tired of going to school, and hoeing in the garden, and running errands for my mother, and doing all sorts of odd things for my father. What I wanted was excitement. The town I lived in was too small to fit my ideas; so I went to New Bedford, the nearest port, and offered myself to the Captain of a whaler that was about to set sail. He happened to want a boy, and accepted me. I wrote a note to my parents, telling them not to worry about me, as I should be gone only three years, and probably should return a rich man."

"Did you?" inquired Joe.

"I was rich in experience, my boy," replied his grandfather. "One whaling voyage was enough. I never wanted to go on another. Those were the longest and hardest three years I ever passed, and if either of you boys ever imagines that the world does not appreciate you, and that you are overworked, just go out into a fertilizer factory, and climb up and down a rope for about half a day. That will give you a good idea of whaling, and perhaps you will think enough of your home afterwards to stay there."

"Didn't you like being a sailor-man?" asked Joe.

"Decidedly not. We sailed around Cape Horn, which always is a rough experience, and we were a month beating against head winds in that cold and dismal latitude. Then we sailed up into the northern Pacific, and spent two years in catching and killing whales and boiling into oil the blubber, which is the whale's jacket of fat lying just under his skin to keep him warm. At first I could hardly endure the smells. They were as bad as the food and the hard work, but at last I got used to them, and when I reached shore again, and left the smells behind, it seemed as if there was something lacking in the atmosphere. It was as if you should suddenly lose the sense of taste, and didn't know whether you were eating peaches or corn-starch pudding."

"I don't think I'd like such smelly business," was Perry's comment.

"I don't think you would," said his grandfather. "We finally got what the Captain thought was a good enough cargo," he continued, "and then we started for New Bedford by way of Cape Horn again. My fortune had not been made, although I did win the prize for sighting the greatest number of whales, and when we reached No Man's Land, off the coast of Patagonia, I was ready to stay there another six months, with an Indian for my only companion, and catch and boil sea-elephants for their fat, while the ship went on to New Bedford. Well, we filled all the barrels," Mr. Walters went on, "and then we piled up great stacks of fat on the shore, where it froze, the weather was so cold, and the Captain found it in good condition when he arrived, as he did in six months, with more barrels. I have often wondered since what would have happened if he had not put in an appearance. It was worth his while to do so, however, even if he did not care what became of me, and my share of the oil amounted to about two thousand dollars, more than twice as much as I got out of the whale-fishing."

"Didn't you catch any sperm-candle whales?" asked Joe.

"No, we saw only one, and we didn't get him. The whales we went after live in the cold water of the north. The sperm-whales live in warmer seas."

"Where do they keep their candles?" inquired Joe.

"Pooh!" said Perry. "Candles have to be made; don't they, papa?"

"Yes," said Mr. Walters. "They have to be made; but the material they are made from grows on the head of the sperm-whale—chiefly on the front part of his skull and on his nose. Sometimes one whale will carry as much as ten tons of sperm."

"Do you catch 'em on hooks?" was Joe's next question.

Perry laughed again. "Why, they harpoon 'em with spears," he said. "The men row up close to the whale and stick a big harpoon into him, and then he kicks the boat over, and then he sinks about a mile until all the rope gives out, when he comes up to blow, and the sailors kill him, don't they, grandpa? I've seen how they do it in picture-books."

"They may do it that way in picture-books," admitted Mr. Walters, "but in real life nowadays the harpoon, if one is used, is shot from a boat at some distance from the whale. Unfortunately the whales would not always wait for a small boat to row up to them. They might take it into their heads to swim away faster than a boat could follow, so either a harpoon is shot from a distance, or a bullet is used which explodes inside the whale and kills him very quickly. I suppose nearly all the excitement has gone out of whale-fishing since I was a boy. Then it was a common thing to hurl a harpoon by hand into a whale and play with him as if he were a salmon on a hook. Boats were often crushed in those days by a blow from the whale's tail, and men were sometimes drowned."

"Speaking of whales," said the boys' father, who had been reading a newspaper quietly by the grate, "here is a despatch in to-night's paper headed the 'Biggest Whaling Catch on Record.' It is under a San Francisco date, and reads: 'The whaler *Mary D. Hume*, which left here two and a half years ago, has arrived with the produce of thirty-eight whales, worth $400,000. This beats the record, even for vessels that have spent two years in the Arctic. Captain Tilton's share will be $30,000, and each sailor will receive $2000.'"

"That's a good deal," commented Perry. "I think I should like to fish for whales if it didn't smell so bad."

"What did I hear about going to bed a few minutes ago?" inquired the boys' father.

"It's time," said their mother. "Thank grandpa before you go. Mary, light the candles, please."



POP CORN.

A THANKSGIVING PLAY.

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MRS. VAN ELSPETH, *a poor woman.*
TEDDY VAN ELSPETH, *her son, a cripple.*
ALICE FRANKLYN, *a young lady.*
HERBERT FRANKLYN, *her brother.*
TOM LESLIE, *her cousin.*
MISS MURRAY, *a governess, and Miss Franklyn's friend.*

[The scenes must shift from Mrs. Van Elspeth's house, which must be poor and very barely furnished, to Miss Franklyn's parlor, prettily and richly adorned. A screen, two or three rugs, a lamp with a rose-colored shade, and some pictures on the wall will make the room full or bare, as may be necessary. A gas-stove, for the making of pop-corn, must be used in Mrs. Van Elspeth's apartment. Mrs. Van Elspeth wears a chocolate-colored calico gown, with a white kerchief crossed over her shoulders. She should have on a nurse's cap and a full white apron. Miss Franklyn and Miss Murray may appear in pretty house dresses. Any ordinary boy's costume will do for the young gentlemen.]

ACT I.

MRS. VAN ELSPETH'S *kitchen. She is busy popping corn, which* TEDDY *salts and puts into paper bags.*

TEDDY.

I'm afraid, mammy dear,
That our Thanksgiving dinner
Will lack of good cheer,
And leave us both thinner
I've done my best, mother,
But pop-corn is down,
And few people buy it
In this selfish town.
I'd try something else,
But one cannot do much
Who hobbles about
As I do on a crutch.
Please, mammy, consent,
Let me jump on the trains,
And I'll sell my pop-corn
With a good deal less pains.
Folks are tired of sitting
Like sheep behind bars;
They will patronize me
If I'm seen on the cars.

MRS. VAN ELSPETH.

My darling son, I've done my best,
I've scoured and scrubbed like one possessed;
I've washed, I've ironed, and I've swept,
I've mended clothes when others slept;
I've gone out nursing, taken orders
For magazines, and I've kept boarders;
Sold eggs at market, peddled candy,
Done all things honest that came handy;
And here, as I'm a starving sinner,
I cannot earn a common dinner:
Say nothing of the sumptuous living
That people reckon is Thanksgiving.

TEDDY.

Oh! see that corn;
It feathers white
Like snow-flakes on
A wintry night

MRS. VAN ELSPETH.

'Tis pretty, Teddy boy, I own;
But what's the use, there 'll no one buy
The dainty stuff; they only laugh
At sounding of your pop-corn cry.

TEDDY, *jumping up and waving his crutch, cries shrilly:*

Pop-cor-r-r-n!
Fresh pop-cor-r-r-n!
Snowy white and
S-a-a-a lted!

That 'll fetch them, mammy dear,
Nicest corn I've sold this year.

MRS. VAN ELSPETH, *putting aside the corn popper, and sighing wearily.*

You may try your luck on the four fifteen,
I *may* be wrong, but I do not know;
If you sell every bag, you will have two dollars;
It's too much to hope for, Ted, but go.

TEDDY, *basket on arm, stumps sturdily away on his crutch. A whistle sounds in the distance. He hurries along, hoping to catch the train, when he stumbles and falls heavily, losing his basket, out of which the bags of pop-corn roll in every direction.* MISS MURRAY *appears, coming from behind a screen, which is supposed to be the front door of the* FRANKLYNS' *cottage.*

MISS MURRAY

Oh! *poor* little boy, what a pity is this!
You are lame too, and hurt very much, I'm afraid;
And here's your pop-corn, 'tis all scattered, forlorn,
The very best pop-corn that ever was made.
Come, I'll help pick it up. You were going to sell it?
Now *we* want pop-corn to string up in the halls,

We've a festival night planned, we'll send you to tell it,
And paste up the news on the citizens' walls.
Don't be worried, poor fellow, 'tis almost Thanksgiving,
The jolliest time, full of peace and good living

TEDDY

Thank you, lady
I must hurry,
Mother 'll have
No end of worry
I *must* sell these popcorn balls,
We are just as poor as mice,
Won't *you* buy some?
They are salted, they are very very nice

MISS MURRAY

The train has gone, but come with me,
And see my friends—here's Herbert now!

HERBERT.

Hallo! Ted!
Are you in business?

TEDDY

Trying it, with poor success.

HERBERT.

Tom! Tom! Come here, I say,
Here's a fellow, you understand,
Who will give us a chance in the good old way,
That Alice says, is to lend a hand!

ACT II.

MISS FRANKLYN, *sitting in a low chair, with a gray pussy cat on her lap. Bits of silk and worsted scattered about her.* MISS MURRAY, *at the piano, playing and singing softly to the tune of "Annie Laurie"*

Thanksgiving snow is whiter
Than any snow that falls,
Thanksgiving suns are brighter
Than lamps in palace halls.

ALICE FRANKLYN.

There, Josephine, stop singing,
And read this list of friends;
The blind, the halt, the hungry—
How soon the number ends!
There *are* no poor in Brambleside,
Or else they all know how to hide,
Our festival will be lost labor,
Unless we help some sorrowing neighbor,
I don't know one who cannot buy
Her own Thanksgiving pumpkin-pie

TOM, *bouncing in, boy fashion, and upsetting a footstool, frightening the cat, and causing* MISS MURRAY *to frown and uplift her hand in warning.*

I say, Alice, and Miss Murray,
Hustle round, my dears, and hurry.
Ted, the pop-corn boy, has fainted,
Herbert says, be quick, you're wanted!

ALICE.

Fainted! Lay him flat,
And fan him.
Who is Ted, the pop-corn boy?

MISS MURRAY

Such a manly little fellow!

HERBERT.

Fellow with a crutch; his mother
Takes in sewing down the street.

TOM.

I don't think that Ted Van Elspeth
Ever gets enough to eat!

ALICE.

Ted Van Elspeth?
Josephine, don't you think we knew her
In the old days when we two,
Hand in hand, 'neath skies so blue,
Went for berries and for nuts?
She sold gingerbread and crullers,
She made splendid lemonade,
And when dear papa was injured,
She his best of nurses made,
She nursed *me* that dreadful summer
When I had a fever here.
Ted Van Elspeth, we will aid you,
You have found the right place, dear.

TOM

This is really very jolly,
Turn about is fairest play;
We will take him to his mother
In the most luxurious way;
In a carriage, if he pleases.
No! The little man has pluck,
And I am not sure he hasn't
Something better—even luck!

ALICE.

His mother was a Smithson,
If I remember right,
His father kept a little shop;
'Twas always clean and bright.

HERBERT.

Never mind the family tree, dear;
Here is little Ted, who sells
Pop-corn, to support *his* family,
Up the hills and down the dells.
Let's buy *all* his stock in trade,
I will pass a hat upon it!
Dear Miss Murray, sing a song, please!
Dear Miss Franklyn, write a sonnet!

MISS MURRAY *laughs, and goes to the piano. TEDDY, pale but smiling, watches her as she sings.*

I am glad, yes, glad, that the time has come
I can help a laddie who loves his home.
The lad is cheery and brave and true,
And well worth helping, I warrant you!
Come, Little Boy Blue, and blow your horn,
Who 'll buy, who 'll buy, who 'll buy pop-corn?

CHORUS.

Who 'll buy pop-corn,
Buttered and salted?
Who 'll buy pop-corn?
Pop-corn?

MISS MURRAY.

The fruit is ripe and is gathered in,
There's plenty of grain in barn and bin;
The birds are flying far to the South,
There's plenty to feed each robin's mouth
Come, Little Boy Blue, and blow your horn,
Who 'll buy, who 'll buy, who 'll buy pop-corn?

CHORUS

Who 'll buy pop-corn,
Buttered and salted?
Who 'll buy pop-corn?
Pop-corn?

Enter MRS. VAN ELSPETH.

Where's my Ted,
With the golden head,
And the cheeks as red as roses?
Where's my Ted?
Somebody said
He wasn't seen on the train!

TOM.

Mrs. Van Elspeth, here is Ted,
He has sold his pop-corn out.
Why do you cry? He's here close by,
Don't be making a fuss about
His looking white, it is only pleasure,
His wares have brought him such rare good measure.

ALICE FRANKLYN.

My dear old nurse!
Pray take this purse!
You'll find sufficient in it
To make Thanksgiving all the year,
Thanksgiving every minute.

All join hands, chassé around the stage, dance the Virginia Reel, and the curtain drops.

QUEER CRONIES.

FOUR-FOOTED cronies are not very common, and when they do exist they usually take the shape of animals as opposite in their characteristics as the poles. Who, for instance, would imagine that there could be any possible sympathy between a *pig* and a *greyhound*? This elegant, aristocratic member of the dog family is an unsociable creature even among his own relatives, and does not seem to like the sight of them about him; that he therefore should stoop from his high estate to cultivate the friendship of a pig seems incredible.

The greyhound which so demeaned himself lived in the north of England, and was a very troublesome specimen of his class. He was so noisy and ill-behaved that the game-keeper could not keep him in the kennel, and had to let him wander about as he pleased. The pig was also a wanderer, and at their first meeting the two became fast friends. They ate together and slept together, and one was seldom seen without the other. The greyhound tried to do everything that the pig did, while the pig seemed anxious in every way to please the greyhound.

By-and-by these strange cronies decided to go out hunting together. They were living on the edge of a moor, where rabbits and hares were plentiful; and having talked the subject over, they started out to get their own supplies. The greyhound could spy out the little animals at a distance, but the pig had the better scent; so piggy traced them to their lair, when his handsome friend would come up and seize them or give chase if they escaped. On capturing the prey the greyhound always took it to the pig, who tore it to pieces, and the two made an amicable meal.

When this poaching was discovered, the keeper shut up the pig, but the greyhound faithfully followed his unfortunate friend into the stye and comforted him with his constant society. He could leap in and out at any time, but he seemed to prefer staying there; and he never went by himself on any more excursions after game.

Still more remarkable was the adoption by a cat of some baby rats to take the place of her lost kittens. The stable-yard family consisted of two of each kind, for which the mother cat cared with great impartiality. There had been originally seven kittens, but as a menagerie of cats was not desirable, four were drowned almost before they realized that they were alive. But the mother realized it, and she grew very restless over this reduction of her family, until finally the bright thought struck her of helping herself to a young rat from a neighboring nest. She carried out this original idea to the apparent satisfaction of all parties, and was very happy with her four nurslings, until one of the three kittens suddenly disappeared.

It seemed a shame to rob the poor cat again, but the voice of authority had declared that the kittens were still too numerous, and there was no help for it. The very next morning a second young rat was seen in the cat nursery, and Madam Puss seemed as proud of her two adopted infants as of her own children. This happy family lived in a large box with a piece of wire netting over the top, and it was easy to look at them any time

It was a very pretty show, at which every one who heard of it wished to take a peep; but, unfortunately, the cat wandered forth one night on a poaching expedition and was killed in a trap. This threw four little orphans friendless on a cold world, and nothing was heard of them afterwards.

The strangest of all attachments are those which have sometimes occurred between wolves and human children. No other animal has ever been known to carry off a child except for the purpose of devouring it; but a wolf-mother has occasionally stolen a baby boy and nursed and brought him up like one of her own cubs. Many years ago a "wolf-child" was captured in India as it was taking an airing in a wild place with two half-grown cubs. It was a boy about nine years old, and a most unpleasant-looking creature that shambled about on all-fours.

The half-wolf, half-child did not wish to be taken, and it bit and clawed like a ferocious animal. When finally caught, by means of a thick blanket thrown over his head, the boy screamed and howled all the way to the village where he was taken, and would not be comforted. His parents were soon discovered, but as he acted like a wild beast they were quite at a loss to manage him. Once, on a bright moonlight night, they chained him to a tree near their hut—for he disturbed every one inside by his yells—and presently two wolf cubs, probably his foster-brothers, trotted up to him and gambolled about him with great enjoyment. They evidently looked upon him as one of themselves, and their society soothed him into a state of quiet happiness.

The visitors did not leave until the first signs of dawn appeared, and they would, if possible, have taken their newly found brother with them. The poor wolf child soon after pined and died, without ever speaking a word; his wild animal life of seven years being far more natural to him than his human life of two.

LITTLE PRINCESS MARGARET.

ONE day, at an English country house not far from London, a little girl was being dressed by her nurse. She was accustomed to consider herself of great importance, and she could hardly understand why her expected visitor was talked of as a little maiden whom she was to regard as her superior.

It was a season of royal visiting that summer, and the present Empress Frederick of Germany (then Crown-Princess), Margaret's mother, had come over to England with several of her children, and while she and the older ones went down to the Isle of Wight with the Queen, the little Princess, her governess, and attendant spent a week at M—— Park. Between the parents of the little English girl and the royal family existed one of those friendships which are not unusual, in spite of the severe demands of court etiquette. This visit had its peculiar interest because the Crown-Princess herself came back and forth to discuss various family matters, and meanwhile the little Princess won the hearts of all the household. She was not a particularly pretty child then, as I recall her, but what is called "engaging." Her face was round and fair and very sweet.

Naturally an American girl wonders how such visitors are treated. A suite of rooms was set apart for the Princess and her nurse, who treated her like any child of lesser degree. When with her little hostess she played and romped as freely as though no difference in rank existed; only in the family circle or before guests was any formal etiquette observed. She was addressed as "Princess," "Your royal Highness" being seldom used.

One day she and her little hostess journeyed down to Marlborough House to spend an hour with her cousins of Wales. I remember asking the young English girl if she enjoyed herself.

"Not much," was the answer. "We looked out of the windows most of the time."

But the children of the Prince of Wales had a wonderful collection of dolls, one of which was presented to the untitled visitor, and received a place of honor in her nursery, being christened Victoria Louise Maud Margaret.

There are wonderful stables at M—— Park. The boxes and stalls form three sides of a paved court, in which is a fountain, and in an angle are the various rooms of hostlers, grooms, harness-keeper, and other servants. Nothing pleased the little Princess better than to go among these sunny, well-kept stables, to pet, feed, and talk to the white ponies, which she drove many times over the fine Essex roads in the neighborhood of the park. Sometimes long rides were taken, and spirited canters they were.

When the happy visit ended, the little Princess made pretty simple presents to every one, and what her little hostess liked best was a photograph with "Your affectionate Margaret" written below it. You see, no royal person ever signs a "last name"—it is "Margaret of Prussia," "Alice of Hesse," etc. The Queen of England signs "Victoria R. I.," the initials representing *Regina* (Queen) and *Imperatrix* (Empress). Their only claim to a surname is in the *house* to which they belong—as, for instance, Guelph, or Hohenzollern, Hesse, or Saxe-Meiningen.

Since those happy days the Princess Margaret has seen many changes in her own home and life. She was born at Potsdam, that palace full of historic associations, April 22, 1872, and christened Margaret Beatrix Feodore. From babyhood she was her mother's pet and companion. She was accustomed to go to her mother for every childish want, and when the question of her marriage arose last year the Dowager Empress felt it hard to be separated from her bright, cheerful little daughter, who at nineteen is said to be the same sweet girl that the child of eight was, simple, unaffected, but strong in her feelings—a trifle too much so, perhaps, for one who is born into a station where inclination has to give way constantly to etiquette.

The Princess Margaret is intensely interested in hospital and charitable work. Frequently she and an attendant have gone to the bedside of some poor sufferer. More than once she has made up with her own fingers a wardrobe for some destitute family, and on one occasion she resigned all her birthday money and gifts that they might be the means of furnishing another cot to a child's hospital in which she was interested.



"LAWSSE-MASSY, EPH, COME HEAH QUICK! DEARE'S A WATAHMELLON IN DE UPPER ROOM 'WATAHIN ISSUES' DE TABLE!"



THAT WATERMELON FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

HIS IDEA OF IT.

"HERE is a stamp from Turkey, and another from Guinea," said Uncle Tom.

"Oh, thank you" cried Bayliss. "Maybe I'll get one from Rooster next."

WHAT IT HAD TO DO WITH IT.

ROLAND. "Mamma, will you please lend me your scissors?"

MAMMA. "To sharpen a slate pencil?"

ROLAND. "No; the cat just scratched me."

MAMMA. "Well, what has the cat to do with the scissors?"

ROLAND. "Nothing, mamma, except that I think that her nails need cutting."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"HOH!" sneered Marty, "of course horses can run faster than boys. They've got twice as many legs. If they had to stand on their hind legs the way we do they couldn't."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"I WAS the only one who had sweet-potatoes in my house to-day," said Hal, smacking his lips.

"How did that happen?" asked his chum.

"I was the only one who upset the sugar-bowl over his mashed potatoes," he explained.

GIRLS' WAYS

"WHY don't you play with your little sister?" asked mamma.

"'Cause I want to play ball," said Herford; "and girls always cry if they don't catch the ball, and then cry if they do catch it, 'cause it hurts."

AN OLD NAME.

"WHY do you call your donkey Fihad?" asked Uncle Jake, when he heard the name for the first time.

"Why," cried Nelson, in wonder, "didn't you ever hear of the song called 'Fihad a donkey that wouldn't go?' And my donkey won't go."

THANKSGIVING TURKEY

DONALD (*laq.*):

THANKSGIVING turkey's very fine
When on the table crisp and brown;
Oh, then what pleasant dreams are mine
A fairy Prince, I wear a crown!

I like the nice white tender breast;
I like the drum-stick and the wing,
The second joint, and all the rest
I like, oh my! like anything.

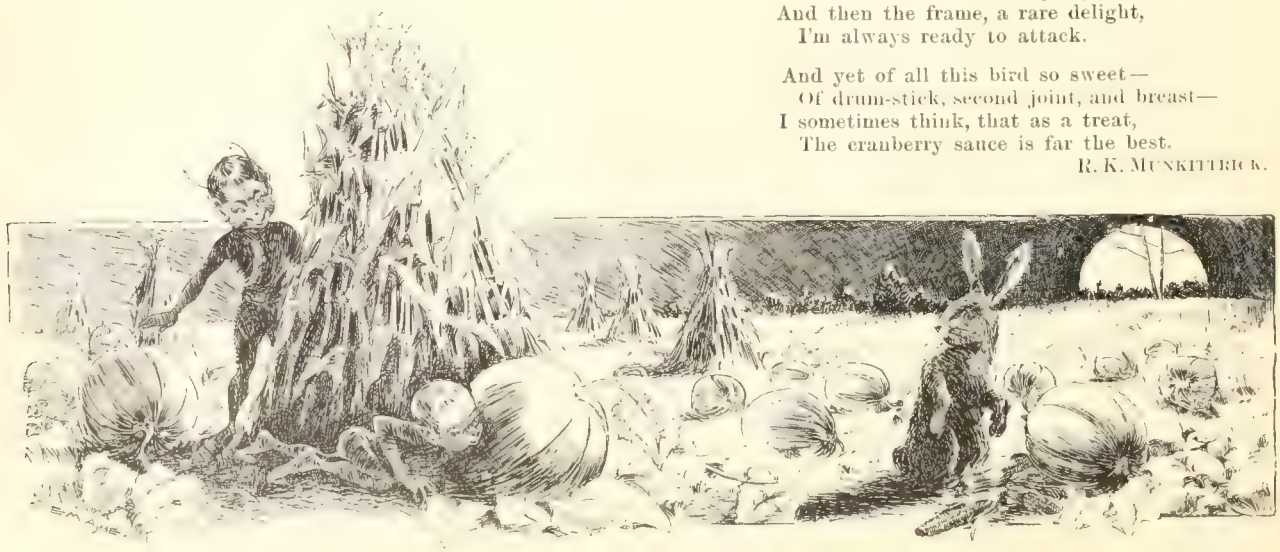
The gravy and the stuffing, too,
Are very sweet, I must confess;
Oh, turkey's lovely through and through,
And makes Thanksgiving a success.

At table how I love to stay
And gobble, gobble with dispatch
The bird that on this happy day
Is better than the football match.

I love the meat that's dry and white;
I love the meat that's juicy black,
And then the frame, a rare delight,
I'm always ready to attack.

And yet of all this bird so sweet—
Of drum-stick, second joint, and breast—
I sometimes think, that as a treat,
The cranberry sauce is far the best.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



MARKETING BY MOONLIGHT FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

FACE TO FACE WITH AN "INDIAN DEVIL."

A TRUE STORY RETOLD.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THERE were three of us, and we were all untiring explorers of the forests and streams within reach of our homes in quest of such possessors of fur, fin, or feather as our guns and rods could overcome.

Plenty of luck did we have too, for we lived in a sparsely settled part of Nova Scotia, and the trout and partridges and rabbits had not had their ranks thinned by too much hunting. It was no uncommon thing for us to bring back as the result of an afternoon's whipping of the brooks two or three dozen speckled trout weighing from half a pound to three pounds each, while less than a dozen brace of plump partridges or bob-tailed rabbits was looked on as a very poor bag for a day's shooting.

Adventurous and enterprising as we were, however, one stream of which we had knowledge remained undisturbed by our lines. It was known among the Micmacs, a band of whom roamed about the neighborhood, as Indian Devil Run, being so called because of their belief that the dense dark forest in which it took its rise was the fastness of a family of panthers, of which they stood in great dread.

Nor was the name without good foundation, for one autumn a hunter with gun and trap ventured into this place, and returned with the body of a panther, stating that he believed others still remained.



Indian Devil Run began somewhere in the North forest, ran through its heavy shadows for several miles, and then appeared to add its contribution to the Digdequash River, at which point we made its acquaintance.

We often talked about following it up into the depths of the forest, but the Indian stories made us pause, until at last one evening in September, Jack Johnston, craving some fresh excitement, dared us to make the attempt, and we rashly accepted the challenge.

The following morning we set off, letting no one know the object of our expedition. We were armed in this fashion: Charlie Peters bore an ancient Dutch musket, warranted when properly loaded to kill at both ends; Johnston had a keen tomahawk, which the Indians had taught him to use like one of themselves; and I carried an old-fashioned smooth-bore shot-gun, dangerous only to small game.

"Now if we come across an Indian devil, Charlie," said Johnston, "you give him a broadside from 'Dutchie,' and I'll finish him with my tomahawk."

"And where do I come in?" I asked, with a smile.

"*You?* Oh, you blaze away at him with your pepper-pot; you might perhaps put his eyes out, you know," Jack laughingly responded, and so our order of battle was settled upon.

We crossed the Digdequash in a canoe, hid our craft in the underbrush, and in high feather entered upon the exploration of Indian Devil Run.

It proved to be a succession of falls and rapids, overshadowed by huge trees for several miles, and we had hard work making our way up its course. But we toiled steadily on, and just before mid-day were rewarded for our pains by reaching a lovely spot, where the banks of the stream widened to form an enchanting pond encircled by a meadow, and offering every inducement to stay and rest.

Glad were we to do so. The pond evidently swarmed with trout. Quickly adjusting our fishing-tackle, we got to work. Shade of Izaak Walton! what a paradise for anglers! The water fairly boiled as the hungry trout fought for the privilege of being hooked. In one hour we landed as many as we could carry home, and they were fine fellows every one of them.

"The greatest place for trout I ever struck!" exclaimed Charlie Peters, throwing down his rod. "I positively haven't the heart to catch any more. It seems like taking a mean advantage of them."

So we stopped the slaughter, apparently much to the disappointment of our prey, who hung about asking to be made victims, and proceeded to dispose of the ample lunch with which our thoughtful mothers had provided us. Then we had a refreshing plunge in the clear water, scaring the trout nearly out of their skins, and by this time it was necessary that we should retrace our steps.

On our way up I had brought down a fine brace of birds, and to save carrying them to and fro had hung them to a high branch, intending to pick them up on the return journey.

"Don't forget your partridges, Hal," said Jack to me, as we shouldered our bags heavy with trout.

"No fear of that," I replied. "I know exactly where I left them."

Hitherto we had seen and heard nothing to justify the Indians' superstitious dread of the locality. No signs of wild animals were visible, and in high spirits at having discovered so rich a fishing-ground we hastened homeward.

"I guess the Indian devils have got tired of this place and quit," remarked Charlie Peters. "But don't let us give it away all the same. We must keep this run all to ourselves as long as we can."

Hardly had he spoken when an appalling shriek pierced the silence of the woods, and brought us to a sudden stop, while we looked into one another's faces with an apprehension we made no attempt to conceal. We were close to the tree where the partridges had been hung.

"It's the Indian devil!" exclaimed Jack Johnston, under his breath. "He's eaten the partridges, and now he wants to eat us."

We fully realized our danger, and after the first shock of fright braced ourselves to meet it with a determined front. Johnston, as the eldest and coolest of the three, took command.

"Charlie," said he, "you must let him have Dutchie full in the face the moment we sight him. Hal, you blaze away with your shot-gun, and I'll stand by to finish him with my tomahawk."

Nodding assent to these directions, we stood side by side, gazing eagerly into the forest gloom.

"There he is!" said Johnston. "See! on that big limb."

We followed the direction of his finger, and saw the brute clearly enough, stretched upon a limb not twelve yards away, his great green eyes glaring horribly at us.

"Quick, Charlie!" cried Jack. "He's going to spring. Rest your gun on my shoulder, and aim for his chest."

Charlie did as he was bid, and pulled the trigger. Bang went the old musket with a tremendous report. Over went Charlie on his back, his shoulder wellnigh dislocated by the kick of his weapon, and down came the panther to the ground badly wounded in his neck and breast. The instant he touched ground I let him have the contents of my shot-gun. But they only served to bother him for a moment, and, looking terrible in his fury, he was just gathering himself for a spring into our midst when Johnston, stepping forward, sent his tomahawk whizzing through the air with all the force of his strong right arm.

It was a perfect throw. No Micmac could have done it better. Like a flash of lightning the bright steel blade went straight to its mark, and buried itself in the panther's forehead right between those awful eyes, whose malignant gleam it extinguished forever.

Lifting Charlie to his feet we rushed forward, and stood in triumph over our fallen foe, shaking hands across his mighty body. How our hearts swelled with pride at the thought of the sensation our exploit would make!

With a twisted withe for a rope we laboriously dragged our prize to the canoe, and so got it across the river. Here we met the Indian who had been Johnston's teacher in the art of tomahawk throwing. He seemed immensely relieved at seeing us.

"Me see you boys go over this morning, then hear devil scream this afternoon, and hear you go bang. Me fraid you all deaded this time."

Then as he discovered the fatal gash in the brute's head, his face lit up with pride.

"Johnston, you do that!" he cried. "Ah! Smart boy. Me learn you how throw tomahawk like that."

Jack blushingly acknowledged the fact, and gave his Indian instructor due meed of praise for having taught him so well.

It was too big a job to get the heavy carcass of the panther any further, so the Indian took off the head and skin for us, and we presented him with the body, which he said was good to eat, and would "make Indian strong."

Our arrival at home with the trophies of our triumph over the terror of the forest caused great rejoicing. We were the heroes of the hour, and Charlie quite forgot his bruised shoulder in the pleasant excitement of the occasion.

We often revisited Indian Devil Run after that, and took many a fine fare of fish from its well-stocked waters, but we never saw another panther. We had apparently killed the last of the brood.

IVAN THE FOOL AND FOOLISH IVAN.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL

IN a certain Tsar's kingdom there lived an old woman with her only son Ivan, who was surnamed the Fool, because, in truth, he was that — nothing more, nothing less. Besides sleeping all night and snoring until the rafters shook, Ivan would lie on the stove through all the God-given day, except when he was eating, and never so much as lift a finger to help his poor mother. Once she said to him:

"Ivanushka, look! here is a ruble and a sack. Go to the market and buy salt and eggs, and bring to me, the salt underneath, the eggs on top."

"So said, so done," quoth Ivan the Fool; and he took the money and the sack, and went down the road, repeating to himself, "Salt underneath, and eggs on top," until, after a while, on a sudden there sprang out a little dog and bit at his bare heel, thinking it a piece of meat, which gave Ivan the Fool a great scare. And when he went on his way again, he said, "Eggs underneath, and salt on top; eggs underneath, and salt on top."



At the market he bought the eggs and the salt, putting the eggs into the sack first, and pouring in the salt on top of them. In consequence, the heavy lumps of salt broke all the eggs, and when Ivan the Fool reached home no man could have told what it was he had in the sack.

At sight of the mess he had made his mother quite lost her temper, and exclaimed, angrily: "Other men are men, but thou art only half-witted. Get quickly away, else I may forget myself and do thee some injury."

Ivan the Fool set forth on his travels, and whether it was long or short, he came at last into another Tsar's kingdom. Here, it so chanced, dwelt a poor woman with her only son, called Foolish Ivan, because he was foolish—nothing more, nothing less. All through the God-given day Foolish Ivan used to lie on the stove, never lifting a finger, and even allowing his mother to feed him. Once the poor woman, tiring of this, cried out:

"Get up, lazy-bones, and make yourself useful. Here is a ruble, a basket, and a jug. Go to the market and buy butter and milk, and bring to me, the butter in the basket, and the milk in the jug."

"Very well," said Ivan; and he took the money and the basket and the jug, and went off down the road, repeating to himself, "Butter in the basket, and milk in the jug; butter in the basket, and milk in the jug."

By-and-by, all at once a little bird flew down and tweaked Ivan's red nose, thinking it was a cherry, which so startled the poor fool that after he continued on his way, saying, "Milk in the basket, and butter in the jug; milk in the basket, and butter in the jug," until he came to market.



There, on making his purchases, he poured the milk into the basket easily enough, but when he wanted to put the butter into the jug he had great difficulty, because of the smallness of the neck, and only succeeded, finally, by jamming it in, a little at a time, with a stick he picked up beside the road. In this fashion he started for home; but when he came to his mother, every drop of the milk had leaked through the basket; and as for the butter, it was there, safe enough, but was all mixed with sand and dirt, and, moreover, nothing short of a hot fire could coax it out again.

On seeing what a sad mess he had made, his mother lost all patience, and exclaimed, angrily: "Other men are men, but thou art only half-witted. Get out of my sight, lest in my wrath I do thee a harm."

Foolish Ivan set out on his travels, and whether it was long or short, one day he fell in with Ivan the Fool, when, as they were two of a kind, they agreed to join fortunes and journey on in company.

A story is soon told, but a deed is not soon done. After tramping a long and weary way, the two Ivans came into the kingdom of another Tsar, who had a very beautiful daughter. Now it chanced that while this maiden was still very young her father became engaged in a great war which lasted many years. During his absence from home the Tsar had his daughter, the Tsarevna, shut up in a lofty tower for safe keeping, fearing otherwise that some suitor might carry her off because of her wonderful beauty. But when the Tsar returned to his own kingdom after the war was over, he learned, what no one had dared tell him hitherto, that the young Tsarevna, although of a beauty as radiant as the day, was in her mind little better than a fool.

This discovery grieved the Tsar very much, and at first he knew not what to do nor how to act. Finally, bethinking himself that he must provide for her future in some way, he said:

"Since my daughter is, by Heaven's will, half-witted, she must be married to a half-witted husband, for with any other she would be put grievously to shame." Then he issued a proclamation ordering all half-witted youths to be brought to court, that he might judge which of them was best suited to become the Tsarevna's husband.

As Ivan the Fool and Foolish Ivan walked onward through this Tsar's kingdom, by-and-by they grew hungry. Shortly afterward they came to an orchard, where they saw some men gathering apples. Then said Ivan the Fool to Foolish Ivan,

"Do you wait here while I go and ask the farmer to give us some apples to eat."

Foolish Ivan sat down on a stone, and waited patiently



THE TSAR PROPOUNDED TO THEM ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS.

while his companion crossed the field to where the farmer was at work, and said,

"Farmer, will you give me some apples?"

To which the farmer replied, "Not for the asking will I, little father."



"For what, then?" queried Ivan the Fool.

"Help me to gather the apples," answered the farmer, "and I will give you all you can carry away on your shoulders in a sack."

It was this or nothing; so the fool staid and helped until all the crop was gathered. Then the farmer, who saw with whom he had to deal, gave him a sack with a hole in the bottom, and bade him fill it with apples. Ivan the Fool set the sack on the ground, and put into it apples until it was quite full, after which he hoisted it upon his shoulders and walked away. But at every step he took an apple fell out through the hole in the bottom of the bag, and dropped upon the ground, whence it was immediately picked up by the farmer, who was slyly following him with another bag.

When Ivan the Fool came to the highway again, there was not a single apple left to him of all he had brought.

"It is wonderful how light the sack has grown," he said; but when, on setting it down, he perceived it to be quite empty, he merely remarked, "It is much better so, for now I shall not have the trouble of carrying it."

On hearing this speech, the farmer bethought himself, and exclaimed, "Where could one find a son-in-law more to our Tsar's mind than this youth?" With that he took Ivan the Fool, and marched him off to court, where the Tsar rewarded him with a present of twenty pieces of money.

Meanwhile Foolish Ivan, who long before had got tired of waiting, had wandered away in another direction. By-and-by the sky clouded and the rain began to fall heavily; but instead of seeking out a shelter for himself, Foolish Ivan stopped at a puddle in the middle of the road, and taking off his ragged cloak, held it spread over the water so that no more rain should fall in. Presently, along came a person, who, seeing this, asked him what he was doing. Replied he,

"I am trying to keep the poor little fishes from getting wet."

At this the stranger burst into a laugh, and cried out, "Surely the Tsar could not suit himself in a son-in-law better than with this youth." Then he took Foolish Ivan along with him to court, where the Tsar gave him, as a reward, twenty pieces of money.

Many fools were brought to the Tsar to choose from, but none of them all could outdo the folly of Ivan the Fool and Foolish Ivan. The only trouble was to decide between the two, for no sooner did one of them do some particularly foolish act, than the other straightway committed a folly that surpassed it. For a long time the Tsar was uncertain, until, on the Tsarevna's sixteenth birthday, he said within his own mind,

"Whichever of this pair shall prove himself to be the bigger fool between this and night, to him will I give my daughter as wife."

But strangely enough it happened neither Ivan the Fool nor Foolish Ivan did anything all the long day that a man with all his wits might not have done. So when night came the Tsar said:

"Though deeds are not done, words may be spoken. He who answers most foolishly the questions I am going to put shall be the Tsarevna's husband."

With that he called the two Ivans, and propounded to them all sorts of questions; but no matter what he asked, in each case the replies were equally foolish. At length he interrogated Ivan the Fool thus, "Suppose I were to give my daughter to you for wife, what wedding gift would you make her?"

To which Ivan the Fool answered, "I would present her with a beautiful cobweb cloak to shield her from the sun, and shoes of gauze to keep her feet from the wet."

The Tsar proposed the same query to Foolish Ivan, and his reply was,

"I would give her a splendid palace built of a soap-bubble to shelter her, and I would feed her on dainty slices cut from a rainbow, that she might not starve meanwhile."

At hearing this the Tsar exclaimed in despair, "No man living could decide which of you is the bigger fool."

But Foolish Ivan spoke up, and said, "Nay, that is a matter easily settled, for he who weighs more is assuredly the bigger of us two fools."

"Truly it is not thou, then," quoth the Tsar, "for the other had not wit to think of such an easy way out of the difficulty."

Nevertheless, he had them weighed, and Ivan the Fool being of rather full figure, while Foolish Ivan was lean and lanky, it was to the former that the beautiful Tsarevna was finally awarded. As to Foolish Ivan, the Tsar gave him a sum of money and sent him on farther.

Ivan the Fool and the Tsar's daughter were to be married. On the way to the church the young bride did nothing else all the while except weep bitterly.

"Beautiful Tsarevna, wherefore do you weep?" inquired Ivan.

"Because I am unhappy at thinking of the life we two poor unfortunates, half-witted ones, must lead," she answered.

"Not so," quoth Ivan, "for we two, being each half-witted, have together a whole wit, and with it I am sure we shall manage to rub along through life very comfortably."

Yet although he spoke bravely, he was troubled too in his heart, and became very sad.

Ivan the Fool and the Tsar's daughter were married.

As they were returning from church two ravens flew over the carriage, and one of them said: "Caw! caw! If Ivan the Fool were to drink at the Fountain of Wisdom,

and give of its waters to his bride, they two would be the wisest couple in the white world; but why speak of that, since he never would know how to find the Fountain of Wisdom?"

Then the second raven answered: "Caw! caw! So it would be, and so it is. Still, if Ivan were to go to the Baba-Yaga in the forest, she might tell him how to find the fountain, if she chose."

And after that the two ravens flew away.

As soon as Ivan heard this discourse he sprang out of the carriage, saying: "I have dropped my handkerchief, and must go back for it. Do you keep on, and I will overtake you presently."

But instead of returning, he walked straight into the great forest, and whether it was long or short, by-and-by he came to an iron hut on hens' legs that turned about continually.

"Little hut," he commanded, "stand still, with thy back to the wood and thy front to me."

The hut stood still, and Ivan the Fool entered. There, behold! lay Baba-Yaga, bone-leg, across the floor, fast asleep. Ivan bent over and shook her gently.

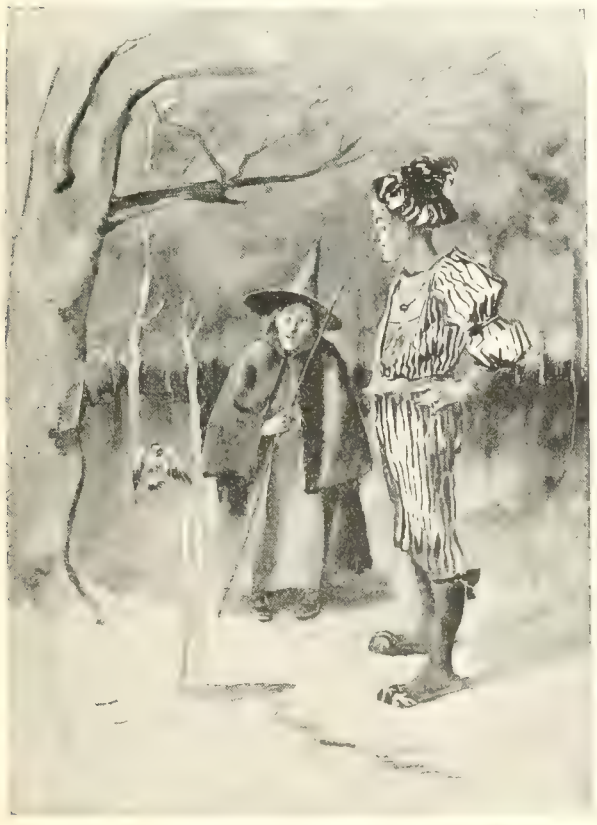
"Grandmother, tell me where is the Fountain of Wisdom, for I am athirst to drink of it," said he.

The old witch opened her eyes. "If it were here, it would not be there; yet if it were not there, it might not be here, either," she answered, crossly.

Ivan saw that she must be taught politeness; so he grasped her between his two hands, and squeezed her until she cried with pain, for he was as strong as a hero.

"Ivanushka, let me go," she whined, "and I will show you where is the Fountain of Wisdom."

Ivan the Fool dropped her out of his two hands, and



A LITTLE BIRD FLEW DOWN AND DIPPED ITS BEAK IN THE WATERS.

when she had got her breath, she led him into the forest. By-and-by she stopped and struck the damp earth with her staff, when, wherever it came from, there gushed forth a stream of water as red as blood.

"This is the Fountain of Wisdom. Drink, Ivan!" said Baba-Yaga.

But Ivan distrusted her, and hesitated, until soon a little bird flew down and dipped its bill into the water. Immediately it gave a piercing cry, and flying straight against a tree, dropped dead to the ground. Thereat Ivan the Fool was very angry, and seizing the old witch between his two hands, he exclaimed:

"Thou hast lied. This is the water of madness." Then he squeezed her until she cried with pain, for he was as strong as a hero.

"Ivanushka, little father, have pity," she whined. "Forgive me, and this time I will take you to the true Fountain of Wisdom."

Ivan the Fool let her drop out of his two hands, and she led him to another part of the forest. By-and-by she struck the damp earth with her staff, when, wherever it came from, there gushed up a stream of water as clear as crystal and sparkling in the sunlight.

"This is the Fountain of Wisdom. Drink, Ivan!" said Baba-Yaga.

But Ivan hesitated, until soon a little bird flew down and dipped its beak into the waters. Immediately it gave a joyous cry and mounted straight up toward the blue sky, singing all the while. Then Ivan drank without fear, and in less time than it takes for the telling he was changed into the wisest and greatest hero that ever lived.

Then he filled a flask at the Fountain of Wisdom, and hastened home with it to his bride. No sooner had the Tsarevna tasted the magic water than she became as witty as she was beautiful, so that there was not her peer anywhere in the white world.

Ivan, no longer the Fool, lived happily for many years with the beautiful Tsarevna, and when the father died they two became Tsar and Tsaritsa, and sat on the throne.

But if Foolish Ivan ever did anything more worthy of being told, the news of it has not come to my ears.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC

CHAPTER IX.

ALONE ON THE ISLAND.

WINN CASPAR was indeed unhappy as he sat on that log and gazed hopelessly out over the sparkling waters, on which the sun was now shining brightly. Although he had explored only a portion of the island, he felt that he was alone on it. But that was by no means the worst of the situation. The raft in which he had taken so much pride, his father's raft upon which so much depended, the raft on which he had expected to float out into the great world, was gone, and he was powerless to follow it. All through his own fault, too! This thought was the hardest to bear. Why, even Etta would have known better. Of course she would. Any one but he would, and she was wiser than almost any one he knew. How dearly he loved this wise little sister, and to think that he had parted with her in anger! When was that? Only last evening! Impossible! It must have been weeks ago. It wasn't, though! It was only a few

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

hours ago, and his father had hardly had time to come and look for him yet. Perhaps he was even now on his way down the river, and might be passing on the other side of the island.

With this thought the boy sprang to his feet, and hurrying to the head of the island, eagerly scanned the water of the main channel. There was nothing in sight, not even a skiff or a canoe. "Even my dugout is gone," thought Winn, with a fresh pang, for he was very fond of the little craft that was all his own. Then he wondered how he should attract his father's attention, and decided to build a fire, with the hope that Major Caspar might come to it to make inquiries, and thus effect his rescue.

Having a definite object to work for cheered the boy somewhat, and his heart grew sensibly lighter as he began to collect wood for his fire. But how should he light it? He had no matches. For a moment this new difficulty seemed insurmountable; then he remembered having seen the smouldering remains of a fire at the abandoned camp on the other side of the island. He must go back to it at once.

Hurrying back around the head of the island, Winn reached the place just in time to find a few embers still glowing faintly, and after whittling a handful of shavings, he succeeded, by a great expenditure of breath, in coaxing a tiny flame into life. Very carefully he piled on dry chips, and then larger sticks, until finally he had a fire warranted to live through a rain-storm. Now for another on the opposite side of the island!

He could not carry lighted sticks the way he had come. It was too far. He thought he could get them safely across the island, though, if he only knew the most direct path. He would first discover this and then return for his fire. Quite early in the search he stumbled across a very narrow trail that seemed to lead in the right direction. By following it he came once more to the deserted log hut in the forest, but search through the little clearing as he might, he could not see that it went any farther.

Taking his bearings, after deciding to open a trail of his own from there to the river, the boy attacked a thicket on the eastern side of the clearing with his jack-knife. A few minutes of cutting carried him through it, and, to his amazement, he found himself again in an unmistakable trail. It was narrow and indistinct, but it was none the less a trail, leading in the right direction, and the boy was woodman enough to follow it without hesitation to the river-bank. A steamboat was passing the island, but though Winn waved frantically to it and shouted himself hoarse, no attention was paid to him. With a heavy heart he watched it out of sight, and then began another collection of wood for his signal-fire.

When it was made, he again crossed the island, selected a blazing stick from the camp-fire, and started to retrace his steps. By the time he reached the log hut he found it necessary to stop and renew his blaze by building a fire in the rude chimney. By thus establishing a relay station he finally succeeded in getting a blaze to the desired spot on the channel side of the island, and in starting a brisk fire at that point.

Here the boy would have staid and watched for the craft that he fondly hoped would come to his deliverance, but it was now a long time since breakfast, and his hard work had made him very hungry. He might find something to eat at that abandoned camp, which he had not yet examined. At any rate he would go and look. So he piled logs on his fire until satisfied that it would last for some hours. Then picking up a bit of shingle from the beach, he wrote on it with the stump of a lead-pencil:

"I am on the island. Follow the trail and you will find me.

"WINN CASPAR."

This note he stuck in a cleft sapling, from which he first cut the top, and which stood so near the fire that it was certain to attract attention. Then feeling that he could do nothing more in that place, he set forth in search of something with which to satisfy his hunger. On his way back he stopped at the hut, and made a thorough but vain search for food. There was not so much as would have fed a mouse, and the only thing of value that the boy discovered was a rusty fish-hook stuck into one of the wall logs. Before leaving the hut he replenished the fire in the chimney-place, thinking that perhaps he might return there to sleep. Then he went on to the camp.

Here Winn's search for food was as unsuccessful as it had been at the hut. He found a number of cooking utensils, battered and smoked, and discovered an old axe still sticking in the log on which it had been last used. He also found some bits of rope and cord. He knotted together enough of the latter to make a rude line, attached his fish-hook to it, cut a pole, dug some bait, and began to fish just above the "river-traders'" boom. For some time he sat there, patiently, but got no bites. The poor boy began to grow desperate with hunger.

"I declare! I've a great mind to swim for the mainland," he said, aloud. "No I won't, though. I can do better than that. Besides, the water is cold enough to give me a cramp. I can make a raft of these logs. Why didn't I think of it before?"

Thrusting the butt end of his pole into the soft earth of the bank, and weighting it with a good-sized stone, the boy went to the boom to examine its contents. There were plenty of logs suitable for the foundation of a raft, and more than enough lumber to deck it handsomely. But what was that brown stuff filling so many of the crevices between the logs and timbers?

"Wheat, as I'm a living boy!" exclaimed Winn, stooping and gathering some of the stuff in his hands. "Wheat, but where can it have come from? Did the *Venture* suddenly break up and go to pieces after all, as Mr. Gilder said she would?" If so, then the situation was worse than he had supposed, for until now the boy had entertained some hopes of being able to follow and perhaps recover the raft, especially if his father should come along and discover him. But if the raft were broken up, as the presence of this wheat seemed to indicate, then its loss was indeed total and irreparable.

"But if they have not gone off with the raft, what has become of those river traders?" argued the boy with himself. "They might have followed the broken sections, or even gone off on all of them. I believe that's what they have done!" he exclaimed aloud. "That accounts for their leaving in such a hurry, and taking their provisions with them. I didn't think that Gilder was such a bad sort of a chap after all. Now he is pretty sure to come back for me after he has secured what he can from the wreck. But what am I to do for something to eat in the mean time? If I could only catch a fish!"

Just then there was a great commotion in the water, and the pole left sticking in the bank began to bend ominously. Winn sprang toward it; but as he stretched out his hand, it flew back into position, and the flurry in the water subsided. The wretched line had parted, and the big catfish, from which the boy could have made such a capital supper, was seeking the deepest hole in the river. The worst of it all was that he had taken Winn's only hook with him, and so put an end to any further efforts for his capture.

The boy could have cried with hunger and vexation. It wouldn't have done him any good, though, and he knew it; so he began to gather a tin cup full of the water-soaked wheat instead. This he set on a bed of coals to boil, and was so hungry that he could not wait for it to be done, but ate it half raw, without salt, butter,

sugar, syrup, milk, or anything that serves to render such food palatable, and only partially cooked at that, it still seemed to Winn one of the best things he had ever eaten, and he immediately started the cooking of another mess. There was not much of the wheat in sight, and to secure a second cupful the boy scraped up every grain that he could find.

"After this comes starvation," thought Winn, "unless I can get away from this island, and I am going to begin work on that raft at once."

He carefully collected every bit of rope he could find, and thus secured enough to lash together four of the largest logs. Above these he laid a platform of boards, and longed for some nails with which to fasten them in place. He did remarkably well considering his limited means, and by sunset had completed a raft that would more than support his weight. If he could only keep it clear of snags and reefs it would also bear him in safety down the river, to some place where there were suppers and breakfasts to be had.

It would not do to attempt the voyage on such a frail structure in the dark, of course; and so, at sunset, Winn reluctantly began his preparations for passing a night of loneliness on the island.

Chapter X.

A night of strange happenings.

Winn's preparations for the night were of the simplest description, because he had so little to prepare. The boy tried to console himself with this thought. "If I had provisions I should have to cook," he said to himself. "And if there is one thing in this world meaner than another it is cooking. I never realized before what mother has to go through with every day. Never complains of it, either. She's a regular angel, though, and things always seem to go right with her. Now with boys it's just the other way. See what a fix I've got into all on account of being a boy, and trying to do things. Seems to me that Gilder must have been a pretty patient sort of a boy to learn to cook the way he does. I wonder if he ever gets into scrapes? He'd be in one if he was in my place now, and I wish I knew how he'd get out of it."

While thus thinking Winn was by no means idle. He cut a number of bushes and leaned them against the ridge-pole of the "traders'" tent, the frame of which they had left standing. This shelter was so arranged as to form a wind-break on the north side of the fire, the grateful warmth being thus reflected from its inner surface. An armful of twigs and another of dry grass formed the boy's bed, and a drink of river water his supper. He had thought of passing the night in the log hut; but as darkness came on he could not bear the thought of its lonesomeness. It was bad enough to be alone on the river-bank, with a broad expanse of star-dotted sky to look at; but that folorn little hut, shut in on all sides by the dark forest! Ugh! It made him shiver to think of it. No; he was decidedly better off where he was, and even if his father came along during the night, which Winn did not think probable, he could not fail to see the notice posted beside the signal-fire. It was important that he should remain near his new raft too, so that at the first streak of daylight he could board it and be off.

After a while the lonely lad fell into a sleep filled with troubled dreams. An owl came and hooted about him; the night wind sighed weirdly through the tall timber behind him; while queer gurglings, mysterious splashings, and other strange sounds came from the swift-flowing river close at hand. Although none of these sounds wakened the boy, they tinged his dreams with their uncanniness.

For some hours he slept, and then woke with a start. He was sitting bolt-upright, and felt certain that something cold and wet had just touched his face. He put a hand to his cheek. Yes, there was a wet spot. What were those two bright points shining in the dim fireglow! They looked like eyes. Winn sprang to his feet. At his movement the glowing eyeballs vanished. Some animal uttered an indescribable sound, something between a bark and a snarl, there was a rustling of dead leaves, and then all was still.

While the boy stood trembling with the vague fear that always accompanies a suspected but unknown danger, and staring blankly into the darkness, there came to his ears from the forest depths a sound that was almost as terrifying as the recent presence of the unknown animal. It seemed a mingling of howls, cries, and groanings. It rose and fell, now loud, and then almost inaudible; but it always came from the direction of the deserted log hut. At length it ceased, and now Winn noticed for the first time that a faint light was beginning to tinge the eastern sky above the tree-tops.

"Daylight is coming," thought the boy, "and it is high time for me to be off." He was glad of an excuse for leaving a place that had all at once become filled with such unexplained terrors. Feeling his way cautiously to the river-bank, he reached the little raft without mishap. It took him some time to get it clear of the boom; but at length he succeeded, and with a very decided feeling of relief he pushed off into the current, and proceeded on his journey.

Winn's spirits rose as his clumsy craft moved out from the heavy shadows of the island, and he began to whistle to convince himself that he had not been afraid of anything after all. Suddenly he heard low voices close beside him, a dark object dashed up to his raft, and a dazzling light was flashed full in his face. The next instant two men sprang to his side, threw him down, searched him for arms, secured his knife, which was the only thing resembling a weapon that he possessed, and forced him into a large skiff containing several other men.

"Close the lantern," ordered one of these in a low but stern voice, "and pull for that fire on shore. No doubt we'll bag some more of them there." Then to Winn the man said: "So you thought you could give us the slip, did you, young fellow? Well, you found us up too early, didn't you? Now the best thing you can do is to afford us all possible aid in capturing the rest of your gang. It 'll count big in your favor with the Judge, I can tell you. How many are there on the island?"

"I don't know what you mean—" began Winn, indignantly; but a heavy hand was instantly clapped over his mouth.

"Shut up!" whispered the man hoarsely, but with terrible distinctness. "If you speak another loud word, I'll brain you. You'll find out what I mean when we've landed you safely in Dubuque jail. Now answer me in a whisper. How many of your pals are on the island?"

"I haven't any pals," replied Winn, putting as much force into his whisper as he dared, "and there isn't any one on the island. This is an outrage, and—"

"That will do!" answered the man, sternly. "If that's the tone you are going to take, we don't want to hear any more of it."

Just then the bow of the skiff was run on the bank, and the man, grasping Winn's arm, stepped ashore, saying:

"Now make yourself useful, young fellow, and lead us to your mint or den or whatever you call it. If you don't want to, I'll find a way to compel you, and if you try any low-down tricks, I'll make you wish you'd never been born."



WINN DASHED AWAY WITH THE SPEED OF A DEER.

"Do you mean the log hut?" asked Winn.

"Yes, if that's what you call it; but you want to get a move onto you in a hurry."

Bewildered and indignant as he was, Winn was yet cool enough to realize the folly of resistance. He also reflected that when these men found the hut deserted, and that there was no one besides themselves on the island, they would be willing to listen to his story. At any rate, so long as he was in their power it was best to do as they directed. So, with the leader's hand still grasping his arm, the boy led the way into the narrow trail that he had already traversed so often.

Proceeding slowly, and with such extreme caution that not a sound betrayed their presence, the men followed in single file. At the edge of the little clearing Winn halted, and was about to speak, when a hand was again clapped over his mouth with the force of a blow.

"Whisper!" came the order.

"Well, there's your hut," whispered the boy, as soon as he was given the chance, "and if you find any one in it, then I'm a liar, that's all."

The hut was plainly visible by the fire-light that streamed from its open window. Winn wondered at the brightness of this light, for it seemed as though the fire he had left there the evening before ought to have burned out long ago. He also wondered that he did not remember having closed the door. As no light came from its direction, it certainly appeared to be closed now. As these thoughts flashed through the boy's mind, the man who held him, and who was evidently the leader of the party, whispered

"You say there isn't anybody in there, but it looks to me as if there was. Anyhow, we'll find out in another minute, and if you've led us into a trap or played us false, I'll see that you swing for it, or my name's not Riley. Bill, you stay here and see that this chap doesn't put up any game on us while we surround that den of thieves. Have your guns prepared for use, men."

Although all this was spoken in a whisper, inaudible beyond its immediate group of hearers, there was no mistaking the man's stern meaning, and Winn experienced an uneasy dread such as he had not heretofore felt throughout this strange adventure.

Suppose there should be some one in the hut? Suppose the "river traders" had returned to the island and should resent this intrusion even to the point of resisting it? In such a case what would happen to him? If his captors were triumphant they would declare he had led them into a trap, for doing which they had promised to hang him. If, on the other hand, the "river traders" had returned and should make a successful fight, would not their wrath also be directed toward him for leading their assailants to the hut? In either case, it seemed to the bewildered boy that his position was decidedly unpleasant, and he awaited the immediate developments of the situation with no little anxiety.

Those who had followed him had disappeared like shadows, and Winn could not detect a sound save the suppressed breathing of the man who had been detailed to guard him, and who now held his arm. Suddenly a dog's bark broke the stillness, and a loud challenge, followed by a pistol shot, rang out through the night air. There was a confused trampling; the forest echoed with a roar of guns; the door of the hut was burst open, and a furious rush was made for the interior.

In his excitement Winn's guard loosed his hold of the boy's arm, and took a step forward, the better to distinguish what was going on. Winn was free, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, he slipped behind a tree trunk, stole noiselessly a few paces further, and then dashed away with the speed of a deer back over the trail leading to the river. He did not pause when he reached the camp in which he had passed the night so unhappily, but bounded down the bank to the water's edge. Here he cast loose the painter of the skiff that had brought Mr. Riley and his men to the island, and, with a mighty shove toward the channel, gave a spring that landed him at full length in its bottom. Here he lay breathless and almost motionless for the next thirty minutes, or until his craft had drifted below the tail of the island, and was spinning down the main channel of the great river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."—Drawn by F. H. Lucas.—[See Page 90.]

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

BY MARGARET J. SANGSTER.



IN this beautiful autumn of 1892 American children have observed a great many people going on a pilgrimage. Not that anybody spoke of it as a pilgrimage when father came in, all eager and bright and bustling, to tell mother that she and the children must be ready very soon, spick and span, to go off with him to New York or Chicago, to see the great parades, the banners flying, the drums beating, and all the world celebrating the thing Columbus did in 1492.

But it was a pilgrimage, even if it was not called so, and whole villages and towns went on it, having a very merry, happy time. In other lands and in other periods pilgrimages of one sort or another have been common; and back in the history of the Hebrew race we find that several times a year they had great feasts which gathered the nation up, and swept it on, in a progressive march to Jerusalem, their capital city. The greatest feast was that of the Passover, which came once a year, when whole families from all over Palestine left their homes and went to worship in the Holy City, where the Temple stood, and the sacrifices were offered, and choirs of white-robed priests chanted the praises of Jehovah.

Now, in modern times, when we go on a journey we step into a railway car at the station, take a comfortable seat, and go rushing like the wind to our journey's end nineteenth-century fashion.

In the old days it was quite different. Then the strong men and boys walked all day long. The women and children rode on donkeys or on camels, or perhaps in a cart drawn by bullocks. At night the companies of neighbors pitched their tents on a hill-side, cooked the evening meal, and then went peacefully to sleep, with fires blazing here and there on the outside rim of the encampment to frighten away wild beasts. It was an out-door picnic, lasting nearly a month altogether.

At the yearly festival of the Passover it has been estimated by historians that in our Saviour's time the whole land for weeks was a succession of moving caravans, as many as two millions of people, from old men to tiny babies, going up to celebrate the great feast of the nation. Going *up*, for Jerusalem was enthroned among lofty hills, and her Temple could be seen a long way off, shining far over the landscape, and looking in the eyes of the coming host like a great glittering mountain of snow, all pure white and gleaming gold.

As they had no telegraphs or newspapers at the beginning of the Christian era, tidings went from one to another by word of mouth, and people talked together of what was happening in the country. And once it came to pass that there were wonderful things to talk about around the camp-fire at night and as they journeyed by day.

"You know Nazareth, off there in Galilee?" one friend would ask of a number, and the rest would answer:

"Why, yes! Nazareth is a wild, rough place. Nothing good ever came from Nazareth. A lurking-place for robbers, Nazareth!"

"Ah!" but somebody else would say, "a Prophet has arisen in Nazareth! He goes about the land with a little group of disciples, men who love Him, and He does nothing but good. They say it is perfectly wonderful what He can do! Why, He went to a wedding once, and the wine gave out, and the people felt dreadfully embarrassed, but He was there a guest, Jesus His name is, and He told the master of the house to fill some tall jars with water, and he did so, and this strange Prophet turned the water into sweet red wine. Such a thing to do."

"Besides this," a woman's voice would interrupt, "He makes blind people see, just opens their eyes, and all the blindness goes. He heals sick people, and feeds hungry people, and He has even called the dead to life. A little maid, Tabitha, whom my cousin Hannah told me about, was dead, and He raised her up, bright and well just by a touch and a word!"

"Amazing!" A silence would fall on the company, till some one would venture another remark.

"And what do the rulers say, and what does the High Priest think? Can this perhaps be the One we have long looked for, the Messiah?"

But the bold speaker would be speedily frowned down. The people were not yet ready to receive their Messiah, the Deliverer, whom for ages they had been waiting to greet. Few and far between were those who dreamed that this gentle, kind, and loving Jesus might indeed be that Son of Man and the Son of God for whom they waited.

Now and then a thoughtful person, lying down at night, and remembering all that had been told of Jesus, would whisper, "I wonder, oh, I wonder, if He could make bad people good? That would be still harder to do!"

Mothers, you know, always desire the best things for their children. So when it chanced one day that in the crowd going toward Jerusalem there was a rumor that Jesus the Prophet was near, talking in His own sweet way, wise and comforting and commanding, a few dark-eyed Judean women, holding babies in their arms and with older children clinging to their gowns, pressed out of the throng and came close to the Master. This was the name they had begun to call Him now.

They wanted Him to touch their children. Some of the children were ill, some were fretful and tired, some were bubbling over with health and fun. All were very dear to their mothers, and the mothers thought that a touch of those hands that had done so much good would keep off all evil, and ward off all danger from their darlings in days to come.

Around the Master and between Him and the crowd were gathered His disciples, a group of strong dark faces, some of them seafaring men, others keen-eyed men from the cities. These were very impatient with the women and children, and rebuked them. We can hear their lifted voices saying:

"Go away! Take those children where they belong! Trouble not the Master. He has other work to do, and cannot be bothered with you and your babies!"

But the mothers were not to be daunted, and held their ground, and very likely some of the little ones cried, or the sturdy little Jewish laddies may even have pressed close enough to the Master to catch hold of His garment.

Presently He turned round, saw the commotion, and then, just as might have been expected, He rebuked the disciples. He looked very encouragingly at the women, and held out His arms to take a dimpled baby from the mother who stood nearest, saying,

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We do not know anything of the lives of these dear little children on whom Jesus laid His hands, and whom He blessed. We think that some of them may have been in the great crowd who thronged His pathway when He took His last journey to Jerusalem that He might "lay down His life for His sheep."

Then the children cried, "Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!" as over the palm-strewn road the King went into Jerusalem. Over the cross of His agony His enemies wrote, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews," writing it in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, for the whole world to read.

But before He came to the cross He had that day of

triumph which the Church remembers on Palm Sunday, and then the children, in their glad young voices, shouted "Hosanna!"

Nobody could ever make me believe that little children on whom our blessed Lord laid His hands grew up to be bad men and women. I am sure the blessing abided upon them through their lives, and as they have now been many centuries in heaven, I think that there they love Him very dearly, and as they see His face, remember that He said to them first, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

But those words were spoken to the children of all ages. Though we do not now see Jesus in the flesh, He is not far away from us. He is our Christ, our Anointed King. Formerly, when kings were crowned, part of the ceremonial consisted in the pouring of oil (chrism) on the royal head. Jesus is called Christ because He is a King.

A King who is as strong and loving in heaven as He was on earth, He still loves little children, and wants them for His own. Another very sweet word that He said was this, a word said to grown people, by-the-bye, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Not that children are always good. Christ does not love people for goodness, but because He is good, and they need Him. But children have no care about to-morrow, and nothing to worry them. Children depend on their parents for food and for clothing; children know little of the great evils that are in the world. In every city and town, in every school and home, wherever there is a baby in a little crib, wherever there is a child's hospital, yes, wherever there is a child's little grave, Jesus Christ is still saying, as of old,

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

IN THE SMOKING-CAR.

A TRUE TALE.

WE were coming down the Connecticut Valley from our camp on the lake. Father had gone up into Canada, and taken mother with him, so Jack and I were alone. Jack is very nice to travel with. He always buys me a book and looks after my luggage; so I like to oblige him, and when he asked if I could excuse him for a while so that he could go into the smoking-car, I said yes at once. Jack doesn't smoke, but he always gets into conversation. It must have been more than two hours before he slipped into his seat again.

"Where do you suppose I've been?" he began.

"Why, in the smoker," I said

"What a pity you aren't a boy, Ruth." He looked at me regretfully. He often does.

"Why?"

"I'd give anything if you'd been with me just now."

I grew quite excited. "Why?" I asked again.

"Oh—well," settling himself comfortably. "I want to give it to you straight. I sat down behind some jolly smoking fellows. I thought they wouldn't mind my listening. But very soon a plainly dressed customer came along and took the other half of my seat. He pulled out a pipe, and wanted to know if I minded it, and then he began to talk. I didn't pay much attention at first—he was a seedy old codger—but he had such a nice voice that it made me turn around and look sharper at him. This is the way he did:" Jack bit his under-lip, in imitation, as if to suppress a smile. "He was going on about the scenery then, and the logging. What do you suppose he asked me? If I'd read Howells's account of the logging-camp in *A Modern Instance*."

I raised my eyebrows—Jack is very democratic. "An old codger reading Howells?"

Jack grinned. "Reading everything," he replied. "I said I didn't care for Howells, but my sister did."

"Oh, Jack!"

"And he looked amused. So I wanted to show him I wasn't a Dick the Newsboy duffer myself; and I said I liked Stevenson tip-top, and Kipling."

"Well, was he impressed?" I inquired.

Jack looked sheepish. "He spoke of *The Wrecker*, and we discussed that. I said I'd gone back on Kipling lately, and he asked me why. I told him I thought he was too fresh about America. He'd no business to call us names. Then, somehow, the way he talked made me fancy he might be a Canadian. And they're always laughing at our sensitiveness, you know. I thought I'd show my liberality, and I fired all that at him that father said, the time the papers were pitching into Kipling, you remember?"

"No, I don't."

"Why"— impatiently—"that he was only a boy yet, and we shouldn't lose sight of his youth; and he was easily impressed, and wrote under great pressure. It wasn't fair to be too severe on him. I said that."

"In your own proper person, or as quoting father?"

"What difference did it make?" quoth Jack, very red.

I saw that he had not quoted father. "It was very kind of you to instruct your elderly friend," I remarked.

"He wasn't so elderly."

"Why, you said so."

"I said old. That meant—funny; sort of—tousled."

"Oh!"

"Well, the conductor came along and spoke to him. I thought he must be a trainman. He looked like it as much as anything, only he wasn't in uniform. By-and-by he went away himself, and the conductor came back down the aisle. I felt curious, the man seemed so superior. So I asked his name. I thought maybe I'd send him up some books from home as a memento. What do you suppose the conductor said? Guess."

"Oh, some Jim Jones or John Smith," I answered, idly. "But, Jack, seriously"—I'm two years older than he—"you must not adopt that patronizing manner with strangers. We're used to it at home, and we don't mind it—much. Yet people who don't understand you— Why, the man might have been Rudyard Kipling himself!"

"It was," said Jack.



THE DOOR TO THE HOUSE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

THERE were idle thoughts came in the door,
And warmed their little toes.
And did more mischief about the house
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables, and broke the chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall.
For a motto was written above the door,
"There's a welcome here for all."

When the master saw the mischief done,
He closed it with hope and fear,
And he wrote above, instead, "Let none
Save good thoughts enter here."

And the good little thoughts came trooping in
When he drove the others out.
They cleaned the walls, and they swept the floor,
And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,
With wings and a shining face,
And above the door he wrote, "Here Love
Has found a dwelling-place."

ROSALIND'S EMERGENCY.

BY MARY SELDEN McCOBB.

ROSALIND HAYDEN came slowly up the garden path. Kitty tapped impatiently on the window pane.

"Rosalind never hurried in her life. I never saw such a snail," she complained. "We're sure to be late for the emergency lecture."

Tom came round the corner of the veranda. Kitty could hear his teasing tone.

"Hollo, Rosy! 'Emergency,' eh? Come, now, here's a case. Suppose you were to meet a couple of microbes escorting *la grippe* in your direction, what would you do in *that* emergency? Speak up lively!"

"Why, Tom—a microbe—why, one couldn't *see*," began literal Rosalind, who never recognized a joke.

Tom burst into a laugh. "Call it drowning, then," he went on. "Given a drowning man. How would you save his life in an emergency?"

"Lay him on his face, with the head slightly lower than the shoulders, let the water run from his mouth, then roll him gently from side to side, pressing lightly on the chest."

Rosalind was rehearsing her instructions soberly, when Tom broke in:

"Now *I* should pull the fellow out of the river. That would be *my* artless way. But then I haven't been to emergency lectures. Ha, ha!"

Kitty came hastily from the house. "Don't chaff her, Tom," she cried. "We shall be late, Rosalind. Here's your note-book. Do hurry, for once in your life!"

Rosalind allowed herself to be dragged down the walk, in the direction of the church vestry, where young Dr. Peters was delivering a series of lectures on "What to do in Emergencies." Rosalind had been much interested in the doctor's wise remarks, and bore with unfailing sweetness her brother's jeers and gibes.

Tom found infinite fun in the thought of Rosalind's "whisking in, on an emergency."

"She was born *slow*," declared Tom. "She never *gets there* till the next week."

"Rosalind is sure, if she is slow," answered the mother, lovingly. "I can depend on her keeping her wits about her every time. Now she won't forget to go to the train to meet Great-aunt Hannah. I can trust her memory, and that's more than I can say of a certain young man not a mile off."

Yes, Rosalind remembered. Exactly a quarter of a minute before the train was due she reached the station, and left John, the coachman, with the horses, while she went to welcome the traveller.

No one could fail to recognize Great-aunt Hannah, as she stepped, stately and majestic, from the Pullman, the sable ostrich feathers on her bonnet "waving like plumes on a hearse," as Tom irreverently said.

Aunt Hannah was accompanied by her fat, wheezy, pug-dog, fully as dignified and solemn as his mistress.

Rosalind stowed herself meekly on the small front seat of the coupé, that Tadgers might recline at his ease, next Aunt Hannah, on the broader cushions.

It took some time to settle the three inside the carriage, and to adjust Aunt Hannah's air pillow and wraps, while several minutes passed in making sure that Tadgers was comfortable, and in trying to persuade him not to growl and yap at Rosalind.

Thus it happened that all the hacks had rolled away with their passengers, and that the street near the station was deserted of baggage wagons and railway teams. It was then that Aunt Hannah missed Tadgers's basket.

"Surely I left it in the train," she exclaimed. "I shouldn't mind, Rosalind, but Tadgers is so delicately organized that he really cannot sleep in any bed but his very own basket."

"John will hunt it up," said Rosalind, in her composed tones.

John obediently departed. The door of the station slammed behind him. Rex, the "off horse," pricked up his ears at the sudden noise. Feeling her mate stir, Regina, the black mare, moved uneasily. Both horses took a few steps, paused, then moved slowly forward down the road.

"My dear!" cried Great-aunt Hannah, grasping her niece's arm.

Tadgers, catching her alarm, gave a series of sharp barks.

Rosalind instantly lowered the side window. "Whoa!" she called. "Whoa, Rex! Regina, who-o-a!"

Rex paid no heed to this exhortation. In fact he quickened his pace, and Regina followed suit.

John, emerging from the station, saw his horses disappearing round a corner. "And *they're* shut up inside!" he exclaimed, in horror, dropping Tadgers's basket, and starting on a helpless pursuit.

By this time the horses were holding their heads high, aware that no hand was on the reins.

Rosalind's heart was beating like a trip-hammer, but she spoke in her usual deliberate way. "There's nothing for me to do but to get on the box," said she. "This glass front won't open, so you must excuse me if I *smash* it, Aunt Hannah. Keep calm, if you please, ma'am."

She caught up a travelling-bag, and gave one, two, three heavy blows on the plate-glass. One piece flew at Tadgers's nose, making a neat little slit in the flesh, to his intense indignation.

"Sit still, Aunt Hannah," said Rosalind. "I'm going to climb out."

She thrust her arm and then her head cautiously through the jagged opening, and managed to clutch the edge of the coachman's seat. Aunt Hannah wrung her hands and groaned. The glass caught at Rosalind's shoulders, but crackled sharply as the girl dragged herself forward. The carriage swayed, making every movement perilous, but Rosalind's brain was steady. She cut her ankle as she drew it after her body, but she paid no heed, her one fear being that she should pitch headlong over the low dasher as she crawled head-foremost. She never could tell how she righted herself; but in spite of jolts and bumps, and a most unexpected and embarrassing push from distracted Great-aunt Hannah, which almost sent her down among the horses' heels, Rosalind found herself upright on the box. The carriage was whirling along. And the reins! Where were the reins? Lying across Rex's back. Here was a pretty pass!

"I wonder if I could clamber on to the pole and reach them?" debated Rosalind.

Just then a burly Irishman came out of a shop. He opened his mouth, gave a sort of wild whoop, rushed forward, and made a snatch at Regina's bridle. He missed his aim. The horses shied, and tore along.

Half a dozen boys set up a bewildered shout.

"Head 'em off!" "Ketch the young lady!" "Runaway!"

Their cries grew rapidly fainter as the horses tore along.

Aunt Hannah's dignity vanished. Her head came into violent contact with the side of the coupé, which, in spite of its padding, bruised her unmercifully.

"Hand me your umbrella!" Rosalind's voice sounded through the broken glass. Aunt Hannah collected her wits and obeyed.

Rosalind lowered the hook on the umbrella handle toward the reins. Rex bounded as he felt the stick fumbling across his back. Cautiously Rosalind fished for the lines. She twisted the umbrella once and again, to make sure her hold. Then she drew it slowly upward.



SHE THRUST HER ARM AND THEN HER HEAD CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE JAGGED OPENING

One wrong movement, and the reins would drop out of her reach.

She caught them just as the coupé dashed round a corner at a sharp angle. It balanced itself on two wheels, gave a violent lurch, and righted itself.

Rosalind wrapped the lines around her hands, braced her feet, and tugged. She might as well have tried to stop the stars in their courses as to check the frenzied horses.

"All I can do is to guide them," thought Rosalind.

Another man thought he could rescue the perishing. "I meant to hit 'em a blow acrost the chist, and knock the wind out of 'em."

That was his intention. What he did was to bring his stick, with a tremendous thwack, across Rex's fore legs. That was the last straw. Rex took his bit between his teeth and flew. The traces held. The pole was tough.

"Mount Joy!" thought Rosalind.

If she could, by any possibility, head the creatures for that steep ascent there might be hope. She jerked the left rein and Regina swerved, pulling Rex in the same direction. Then, of their own will, they made a curve, dashing across Squire Blackmore's splendid new lawn, still soft from recent sodding. They left it behind torn and scarred by dents of hoofs and wheel ruts. Old Squire Blackmore, walking about his grounds, barely escaped destruction from the whirling wheels.

Aunt Hannah, at one window, cried piteously for "Help!" Tadgers howled at the other. Rosalind, white and cold, headed Regina for Mount Joy.

They were racketing along through a region of tenement-houses. There was a frightful commotion. Hens squawked, dogs barked, babies came within an inch of sudden death, women shrieked, men shouted, boys yelled.

"Mount Joy! Mount Joy!" gasped Rosalind.

They had nearly reached Mount Joy. Just at its foot they must cross the electric-car track, and if she could not keep the coupé at right angles to the iron rails, the sudden twist would send the driver into space. That she knew.

Suddenly the air was rent with a clang. It was the brazen gong of the electric car coming round the corner. There was a brief moment of horror. Rosalind shut her eyes. There was a shriek of terror, not from her, but from the car-driver. A hideous scraping noise. The car had actually grazed the coupé as it bounded across the track.

Then Rosalind, still grasping the reins, knew the horses were plunging up the hill. For forty feet they kept full speed, then the grade became steeper. Regina was drawing sobbing breaths. Rosalind sawed on the bits. Another twenty feet and the run had become a gallop. Twenty more and the gallop slackened to a canter—to a fast, then a slower trot.

The summit reached, the horses stood still. The sweat poured down their flanks; foam flecked their breasts; their chests heaved convulsively; they trembled in every limb. Three miles had they run.

"In eight minutes," calculated Rosalind, looking at the clock on the observatory which crowned the hill.

Limp with terror Great-aunt Hannah tumbled out of the coupé, her portentous black plumes shaking with agitation. Tadgers's eyes were nearly popping out of his head.

Two strong men seized each a horse's bridle.

"They'll stand—now," remarked Rosalind.

There she sat; her hair streamed down her back—her hat had blown off long ago—but she was quite herself.

"If you will go into that apothecary's shop, Aunt Hannah, I will send a livery hack for you," she said. "I must drive home or mother 'll be frightened out of her wits."

The group of men which had collected remonstrated, every member. In vain.

"You can sit up here by my side if you choose," said Rosalind to Mr. Tate, the observatory-keeper. "I should be—pleased with—your company—but *I* shall drive."

So she did, the entire length of the town—hatless, dishevelled, but quite at her ease.

The exhausted horses were like lambs. People turned to stare, but no one molested the returning chariot.

At her own gate Rosalind found John, as white as a ghost, in company with her terrified family. "Don't be alarmed," she called out.

They lifted her down, and Kitty called for a glass of water.

"What do I want of that?" asked Rosalind. "Do you think I'm such a goose as to faint? Will some one go for Great-aunt Hannah? She's at Millet's drug store on the top of Mount Joy."

Kitty was weeping hysterically. "Oh, Rose, I should have flown into inch pieces!" she sobbed.

"That's the good of being—*slow*," remarked Rosalind. "You don't fly into inch pieces if you're—*slow*." She laughed good naturedly. "You're of more use in an —emergency if you're *slow*," she added.

Tom's two hands were on her shoulders. He gave her a shake, did Tom; he was so relieved he must vent his emotions, and of course *he* couldn't cry. "You're a trump, Rosy!" he said, huskily. "You're a diamond! But look you here, girl! I tell you *keep out of a carriage until the coachman is on the box*. That's the way to avoid *this* sort of an *emergency*."

AN HOUR IN THE LIBRARY.



CONSIDERABLE amusement may be found, and at the same time a wonderful amount of knowledge be gained, by sitting in a good library for an hour or two and looking up almost any subject, and following it through some of the many channels that it suggests. A good library does not necessarily mean a large one. If there are only a few books, provided they are well selected, the inquirer will soon find nearly every great event repeated so often in the history of the world that he will be more than ever convinced that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Outside of a few of the mechanical inventions of the present age, almost everything in history is repeated over and over again. Taking, for instance, so familiar a subject as the life of William Penn, the searcher finds himself in a few minutes interested in the history of Alexander the Great and the city of Alexandria; and in a half-hour more he is looking for information about the Pharaohs of the XIXth Dynasty of Egypt — because Penn in some respects imitated Alexander, and Alexander imitated some of the Pharaohs. The transition from Penn in Philadelphia to King Menptah, who ruled in Egypt 1300 years before Christ, is easy and natural. This is the way it comes about:

The life of Penn includes some account of Philadelphia, and we admire the convenient way in which he and the three commissioners he appointed laid out that city, with the streets all running at right angles, and with the very wide Broad Street extending straight through the middle of the original city from north to south, and equally wide Market Street running through it from east to west. But this plan of a city, we soon find, was not original with Penn and his friends; it was copied in every particular from the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, which was laid out in 332 B.C. And perhaps the plan of Alexandria was copied from some still older city.

When Alexander the Great was only twenty-four years old he visited the mouth of the Nile, and decided that there was the site for a great city. He drew the plan, it is said, with his own hands, built the city, brought people to inhabit it, and founded what continued to be the great commercial metropolis of the East for many centuries. But what was Alexander doing at the mouth of the Nile? He was King of Macedon, and the mouth of the Nile was far away from his kingdom. He had already conquered so much of the civilized world that he was not satisfied any longer to be considered a mere man, and was on his way to Siwah, in the Libyan Desert, to be declared a god.

This was strange business for a man who had brains enough to conquer the world; but Alexander knew better, and did it only for its effect upon the people. In the oasis of Siwah, in the Libyan Desert, was a great temple that had then been in existence for at least 1500 years. It was so large that it gave employment to 100 priests, and it was dedicated to the worship of Jupiter Ammon, one of the heathen deities. Alexander visited the temple, and had the priests, after consulting their oracle, declare that he was not a man, but the son of Jupiter Ammon, and consequently a god.

From so great a man as Alexander we might look for something original; but his having himself declared a god was only an imitation of what other Kings had done before him. A thousand years before, the Kings (or Pharaohs) of the XIXth Dynasty of Egypt had gone to the same temple, and had had themselves declared gods in the same way. We may be sure that these Kings also knew better than to think themselves gods, and that they went through the ceremony only to make their ignorant subjects have greater respect for them. We celebrate the 400th anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America, and think what a long time ago that was; but what can we think of a temple that was famous in the year 1300 B.C., perhaps before Moses was born, and that was visited by Alexander the Great 300 years before the birth of our Saviour? The ruins of this great temple may still be seen at Siwah.

We can hardly imagine Alexander the Great making a joke, any more than we could picture George Washington singing "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay"; but Alexander knew so well that he was no god that he once joked about it. The only stove used in that country was a little brass stand, called a "focus," on which a fire was built. One cold day there was not enough wood on Alexander's focus, and he complained about it.

"If I am a god," said he, "you may bring me frankincense; but if I am a man, bring me more wood."

This is only one out of fifty branches of the subject that may be followed; and almost any subject that can be chosen is equally prolific.

PAPA'S TOYS.

DOES your father play with toys? This question will make you laugh, of course, when you first see it. "The idea!" you will exclaim. "*My* father play with toys?" But let us look into the matter a little; for perhaps he does, after all.

Your father has something that he is particularly interested in, if he is like most people in this world. It may be his business or his profession or his work; or he may "ride some hobby," as the saying is; or he may ride a bicycle; and if he rides a bicycle, there is his pet toy at once, without looking any farther. But whatever he does, the chances are that if you look closely at what he is most interested in, there you will find his toys.

If he has a "den" in the house, where he keeps his desk and his books and lounge and perhaps his smoking materials, it is there that he is most likely to keep his toys. Perhaps they are in the tobacco drawer, with the pipes and cigars. A fancy box for holding cigars or tobacco? That is a toy as much as your ball or your doll. One of those patent self-lighting match-boxes? That is another toy. Perhaps a fine silver match-box or a handsome cigar-case? Those are toys that he may be particularly fond of playing with.

If papa has a desk that he likes to sit before in the evenings to do his writing, and if he keeps it well stocked with writing materials and the little things that stationers call "desk furniture," you will be very likely to find his toys there. His fancy penholders and paper-cutter, his cut-glass ink bottle, his little boxes of brass fasteners, his inlaid stamp box—those are all toys. Papa buys them, because when he sees them he takes a fancy to them; and that is precisely why you buy your toys.

Not long ago a wide-awake boy was fortunate enough to hear his father tell of a toy that he was very fond of, and he turned his discovery to good account. Papa and a friend were in the "den" one evening, with young hopeful sitting on the lounge studying his lessons, when the friend picked up a great stick of sealing-wax from papa's desk. It was one of the largest sticks of wax made, of the kind called "express wax," nearly a foot long and more than an inch thick.

"What in the world do you do with such a slab of wax?" the friend asked.

"Don't you drop it!" papa exclaimed. "I wouldn't have that broken for a dollar. I keep it for a toy. I saw it at the stationer's the other day, and bought it because it was such a beautiful red, and so bright and smooth."

"Oh, papa!" the boy exclaimed. "And you told me that I was too big to play with toys."

Papa looked significantly at his friend, and laughed.

"Remember that I owe you half a dollar," said he, "for the next toy you take a fancy to; that's what I paid for the wax. I

must send you to some other school, young man; you're growing too bright at that one."

Your papa's toys are of a different kind from yours, but you may be sure that somewhere about the house or the office he has them.

IN THE END OF THE CENTURY.

I BELONG to the end of the century;
I am glad as I can be
That the century's far beginning
Is 'way, 'way back of me.
I can row a boat, I can drive a steed,
And saddle and ride him too,
And there's nothing my brother can do, at need,
That his sister cannot do.

I play lawn-tennis; I've tried baseball;
I climb as swift as a squirrel;
Pick myself up if I have a fall,
And laugh, though I'm only a girl.
Plucky and merry and ever so strong,
I hie where the great waves brim,
And the surf rolls in with its thunder song—
For of course I have learned to swim.

My great-grandmother was just my age
When the century was new;
She had to sit for hours each day
Pulling her needle through
Tiny holes in a bit of card,
Or sewing a long dull seam.
And one must confess that her fate was hard—
The poor little ghost of a dream.

They would never allow her to jump and run;
She must never look flushed and warm;
A dozen things that I may do,
Were then not thought "good form."
I'm glad I'm an end-of-the-century girl,
Healthy and happy and gay,
As free as a boy to study Greek,
And as free as a boy to play. M. E. S.

FIGHT WITH A WHARF RAT.

WHARF rats are, as you may or may not know, much larger than the ordinary rat, and I lately saw an enormous one that had been killed under peculiar and exciting circumstances.

A young man who lives in a flat in Boston, fully three miles from the nearest wharf, was standing before the basin in his bath-room washing his hands, when he heard a noise as of something moving around in the little closet under the basin. Stooping over, he opened the door, when out jumped an immense rat. It was so large that the gentleman at first thought it was a cat, the light in the bath-room being dim. The rat jumped into the bath-tub, and the gentleman climbed upon the marble slab around the wash-bowl, and called for his mother to bring him a weapon of some kind—"to kill the biggest rat in Boston," he said.

Finally his mother brought him an iron carpet-stretcher with a handle six feet long. She opened the door just far enough to thrust in the weapon, after being assured that the rat was still in the tub.

"And then the fun began," said my friend when he told me the story. "The moment I picked up the carpet-stretcher the rat was on the defensive. It was getting dark in the bath-room, and I lighted the gas, and the instant I did so the rat gave a little squeal and jumped upon the edge of the tub. I struck at him, but missed him, and he seized the handle of my weapon and clung to it with his teeth until I could hardly shake him off. When I did shake him off he jumped for me. I was still on the marble slab, and when he landed on it I jumped into the tub. When I struck at him the second time he dodged the blow and made for me again, squealing as loud as a young pig. I didn't suppose that anything in the shape of a rat could make such a noise. The families living in the flats above and below ours heard him distinctly, and came to ask what it all meant. Quite a crowd collected at the bath-room door, but I warned them not to open the door.

"The rat and I changed places three times before I could hit him, and then his rage was something terrible. He squealed louder than ever, and buried his teeth in the handle of my weapon. I shook him off, and he tried to jump up to where I was, but he fell short. It was wonderful how he dodged my blows, and I narrowly escaped being bitten three or four times. Finally I pinned him down in a corner with the iron teeth of the carpet-stretcher, holding him so he could not escape, but he fought and struggled and squealed just as long as he could, and he died with his teeth fastened in the handle of my weapon.

"The bath-room presented a gory appearance. There was blood everywhere. The rat was almost as large as a woodchuck, and he bore marks of age."

"But how did he ever get into the closet under the basin?" I asked.

"That mystery will never be cleared up in full," was the reply. "There was a big hole in the floor around the escape-pipe of the basin in the closet, and he had evidently made his *début* through that hole. I think he must have come from the wharf through the sewer pipes, but just how he brought up in that closet I don't know. I do know that he was there and on the war-path, and a more formidable foe I never want to encounter within the narrow limits of a bath-room." H. L. J.

A NEW KIND OF CURRENCY.

BEFORE gold and silver came to be recognized as the currency of the world all sorts of curious things were used as equivalents for money. Savage races were glad to exchange their precious metals and furs for colored beads and looking-glasses—that is the case to-day in the heart of Africa—and where there was no standard of money, one article would be exchanged for another of similar value among the people themselves. In all parts of the civilized world to-day gold and silver are the regular mediums of exchange, and they play a part in most transactions. A farmer in Kansas, however, has found a new kind of currency; that is, he has accepted for exchange a product that is by no means scarce, although it is doubtful whether it was ever used before in the same way.

This gentleman of the West, according to an account, sold his farm for 100,000 cigars. The size of the farm is not given, nor is the brand of cigars referred to, and there is a great difference in the latter. What the farmer is going to do with his thousand boxes—if they were in boxes—is also left unsaid, but it is safe to say that this is the first time that cigars were ever taken in exchange for real estate.

TULA.

SHE stands in the big box stall in her master's barn—the good bay mare Tula. The door of the stall is fastened with a large hook and eye, and securing the hook is a mysterious button. Why? Tula's mistress laughed as she explained.

"Do you see that queer shaftlike arrangement in the far corner of the stable? I pull this valve, and down comes a shower of grain. Tula's brown eyes saw, one day, what happened when the valve opened. Tula's wise brain put two and two together. With Tula, twenty grains did *not* make one scruple. She put her head over the stall door, applied her teeth to the hook, speedily found that she could raise it and steal out of her stall. Across the barn she trotted. Again she used her teeth. This time at the valve. Down came the delicious grain. Was not that a feast? Tula was not satisfied with one excursion to that fascinating corner. What horse would eat plain hay when oats could be found at hand? So Tula's life grew blissful."

But, alas! the master found out the pretty game which was being played. That wicked button was screwed above the hook, and now Tula is forced to keep within limits; and as for oats, she must content herself with fair rations.

But I know what Tula is thinking when she looks at us sidewise out of those great, beautiful eyes of hers. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant," says Tula, who is every whit as wise as Solomon.



PLAYING PADEREWSKI.

LUCY'S DISCOVERY.

LUCY. "Mamma, the kettle just boiled over and put the kitchen fire out."

MAMMA. "Well, what of that?"

LUCY. "Why, I never knew that hot water would put a fire out before."

HIS RESPECT FOR AGE.

MOTHER. "Donald, how did you get that lump on your forehead?"

DONALD. "Douglas struck me."

MOTHER. "Did you strike him back?"

DONALD. "No, he's almost a year older than I am."

A LITTLE MIXED.

"GOODNESS me, Wallace," cried his uncle, "you are getting to be a big fellow. Nearly eight now, aren't you?"

"Guess so," said Wallace; "papa says I'm worse than a dozen."

WARRIE'S COLLECTION.

"I'M going out to collect autumn leaves," said Warrie putting on his hat.

"What do you do with them after you get them?" asked Tommie.

"Chuck 'em away," said Warrie.

NOT A BIT LIKE APPLES.

"YOUR baby brother's cheeks are like red apples, aren't they, Jack," said the visitor.

"No," returned Jack. "Try and bite 'em once, and you will see."

WHAT HE LEARNED.

HAROLD. "I went to school this morning for the first time."

VISITOR. "Really? Well, well. And what do you know now that you didn't know before?"

HAROLD. "Twice two is eight."

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

"WHERE do Skye-terriers come from?" asked Robbie.

"I don't know," replied Sam. "Maybe they come down from the sky when it rains cats and dogs."

THE MISGUIDED DOLL.

My rubber doll thinks he's a boy.
He thinks when he is squeaking
He's just like me, and not a toy,
And that he's really speaking.

A PENCIL FULL OF DOGS.

POLLY was drawing "pictures" on the slate for three-year old Ralph.

"Look at this dog, Ralph," she said. "Isn't it nice? I drew it out of my own head!"

"No," answered Ralph, solemnly. "It came right out of the pencil. I saw it come."

Then he added, thoughtfully, "There's lots of dogs in the pencil, but I don't know how they got there!"

A BOY'S REASON.

RUPERT. "I should think the goose would get croup with such a long exposed neck, mamma."

MAMMA. "But she doesn't, does she?"

RUPERT. "No, she doesn't, and I think I know why."

MAMMA. "Why?"

RUPERT. "Because she's so full of goose grease."

HAD PLENTY OF THEM.

A LITTLE English boy who has now grown into man's estate was taken many years ago by his mother to a toyshop in London. After looking about him for a long time without satisfying himself that he wanted any one thing more than another, the salesman, hoping to please him, brought forth a little plaster mouse.

"This mouse when wound up will run all about the floor," said the salesman. Then he wound the mouse up with a key and showed just what it could do.

"Hoh!" ejaculated the boy. "I don't want that. We've got lots of them at home, and we don't have to wind them up to make them go, either."

JIMMIE'S REMEDY.

"PAPA," said Jimmie, "I hit my finger with a hammer, and it aches. Can't I go to the dentist's and have it pulled?"

A WET MOON.

LAWRENCE. "I heard you say that there was a wet moon last month."

FARMER CROPSEY. "Yes, that's what I did say."

LAWRENCE. "And now that I see the moon in the middle of the day, I suppose that it has been hung out to dry, hasn't it?"



TURNING THE TABLES.

THE young Turkey Gobbler said, "Here,
This business for year after year
Has gone on this way.
I think that to-day
We'll try a small change, Cooky dear.

"My ancestors all have been booked
To come down-stairs here and be cooked,
To be stuffed and burned
And roasted and turned,
Their wishes and feelings o'erlooked.

"But now all that business is through,
I've made up my mind what *I'll* do:
I'll take on your work,
And 'stead of roast Turk,
For dinner to-day we'll have you."



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

OLD DAVENANT'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

BAGS of gold buried in the cellar, bags of gold hidden in the attic, bags of gold in boxes under his bed, bundles of bank-notes in his desk.

That was what Boardville folks said about Old Davenant. And with all this money, they said he was so mean that he half starved his old housekeeper and himself, and oppressed the poor, and never gave a cent to anybody. This was a pretty character they gave Old Davenant. But in a small place like Boardville, where everybody knows his neighbors' affairs, everybody could not be mistaken.

It was not a fine house that Old Davenant lived in, that was sure. But then none of the Boardville houses were very fine, for everybody was poor—everybody but Old Davenant. And it was a gloomy old place. Here it was Christmas eve, and the whole house was dark, except the one-story wing of a kitchen, where there was a faint light. What did Old Davenant care about Christmas eve?

But if everything was gloomy inside, there was one sign of mirth outside. Bucky Crane was standing on Old Davenant's sidewalk, holding on to Old Davenant's picket-fence, and laughing so hard, though quietly, that the fence shook.

While Bucky stood laughing to himself, Kit Lawrence walked up the other side of the street. Boardville folks said that these two fourteen-year-old boys were at the bottom of all the mischief in town. They were chums at any rate, and as soon as Bucky saw Kit, he crossed the street and walked on with him, arm in arm, still laughing.

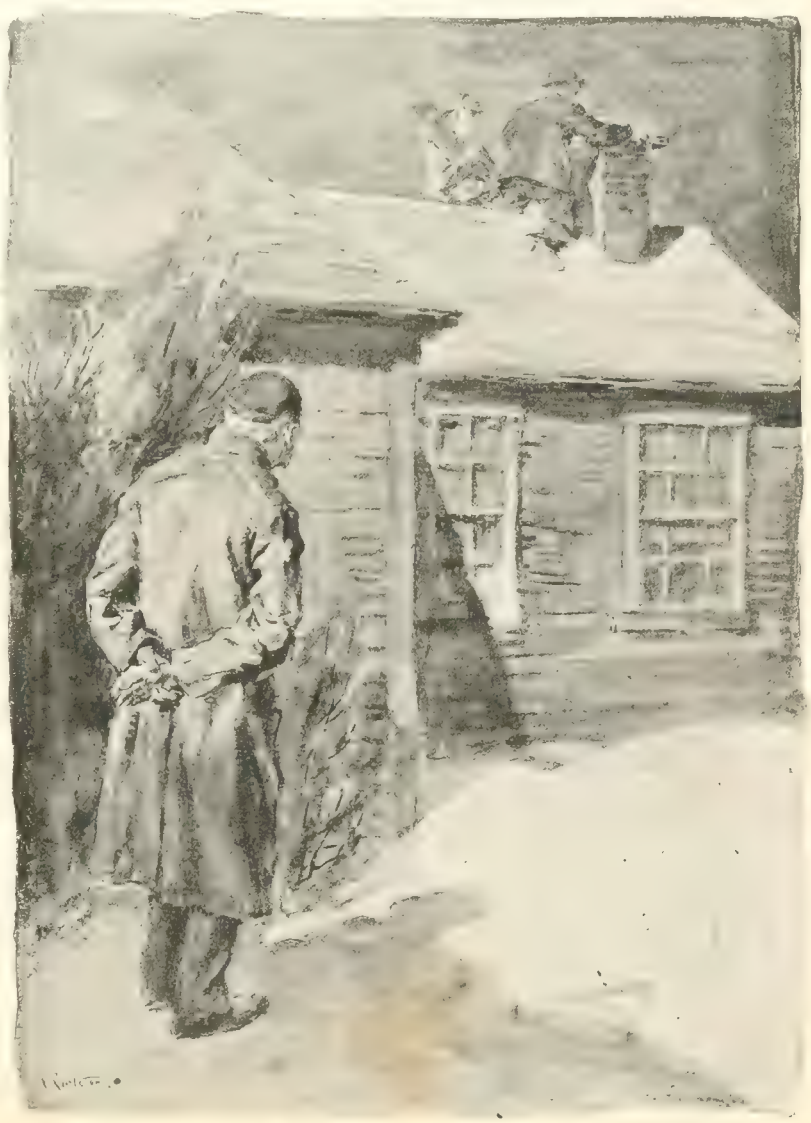
"What are you laughing at?" said Kit.

"I'm laughing at Old Davenant's turkey," said Bucky; and the mention of it made him laugh more than ever.

"Turkey!" Kit exclaimed, contemptuously. "Cold salt pork, you mean. I guess it will be a colder Christmas than this when Old Davenant buys a turkey."

"But he has bought one," Bucky replied. "A fine big fat one. He's opened his heart for once. But he won't eat the one he bought—*he's got the wrong turkey.*"

Kit looked up and laughed. "You've been putting up some trick on the old miser. I hope you've paid him well for driving us out of his orchard last fall. What is it?"



"Oh, my!" Bucky roared. "I can't tell it for laughing. It's doesn't go any further, you know, but I must tell *you*. When I was in the butcher shop awhile ago, there were two turkeys hanging up with names on them. You know how they stick a piece of paper on a turkey or a cut of meat as soon as it's sold, with the customer's name on it."

"Yes, I know," said Kit.

"Well," Bucky went on, "one of the biggest, fattest turkeys you ever saw had Old Davenant's name on it. I could hardly believe it. The other was a poor little thin thing for the old Widow Sweeting. While I was there, Bill Towle loaded up his basket, and started out to deliver the meat. The basket was heavy, I tell you, and I helped him carry it. We hadn't gone far when he ran back to the shop after something, and left me to mind the basket. It was too good a chance to lose, and while he was gone I changed the names on the two turkeys. So the big turkey has gone to the Widow Sweeting, and the little skinny one to Old Davenant. Oh, my, what a time there'll be! The best of it is the shop's shut up now, and to-morrow's Sunday, so the old miser can't change it if he happens to find it out to-night."

"Serves the old skinflint right," said Kit. "I wish we could be in the house when he finds he's got the wrong turkey. You see, if he eats the little one he can't change it afterwards, and if he doesn't eat it he has no Christmas turkey. It just serves him exactly right. I've a great notion to— I'll tell you what I'll do, Bucky. If you can come out after supper, I'll put up some joke on the old fellow too, to help him enjoy his Christmas. We owe him a grudge or two. I know a trick to serve him if you'll help me."

"I'll help you," Bucky was quick enough to answer. "But we must be very careful. I don't think I ever told you before, but the old miser has a mortgage for $800 on our house, and mother says she's afraid he will turn us out. He's been after his interest three or four times, and we haven't got the money. He's the meanest old fellow I know, and we'll give him a Merry Christmas."

When the boys met, after supper, Bucky had his head full of mischief, and Kit his hands full of boards.

"What are you going to do with the boards?" Bucky asked.

"Cover the old miser's kitchen chimney," said Kit, "so it will smoke him out to-morrow."

"Good!" Bucky exclaimed. "I've got something for him, too. Look here"—and he drew from his pocket an envelope addressed in capitals to "OLD DAVENANT," and showed Kit a card inside on which was written:

OLD DAVENANT,
THE STINGY
MISER.

"We'll put that under his front door," he continued, "and I've got something else to hang on the door-knob."

All was dark in Old Davenant's house when they reached it. It was not eight o'clock yet, but Boardville hours are early, and the old man and his housekeeper were most likely in bed.

To step upon the piazza rail, and climb from there with the aid of the grape arbor to the low kitchen roof was an easy matter for two active boys. No danger, they thought, of their footsteps being heard, for there was no bedroom over the kitchen. The boards were soon laid across the top of the chimney, while both boys were half smothered with suppressed laughter as they thought of the smoking Old Davenant would get in the morning. Very quietly they climbed down and stole around to the front door. The letter was shoved underneath, and Bucky took from under his overcoat a big card, more than a foot long, with a loop of cord in the top. When this was hung to the knob Kit read upon it, in large letters:

NO CHRISTMAS KEPT
IN THIS HOUSE

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

These little preparations made for Old Davenant's Merry Christmas, the boys started for the front gate. The moon was shining brightly, but in the shade of the shrubs that lined the path they felt safe from discovery.

"Wouldn't I like to see Old Davenant in the morning!" Bucky said, in a low tone. "A skinny little turkey, and a houseful of smoke, and a Christmas card on the door-knob!"

"And another under the front door!" Kit echoed. "He'll be the maddest miser you ever saw. But he'll sell the boards we put over the chimney, Bucky, or use them for firewood. Merry Christmas to you, old miser!"

It was well for the boys' peace of mind, perhaps, that the hedge of shrubs was too thick for them to see through, for on the other side stood no less a person than Old Davenant himself, watching every move they made, and listening to their talk. He had been out doing some Christmas-eve errands, and had returned while the boys were at the back of the house climbing to the roof. The noise attracted his attention, and he stepped into the hedge to listen. In a moment he saw a figure, then another, on the top of the kitchen roof, clearly outlined against the sky. He saw the boards laid on, and recognized the boys.

"Kit Lawrence and Bucky Crane!" he said to himself. But he made no move. "Let them play their little pranks," he thought; "it is only a joke, and certainly I have the better of the joke. Yes, very much the better of the joke. For I know them, and my turn will come to-morrow. Laugh as much as you can, boys, for to-morrow you shall come here and cry."

The old man seemed really to enjoy it. He stood in the deep shadow rubbing his wrinkled hands together as though he were in the best of humors. He knew the boys! That was the best of it; and he smiled as he thought of the way they should be punished for their Christmas-eve fun. He watched them shove the letter under the door, and hang the sign upon the knob. He heard them call him Old Davenant, and old miser, and mockingly wish him a Merry Christmas; but these things seemed only to please him the more. It must have been a terrible revenge he was contemplating that opened his old face into a smile, and made him rub his hands with glee. But he let the boys go out without showing himself.

When Bucky Crane reached home he found his mother crying before the fire. Times were hard in the Crane household, and it was little Christmas cheer that the widow was able to provide. But she was generally happy, and Bucky was distressed to see her in tears.

"What is it, mother?" he asked. "What makes you cry?"

"Davenant has been here," his mother answered, "and I am afraid it is all over with us. He only left a letter, but I know what that means. It is a statement of our accounts, he called it; and if he will not give us time to pay what we owe him, we will have to leave our little home, Bucky. Oh, it is cruel, cruel, to do such a thing on Christmas eve! I have not had the courage to open the letter. Let us leave it till after to-morrow, Bucky, and try to enjoy one more Christmas in the poor old house." And Mrs. Crane began to cry again.

"I think we had better know the worst, mother," Bucky said, putting his arm around her neck. "Let the old miser do the worst he can; we still have each other. I am getting pretty big now, and if he turns us out of this home it will not be long before I can earn another. Let us see what Old Davenant says."

Thus urged, Mrs. Crane tore open the envelope, and a thick folded paper fell to the floor. Inside the envelope was a small paper, a letter, which read as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. CRANE, – You will find enclosed the mortgage I have held upon your house. The possession of this paper is a receipt in full for everything you have owed me. It has long been distasteful to me to accept the interest on this bond, knowing that circumstances made it difficult for you to pay it; but it is only within a few weeks that my own affairs have been so ordered that I could cancel the obligation, which I now do with great pleasure.

"Wishing a Merry Christmas to yourself and Bucky, I am yours very truly, CHARLES DAVENANT."

The folded paper that fell to the floor was the cancelled mortgage. The little Crane homestead was saved, and all through Old Davenant's liberality. The old miser, the skinflint, as the boys had been calling him, had made Mrs. Crane a Christmas present of $800, besides the interest due, which amounted to nearly $100 more.

Bucky's mother could not hold back the tears now, but this time they were tears of joy. She hugged Bucky till he was almost smothered, and laughed, and cried again, and blamed herself for ever having held so bad an opinion of Old Davenant.

Bucky caught the infection, and laughed and cried by turns, but his feelings were somewhat complicated. What a return he had given Old Davenant for all this kindness—almost stealing his turkey, boards on his chimney, and a scurrilous Christmas card! He longed for a chance to see Kit Lawrence; and at length, when the excitement subsided a little, he got permission to run over to Kit's house "just for a minute, to tell him the good news."

Kit's door was opened by Kit in person, and the instant he saw Bucky he cried out, "Come in here and kick me, Buck; kick me hard."

"Not a bit of it," said Bucky; "you kick me. I'm the one to be kicked. What should I kick you for?"

"What for!" Kit exclaimed. "Come into the sitting-room till I show you what for."

He led the way into the sitting-room, where his little sick sister sat propped up with pillows beside a big table that was covered with beautiful things—with handsome dressed dolls, and boxes of candy, and a work-box, and a world of toys, and a bright little purse in which five silver dollars nestled.

"All from Old Davenant, every one of them!" Kit cried, breathless, "with just this note, 'Merry Christmas to a little sick girl, from her friend Charles Davenant.' They were here when I got home. And to think—"

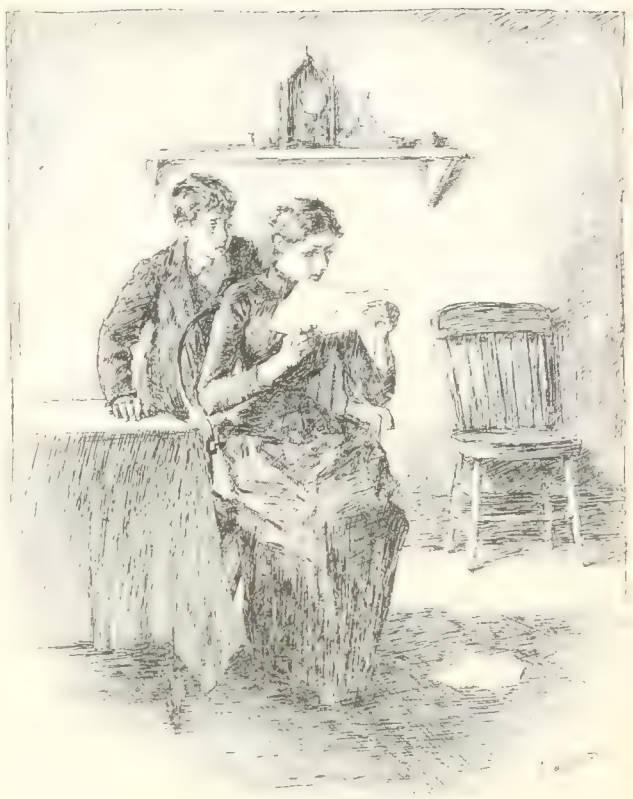
"Yes, to think!" Bucky interrupted. "Haven't I something to think of too? What did I find when I got home? Hadn't Old Davenant—Mr. Davenant, I mean—sent a letter to mother, making her a Christmas present of the mortgage he had on our house? Think of that! Eight hundred dollars—nearly nine hundred with the interest! I must go right home, for I left mother alone. I want to see you a minute at the door, Kit."

"Bucky, I never felt so mean in my life," said Kit, when they were alone together in the hall. "I don't know what to do."

"I feel just as mean as you do," Bucky replied. "But I know what I am going to do."

"What is it?" Kit asked.

"The only decent thing I can do after being so mean,"



MRS. CRANE AND BUCKY READING THE LETTER.

Bucky answered. "I am going right straight to Mr. Davenant in the morning, to tell him the whole thing—my share of it, that is. I shall tell him how I changed his turkey, and put boards on his chimney, and left Christmas cards for him, and ask his pardon. Those cards are the worst, Kit; I'd give anything if we hadn't left those wretched cards. But I'm going to own up to the whole thing, and I'm going early—before breakfast."

"But he doesn't know who it was," Kit suggested.

"No; but we know," said Bucky. "That's worse than if he knew. I'm going to have that thing off my mind before Christmas fairly begins."

"Then I'm with you," said Kit, taking Bucky's hand. "I'll be over after you between seven and eight, and we'll go to Mr. Davenant's together."

"Good-night, Kit," said Bucky. "Merry Christmas—and no more mean larks."

It was early when the boys reached Mr. Davenant's in the morning. They could see, as they entered the yard, that the boards had been removed from the kitchen chimney. There was no card hanging from the door-knob. When they knocked, the door was opened by the aged housekeeper, who showed them into Mr. Davenant's sitting-room.

The old gentleman did not keep them waiting long. He entered the room with a good-natured smile upon his face, and shook hands with Bucky first, and then with Kit. They were for standing up and beginning at once with their unpleasant business, but he would not have that.

"Sit down, sit down," the old gentleman said, laying his hands on their shoulders. "You see, I had a fire built here early, for I expected you this morning."

"You did!" Bucky exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes," the old man went on, with the greatest good-nature. "When I saw you up on the kitchen roof last evening, and playing your little pranks about the house—"

"You saw us!" cried Kit. "We didn't know you saw us."

"No, I suppose not," Mr. Davenant laughed. "But I was standing behind the hedge enjoying it all. At first I thought of giving you a little fright, but I enjoyed it all too much to spoil the fun. It was such a capital joke on the two boys who were going to so much trouble, and the victim standing by and laughing at them. You did my old heart good, boys, to make me laugh so much. I'm afraid if my housekeeper had seen me she would have thought I had gone crazy."

Bucky and Kit looked significantly at each other, and Bucky blurted out: "We came to ask your pardon, Mr. Davenant. It was an awfully mean thing to do; and that Christmas card under the door—"

"I did find an envelope under the door," the old gentleman interrupted, "but I have not opened it. It occurred to me that perhaps there was something in it you had rather I should not see, so I saved it for you without opening it. Here it is." And he handed the envelope to Bucky, who crammed it into his pocket. "But don't," he went on, "talk of asking pardon for a few harmless tricks. There is no harm done, and I have enjoyed it all very much."

"But you don't know all, Mr. Davenant," said Bucky; and he explained how he had sent the fat turkey to the Widow Sweeting, and left the poor one for the old man.

"No, I didn't know that, to be sure," said Mr. Davenant; "but that does no harm either. If old Mrs. Sweeting got the better turkey, I am sure I am glad of it. There are only two of us here to eat, and a very small one will be enough for us."

"But how did you know that we were coming to see you this morning, Mr. Davenant?" Kit asked.

"Oh, I was sure you would be here," the old man replied. "I said to myself, 'Here are two frolicsome boys playing their tricks'—not bad boys, mind you, but full of mischief—'and when they have time to think of it it will worry them, and they will come here in the morning and tell me all about it like two little men.'"

Something began to trouble Bucky in the region of the eyes, and he covered them with his sleeve. This started Kit, and in a moment both boys were crying like good fellows.

"Now just see how well I understood you both," said the old man, very kindly. "I said to myself last night, 'Laugh away, boys; to-morrow you shall come here and cry.' And sure enough here you are. But this is Christmas, boys; no more crying to-day."

"It was such a strange thing," said Kit, drying his eyes, "that you should be out making presents at our two houses when we were here playing tricks on you."

"It would have been rather an odd coincidence," Mr. Davenant replied, "if I had gone only to your two houses while you were both here. But, you see, I went to a great many houses, yours among others. I was out enjoying my Christmas eve, just as you boys were. It was the first time for many years that I had the chance. I know the old stories about my having a houseful of gold, and only wish they were true. But the truth is that for many years I have been in the deepest poverty—sometimes we have hardly had enough to eat—and if I seemed mean it was from necessity, not from choice. It is only a fortnight since a long-standing and expensive lawsuit was decided in my favor, and I have at last come into possession of my own. So I had a quiet little Christmas-eve celebration in consequence. Don't say another word about the little tricks; they were nothing at all. I wish you both a very Merry Christmas, and I know you are glad that at last a Merry Christmas has come to Old Davenant."



CHRISTMAS-TIDE AT OLD BENBOW.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE winter had set in with such a soft snowfall, and Old Benbow looked so fine with the ermine mantling his great forests, and there was such a crystal crispness of frozen surface, that Grandmother Maurice felt that she must have the children up in the hills for Christmas. "You shall have a sleigh-ride on the lake," she wrote, "and Larry shall build a snow statue, if he can. And you shall toast chestnuts, and hear strange stories of the mountain doings. And what you will like better, perhaps—yes, you shall have a toboggan slide; there won't be such another in the country! But you shall have no Christmas presents. We will see if it isn't possible to keep Christmas joyously without degrading it by mercenary and self-seeking gifts."

It did seem a shame, grandmother argued to herself, to let such possibilities for a toboggan slide as the dry torrent bed afforded go to waste.

When a thaw and a landslide from the opposite mountain nearly filled the bed of the torrent, till next spring's freshets should wash the way clear again, she only turned her attention to the half-mile long slope to the lake, below the house on the other side, where a giant fir-tree, once blasted by lightning, stood in the middle of the way.

"I will have Thomas and John cut that old tree down," said grandmother, looking down into its distant top, where once a pair of eagles had built their nest of rude sticks. "Yes," said grandmother, "I meant to let that tree stand and have some trumpet-flowers grow over it. But, there, it's too far off to see the blossoms, and I must have it out of the way or they will dash themselves to pieces against it. Thomas!"

But Thomas had gone up the mountain for a load of

back-logs; and so grandmother sat down and wrote her letter; and then there came another snow-storm, turning to rain and freezing; and there were the mince pies to make, and the cranberry tarts, and the big pudding—to be brought in wrapped in blue flames—and suddenly there was a confusion of gayest, sweetest outcry, and there were the children. And not only the children, but there were Marcia Meyer, with her cheeks so red that you saw plainly her hair was not really red at all, and Bella Brook, wrapped to the nose in the lovely furs that Mrs. Tenterden had given her; and Hester Stanley, with her great black eyes glowing with wonder at the mountain sights; and a pale frail-looking lad in his father's arms, at whom Grandmother Maurice stared half aghast.

For when Marnie had read the letter which her mother had sent to Waterways—Marnie had gone to school at St. Mark's, as she also soon learned to call it—nothing would content her but permission to bring Hester and Marcia and Bella, too. And then Hester whispered to her the unpleasantness of Marcia's leaving Rafe, and it all ended, after a half-dozen purse-depleting telegrams for permitting and for arranging, by Mr. Meyer and Danby taking Rafe in their arms and depositing him in the parlor car and going with him all the way to Old Benbow, and by Mr. Meyer taking the return train as soon as he saw his boy safely at rest. "For," Marcia had said, "Rafe never has any pleasures, and the mountain air may be the very thing for him, oxygenate his blood, don't you know, and set him on his pins again."

The next day he was no worse for the journey, and was wheeled out into the big parlor—for Grandmother Maurice had had a bed brought down into the music-room for him—and felt, as he looked through the long windows, as if he were in a world of white dreams. Dreams or not, it was very fortunate he was there, for if Rafe had not come to Old Benbow, it is indeed quite possible that the rest of them would never have gone away from it.

Grandmother Maurice, to tell the truth, would much rather have had her own little brood all by themselves; but she realized that they were the happier for being able to show the delights of the old eyrie to the invalid boy, to the irrepressible Marcia, to Bella, whose prairie home was so far away, and to Hester, the little South Sea islander, who had now seen several winters of snow, but to whom the other children felt it must be forever new—as so indeed it was, and she acquiesced with a very good grace—for Grandmother Maurice.

"I wish Lucia was here," said Jo.

"Well," said Grandmother Maurice, "you know it wouldn't agree with her here."

"I don't believe she can slide on those old palace marbles anything like the way she could on that toboggan slide, when it's finished. It's like glass now down there."

"Perhaps you don't know who Lucia is," said Rose, with her little old-fashioned politeness, to Hester.

"She is our sister," said Jo.

"And she's an Italian princessa, or contessa, or something of the sort," said Rose.

"You seem to think that it's a fine thing to be a princessa or contessa, as you call it," exclaimed grandmother. "How often have I told you that Italy is full of them, asking for coppers!"

"Yes, grandmother," said Jo. "I know all about it; and how it's ever so much better to be sovereigns and all that over here. But that doesn't hinder the fact about Lucia, you know, grandmother."

"Jo," said grandmother, "you're just as impertinent now as you were two or three years ago."

"No, grandmother dear. I'm improved; Rose says so, and when Rose says so there's no disputing it."

"Maurice told me all about Lucia," said Hester, hurriedly. "And I told Rafe. And he corresponds with her. He is one of the Shut-ins, you know."

"She says she is half an American child now, and her mother lets her do as the American children do," said Marnie.

"Dear me, dear me!" said grandmother.

"And I had a letter from her yesterday," said Rafe. "Guess what she was doing! Do you want to hear?"

"Oh, of course we do!"

"Certainly," said grandmother.

"'Yesterday the air was so soft and clear and blue,' read Rafe, unfolding the letter, 'that we could see the old Greek ruins far up the mountain terraces across the valley, and the snow was on the hills behind them. And mamma said we would ride over and lunch there, for the ladies and the Monsignore had never been there. And I rode my little white donkey, with Beddu leading him—and so many boughs were budding, and so many birds were singing, and so soft a wind was blowing, and so blue was the sky shining, that it seemed like our spring at home—I mean up on the side of Old Benbow.'"

"Yes," said grandmother. "Yes." And she listened more graciously.

"'Only,' Rafe continued reading, 'it grew very warm, and we met one of the mountain men, and Beddu said he had the evil-eye, and he knew we never should arrive. But we did; and while we were lunching I bent down a bough of the wild orange-tree, and stripped the blossoms off with one hand, and with the other hand I could have reached the wine-bottles in the snow-drift on the other side. And oh, it was so cool and sweet and high and far up there! It seemed as if I might see over the side of the earth to my dear people there.'"

"She's homesick," said Jo. "You see, she's downright homesick."

"Nonsense!" said grandmother.

"No, indeed, she isn't," said Marnie. "She's perfectly happy. She has a father and mother as—almost as good as ours. They're not very rich, but they have beautiful things, and she has everything."

"Yes," said Jo. "When they want a statue, they just go out in the garden and dig it up."

"Rafe can tell you what they did dig up," said Marcia. And at the word he showed them a little gold coin on his watch chain—a coin much battered and worn and covered with strange characters.

"It's a coin the Saracens left there hundreds and hundreds of years ago," he said. "And she sent it to me for my Christmas."

"It's exactly like Lucia to be the only one to break my rule of no Christmas presents this year."

"She didn't know the rule," said Jo, stoutly. "And I guess she'd like to be keeping Christmas the way we do. She'd like to be over here fast enough, and going tobogganing with us."

"I meant to have that slide quite ready before you came."

"Oh, it's ready enough," said Larry.

"No indeed! And I want you all to understand that you are not to attempt it till that huge old tree is cut down. It stands directly in the way, and I can't have you dashing out your brains against it."

"As if we didn't know enough to steer clear of it! At our age!" cried Jo.

"Well, it was very stupid of me to put it off. It's who stops in the house of by-and-by, again, you know, arrives at the house of never."

"When it's done it will be fine. You never went tobogganing, Hester. Oh, it's just like riding on the tail of a comet!"

"Yes. And the slide is so directly underneath that I can see if any mischief happens to the comet. John and Thomas shall go to work on that tree and get it down as soon as may be."

"Grandmother," said Jo, "you are a trump!"

"I suppose you think that is a respectful way of speaking to your old grandmother," she replied, laughing, and smoothing the hair that Jo's embrace had disordered.

"You are not an old grandmother," cried Larry, indignantly. "You are one of us."

"It's very nice to have a grandmother," said Hester, timidly.

"Bless your dear heart!" And Hester had a warm place in Grandmother Maurice's affections after that.

"Well," she said, presently, "Lucia needn't think she is the only one to have picnics at Christmas-time. If we haven't the orange boughs, we have the snow-drifts, and we'll make the most of them to-day, for no one knows about to-morrow. It does look a little dubious, to be sure," said grandmother, going to the window. "There's a shroud on Mistletop—that always means more snow. But I don't believe it will amount to anything before midnight. Where's the almanac? What time does the tide turn down on the coast?" And they all hung round her while she studied the cabalistic signs.

"About this time," said Jo, "expect a—sleigh-ride across the lake to the blue cave and the old mill. That's what it says. I'll go and tell Thomas to put the horses into the big sleigh by half past one, sha'n't I, grandmother?" and he straightway disappeared.

"And I'll tell Maria to have the dinner earlier," said grandmother.

"Well, then, how many of you are there?" she said when she came back.

"Oh, we can all pile in," said Marcia.

"How are we to arrange that, Rafe?"

"If Larry sits on the back seat with you, ma'am, and Rose and little Kate between you, then Hester and Marnie and Bella in the middle seat, and Jo and Marcia and Thomas in the front."

"Let me see. Are there any more?"

"Why, Rafe, aren't you going?"

"Aren't you going, Rafe?"

"Oh, it will spoil all the fun if you don't go, Rafe!"

"You'll be so lonesome, Rafe."

"I? Oh no. It's plenty for me to see you off and see you home again. No, indeed. I promised papa to take no risks. And Danby will stay with me, you know."

"But you can be all wrapped up."

"I couldn't sit up long enough, and you'd all have to come home before you wanted to, and that would trouble me. And then you forget," said Rafe, with his rare smile, "that I'm one of the Shut-ins, and used to it, you know."

"No one can be used to going without pleasure," cried Jo.

"I don't go without. It's a great pleasure to me just to be here, and lie and look out on these hills."

"Rafe," whispered Hester, kneeling on the hassock by the lounge, "I don't really care about going. Can't I stay with you?"

"No, indeed," said Rafe. "I shouldn't enjoy it one bit. I am going to write a long letter home. And then I shall read a little, and then I shall watch for you to come. It will be great fun to see you far off down there on the lake, and coming nearer and nearer and higher and higher. First you will be ants, and then you will be birds, and then you will be people. And then I shall hear the bells, and then the voices, and you will all tumble in rosy and cold, and we shall have a big fire, and I shall hear all about it."

"I say, Rafe," said Jo, "I never shall be as good as you are. But I'll stay at home with you."

"No, you won't, then," said Rafe.

And then dinner was announced.

"Well," said grandmother, as soon as they had finished the happy noisy feast, "there's no time to lose if we're to be back before dark. The dark comes early down to-night.' Maria will have the hot-water bottles and the hot soapstones. You want your leggings and mufflers and all your wraps. Rafe! you shall have these books of autographs to turn over. I don't let every one touch them. Come, are you all ready?" and with a great deal of confusion and exclamation, and commiseration and regretting, and running back for last words to Rafe, the big sleigh was off at last.

Rafe lifted himself on his elbows as he lay on the lounge, and watched them winding away down on the hill, appearing and disappearing, till at last, no bigger than a wasp to his unaccustomed sight, they dashed out upon the broad frozen lake. Then he wished it were blue sky and sunshine, and made Danby put some light-wood on the fire-dogs, and look out to see which way the wind was blowing, and felt all right when he found that it was blowing south, south with only a little east in it. And then he spread his tablet and wrote a letter to Lucia, and realized that the smell of the spicy green which Maria and John and Jane were hanging up began to make it really seem like Christmas eve. And at last he opened the big book of autographs that it had been one of Grandmother Maurice's long winter-day amusements to set in order, and the first thing he saw was a page of the manuscript of Sir Walter Scott. And then, as he laid his hand on the leaf where the Wizard of the North had laid his hand before him, up sprang the oaks of Sherwood Forest; and bold Robin Hood blew his horn; and the Black Knight rode along with the chance sunbeam glancing on his armor; and Allan-a-Dale's tune rang through the recesses of the wood, while Wamba, the son of Witless, trolled the refrain; and this great laugh, it was the voice of Friar Tuck.

Full of his pleasant thoughts, Rafe absently turned two or three leaves, and in an instant almost a thousand years had fled—for was he not with Jules Verne beneath the sea? "Oh, this is like magic!" said Rafe, gleefully; for the leaves fluttered between his fingers and fell open on a page where lay a note written by Herschel when he was at the Cape of Good Hope measuring the stars in the southern heavens, and straightway Rafe was off like a witch on a broomstick through black midnight air among stars and moons and meteors. "Oh!" cried Rafe, aloud, "how much better this is—the writing they really wrote, with some of their own lives in it—than just the miserable names people send for your collection, with some of the annoyance you give in them! I wonder if there is one of Washington's here?" For Grandmother Maurice's collection was on a scale that would have allowed him to expect to find the script of King Solomon, if there had been such a thing to find. It was while Rafe hung over the quaint and precise handwriting of the Father of our Country, and felt himself proudly crossing the Delaware amidst blocks of ice making way for him, that he found himself wondering why the ink had faded so, and all at once became aware that the light was dim; that there was a strange hustling and bustling in the air; that it was really snowing; that indeed it must have begun to snow large soft flakes some time since; and that the wind was rising, rising, and blowing round the gables—blowing from moment to moment more and more, as if it blew from the regions of perpetual storm.

And there were Grandmother Maurice and the children out in it! And he had been so absorbed he had not noticed how late it was growing. And he really felt for a little as if he were somehow to blame. For Rafe was usually attending so carefully to every one's welfare, that having forgotten all the world in his own pleasure for an hour or two seemed to him a great piece of selfishness; and all the more when he saw that Jane and Danby were looking out anxiously, that Maria had bound up her face for the toothache, which she always did when she was anxious, Marnie had once told him; and that John had

gone down the mountain a little way to see if he could spy the sleigh on the lake.

But the gale of driving snow made it impossible to see ten yards ahead, and the atmosphere was already almost like twilight, and John labored back breathlessly.

"I don't know how it is they'll be getting up this hill," he gasped.

"Does it storm so here often?" called Rafe, as John and a gust of wind and snow together burst in at the side door.

"When it do be blowing a southeaster," said John.

"Oh, sorra me!" cried Jane. "Sure, if you'd tould me I was bringing the childer up here till their deaths –"

"How'd yer blathering tongue!" cried John.



RAFE.

And while their concern found vent in sharp words, Rafe waited, all but holding his breath, his lounge rolled into the bay-window, with the servants clustering behind him, while the swift mountain storm grew wilder and wilder, and the air darker and darker, all their hearts beating so that each felt the other could hear.

"They do be losing their way, so they do," said John at last. "I'd a-known they wud, wid that bye Thomas a-driving. If the missis 'd a-taken me, I'd not have gone a step, so I wouldn't. But ye'd as sune move the rock o' Cashel as the missis when she's fixed."

"Do you suppose they have really lost their way?" whispered Rafe, terror-struck. "How dark it is getting!"

"It looks so," said Danby.

"And the little children – they'll be so frightened – and Hester—and oh, my own dear sister Marcia is there!" and they all strained their eyes through the gloom.

"Oh, Danby! Oh, John! Isn't there anything we can do?" cried Rafe again, in a little while, when it had grown quite dark, and their own breathless silence made the storm roaring overhead seem roaring all the louder. "It's terrible to be staying here doing nothing. Can't we put lamps in all the windows that they may see where the house is, and head this way?"

"It 'ud take more than lamps in the windows to light this murk," said John. "It 'ud take a bonfire big as the Dedannans kindled on the hill of Knockruish, by the same token, and that wouldn't do it."

"A bonfire!" cried Rafe. "Oh, Danby! Oh, John! We can have it! You can get down there to the big tree, can't you? You can try! It's hollow—it's dead and dry and full of pitch—it will burn like touchwood!"

Meanwhile Grandmother Maurice and the children had wound down the mountain-side and dashed out upon the lake, whose hard shield rang under the horses' feet, with great jingling of bells, and much crying and calling and laughing, Marnie busy showing the various sights of cliff and scaur, and telling their old Indian legends to Bella and Marcia and Hester, helped by Jo, the little children singing their kindergarten songs, and Larry silently watching the leaden shadows among the white hills, and looking for heads of gods and monsters in their great outlines.

"Now you can give them their head," said grandmother to Thomas; and the horses fairly flew across the lake; and grandmother enjoyed the swift motion and the exhilarating flight as much as any of them. The horses themselves appeared to enjoy it most of all, arching their necks, and flinging out their feet, and only with difficulty answering the rein when, at grandmother's quick exclamation, Thomas pulled them in.

"I declare," she said; "I do believe— Isn't it snowing?"

"Oh, never mind, grandmother!" cried Jo. "What if it is? Just a couple of flakes."

"Maybe it is only a flurry," said grandmother.

"It's the way of the bad ones, mum," said Thomas, touching his bear-skin with the whip handle.

"But I must show Hester the cave, grandmother," said Jo.

"And the mill-wheel," urged Marnie.

"Yes, grandmother," said Larry. "Just let us look at the blue light in the cave, and see if it isn't as blue as the grotto Lucia wrote about."

"It's bluer," said grandmother. And they drove straight over to the other side of the lake, and in among great water-worn rocks at the foot of the spur where the shrunken stream had left ice-blocks that made the translucent roof of a sort of dim twilighted cave, in whose farther end the frozen drippings formed a stalagmite in the shape of a throne.

"It makes every winter and it melts every summer," said Marnie. "But we might have known there wouldn't be any blue light when the sun wasn't shining."

"It takes sunlight to make blue shadows out of snow," said Larry.

"But there's the echo still," said Marnie. And she began to sing, "Angels ever bright and fair," and presently another voice, and another, a dozen far sweet reedy voices were warbling it after her. But suddenly she stopped, and waited while the echoes went on, one warbling after another, till far and far and faint away they too stopped as suddenly. "The echo's so dull there must be something the matter with the air," she said.

"A lot of snow in it, miss," said Thomas.

"We we really don't you think we'd better turn? Grandmother, don't let Jo get out." For Jo was preparing to climb the throne and make a speech.

"Jo," called his grandmother, "if you get out we shall go and leave you."

"Then I won't get out," said Jo.

"There's a squall coming, and the horses will have all they can do to make their way back."

"Echo!" cried Marnie. "Say, shall we go home?"

"Home," called all the echoes. "Home, home, home!"

"It does seem too bad to leave them here, doesn't it?" said Marcia. "The white fairy things."

"And you won't see the mill-wheel all loaded with ice, like a great ghost," said Larry.

"Now you may turn, Thomas," said grandmother. "There's plenty of room. There we are. Let them have their way, and see what time they'll make." And back they went, the wind, which they had hardly noticed when it was behind them, blowing now in their faces, and a thick cloud of damp snow blinding and bewildering them.

"And here I am," thought Grandmother Maurice, "with a parcel of other people's children!" Grandmother Maurice seldom talked much when she was worried. She saw that the horses were making all the speed they could. But she was very still.

"Dear, dear!" thought grandmother soon again. "As if I weren't old enough to know better!"

Jo began to whistle "Moneymusk," and Marcia joined, and presently Larry made a third.

"Oh, don't!" cried Marnie. "It makes me feel as if something were going to happen when you whistle to keep your courage up." And they left off, as she did, because the wind whisked the sound off their lips. "Grandmother!" screamed Marnie, "we can't see either shore! Are you sure you're going right, Thomas?"

"No, miss, I ain't sure of nothing," was what Thomas seemed to say, as the wind snatched the words.

And at that, Bella, who had been thinking how warm and cheerful they all were round Mrs. Tenterden's fireside, where she might have been, with the soft red lights and the fragrant flowers, began to cry.

"Before I'd be a baby, Bella!" Marcia tried to say.

But Hester drew her arm round Bella. "You lay your head on my shoulder," she said, with her mouth on Bella's ear. "God is with us just as much as if we were on shore." And they bent their heads down together in a gust of wind that almost took their breath away.

"How could I have been such a fool?" groaned grandmother. "When I saw the storm coming, too!"

"Good experience for us, grandmother," shouted Jo, leaning back towards her. "I guess the horses know the way. Thomas doesn't."

"Thomas!"

"No, mum," said Thomas, turning round in his seat so that she could hear his voice, for the wind shrieked now between the hills and from cliff to cliff. "No, mum. And I'm mistook or we've been round the lake once and again—wot with the snow thickening and the sudding dusk. And there's an air-hole, there certingly is; and I—I don't know wot we'll do!"

"I do," said grandmother. "You come here, and I'll take the reins myself. There, that gust has passed, there'll be a little pause in the storm. It seems as if I had driven long enough round here to know my way by instinct. I'm sure the horses ought to."

"The hosses is most beat out, mum," said Thomas. "I'll buckle on their blankets and lead them a bit. You stay quiet, mum, begging parding. It's no use letting the cold into the sleigh."

"If it wasn't getting as dark as a beggar's pocket we should find our bearings."

"And the wind's that shifty and beastly, you can't tell where you be by it." And talking and grumbling to himself, as grandmother talked and grumbled to herself, for no one could hear either of them, Thomas led the horses on a little way.

"Oh, how quickly it grew dark!" cried Marnie, in the lull.

"That's just the way it does at home, down in the islands," said Hester. "It's daylight; and all at once it's dark—but such beautiful soft dark, with two or three great stars and the flower-breaths."

"Yes, tell us about it now," said Marcia, mockingly. "It seems so commonplace and safe and pleasant to hear about out here lost on the lake in a storm."

"Why, Marcia," said Marnie, "we're not lost. Grandmother 'll get us safely home again."

"I don't know about that," said grandmother. "If there were anything under the canopy to go by; anything we could relate to anything else—a light anywhere to follow up—why, then, we might get somewhere. It seems to be dangerous to stir, now I think of that air-hole. I don't know but we may have to stay here all night." And at that little Kate lifted up her voice and wept.

"Hush, hush," said Larry. The gale had sighed down to a long lull before breaking out again, for even storms sometimes seem to weary of their own violence. "If any one said, 'Let's go down to the lake and camp out,' you'd think it great sport."

"But we'd have a tent of hemlock boughs, then," said Jo, "and a fire, and "

"Oh, I'm so cold, grandmother," whimpered Rose.

"I think it would be rather fun to stay here all night," said Jo.

"And be frozen stiff by morning," said Larry.

"Oh, grandmother!" roared little Kate, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid!"

"Oh, it's so dark!" cried Rose. "I thought it was white out in a snow-storm. Oh, grandmother, how dark it is! How quick it got dark! Oh, Larry, do you—do you think—the world is coming to an end?"

"It's a pretty sort of Christmas eve we're having," said Marnie. "And you're all company! And grandmother was going to take us round the mountain to the village—it's only a mile that way—to ring the new chimes she has given to the church there."

"There'll be no bell-ringing for us to-night," said grandmother. "If some one had the sense to ring them now we might tell where we are. I wonder it doesn't occur to John."

And then Marnie burst into tears.

"I declare," said Marcia, "if it wasn't for Jo and me what a melancholy party we should be! I rather like it now."

"It's nothing to like," growled grandmother. "Come! Can't the horses go on now?"

"Go on where, mum? It's no sort of use to try," said Thomas; "the wind's beginning to sing again."

"Then you get back to your seat again and tuck in the robes, and we'll wait on Providence. They say Providence takes care of children and fools. And I'm sure here's a chance. There never was a bigger fool than I! And these delicate little creatures, and that South Sea Island child, and my own darlings."

"Grandmother," said Larry, "it isn't your fault. We shouldn't have given you any peace if you hadn't come."

"What if—what if—the wolves," said little Kate, with chattering teeth.

"There isn't one within a hundred miles of us," said grandmother, very decidedly. But there was an ominous silence in that sleigh, for the stoutest heart stood still.

The wind blew up a long stream again. A hundred voices seemed shrieking with it. It pressed against them like a great shoulder. The thick snow was blinding; the darkness impenetrable and suffocating.

"I ought to be put in leading-strings," said grandmother. "Well, Thomas," she exclaimed then, making him hear as well as she could, "we can't see one another, we can't hear one another. Turn the horses away from the wind, and we'll pile the rugs up round the children till the moon rises. She rises at midnight, and will be some help."

"If we ain't all dead first," muttered Thomas.

"It must be past five by this."

"Then," said Hester, "if we're going to bed out here in the storm we had better say our prayers."

"Look!" cried Marcia, suddenly. "What is that?"

"What?" "Where?" "Which way?" came a chorus of replies, rising shrilly over the storm.

"There! Directly before us," she screamed. "Up in the air—far off. Oh! oh!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Grandmother Maurice; "it's that very Providence. The shining of a flaming fire by night."

For there, blazing up to the sky, was a pillar, a tower of flame, throwing light far round itself through the tempest, every snow-flake of which looked like a spark of fire in its illumination, a sort of splendid bonfire that the wind fanned into double glory. And, as if sketched upon the sky, there stood out above and behind it the Maurice homestead itself on its hill-side, and among its snow-filled gardens the house, the bright light reflected from every window.

Never anything looked so beautiful to all those eager, half-blinded eyes as that far-away phantom of a house gleaming through a haze of storm in the light of the great burning tree.

Thomas did not wait for a second glance, but shook the reins and the whip, and the horses reared and plunged and went at a run; and in ten minutes they were away up on the mountain road, shaking off showers of bell-notes as they went slipping up the old familiar way at last.

"It's Rafe!" cried Marcia. "I might have known he'd find out a way to help."

"And he's cleared the toboggan slide for us," answered Jo. "When that tree's done burning there won't be a bump left."

And then, all silent and half breathless, they held their heads down away from the wind while the horses dashed up and along. And just as they stopped at the longed-for door there came faintly, sweetly, on the long sough of the wind the tune of the new chimes from the village round the mountain, perhaps reflected from the storm-cloud, the ghost, the dream of a tune ringing in the Christmas eve.

"Well, grandmother," said the undaunted Jo, as they trooped round the great hall fire that John and Danby had heaped up, "you see we have our Christmas presents after all."

"How is that?" asked grandmother, quickly.

"Our lives! our lives!" cried Jo.

"Well, then, if God has given you your lives over again for a Christmas present, it befits you to use them as if it were always Christmas eve."

"Oh!" said Hester, "I really will."

"I think you will," said grandmother. "We'll have supper now if the fright hasn't demoralized Maria. What were you frightened about, Maria? Didn't you suppose the horses knew the way home? Did you think anything could happen when I was along? You were right. It was a dark moment for me out there in the storm with a parcel of other people's children. My lad," said Grandmother Maurice, going over to Rafe's lounge, which Danby had built up with cushions, and where Marcia was hugging him hysterically—"my lad," said grandmother, taking his thin face between her hands and kissing it, "you have learned that sometimes those who seem to be shut away from any work are those that do the most. We shouldn't be here to-night but for you! I think," said grandmother, turning to the others, "as long as we have had our Christmas-tree—and the most magnificent Christmas-tree I ever saw—that now we will have a little service of song after supper. The house smells like a church, anyway, in all this balsam-fir and hemlock. And I don't know what that voice like a flute was given to you for, Marnie, if it wasn't to sing to-night, and all nights, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'"

"I hope there's something nice for supper," said Jo.



THERE, BLAZING UP TO THE SKY, WAS A PILLAR, A TOWER OF FLAME.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI

BILLY BRACKETT'S SURPRISING SITUATION.

WHEN Billy Brackett set forth on his search for a nephew and a runaway raft he did not anticipate any difficulty in finding them. The appearance of the raft had been minutely described to him, and, according to this description, it was too distinctive in its character to be mistaken for anything else. Three shanties, and they of unusual construction, on a raft of that size formed a peculiarity sufficient to arrest the immediate attention of all river men. Thus the young engineer felt certain that by making an occasional inquiry and proceeding at a speed at least double that of the raft, he could easily trace and overtake it, even though it should not run aground, which he thought more than likely to happen early in its voyage.

So Billy Brackett rowed down the creek without a trace of anxiety to mar the pleasure of the adventure into which he had so unexpectedly tumbled. One peculiarity of this light-hearted young man was that no proposition to leave a beaten track and strike into an unexplored trail, even though it led in exactly the opposite direction, could be too absurd or unexpected to meet with his ready approval, always providing it promised plenty of adventure. At the same time he never lost sight of the fact that he had a living to earn, besides a professional reputation to win and maintain. Consequently he generally managed to make his adventures keep step with his duties. In the present instance he felt that Major Caspar's aid was necessary to the fulfilling of his timber contract. He also realized that the only way to obtain it was by taking his brother-in-law's place in searching for the lost raft and navigating it down the river to a market.

"Bim" was a diminutive of Cherubim, a name bestowed by its present owner upon the wretched puppy that he had rescued from an abandoned emigrant wagon high up in the California Sierras, because like Cherubim and Seraphim he "continually did cry." The little one was nearly dead, and its mother, lying beside it, was quite so, when they were discovered by the tender-hearted engineer. He had fought his way through a blinding snow-storm and high-piled drifts to the abandoned wagon on the chance of finding human beings in distress. When he discovered only a forlorn little bull-pup, he buttoned it warmly under his blanket overcoat and fought his way back to camp. During that struggle the helpless creature won its way to Billy Brackett's heart, as all young things, human or animal, were sure to do, and assumed a place there that had never since been resigned.

From that day Bim, or "U-Bim," as he was sometimes called, had so thrived under good feeding, kind care, and judicious training that when he started with his master to voyage down the great river he was as fine a specimen of a full-blooded bull-dog as could be found in the country. He was pure white, bow-legged, and broad-chested. His upper lip was drawn slightly back, so as to display his teeth; but this expression of ferocity was relieved by the almost human intelligence of his eyes. He was absolutely fearless, but as loving and gentle as he was brave. He understood every word spoken within his hearing, and his master declared that for his wisdom he ought to be named "Solomon." He never made an unprovoked assault upon a living creature, and would stand any amount of abuse from children or those weaker than himself. Let an indignity be offered to his beloved master in his presence, though, and his fury was as terrible as that of a young lion.

Such were the occupants of the skiff that soon after dusk shot out from the mouth of the Caspar Creek on to the broad bosom of the great river. Billy Brackett talked to his dog as he would to a human companion, and at that moment he was saying:

"Look here, Bim, I've a great mind to play a joke on that young nephew of ours when we find him. You see, he won't know us from Adam, and probably doesn't remember that he has an Uncle William in the world. Now what is to hinder us from working the stranger racket on him? Wrecked, or broke, or something, and want to earn a passage down the river on a raft, it being easier as well as more sociable and pleasanter in every way than a steamboat. What's to hinder us from doing it, eh? Nothing? Right you are, old dog, and we'll do it, too, if we get the chance. Thus will we discover what sort of stuff he is made of, and get acquainted with his inside self, as Glen Eddy used to say. So you understand, U-Bim, that you are not to give us away or let on that we are any kin to the Caspars. *Sabe?* All right. Now for a twenty-mile spin down stream, and then we'll hunt a place to lie by for the night."

Billy Brackett recognized the "Slant Crossing," when they reached it, from the description he had received of its length and direction, but below that point the river for a thousand miles was a blank so far as his personal knowledge of it was concerned.

Although the night was dark, and there were but few guide-lights on the river in those days, he found no difficulty in keeping the channel until the skiff passed through the chute at the head of Winn's island. At this point the false channel seemed, in the darkness, to be as wide and desirable as the true one, and for a minute he was puzzled as to which he should take. "Not that I suppose it would make any great difference," he remarked to Bim. "It's about time to tie up, though, and we want to be sure to do that on the main channel, so as not to miss a chance of seeing the raft at daylight."

For answer Bim left his seat, ran to the bow of the boat, uttered a short bark, and fixed his gaze pointedly down stream.

"A light, as sure as you are a dog of wisdom!" cried Billy Brackett, looking in the direction thus indicated. "I vow, Bim, your name ought to be 'Solomon Minerva,' and I must have a 'howl' engraved on your collar the first chance I get. That is, if you ever arrive at the dignity of owning any collar besides that old strap. Your light looks as though it might proceed from a camp-fire, and I reckon it's on the main channel too. At any rate, we'll pull down there and make inquiries."

A few minutes later the skiff was run ashore near the beacon blaze that Winn Caspar had left on the eastern side of the island, and its occupants were searching the vicinity for those whom Billy Brackett had so confidently expected to find near it.

"It is very strange," he muttered. "Some one must have built this fire, but why he did so if he didn't want to camp beside it beats me. Hello! What's this? Hooray, we are on the right track after all! But what foolishness is that boy up to? And what can he be doing on this island? Thirdly, where is the raft? Eh, Bim! You haven't seen a stray raft round here, have you? No. I thought you would have mentioned it if you had. So he is on this island, is he? And leaves word that we can find him by following the trail? Perhaps the trail leads to the raft; but where is the trail? Hello! you've struck it, have you? Here, let me tie this bit of twine to your collar. There; now you're better than a lantern."

As we all know, the trail upon which Billy Brackett

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 659.

and Bim were thus started led directly to the log hut in the forest. When the former discovered this, he fully expected to find his nephew within. To his surprise, although a fire smouldered on the hearth, there was no other sign of human occupancy. Then the young man searched in vain for some bit of writing, such as had guided him to this point.

"I declare!" he exclaimed at length, "the corollary is worse than the theorem, and things are becoming so decidedly mixed that we must begin to go slow. I for one propose to replenish that fire, and then bunk down right here for the rest of the night."

In the mean time, Bim, left to his own devices, had struck the trail leading from the hut to Winn's camp, and started along it, probably thinking that his master was following him as before. The dog soon discovered Winn, and undertook to establish friendly relations with him by rubbing his cold nose against the boy's cheek. The suddenness with which Winn started up caused the dog to spring back into the darkness, from the shelter of which he regarded his new acquaintance distrustfully. Just then Billy Brackett, to cheer the loneliness of his log hut, began to chant the ballad of "The Baldheaded Man," and Bim, hearing his master's voice, darted off in that direction.

Now, Billy Brackett, though very fond of music, and possessed of an inextinguishable longing to produce melodious sounds, could not sing any more than Bim could. His efforts in this line had so often been greeted with derisive shouts and unkind remarks by his engineering comrades that he no longer attempted to sing in public; when alone, however, and out of hearing of his fellows, he still sometimes broke forth into song. Bim always howled in sympathy, but the effect of their combined efforts had never been so surprising as upon the present occasion, where they caused the precipitate flight from the island of the very nephew for whom the young engineer was searching.

In blissful ignorance of this unfortunate result of their performance, Billy Brackett and Bim sang and howled in concert, until their repertory was exhausted, when they lay down on the floor of the hut, and with the facility of those to whom camp life has become a second nature, were quickly asleep.

From this slumber Billy Brackett was startlingly awakened, some time later, by Bim's bark, and a pistol shot that rang out from the profound stillness of the forest like a thunder-clap. He grasped the dog's collar and sat up. Before he could rise any further there came a roar of guns, a trampling of feet, a confusion of voices, a rush, and a crashing of wood. The next instant the door of his hut was burst in, and the room was filled with armed men, every one of whom seemed to be pointing a rifle or a pistol straight at his devoted head.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAPPERS TRAPPED.

WHEN the leader of the party by whom Winn had been made prisoner (as related in the last chapter but one) peered cautiously in at the open window of the log hut to make certain that it was occupied, he was disappointed to discover but one man, where he had confidently expected to find several.

This leader, who had told Winn that his name was Riley, was a Sheriff, though such a new one that this was his first important undertaking since assuming office. Consequently he was most anxious for its success, and also somewhat nervous from anxiety. He had laid his plans well, the hut was completely surrounded, and he was elated at the thought of the prize so surely within his grasp, as well as of the glory that would be his for effecting this important capture. He expected to find several men in the hut, and counted upon their being desperate characters who would make a stout resistance before yielding themselves prisoners. The Sheriff had therefore prepared his followers for a fight, and made all his arrangements with this in prospect. Now, to discover but one man, and he peacefully sleeping, caused these warlike preparations to appear ridiculous, and called for a decided modification of Mr. Riley's plans.

Having satisfied himself by a careful survey that the man had no companions, and that the hut contained no rifles nor other fire-arms, the Sheriff retired noiselessly from the window and rejoined his followers. He explained the situation in a whisper, and then proposed that as they could not fight a single unarmed man, they should paralyze him with terror. As the Sheriff expressed it, they would "scare him stiff" by a general discharge of guns, a yell, and a rush for the door.

The new programme being understood, the Sheriff returned to his station, pointed his pistol at Billy Brackett's head, and was about to order him to throw up his hands and surrender, when he made a slight movement that aroused Bim. This faithful sentinel sprang up with a loud bark. In the dim light Sheriff Riley had not noticed the dog, and he was so much upset by this unexpected challenge that his finger closed on the hair-trigger of his revolver. Fortunately his aim was so wild that no harm was done by the shot that followed. It was all the signal that the Sheriff's followers needed, and they immediately carried out their part of the programme to the letter.

When the tumult subsided, the situation was as already described. Billy Brackett sat on the floor, grasping Bim's collar, and awaiting further developments as calmly as though he were merely a disinterested spectator of this unique performance. The dog, with teeth displayed to an alarming extent, stood ready to fly at the invaders whenever he should be released. In front of this group, and a few paces from it, stood half a dozen men, all of whom held guns that were pointed at the young engineer. The form of the Sheriff, with pistol still levelled at his prisoner, appeared at the open window.

"Do you surrender?" he demanded.

"Certainly," replied Billy Brackett, cheerfully; "if you desire it. I'm always ready to accommodate, especially when it's no trouble to do so."

"Throw up your hands, then," commanded the Sheriff.

"To do that," argued the prisoner, without moving, "I shall be obliged to let go my hold of this bull-dog. The moment I do so our friends with the empty guns will be apt to fancy that about a yard of particularly hot and well-greased lightning has been forged for their especial benefit. Still, if you insist—"

"Oh, hang your dog!" exclaimed Mr. Riley. "You must hold on to him, of course, until we can find a rope to tie him with. Where are your pals?"

"This is the only one I have at present," answered Billy Brackett, indicating Bim by a glance; "but I am in search of another, and have reason to believe that he is on this island at this very minute. Haven't seen anything of him, have you? He is a young fellow, about sixteen, named Caspar, son of Major Caspar, of Caspar's Mill, up the river a bit. He left home yesterday on a raft, and I was to join him hereabouts."

"What sort of a raft?" asked the Sheriff.

"Big timber raft. Two sweeps at each end, and three shanties on it, two of them filled with wheat."

"No," replied Mr. Riley, in a relieved tone; for on hearing the well-known name of Caspar his men had exchanged meaning looks and smiles, which indicated their belief that the Sheriff might be getting into hot water. "I did arrest a young rascal of about that age half an hour ago," he continued, "just as he was leaving this island on a raft; but it was only a small affair, built



"WATCH HIM, BIM!"

of two or three logs, and not at all such a raft as you describe. I've got the boy out here now, and I believe him to be one of your pals, in spite of your cheeky talk. You don't want to give me any more of it, either," he concluded, in a fierce tone, assumed to reassert the dignity of his office. "So just cork up, and come along quietly, or you may find yourself in trouble."

"All right," replied Billy Brackett, calmly; "but first, perhaps, you'll be kind enough to tell me who you are, why you are taking such an interest in me, and where you want me to go."

"I am the Sheriff of Dubuque County, Iowa," was the answer. "I have a warrant for your arrest as a member of the most dangerous gang of counterfeiters that has ever operated in this section of country, and I want you to go with me to the county jail, which will be only a stopping-place on your journey to State-prison."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Sheriff, and obliged for your courtesy," said Billy Brackett, politely. "Now if you will do me the favor to read the names mentioned in your warrant, I shall have nothing further to request."

"William Gresham, *alias* Gilder, *et al.*," replied Mr. Riley.

"Good. But suppose I can prove to you that I am not the person you take me to be, and that my name is neither Gresham nor Gilder, *et al.*, but that I am a civil engineer, William Brackett by name, brother-in-law of Major Caspar, whom I am certain you must know, and that you are making a rather sizable mistake in connection with this business? Supposing also I state that I am just now engaged on an important mission which will not admit of delay, and that in case you insist on taking me to jail, I can and will make you suffer, even to the extent of losing your office?"

By this time Billy Brackett was standing up, while Bim, reluctantly obeying his stern command, lay motionless at his feet. The men of the Sheriff's posse had ceased to level their guns at the young engineer, and even Mr. Riley was so impressed with this bold attitude and declaration of innocence that he consented to come inside the hut and examine the papers offered for his inspection. He was about to declare his satisfaction with them, and admit that perhaps he had made a mistake, when the man whom he had left to guard Winn rushed up with the announcement that his prisoner had escaped.

The Sheriff became furious. "I don't believe it!" he cried. "Here, you! Stop and guard this prisoner, while I go and take charge of the search myself."

As Mr. Riley departed, the new guard entered the hut, leaned his rifle against the wall, and took a seat near the door.

Then Billy Brackett stooped and whispered to his ever-faithful comrade, "Watch him, Bim!" and the dog answered with a low growl that spoke volumes. Turning to the guard, the young engineer said: "My friend, if you make the slightest motion or shout for help, that bull-dog will fly at your throat. I am going to leave you alone with him for a minute, and as you value your life, I beg of you to keep perfectly quiet until you hear from me." With this the prisoner leaped lightly from the window and disappeared.

For two minutes the guard stood as motionless as though carved from stone, his fascinated gaze fixed on the gleaming teeth and bloodshot eyes of the bull-dog that stood rigidly before him. Then a shrill whistle rang out on the still air, and at its sound the dog, dashing past him, disappeared like a flash. In another minute Billy Brackett's lusty strokes were sending his own skiff dancing out towards the middle of the main channel, while Bim, thumping with his tail in appreciation of his master's praises, occupied the stern seat as calmly as though with him such events as those just recorded were of every-day occurrence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHRISTMAS MORNING.—Drawn by Otto Beck.

ANCIENT WARRIORS AND COMEDIANS.

BY ZITELLA COCKE



FOR boys and girls who have looked with wonder and delight upon the amusing feats performed by the elephants in Forepaugh's or Barnum's Circus may not know that the great circus of Rome possessed a company of these gigantic actors, whose accomplishments were even more extraordinary than the tricks exhibited by the performing elephants of the present day. An elephant in comedy must have been an amusing sight, yet the Emperors Nero and Galba owned scores of these charming actors, as well as large numbers of rope-dancing elephants, whose tripping of ponderous toes kept a Roman populace entertained for a whole day. On great holidays the Roman Circus made an exhibition of these artist elephants. Six male elephants clad in the *toga* accompanied six female elephants attired in the *stola* to the banqueting-room, and there went through the ceremonies of the *triclinium*, or banquet, in the most elaborate style. Every detail of the feast, from the egg to the apple, they went through, and each elephant performed his part so beautifully that the populace applauded with vociferous delight, calling the four-footed performers by name, as they were accustomed to call favorite actors, and presenting to them bouquets, garlands, and laurel wreaths, which the unwieldy creatures were taught to receive with polite and grateful recognition.

But the elephant of ancient times was as conspicuous in war as he was successful in comedy. Elephants formed a part of the regularly equipped army, and were trained to meet and return the attack of the enemy. The ancient monarchs of India successfully employed them in their battles. It was the ambushed elephants of King Amoracus which put to flight the horsemen of the powerful King Cyrus. So ably did these animals sustain the shock of battle, and so formidable were they when thoroughly trained, that the Assyrian Queen Semiramis, being unable to obtain a number sufficient for her purposes, resorted to the trick of making artificial elephants. This she did by the use of hides cleverly sewed and stuffed, which she mounted upon three hundred oxen. With this force the artful Queen opposed King Stabrobates, and for a time the troops of the King were dismayed at the terrible array which confronted them; but the skilful archers of Stabrobates soon detected the deception, and the real elephants of the enemy spread havoc and destruction among the disguised oxen. Queen Semiramis herself escaped, but owed her safety to the fleetness of her horse.

When Alexander invaded India, King Porus opposed him with such an immense number of large and well-trained elephants that the Greeks were held in check for two days. The prodigious animals roared like thunder, and made such an impenetrable wall of steel and flesh, that Alexander's soldiers stood powerless before them. The sun rose and set again and again, and there stood the army of Porus and the hostile Macedonians on opposite banks of the river. When Alexander beheld the army of Porus in its magnificence of equipment, he declared that he had at last found a danger worthy the greatness of his soul! But for some time Greek valor availed little before the soldierly bearing of the elephants. The creatures would seize the Greeks with their trunks, and hand them over to the enemy. Porus himself was borne by an elephant in a chariot, which towered above the rest of his army, and from this height he commanded his four-footed warriors, that rapidly destroyed the ranks of the Greeks. Finally the Greeks resolved to attack the elephants, and after many efforts succeeded in wounding the elephant on which Porus was mounted. Porus attempted to slide down the side of the animal, when the governor, who had charge of him, commanded him to kneel, so as to permit the King to descend. This proved unfortunate, as the army of elephants had been trained to do exactly what the King's elephant did. Suddenly the whole body of elephants fell on their knees, and thus became an easy prey to the Greeks.

Ptolemy, King of Egypt, carried the training of elephants to a high degree. His elephants understood how to receive the enemy's charge and how to make an attack. In one instance the prowess of his elephant warriors was turned against himself. He made a visit to Jerusalem, and on account of the refusal of the Jews to open their Temple to him, he determined to extirpate the race, and ordered a vast number to be exposed to his elephants to be trodden underfoot. The elephants, instead of trampling the Jews, suddenly turned against the Egyptians and trampled them to death. This is said to have impressed Ptolemy as a direct intervention on the part of the God of the Jews, and ever afterward he cherished a respect for the chosen people.

Elephants have in all times formed a conspicuous feature of triumphal processions. The elephants of Pyrrhus were the first that appeared in a Roman triumph. In Cæsar's triumphal march through the streets of Rome elephants preceded the soldiery, bearing torches in their trunks. Pompey was the first to harness them to his chariot, and with such an equipage he intended to enter the city of Rome, but finding the gate too narrow to admit his gigantic steeds, he was forced to content himself with horses. The Emperor Aurelian had twenty handsomely caparisoned elephants in his procession, and behind them marched on foot the beautiful Queen of Palmyra, adorned with her crown jewels. With the exception of Pompey's grand parade, this was said to have been the most gorgeous display ever exhibited in the streets of Rome.

In Eastern countries elephants were not unfrequently employed as executioners. At the command of their governors, as their trainers were called, these animals would seize the condemned malefactors and trample them to death. We have heard the story of the angry elephant that deluged the impudent tailor who had dared to prick his proboscis with a needle; and trainers of elephants tell marvellous stories of the sagacity possessed by these dumb brutes. In the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, a painter established himself at a convenient spot for making a picture of a celebrated elephant which was the property of the Zoological Society. To insure the good behavior of the elephant, the artist gave him from time to time nuts and sweetmeats. Every day the animal was rewarded for his patience. One day, when the painter had brought his work almost to completion, he left his sketch on the easel, having omitted his daily gift of sweetmeats to the elephant. The creature gazed after him beseechingly, and indicated by significant grunts his desire to attract the artist's attention. The painter passed on unheedingly, and the enraged elephant seized a bucket of water which stood conveniently near, and dashed it over the picture, destroying the work of days. Sir Walter Scott mentions a horse of his own that always resented a slight. We cannot doubt Sir Walter's statement, and therefore need not wonder that the sagacious elephant should show a similar resentment at ill-treatment. Pliny says he saw wonderful things done by elephants in the circus at Rome. He tells of an elephant which not only learned how to dance, but would practise dancing when

alone, with a deliberation which showed that he understood the advantage of careful practice.

Plutarch says elephants are capable of receiving instruction to a high degree, and that they possess both memory and judgment. The Bishop of Calcutta relates that when a widespread epidemic laid many persons low in sickness and death, an elephant on the hospital grounds would carefully pick his way among the dead and dying, taking pains not to step on the miserable creatures around him. He gives another instance of a mother elephant which held her refractory child so that the surgeons could dress a wound which threatened its life. Bishop Heber mentions an elephant which nursed a baby which a woman was in the habit of intrusting to his care whenever she left home. This nurse not only stood by the baby all day long, but refused to let any person enter the house.

The famous Timour the Tartar employed elephants in conveying stones for the erection of the mosque of Samarcand, and the Egyptians doubtless made use of their strength in the building of the pyramids.

Yet this proboscis, or trunk, which has such prodigious strength can handle any object with the deftness and delicacy of a lady's fingers. Cicero calls it the elephant's hand. Its uses are manifold. It is his hand, his pump, his drinking cup, his reservoir, his powder puff and duster with which to protect himself from insects, his foraging instrument, and all-powerful arm—possessing the most delicate perception and adaptability—able to tear up a tree by the roots or to pick up the daintiest confection. Hence the elephant always takes care of this trunk in his encounters with other beasts. When he sees a tiger, he casts up his trunk perpendicularly and trumpets shrilly, then recurves it, and secures the lower part in his mouth, thus presenting to the tiger nothing but a rounded contour flanked by two tusks. The formidable nature of these tusks the tiger fully appreciates, and rarely makes an attack unless he can take the elephant at a disadvantage. For this reason elephants are often employed in tiger hunts.

The elephant's tusk is a valuable article of merchandise. A Venetian merchant paid an English sailor thirty-six ducats for one tooth. In the island of Sumatra tusks and teeth are sometimes found which are immensely valuable. As Shakespeare says, the elephant's legs are for necessity and not for flight, nor are his joints for courtesy; yet of all wild animals he has been the most serviceable to man, as well as the most placable and most grateful.

THE ST. BERNARD DOG AND HIS FELLOWS.

A ST. BERNARD dog set out to look for help. He came upon a Newfoundland dog, and said to him, "I will hire thee to guard my children, and to rescue, if by chance one of them fall into the water."

To the mastiff he said, "Thee will I take for thy great courage to ward me from all harm."

To the shepherd dog said he, "My flocks shalt thou watch over by day and by night."

And unto the hound he said, "You shall chase the wily fox."

And to the spaniel, "When I shoot, you are to swim for the game."

And to the bull-dog, "You shall catch the bull by the nose, and hold him."

And to the terrier, "Rats! rats! rats is all I shall say to you."

Then looking down at the silken poodle he said, "Well, if my mistress hath time and so light a mind as to dandle with you, she may take you."

But turning an eye askant on the pug he said, "As for you, brainless little lump, neither I nor my spouse care a whit, since your clay image is as good as yourself."



A Christmas Pantomime in One Act.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS.	PUNCH.
PUCK	JUDY.
DRESDEN CHINA SHEPHERD.	JUMPING JACK.
DRESDEN CHINA SHEPHERDESS.	WAX DOLL.
NOAH.	FAIRY.
MONKEY.	

SCENE.—*The workshop of* Santa Claus, *filled with toys of all kinds. A long low shelf extends across back of stage, on one end of which stands the* Shepherd, *and on the other end, at as great a distance as possible, stands the* Shepherdess, *with toys and other things between them.* Jumping Jack *stands in one corner of the room,* Wax Doll *in another; also* Punch, Judy, Fairy, Monkey, *and* Noah *in the ark. These characters must keep as still as possible until it is time for them to act. Piano behind the scenes.* Santa Claus *discovered at work.*

[To be read and sung behind the scenes, and to be acted in pantomime.]

Air, "Villikins and Dinah."

Far away in the North lives a little old man,
And what's his true name you may guess if you can.
A jolly old soul, with a shopful of toys,
And gifts of all kinds for the good girls and boys.

Hard at work is he now, as the Christmas draws near.
"Time is short! In twelve hours the day will be here.
I must finish this doll, put a wheel to this cart,
Then harness my steeds, and make ready to start."

[To be read.]

In comes an elf.
'Tis Puck himself,
With merry jingle.
"Hail, Sir Kris Kringle!
I never fail
To bring the mail.
In anxious state
The children wait.
'Tis Christmas eve,
And time to leave.
Hurry, hurry!
Scud and scurry!
Thousands of children wait."

Enter Puck, *with mail-bag over his shoulder. Bows low to* Santa Claus, *and gives him many letters.*

[To be sung, as before.]

'Twas his messenger entered, that swift-flying sprite
Who brings him the letters that all children write.
St. Nick tore them open. "Alack!" he cried out,
"Now what have the boys and the girls been about?
[Santa Claus *reads letters; expresses consternation.*

"One asks for a bicycle, one for a goat,
A third for a horse and a gun and a boat!
Come, come! My big sleigh is too small for them all,
But I'll pick out this doll and this fine bat and ball."
[*He and* Puck *bustle about, choosing toys.*

So he hurried about, while outside in the snow
The twelve speedy reindeer stood waiting to go.
And he packed up his sleigh with the toys to its brim,
Till you'd think there was really no room left for him.

[*Effect may be heightened by drawing sleigh across open door at back of stage, and allowing it to remain in sight while being packed. Pause in singing.* Santa Claus *and* Puck *carry out presents. Finally they are obliged to tie the things to the former's neck, arms, and feet.*]

With a crack of his whip St. Nick sprang to his seat,
Toys hung from his neck and his arms and his feet,
And off went the reindeer that cold frosty night
To leave all the presents before it was light.
[Santa Claus *cracks a large whip, mounts sleigh, and is drawn out of sight. Sleigh bells jingle.*]

[To be read.]

Then back comes Puck
"What great good luck!
St. Nick is gone
And I'm alone.
I'll have some fun
Ere night is done."

Enter Puck. *Music—air of* "Vilikins." Puck *dances alone.*

[To be sung.]

Ever hither and thither ran Puck, the young elf,
Among all the treasures that stood on the shelf.



When, lo! what excitement, confusion, and noise!
The touch of the sprite had put life in the toys.

[*As he touches each toy it comes to life.* Jumping Jack *flaps his arms,* Monkey *tunes the fiddle,* Fairy *moves her feet as if about to dance. Pause in singing.*

The woolly dogs barked, and the lambs bleated shrill;
Naughty Punch scolded Judy, and would not keep still;
A lovely wax doll shut and opened her eyes,
While Noah from the Ark emerged solemn and wise.

[*Voices behind the scenes may make the sounds of dogs and lambs.* Judy *says,* "Punch, Punch, where's the baby?" *etc.* Punch *scolds loudly.* Wax Doll *opens her eyes very wide, then shuts them, saying,* "Ma ma! Pa pa!" *and walks stiffly a few steps. Let each toy act in turn, that it may not interfere with the other, and to prolong the scene, which may be made very effective and amusing. Pause in singing.*

[To be sung to the tune of "Michael Roy."]

Out stepped a gallant shepherd boy,
Of Dresden china he,
All blue and white, with crooked staff,
As dainty as could be.

[Shepherd *steps down, bows towards* Shepherdess, *then to audience.*

He walked with slow and mincing step
Across the little shop,
He reached the China shepherdess,
And there he made a stop.

[*Walks very slowly. Bows to* Shepherdess, *who smiles.*

"Fair Rose, my gentle shepherdess,
For many and many a year
I've gazed across the shop at thee,
But never could draw near.

"I've loved thee long, I love thee now,
Say, wilt thou be my bride?
We'll stand hereafter on the shelf
Forever side by side."

[*Lays his hand on his heart, to*

And then the little Shepherdess
Did courtesy very low—
"Thou dost me honor, gentle sir;
I cannot say thee no!"

[Shepherdess *courtesies, etc.*

The Shepherd made another bow,
Then kindly helped her down;
One china hand she gave to him,
The other held her gown.

And then he led her to and fro,
And up and down the middle;
And while they danced a country dance,
The Monkey played the fiddle.

INTERLUDE.—*They walk up and down. Piano and violin play the tune.* Shepherd *and* Shepherdess *dance alone; any step may be used that will keep time to the music. Let this scene be prolonged. The other toys remain quiet, arranged in order about sides and back of stage to form a background. Though standing still, they may keep time to the music with hands and feet, to give the effect of motion without moving from their places.*

"Ha! ha!" laughs Puck,
"Still better luck!
A pretty chance
To have a dance.
I'll lead the ball—
Take partners all!"

[To be sung to the air of "Rosalie."]

Then the Jumping Jack ran to the lovely Wax Doll;
"Pray dance with me, lady; I'll try not to fall."
Puck sought out the Fairy, so graceful and airy,
The daintiest dancer of all.

[*They dance.* Noah *retires to window and gazes out. Chorus sings:*

For he cares not what others may say,
He's in love with Rosalie,
Charming Rose, pretty Rose—
He's in love with Rosalie!"

[*They dance for some time.*

And Punch said to Judy: "Pray dance, charming wife.
You're the pride and the joy of my life, of my life.
You're really entrancing; now do join the dancing—
So away with all quarrels and strife!"

[Punch *kisses* Judy, *who forgives him for scolding. They join the dance. Music changes. The four dance a quadrille, lancers, or Virginia reel. At the end they form a circle around the* Shepherd *and* Shepherdess, *and dance about them. Then, couples in half circle behind them, make a tableau. A sudden lull in music as* Noah *walks solemnly forward.*

[To be read.]

The dance and the revels were just at their height,
When Noah, who was gazing out into the night,
Stalked into the room. "Here comes old St. Nick!
Each one to his place, and at once. Now be quick!"

[*Pause, while all express consternation.*

With a rush and a tumble each flew to his place:
Of the ball and the fun there was left not a trace;
But the Shepherdess stood by the side of her swain,
While in low loving accents he hummed the refrain.

[Shepherd *and* Shepherdess *stand together in centre of shelf. The others take former positions about stage.*

[To be sung.]

"For I care not what others may say;
I'm in love with Rosalie,
Charming Rose, pretty Rose—
I'm in love with my Rosalie!"

[To be read.]

Then up to the door drove St. Nick in hot haste.
"Now, Puck, stir about; I have no time to waste.
The Shepherd boy bring; tuck him into the sleigh;
And a lot of good candies, too many to weigh."

Enter Santa Claus *in evident haste.*

He walked up and down, and he flourished his whip.
"Not half enough things did I take my first trip;
Empty stockings still wait to be filled to the top—
Make haste, for I have not a moment to stop!"

[*He walks up and down, cracking his whip.* Puck *hurries about. He points to various toys (the living ones), and asks if* Santa Claus *wishes to take them.*

As he glanced round the shop the two figures he spied.
The Shepherd boy stood with his arm round his bride.
"How now," quoth St. Nicholas, "what have we here?
The twain have resolved to be one, it is clear!"

[Puck *and* Santa Claus *pause in front of figures.*

He laughed a loud laugh, did this jolly old soul.
"I declare, I will take something else, on the whole;
May they dwell here forever in comfort and peace,
Till belief in St. Nick and his presents shall cease.

"Now I bid you farewell, and to all who are here
May peace and prosperity come with the year!
In this wish Puck, the shepherds, and toys all unite.
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

[*He turns towards audience.* Puck *makes signal; the other toys all come to life again. Music plays.* "Rosalie," *all join hands and dance about* Santa Claus, *who looks at them in astonishment, then laughs heartily. At end of dance they stand about stage,* Shepherd *and* Shepherdess *together. Tableau. All bow or courtesy as curtain descends.*

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS, PROPERTIES, AND COSTUMES.

This pantomime can be made long enough to form the sole entertainment for an evening by prolonging the dances. The room used for the stage should have at least one door and one window, the door either right or left of back. If there is no door there, use a screen to make the proper exit, arranged in such a way as to show the sleigh of Santa Claus. The sleigh may be a large sled with sides of pasteboard added in order to hold the toys. Throw a fur rug of some kind over it. An ingenious person could manufacture reindeer of carpenters' horses and rugs, only two of them showing, but it is not necessary, as the sleigh alone need be visible. Sleigh-bells are shaken behind the scenes.

Noah's Ark may be made of pasteboard cut in the proper shape and painted. Noah stands in it, looking over the top.

The following are hints for costumes, though they need not be strictly followed:

Santa Claus—stout, with round face, white hair and beard, short trousers, boots. Afterwards fur cap and heavy coat, fur if possible. Carries a whip.

Puck—green blouse and short trousers, long leather leggings or red stockings. Little velvet cap. Wings fastened to his shoulders and heels. Wings may be made of wire covered with green mosquito-netting, those for the heels being quite small.

Dresden China Shepherd should wear short white trousers with lace ruffles, blue coat with lace ruffles, long white stockings, low shoes with bright buckles. Powdered hair tied with blue ribbon. Large hat. Carries a staff with crook at the top.

Shepherdess—very short skirt of white, bodice of pink, powdered hair, large straw hat. She also carries a crook.

Noah should be made to look as much as possible like one of the little men in a Noah's Ark. Straight robe of dull brown; broad-brimmed hat.

Punch—red coat, dark trousers, clown's peaked cap, large false nose.

Judy—chintz gown, apron, and kerchief.

Jumping Jack—yellow coat, red trousers, strings hang from his wrists, and he should frequently flap his arms. He might wear a false face.

Wax Doll—pink or blue dress, hair hanging loose. Make expression as much as possible like that of a doll.

Fairy—white gauzy dress, covered with spangles that will glisten. White wings, tall sugar-loaf hat of green or red.

Monkey—tight-fitting suit of brown or gray, long tight sleeves and trousers, over it small red sleeveless jacket. False face, long curling tail made of wire and covered with stuff to match the suit. He carries a violin, which he may pretend to play if he cannot really do it, and the music be supplied behind the scenes.

Toys of every description should be lying about or piled up in corners. These preparations require but little work, and will give good spectacular effects.



A SONG OF KRISS KRINGLE'S TREE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

KRISS KRINGLE'S bells are jingling,
The frosty air is tingling,
All silvery sounds are mingling,
This merry, merry day.
With many a fleecy feather,
The snow-flakes dance together;
Here comes Kriss Kringle's weather,
In good Kriss Kringle's way.

Kriss Kringle's measures tripping,
Kriss Kringle's sweetness sipping,
The while his gifts we're clipping
From brave Kriss Kringle's tree.
We set the candles burning,
Like stars and planets turning,
And every dream and yearning
There satisfied we see.

Alone and solitary,
Aloof from elf and fairy,
It grew in forests airy
Through many a season dim
To reach its day of glory,
When winter woods were hoary,
To hear Kriss Kringle's story,
And dear Kriss Kringle's hymn.

O tree that wearies never!
O tree that charms us ever!
O tree that lives forever!
The blessed Christmas tree.
Where love and kindness blending
Round up the year's fair ending,
There heaven's own beauty lending,
Behold Kriss Kringle's tree.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN.

ONE afternoon in September, 1814, a party of Baltimore gentlemen, grieved at the defeat of the American troops at North Point, met together in an old house at Upper Marlborough, and there formed a plan for capturing some of the British soldiers who would pass through the village that night. Meanwhile the main body of the British army had gone on to a point some distance beyond. Their plans were so well laid that they actually took over twenty men prisoners and put them in "durance vile." News of this attack was, however, carried to the British fleet beyond by one man who contrived his escape, and the tables were unexpectedly turned. A detachment of Britishers descended on the village, compelled the liberation of the English soldiers, and took as their prisoners the gentlemen who had planned the capture.

Angered by what they considered a violation of the rules of war, the British colonel in command refused to allow the gentlemen, who were all asleep in their beds, time even to dress. They were placed on horseback and carried to a British ship, hooted and jeered at, Dr. Beans, with whom the idea of the capture had originated, being especially insulted. A day or two later all but the poor doctor were set free, but he was detained as a valuable prize worthy of taking back to England.

Meanwhile his friends in Baltimore went to work with a hearty will to obtain his release, and as he had been known on more than one occasion to have treated wounded British soldiers with great kindness, his niece, a girl of eighteen, ventured herself to write a strong appeal to the English officer in command of the fleet. She succeeded in persuading a Mr. Francis Key to take the letter with a flag of truce, and the young man, procuring a small boat and permission to use the white flag, set out. He boarded the admiral's vessel in safety, but found preparations for the bombardment of Fort McHenry in full swing, and, as a consequence, he was detained by Admiral Cockburn's orders.

It was a moment of most critical importance, for with the fall of McHenry Baltimore's doom was sealed, and we can easily fancy Mr. Key's feelings as from the English flag-ship he watched during the long hours of that day and night the furious onslaught upon the fort. So long as daylight lasted, he could scarcely take his eyes from the flag floating from the fort, and with feverish anxiety he hailed the "dawn's early light." The first break of day showed him his country's flag proudly floating to the breeze, and in the first "enthusiasm of rapture," as he told a friend, he wrote the verses dear to every American heart, "The Star Spangled Banner."

FISH-HUNTERS.

IN this case it is not "first catch your fish," but first catch your hunter—who is clothed in a suit of feathers, and objects very much to being caught. The Chinese, among their many ingenious arts, originated the idea of fishing, or rather *hunting* fish, with cormorants; and the queer fishermen, dressed in changeable emerald-green, troop forth after their master, as a matter of course, to the stream where his boat is moored. The edge of the cormorant's bill is like a saw, so that, once seized, the fish cannot drop out, and an India-rubber band around the bird's neck prevents it from dropping in and being swallowed.

Chinese cormorants seem to think they were made on purpose to fish for their masters, and they seldom waste their time or attempt to feast on their prey. Having plunged into the water and seized a fish, the successful bird utters a peculiar cry and returns to the boat with his prize. If the fish is too large for him to manage alone, his companions will hasten to his assistance, and help him to "land" it at their master's feet. It is a comfort to know that on returning from a day's toil these faithful birds are relieved from their neck-bands and rewarded with a generous supper.

From China this novel method of fishing was introduced into England for the amusement of King James I., who set up a very expensive establishment for his cormorants, which was so rigidly guarded that no one was allowed even to look at them, except at the keeper's "most extremest peril." But catching the British cormorant is much harder than catching the fish, as these birds invariably set up housekeeping on the shelving precipices of the most out-of-the-way islands. They evidently know nothing of "home decoration," for their nests of moss, seaweed, and sticks are all huddled together, and the unpleasant-looking infants that occupy them are insatiable in their cries for food. In one day they will devour more than their own weight, and "a perfect cormorant" has come to signify a greedy absorber of any kind.

In spite of this failing, however, hunters will take both trouble and risk to secure the young birds, who scramble out of their nests on the first alarm, and make their way quite rapidly on their huge legs and feet, aided by holding on with their beaks to every rocky projection, until they are huddled in a pile in some hospitable crevice, where the most desirable position is the lowest layer of all. But nothing avails against their determined captor, who can climb almost anywhere with the help of a long rope of salted cow-hide, and who has only to signal his companions above to pull him up when his errand is accomplished.

This fishing cormorant is not so handsome as the Chinese species, having dusky and ash-colored plumage with a not very clear white underneath, and it weighs seven or eight pounds. If allowed to enter a house, the cormorant makes himself perfectly at home, and evidently acts under the impression that his presence must be welcome everywhere. He never appears to the same advantage as when engaged in his natural calling, and it is very interesting to watch his motions in some clear streamlet, where his first prize will probably be a crimson-spotted trout. Here every movement can be seen as he swims about and dives for his prey, the frightened fish doubling continually and trying to hide behind anything that offers. But there is no escape from that dreadful bill with its saw attachment, and after a few turns the victim is secured in the pouch beneath it.

From three to six cormorants will accomplish a lively morning's work, and their performances afford great entertainment to the visitors who may be staying with their owner. Not the least interesting part is to see the readiness to give up the fish, when it is caught, for the slighter reward of a minnow or a small eel from a box of similar refreshments that have been brought for this purpose.

But when these experienced hunters, instead of bringing up fish who would much prefer being let alone, after diving once or twice and looking about them, begin to beat the water with their wings and wash themselves, the spectators reluctantly conclude that there are no fish in the pond or stream.

Jimmieboy and Jack Frost

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I.—IN WHICH JACK GIVES OFFENCE.

JIMMIEBOY is the proud possessor of a small brother who, to use one of Jimmieboy's own expressions, is getting to be a good deal of a man. That is to say, he is old enough to go out driving all by himself, being eleven months of age, and quite capable of managing the fiery untamed nurse that pushes his carriage along the street. Of course, if the nurse had not been warranted kind and gentle when the baby's mamma went to find her in the beginning, little Russ would have had to have somebody go along with him when he went driving—somebody like Jimmieboy, for instance, to frighten off big dogs and policemen, and to see that the nurse didn't shy or run away—but as it was, the baby had developed force of character and self-reliance enough to go out unattended, and, except on one occasion, he got back again safe and sound—asleep.

This one occasion was early in December, when Nature, having observed that the great big boys had got through playing football and were beginning to think of snowballs, sent word to the Arctic Cold Weather Company that she desired to have delivered at once five days of low temperature for general distribution among her friends, which days were sent through by special messenger, arriving late on the night of December 1st, giving great satisfaction to everybody, particularly to those who deal in ice, ear-tabs, and skates. At first Jimmieboy's mamma thought that Nature was perhaps a little too generous with her frosty weather, and for two days she kept her two sons, Jimmieboy and Russ, cooped up in the house, laying in a supply of furnace and log-fire heat sufficiently large to keep them warm until the third day, when she thought that they might safely go out.

Upon the third day Jimmieboy's papa said that he imagined the boys were warm enough to venture out-of-doors, so they were bundled up in leggings, fur-lined coats, flannel bands, scarfs, silk handkerchiefs, lamb's-wool rugs, and "arctics," the door was opened, and out they went. Jimmieboy staid out seven minutes, and then came in again to see if he could find out why his nose had suddenly changed its color, first from pink to red, and then from red to blue. He also wished to come in, he said, because the solid iron driver of his red express wagon had been "freezed stiff," and he was afraid if he staid out much longer he'd never thaw out again. Little Russ, on the contrary, lying luxuriously in his carriage, with no part of him visible save the tip end of his chin, which was so fat that the coverings would slip off, no matter how hard mamma and the nurse tried to make them stay on, remained out-of-doors for two hours, apparently very comfortable. His great blue eyes shone mirthfully when he came in, and until six o'clock that evening all went well with him, and then he began to whimper.



JIMMIEBOY PREPARED FOR COLD WEATHER.

"What's the matter with my baby?" asked Jimmieboy.

Little Russ made no reply other than a grimace, which made Jimmieboy laugh, at which the baby opened his mouth as wide as he could and shrieked with wrath.

"I'm inclined to think," said the nurse, as she sought vainly to find where a possible pin might be creating a disturbance to the baby's discomfiture—"I'm inclined to think that perhaps he's got a pain somewhere."

And then the youthful Russ blinked his eyes, gave another shriek, and attempted to pout. Now it is a singular way little Russ has of pouting. He gets it from his mamma, who used to pout in just the same way when she was a little girl—so grandma says—and it consists entirely of sticking his chin out as far as he can while concealing his lower lip as much as possible beneath the cherry-colored Cupid's bow that acts as his upper lip. A proceeding of this sort always results in making that chin the most conspicuous thing in the room, so that it is not surprising that when little Russ pouted every one in the room should at once notice that there was a great red spot upon it



LITTLE RUSS.

"Why, the poor little soul has been frost-bitten!" cried mamma, running for the cold cream—queer thing that, by-the-way, Jimmieboy thought. He would have put warm cream on a cold sore like that.

"So he is!" ejaculated papa, with an indignant glance at the chin, which only caused that fat little feature to pout the more. "Hadn't I better send for the doctor?"

"Does dogs frost-bite?" queried Jimmieboy, looking around the room for a stick with which to beat the dog that had done the biting, if perchance it was a dog that was responsible.

"No, indeed," said papa. "It wasn't a dog; it was Jack Frost, and nobody else. He ought to be muzzled."

"Who is Jack Frost, papa?" Jimmieboy asked, so much interested in Jack that he for a moment forgot his suffering small brother.

"Jack? Why, Jack is a man named Frost, who deals in cold, and he goes around in winter biting people. He's a sort of ice-man, only he's retired from trade, and gives things away to people who don't want 'em. It would be better if he'd go into business, and sell his favors to people who do want 'em."

"Well, he's a naughty man," said Jimmieboy.

"Yes, indeed, he is," said papa. "Why, he's the man who withered all your mamma's plants, and painted our nice green lawn white; and then, when we wanted to dig holes for the fence posts, he came along and made the ground so hard it took all the edge off the spade, and made the hired man so tired that he overslept himself that night and let the furnace go out."

"Can't somebody catch him, and put him into prism?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh, he's been in prisms lots of times," said papa, with a laugh at Jimmieboy's droll word; "but he manages to get out again."

"Where does he live, papa?" asked the boy.

"All around in winter. In summer he goes north for his health."

"And can't anybody ever get rid of him?"

"No. The only way to do that successfully would be to burn him out, and so far nobody has ever been able to do it entirely. You can put him out of your own house; but, if he wants to, he'll stay around the place and nip your plants, and freeze up your wells, and put a web of

ice on your grass and sidewalks in spite of anything you can do."

By this time little Russ had quieted down and gone to sleep. The cold cream, aided by a huge bottleful of the food he liked best, which warmed up his little heart and various other parts of his being, to which the world had for a little while seemed bleak and drear, had put him in a contented frame of mind, and if the smile on his lips meant anything he had forgotten his woes in dreams of sweet and lovely things.

It was not so, however, with Jimmieboy, who grew more and more indignant as he thought of that great lumbering ice-man, Jack Frost, coming along and biting his dear little brother in that cruel fashion. It was simply cowardly, he thought. Of course Jimmieboy could understand how any one might wish to take a bite of something that was as sweet as little Russ was, and when mosquitoes did it he was not disposed to quarrel with them, because it was courageous in a minute insect like a mosquito to risk his life for his sweetmeats, but with Jack Frost it was different. Why didn't he take a man of his size like papa, for instance, or the grocer man? He was afraid to—that was it—and so he fastened upon a poor, helpless little man like Russ, only eleven months old.

"He ought to be hitted on the head," said Jimmieboy.

"That wouldn't do any good," said papa. "It wouldn't hurt him a bit. You couldn't kill him with a hundred ice-picks, and I don't believe even a steam-drill would lay him up more than a week. What he's afraid of is heat—only heat, and nothing else. That cracks him all up and melts him, so that he can't bite anything."

Then Jimmieboy had his supper and began playing with his toys until bedtime should come, but all the time his mind was on that cruel Jack Frost. Something else in the room was thinking about it too, only Jimmieboy didn't know it. The little gas-stove that stood guard over by the fireplace was quite as angry about Jack's behavior as anybody, but he kept very still until along about eight o'clock when he began to sputter.

Jimmieboy stopped pushing his iron engine over the floor, and looked with heavy eyes at the gas-stove. This was extraordinary behavior for the stove, and Jimmieboy wondered what was the matter.

"Say!" whispered the stove, as Jimmieboy looked at him. "Let's get after that Frost fellow and make him wish he never was born."

Jimmieboy said nothing to this. He was too much surprised to say anything—the idea of a gas-stove speaking to him was so absurd. He only gazed steadfastly at the extraordinary thing in the fireplace, and then let his head droop down on his arms as he lay on the floor, and in a moment would have been asleep had not the stove again sputtered.

"Hi! Jimmieboy!" it cried. "Don't go to sleep. I know where Jack Frost lives, and we'll get after him and punish him for what he did to little Russ."

"How?" asked Jimmieboy, crawling across the room on his hands and knees, and looking earnestly at this strange gas-stove.

"Never mind how," returned the stove. "I'll tell you that later. The point is, will you go? If you will say the word I'll make all the arrangements, and we'll set off after everybody has gone to bed. It is a beautiful moonlight night. Everything is just right for a successful trip. There's enough snow on the ground for the sleigh to move, and the river's all frozen over except in the middle. We can skate as far as the ice goes, and then, if there is no boat, we can put on your papa's arctics, and walk across the water to the other side. From there it's only a forty-minute skate to Jack's home. He'll come in about twelve o'clock, and we'll have him just where we want him. What do you say?"

"I'll be in bed by the time you want to start," said Jimmieboy. "I'd like to do it very much, but I don't know how to dress myself, and—"

"Never mind that," returned the gas-stove. "Go as you are."

"In my night-gown? On a cold night like this?" queried the little fellow, more than ever astonished at the gas-stove's peculiarities.

"Why, certainly. I'll see that you are kept warm," returned the stove. "I've got warmth enough for twenty-six as it is, and if there's only two of us—why, you see how it 'll be. It 'll be too warm for two of us."

"That's so," said Jimmieboy. "I never thought of it that way. I might sit on your lap if I couldn't keep warm any other way, eh?"

"I've got a better way than that," said the stove, dancing a little jig on the tiles. "I'll get you a pair of gas gloves, some gas ear-tabs, a patent nose furnace, an overcoat lined with gas-jets that can be lit so as to keep you warm without burning you, and leggings, shoes, hat, and everything you need to make you feel as happy and warm as a poached egg on toast."

"That 'll be splendid," said Jimmieboy. "I'll go, and we'll fix Jack so that he won't bite any of our people any more, eh?"



THE GAS-STOVE TAPPED HIM LIGHTLY ON THE SHOULDER.

"Yes," said the gas-stove, delighted at the prospect.

"Shall we muzzle him?" asked Jimmieboy. But the gas-stove only winked, for just then mamma came up stairs from dinner, and as it was Jimmieboy's nurse's night out, his mamma undressed the little fellow, and put him in his crib, where he shortly dropped off to sleep.

In a little while everybody in the house had gone to bed, and when the last light had been extinguished the door of the room in which Jimmieboy slept was slowly opened, and the gas-stove, all his lights turned down so that nobody could see him in the darkness, tiptoed in, and climbing upon the side of Jimmieboy's crib tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"All ready?" he said, in a low whisper.

"Yes," answered Jimmieboy, softly, as he arose and got down on the floor. "How do we go? Down the stairs?"

"No," replied the gas-stove. "We'll take the toy balloon up the chimney."

Which they at once proceeded to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PARROT AND THE DOVE.

A PIOUS housewife had a parrot and a snow-white dove, and she wished to teach the dove to repeat the Lord's prayer, and certain verses from the Psalms.

If haply this might be done, she placed their cages in the same room, so that the snow white dove might hear the parrot recite those passages of Holy Writ that had been taught it with much pains.

Day after day and week after week passed by and yet no word came from the snow-white dove, while the chattering and whistling, calling and talking of the parrot were unceasing.

At last one day the parrot said to the woman: "Alas! alas! for your obtuseness of mind. You see not that my attraction is my speech, while that of the snow-white dove is its color."

A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS'S WAREHOUSE.

BY MARGARET FEZANDIÉ.

IN the middle of summer I received a card of invitation to visit the warehouses of Santa Claus. It seemed strange to think of him in July, but the very thought of the dear old fellow brought such a rush of refreshing coolness that I accepted the invitation with the greatest delight.

The messenger whom he had sent for me conducted me to the Roundabout Railway, and as soon as the conductor shouted "All out for Noplace Centre," out we jumped, and there was the sleigh, reindeers and all in waiting, and before I could say Jack Robinson there we were on the corner of Never-Mind-What-Street, where the factory stands.

The dear old man, who never seems to grow any older, received me most cordially, and while Mother Claus bustled away to get me some tea, old Santa and I began to make the tour of the warehouses. There were miles of them. The display of things was unequalled. From ponies to rocking-horses, from dolls as large as a good-sized baby to the dishes for them to eat off, from whole libraries of books to professional cameras, we went, until I was fairly bewildered, and was glad when Santa Claus proposed to sit down and rest in what he called the "Home-made Department." Here he allowed me to take notes and make sketches; but the poor old fellow was so wofully ignorant of all matters relating to sewing that I should not have obtained a very clear idea of the construction of the articles had not Mother Claus happily arrived with the tea and helped him out with his explanations.

One of the first things that struck my eye was a charming

MUSHROOM JEWEL CUSHION.

It was constructed as follows: Two circular pieces of wood or of extremely heavy card-board were chosen, one about four and a half inches in diameter, the other a little smaller, say three and a half inches; a little cylinder of wood about two and a half inches long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter was the next requisition. (In my private opinion it was just a piece sawn off the end of a hoop stick.)

The smaller of the two circular disks was fastened to the end of this little stick by means of a screw passing through the centre of the disk into the stick; this was to form the mushroom and its stem. If desired to give the top of the mushroom the slanting air it so often has, the top of the little stick, instead of being perfectly flat, should be sawn off at an angle, and when the circular disk is placed upon it, it will, of course, incline in the same direction.



JEWEL CUSHION.

Next, this top should be covered with wadding; it should be so arranged as to be higher in the centre than at the edges; but the layer should be thick enough to receive the jewels thrust into it, for this is to be the pin-cushion part. This top is covered with creamy white plush; if it has the brownish tinge found in mushrooms, so much the better. This brownish tinge may be given to the plush by putting it for a minute or two in an oven. The plush is secured to the top of the mushroom by tacking it to the under side of the wood with very small tacks. The brownish under part of the mushroom is imitated as follows: A circular piece of card-board just a little smaller than the upper disk has a hole cut in the centre large enough to allow the stem of the mushroom to pass easily through it. Around the circumference of this card-board disk is sewn a strip of golden-brown China silk or China crêpe laid in very fine plaits; this strip should be about two inches and a half wide and long enough to be plaited all around the edge. This disk is then slipped over the stem in such a manner that the side which has the brown silk sewn to it is towards the top. The brown silk must then be pulled down over the edge, and after securing the disk of card-board to the top of the mushroom with a few tacks, the brown silk is pulled towards the stem, and wound around it with cotton. A little case of the white plush is made to fit the stem, slipped up over it, and secured in place by a stitch through the brown under part. The larger of the two disks is then covered on one side with moss-green plush. It is then screwed to the bottom of the stem, and a circular piece of watered paper or of silk hides the screw and gives a smooth surface to stand on.

A small green Japanese frog is fastened to the green base, and perhaps a snail or two are to be seen crawling up the stem. A small eye-screw is attached to the under side of the top to hold a watch at night, and one on the other side to hold rings; breastpins are simply stuck into the cushioned top. This is a most fascinating and picturesque jewel cushion; and a small boy can make it just as well as a small girl, provided his sister will help him plait the brown silk of the under part.

A little

STAMP POCKET-BOOK

next attracted my attention. Every one who has ever carried stamps in his pocket on a hot summer day, and then had an hour's work to separate them afterwards, will appreciate this little article. It is simply two little pieces of card-board about an inch and a half square covered with pretty silk and stitched together to form the covers of a little book. Inside were stitched several leaves of oiled tracing-paper, which can be obtained at any shop where drawing materials are sold; a tiny elastic band keeps the little book closed, for masculine fingers could never be bothered to tie ribbon strings. The oiled paper will keep the stamps from sticking.



STAMP POCKET-BOOK.

Next in order came some

BRAN BAGS.

These most luxuriant additions to a bath are extensively used, so Santa Claus assured me, in France, and Mother Claus added that they are very easy for small fingers to make.

Half a dozen or so of bags about six inches broad and eight inches long are made of very coarse unbleached muslin or of cheese-cloth. They are filled with bran, which is to be obtained at any feed-store. A little of the finest orris sachet powder, which has the perfume of violets, is sifted in with the bran. The bags must not be too tightly filled, and they are tied at the top with white baby-ribbon. A large bag may be made to contain them all, of cretonne in delicate colors, or else one of those wire sponge-holders may be decorated with ribbons. A knit or crocheted wash rag tied with ribbons around a piece of toilet soap might accompany this gift.

Every one knows how difficult it is to pack shoes when

one is travelling. So I was delighted to see among the gifts some

LINEN SHOE WRAPPERS

These are simply squares of brown linen about fifteen inches on a side, bound with silk braid. They were embroidered with fantastic designs, such as the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. On one corner were sewn two strings of the braid. A pair of shoes can be wrapped in each one of these squares, and tied around with the strings. They can then be stuffed in odd corners of a trunk without fear of spoiling the daintiest garments.

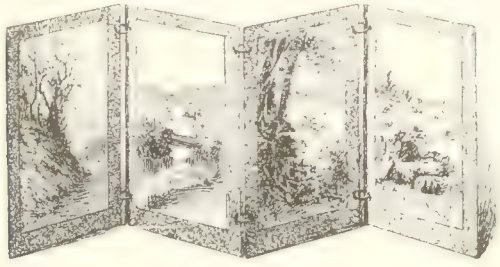


SHOE WRAPPER.

It was in Santa Claus's warehouse too that I saw some pretty methods of

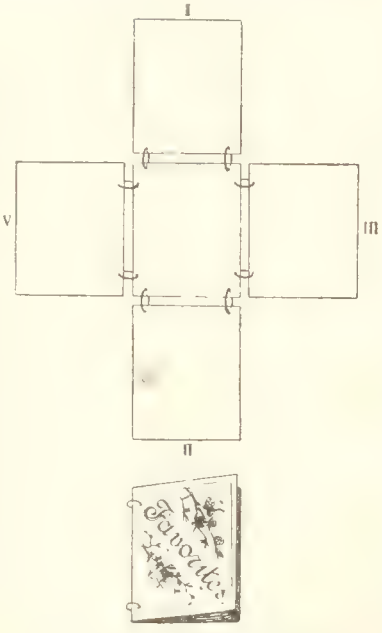
MOUNTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

For some one who is passionately fond of German opera a friend bought a dozen or so unmounted photographs of



METHOD OF ARRANGING MOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS.

scenes from the operas. These were carefully mounted on tinted cards, and placed in a pretty portfolio covered with French cretonne. The mounting is easily done. The photographs are put into a basin of clean water, and as soon as they are thoroughly wet they are taken out and laid face downward on something flat—a plate, for instance—and sponged off. Then parlor paste is put on the back with a soft even brush, and the photograph is laid on the card, the place it is to occupy having been already marked out. They are smoothed down with a damp sponge, and then a paper is placed over the photograph, and then some rounded stick is rolled over them a few times.



METHOD OF ARRANGING PHOTOGRAPHS.
(The Roman numbers indicate the order in which to fold the cards over to give form shown above.)

To accompany a book called the *Marble Faun* photographs of the celebrated places mentioned in the book had been procured, and mounted on very heavy cards. The aid of a shoemaker had been called in to punch little holes in each corner of the cards, and little brass rings passed through these holes so as to connect two cards. Thus the photographs could be stood up in the form of a screen as an ornament for piano or mantel-piece. Photographs of favorite authors or musicians could be mounted in the same way, and amateur photographers would find that a set of amateur photographs daintily mounted makes a most acceptable gift.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1892.

BY CORYDON C. TYLER.

ETERNAL practice, the price of victory, is becoming the ruling maxim of the football field. While the great mass of students were enjoying their summer holiday, members and would-be members of the Yale eleven had gathered together at Newport for preliminary practice in kicking and passing the ball. Soon Captain Trafford, of Harvard, was at work with his men, and when college opened the teams were ready to line up for hard practice.

There was good material at hand in all the colleges, but Harvard had rather the best of it at the start. Trafford saw at his training-table at the beginning the familiar faces of all his old team except Bangs, the centre, and Dexter, left guard. There were also Upton, Mason, and Gray, by no means novices; and Acton, D. Shea, Highlands, Foster, and Brewer, men of more or less tried ability and great promise. In addition to these, there was Lewis, who at Amherst the year before, had made a reputation as a centre of remarkable energy and effectiveness. After a month or more of continually shifting about the men in the line, Mackie was placed at right guard, Lewis at centre, Upton in Waters's old place at left tackle, and Waters moved to left guard; Emmons and Hallowell remained on the ends, where they played a year ago.

In the early games Harvard rolled up large scores, playing a strong dashing game. Amherst proved an unexpectedly clever antagonist, in one game holding her heavy-weight foe down to 26 points, and in the other scoring 10 for herself against 32 for the crimson. Both guards on the Amherst team received their early training in New York schools—one at Cutler, the other at Condon. Since Amherst had scored against her, Harvard seemed to lose her sensitiveness to that sort of thing; and Cornell followed with a close game, which Harvard won by a score of 20 to 14. Cornell, however, is rapidly becoming a prominent football college, and had a great team in the field this year. It is to be regretted that a match was not made between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania. Osgood, half back, was Cornell's bright particular star, being said to be not inferior to McClung. Hanson, Yale's centre in '89, played left guard for Cornell.

The Boston Athletic Association sent a team against Harvard after the Cornell game, and again the Cambridge men narrowly escaped being turned down, winning by the small margin of 16 to 12. Harvard played no more games after this until the final struggle with Yale, which took place on November 19th at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass. With stubbornness and grit Captain Trafford met every advance of the blue battalion; with determination he again and again assaulted the column of his foe, and the first half ended with no score, while the followers of Yale looked on almost dazed. The second half opened with the now famous flying wedge, which is perhaps the most notable contribution to the science of football that this season has brought forth. Again the battle raged; but, after all, Yale outplayed her rival by superior team-work,

which enabled her backs to get through the line and around the ends for repeated gains, until at last C. D. Bliss, by a clever stratagem, was sent across the Harvard goal line, giving Yale the victory with the score of 6 to 0.

The University of Pennsylvania has come steadily to the front in football matters, and this year she took a stride forward which has placed her second in the intercollegiate race. Having beaten a number of smaller colleges by good scores, held down, however, by Annapolis to 16 points, and winning from Lafayette with the close score of 8 to 6, she turned the attention of the football world upon herself by beating Princeton 6 to 4—a thing unheard of in history. The Philadelphians then advanced to meet Yale, in the hope of sweeping all before them. Disappointment was their lot. Their hopes were too high, and they were forced by thoroughly superior work on Yale's part to be content with second place. The score at the close of the game was 28 to 0 against Pennsylvania.

At the beginning of the season Yale mourned the loss of Helfellinger, Morison, Hartwell, McClung, and Barbour—hard men to replace. Captain McCormick undertook, and even improved upon, Barbour's work at quarter, while the other positions, after repeated trials, were given respectively to McCrea, Hickok, Greenway, and C. Bliss, all of whom, with the exception of Bliss, are Freshmen. Sandford, who played centre in an emergency last year, was wanted at guard until he was injured in practice, and rendered unfit for further play. Stillman proved a strong centre, and justified the coaches' persistence in holding him there, in the face of adverse criticism. The star work of the year was done by Laurie Bliss, who never failed in any game to make at least one sensational run. In the Pennsylvania game he scored a touchdown from the Yale ten-yard line. Without the interference of McCormick, Winter, and Butterworth, however, he could hardly have accomplished so much. Hinkey, the famous left end, impressed his vigorous personality upon every opponent he came in contact with. In the contest with Princeton, the Yale team-work fell off somewhat from that of the Harvard game, owing possibly to the overworked condition of the men. But victory and the championship remained with them, and, more than this, they completed the second consecutive season without a point scored against them.

Princeton found a field full of veterans to begin work with, and her hopes were high. But history tells a tale of woe indeed in recounting the unparalleled misfortunes that have persistently attended the defenders of the orange and black. An able centre was found in Balliet, of last year's Lehigh eleven, and Harrold, the veteran right tackle, was finally induced, after the defeat by Pennsylvania, to resume his place in line. Randolph, left end, and Lea, left tackle, filled the positions left vacant by the disabling of Vincent and Holly. Princeton was not scored against during the season by any teams but those of Pennsylvania and Yale. In doing battle with Yale, the sons of Nassau summoned their grandest resources and fought magnificently, but without avail. Taken almost unawares at the very threshold of the game, they made little opposition to L. Bliss's first run and touchdown. But they were not to be surprised a second time, and no more scoring was permitted until the middle of the second half, when Stillman blocked a kick, and secured the ball and a touchdown.

The only remaining championship game was that between Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania, which the latter won, 34 to 0. Wesleyan played through an unfortunate season, doing much good work, but managing to lose every game, except the one with West Point, which resulted in a tie, 6 to 6. The Cadets were a well-put-together body of young men, and played a heavy game, defeating both Stevens and Trinity, while Annapolis held Pennsylvania down to 16 points and Princeton to 28, and defeated Lafayette and Rutgers. The annual contest between the military and naval academies is sure to become a popular event if encouraged by the authorities.

The athletic clubs have kept up a lively series of matches, playing most interesting games. They are mostly old college experts. The Crescents of Brooklyn again won the championship, although the Orange, Manhattan, and New York took care that it was no walk-over.

On November 12th the annual game between Exeter and Andover academies resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 28 to 18. In the series between these two famous institutions Andover has gained nine victories and Exeter five.

The Interscholastic Football League has been the training-school of many an able knight of the moleskin. It is an interesting organization, which enrolls among its members the Cutler, Berkeley, Dwight, Columbia Grammar, and Harvard schools. Since 1881 Cutler has won the championship nine times, Columbia Grammar, Berkeley, and Dwight once each, in '88, '89, and '90, respectively. Thus Cutler stands unrivalled in the League. Outside, the Condon School puts an excellent and carefully trained eleven in the field, which approaches nearer to the Cutler standard than any other school in the city, perhaps, excepting Berkeley. Cutler defeated Condon this fall, 28 to 0; and Berkeley, 56 to 6. This latter was a championship game. Reared in the nursery of the Interscholastic League were J. P. Lee and G. R. Fearing, Cutler School and Harvard 'Varsity; W. Adams, Cutler, '89, substitute on Yale 'Varsity in '91; J. Terry, Dwight, Crescent full back, brother of Wyllys Terry; F. L. Polk, Cutler, substitute end on Yale, '90, 'Varsity, and regular on the college side this season; E. W. Hall, Harvard School, '92, half back on Yale, '96, Freshman team; S. B. Thorne, Berkeley, '90, substitute full back on Yale 'Varsity this year; and O'Connor, M.A.C.'s full back, graduated from Columbia Grammar in '88. Laurie Bliss, Yale's famous running half back, also came from a New York school.

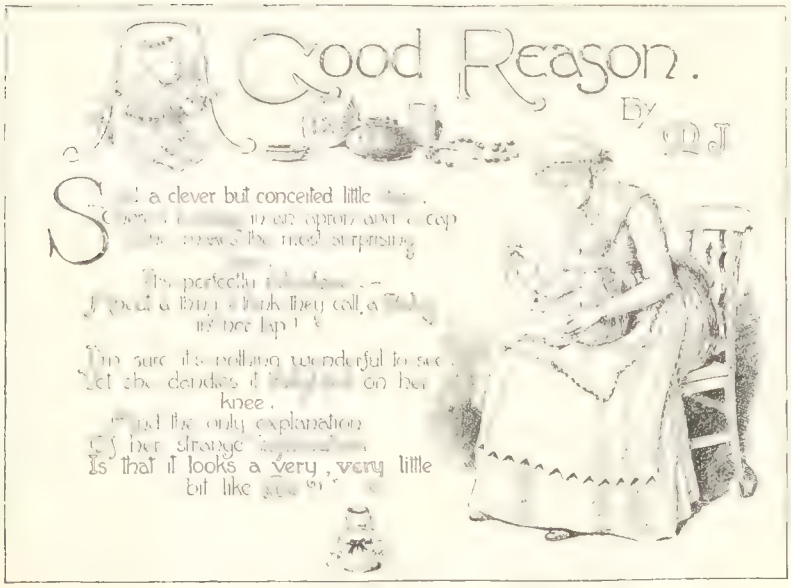
Mr. S. Stickney, Jun., of Harvard, says of the Cutler boys of this year: "It is probably the finest team that has ever represented a New York school. The interference and team-work were very remarkable. The team was coached by no one except the captain, J. M. Polk."

Besides Captain Polk, the best work was done by Bosworth, Van Schaick, Brokaw, and Nicholas.

THE ANTS UNDER A CABBAGE LEAF.

A NATION of ants had their home under a cabbage leaf, where they dwelt through many generations, fathers giving place to sons, and mothers giving place to daughters.

Here they were born, nursed, and reared. Here they were educated, and here married. Here they toiled, and here they died, and mingled their dust with their native soil. Here they cultivated great farms. Here their tradesmen wrought in mighty factories. Here they laid the walls of many populous cities. Here their merchants traded and became rich. Here they cultivated all the arts of life. Here great universities were founded, and learned astronomers with long telescopes searched the arched vault over their heads. Here they felled wide forests, and bridged impassable rivers on which great steamboats plied. Here the buzz and hum of a thousand industries were heard. Here wise law-givers gave laws unto the people. Here many mighty kings ruled over them, and here great armies were swallowed up in deadly battle, to settle the boundary lines of vast possessions. And here eloquent orators harangued, and of one accord and acclaim they said, "Behold, what a great and wondrous world we live in!"



TOM AND THE WISHING CAP.

BRING me you wishing cap. I'll put it on,
And wish myself that which I'd like to be.
Pray let me think! Shall I be Will or John,
Or pretty little Sallie or Marie?

Or shall I be a great big monstrous whale,
The monarch of the ocean deep? Or stay!
Would I not like to have a great long tail,
And as a monkey romp the livelong day?

Or shall I be a winged thing? A bird,
It seems to me, has just no end of fun;
That is, he does till in the forest's heard
The coming of the sportsman with his gun.

How all will miss me when I've changed about!
How through the streets my father dear will roam
In search of me; and how the boys will shout,
"Hi! have you heard how Tommy's gone from home?"

Dear me! I never thought! How I'll miss them!
Why, that's about as fearful as can be!
Dear Wishing Cap, if you don't mind—ahem!—
I think, upon the whole, I'll stay plain Me.

A TRUTHFUL KID

"THAT little kid takes the cake," said some one in Rob Roy's hearing, and he went at once to ask his father what a kid was.

"Oh, a kid's a—well, a little fellow like you," he said, lightly.

"I didn't steal any cake," wailed Rob Roy.

EXCUSABLY LATE.

ROB ROY'S little new brother who had come only the day before failed to appear promptly at the breakfast table, as Rob expected.

Hearing nothing of him as breakfast went on, Rob remarked indifferently, "Wonder if the kid's got up yet?"

MIXED.

A WISCONSIN school-teacher had among her pupils a little boy named Jakey who was always late in the morning. But one day he managed to get to the school-house before the bell rang, whereupon he said to the teacher: "Vell, to-day I am pefore at last. I always vas pehind pefore."

BOBBY'S JOKE.

"WE had mince pie at our Thanksgiving dinner," said Maudie.

"We had muffins," said Bobby.

"What kind of muffins?" asked Maudie.

"Ragamuffins," replied Bobby.

SOME THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

CORK is about the most buoyant substance there is, but there are points beyond which even cork cannot go. A cork sunk two hundred feet deep in the ocean will not rise again to the surface owing to the great pressure of the water. At any less distance from the surface, however, it will gradually work its way back to light once more.

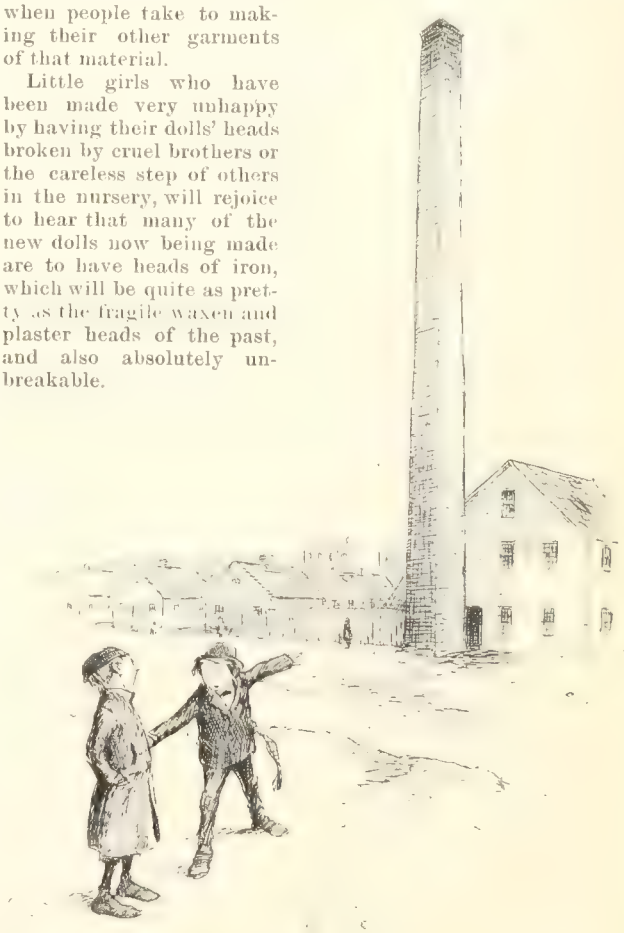
People who have plenty of clothes to wear and a good roof to shelter them from the storms that come will be sorry to hear that of the entire human race 250,000,000 go entirely without clothes, that 700,000,000 live in huts or caves, and that 250,000,000 more have practically no shelter at all. Many of these clothesless and homeless ones, however, live in warm climates where their condition is not altogether a hard one.

One of the most absurd of recent inventions is a shoe with a hinged sole to facilitate putting it on or off. A man might as well wear a straw hat with a door in the top of it to let in the air.

The Czar of Russia is likely to be more popular this coming year with England than he has been for some time, owing to the fact that he has recently become deeply interested in the game of cricket. He has organized two elevens among the young men of his court. If he will only turn his attention now to baseball, we in America may decide that he is a pretty good fellow after all.

The Coreans have to be very cautious when they smoke lest the fire from their pipes fall on their clothes, which often are made of paper. In our own land paper collars are sometimes worn, and on festive occasions we have gone so far as to wear paper hats, but the height of absurdity would seem to be reached in the clothes line when people take to making their other garments of that material.

Little girls who have been made very unhappy by having their dolls' heads broken by cruel brothers or the careless step of others in the nursery, will rejoice to hear that many of the new dolls now being made are to have heads of iron, which will be quite as pretty as the fragile waxen and plaster heads of the past, and also absolutely unbreakable.



SCAGGSEY. "SAY, CHIMMY, I'M GOIN' TO HANG MY STOCKIN' AT DE BOTTOM OF DAT ON CHRISTMAS EVE. SANTA CLAUS CAN'T HELP SEEIN' SECH A CHIMBLEY AS DAT."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE MOREAU.

A Christmas Story.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

LITTLE Christie and her brother Carl were sitting in a carpenter's shed, talking. Christie sat on a round basket of chips and shavings, with a good deal of sawdust sifted in between, as Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Moreau believed in saving, and sawdust burned slowly and helped to heat the stove.

Carl sat on the end of the bench swinging his bare feet back and forth, while he chewed on a shaving as if it tasted good, which indeed it did not; but he did not know it, for his mind was so busy on other things that it might have been candy.

Carl wore a pair of shoddy trousers, cut off and hemmed up by his little sister, and neatly patched in so many places that it would have been hard to tell which color was trousers and which was patch. A blue woollen shirt, much too large for him, formed his only other article of attire.

Christie wore a dress of coarse brownish-gray, which had been cut out by the great Mr. N. B. Moreau himself, and sewed up by the unskilful fingers of Christie a year before, and it was now a tight fit, as it had always been scant. But it was a boast of Mr. N. B. Moreau that he "didn't believe in no nonsense."

Carl and Christie were orphans, their father having been dead four years and their mother two. The frail, pretty mother had tried to earn a living by teaching music, but at last gave that up, and went out washing, leaving the children locked in her one poor room. Sometimes she brought them a little meat, but more often they made their supper on mush and molasses.

Once she brought them a red, rosy apple and a golden orange apiece! What lovely times they did have rolling them around, and how good they did taste when they ate them! They always remembered that treat.

Then one day the mother could not rise, but lay moaning all day and calling for water. Then came more dreadful days, when she did not know her children, and could not take the tea the already helpful hands of little Christie made. They were afraid of her swollen face and staring eyes, but they did not realize that she was so ill. Then their food was all gone, and there was nothing but flour and water.

At night they crept into bed with their sick mother,



and sat about all day in a dejected state. They had never been allowed to speak to any one in the poor tenement where they lived, and so no one knew that their mother was sick.

One morning their mother was strangely quiet, and when they touched her she was cold. They crept under the bed and staid there all day, filled with a dim fear, and they slept on the floor there all night. In the morning some one came to see why their mother had not gone to work, and thus their lives were saved

They took the dead mother away, and the two little orphans were put in a close wagon and taken to a place where they saw clean white beds and strange faces. They were both very ill for a long time, but the terrible illness left few traces upon the fair faces of the two children.

Then they were taken to an asylum, and left among a number of other little children, and remained here until Carl was eleven and Christie nine years old.

There had been a search made among the dead woman's possessions, and papers were found showing that she was of a good Swiss family, and a letter was written to the children's uncle, telling him of the death of his sister and where the children were; but after a year of waiting, they were "bound out" to Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Moreau, a thrifty carpenter.

Carl was large and strong for his age, and very apt with tools, but he would not consent to leave his little sister, and their prayers and tears prevailed; and after much argument and calculation on Mr. N. B. Moreau's part, it was agreed that he should take them both, board and clothe them, and teach Carl the trade. Christie was to have her board free in place of Carl's wages until he should be seventeen, when he was to be paid his regular wages in cash. Christie was to do the cooking and housework.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Moreau the children always called him. Perhaps some dim remembrance of their father's frequent talks of the great man for whom this gray and round-shouldered carpenter had been named shed its halo around his grizzled head, for it is certain that every time they pronounced his name it was with a certain feeling of awe and respect. They even looked on other persons with mild reproof who dared to take liberties with so distinguished a name.

Mr. N. B. Moreau did not believe in nonsense which meant waste. He conducted his life on that basis. He never bought a thing that he could by any possibility go without. He prided himself on the fact that he had never spent a cent in his life for "nonsense," had never been shaved or paid a barber to cut his hair. He somehow managed to do that himself. He wore a suit of "pepper and salt," with a blue flannel shirt, just as long as they would by skilful patching hold together, and then in turn they were used to patch other garments.

His home consisted of one room, with a lean-to for kitchen, and a carpenter's shop adjoining, in the outskirts of San Francisco. He had made a rude bedstead, a table, and one chair. A mattress stuffed with shavings made his bed, and a bag of shavings a pillow. The children sat on empty boxes.

In the kitchen stood a decrepit stove, and they used only tin dishes, so as not to break any, and the children slept in the lean-to on a pile of clean shavings.

"There ain't nothing so wholesome as clean pine shavings," he would say, "and folks think they want too much in this world. I work, and I want to live like a workingman. I never had no education, and I've got a good business, a home, and five thousand hard dollars."

Pork, mush, and potatoes formed almost the whole of his diet, aside from bread, and, of course, that of the children too; and Sundays he always cut down even those poor meals, as he said, "Folks don't need to eat so much less'n they work."

So the labor was really not too great for Christie, as everything was conducted on so economical a scale, but she was born neat, and everything was kept clean, and Carl was allowed to help her on washing-days.

They kept a number of ducks, which picked up a living as best they could, and laid eggs which were always sold or kept for hatching, and Christie was very fond of the noisy things. Her pretty curls were cropped short like Carl's, and they went barefooted all the time except in the coldest weather, and their shoes were made of old boot-legs that Mr. Moreau picked up. Indeed, he never let a thing lie that could possibly be made of use, even to empty tomato cans.

He never beat or ill used the children, and rarely scolded them. Probably he was fond of them, as far as it was in his narrow nature to be fond of any one, and he certainly worked harder than Carl. He divided their food into three portions, taking half for himself, and the children each receiving a quarter, and he regulated the exact quantity that should be cooked. He argued that he, being grown, required twice as much food as children, and though they were often hungry they did not complain, for he made them feel that they cost him "a sight of money." They were submissive by nature and deeply grateful, and they looked upon him as the wisest man in the world.

At night he would sit by their little fire and tell them of his hardships and his toil, and how he had worked fifty years, until now, by having no nonsense about him he had saved all those hard dollars. Why he called this money "hard dollars" I do not know, unless it was because they were so hard to get.

To say that the children were entirely unhappy would not be true, but they were miserably dressed, lacked proper food, and were growing up in complete ignorance. They were together, though, and loved each other tenderly, and were so grateful to Mr. N. B. Moreau that that sentiment took the place of love.

On the day of the conversation in the shop there had been a large order for stands for Christmas trees, and Carl had worked like a Trojan, and now they were all done; and Mr. N. B. Moreau had gone to "lay out more money for grub," as he inelegantly put it, and they had a good hour before them. Christmas was but a week off.

"Don't you wish we could have a tree, and put a nice present on it for Mr. 'Poleon Bonaparte Moreau?" asked Christie.

"Yes; but we hain't got nothin'," answered Carl, sadly. "I wish we could."

"I'll ask Mrs. Standish to buy my little hen," said Christie, though her lip quivered, for this was the only thing she possessed. She had found an egg one day in a nest in the shavings, and knew that it belonged to Mrs. Standish, and took it to that lady, whose hen had strayed there. She had told her to keep it and set it with one of her ducks, which had been already a week on her eggs, and it had hatched out a lovely little yellow chicken, which in time grew into a trim, pretty pullet.

Mrs. Standish was a kind woman but a busy one, and she often thought of those poor little orphans, but never found time to do more than give Christie an occasional cruller or piece of pie, which was shared with Carl. So the child thought, perhaps, Mrs. Standish would buy the chicken, and with that they could have a Christmas tree, and Christie decided that she should buy a nice big red handkerchief for Mr. Moreau, and perhaps there might possibly be enough money to get a pair of stockings for Carl. And, oh, if an apple and an orange *could* be thought of!

"Yes, honey, I'll buy your pullet, and I will take good care of it, and you can come over and pet it all you want to, but as to giving that old curmudgeon a thing—he's as rich as mud, and the way he dresses you."

"Oh, we eat a lot, Carl and I do," said Christie, "and he is real good to us. And mudder" (she always said mudder) "told us that we must always be thankful."

"Well, you come over here Christmas day, both of you, that's all, and here's a dollar for your pullet."

A dollar! A round silver dollar! It looked bigger to Christie than a millstone, and she felt that she was enormously rich. And after a questioning look at Mrs. Standish she fairly flew to Carl. He, too, was overcome by the greatness of the sum. He had not a penny, but he could get a tree from a man he knew for nothing. Not a big one nor a pretty one, but it would smell like those that he could faintly remember in his own land, and he could make a stand for it, and they had a week to prepare.

Words could not express their delight at their little secret. Mr. N. B. Moreau was absent much of this week, working overtime, trying to finish some work he had taken "by the job," and they talked for hours over the wonders that dollar would purchase, making one plan after another, and setting them aside as not grand enough. At last it was the night before Christmas, and Mr. N. B. Moreau returned in an ill-humor with himself and everything else, as he could not get his money until after the holidays. Not that he needed it, but he loved to have it in his possession, to count it, and feel of it.

Christie waited until their scanty supper had been eaten, and then made the request that they might be allowed to have a tree, and also to go out and see the Christmas sights.

"I don't want no nonsense about trees nor no such things," he snarled, his little gray eyes fairly flashing. "And you needn't get presents into your heads neither. I have enough to do working for grub for you. Christmas! Hah! What's it for, anyway?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Christie, thoroughly astonished that he did not know how to feel her disappointment. "Don't you know that the good God became the little Christ Child ever so long ago, and He came that way so that we all might know about Him and love Him and each other. And so that when anybody dies he can go straight to heaven like my mudder. And because everybody is so glad that the dear little Christ Child did come to save us all, we—we—have trees and give presents to each other."

Christie in her earnestness clasped her two poor grimy little hands, and looked at him with an agony of tender appeal in her large blue eyes. The last ray of sunlight came through a crevice in the door and fell upon the upturned face, with its golden curls clustering on the pretty forehead, so that for an instant she looked like one of the angels, and a sharp pang struck his heart with the remembrance of his own sweet little sister as she looked the day before she was drowned, and somehow he softened, and said, hastily:

"Well, go and look around if you like. I don't care if you have a tree to-morrow, but I—I hain't got no money to spend on it."

"Oh, we don't want you to, Mr. 'Poleon Bonaparte Moreau!" they cried in unison; and then they asked timidly if they might wear their shoes.

"Yes, if you won't go scuffin' 'em all out."

Soon the two happy children were on the way, Christie wrapped in a little checked shawl, and Carl with one of Mr. N. P. Moreau's discarded coats on. The streets and stores of that part of the city were neither large nor brilliant, but they were fairyland to these children, who finally approached a store timidly, and went in and asked for a red handkerchief. And, oh joy! a great big one with white stars cost only twenty-five cents. Then they found that they could get a pair of suspenders with all the colors of the rainbow for twenty-five cents more, and then a big buckskin purse cost forty cents, leaving them still ten cents, and with that they bought a nice apple and fine orange.

It was not until they were on their way back that Christie remembered that she had intended to get a pair of socks for Carl, and Carl remembered that he had intended to borrow a quarter to buy her a pair of striped stockings. Mr. N. B. Moreau was sitting in the dark, to save oil, when the children returned, and they thought he was asleep, so they hid their precious possessions and slipped into their bed of shavings.

"Carl," said Christie, "let us say our prayers. I am going to be so lonesome without Pickey. I wouldn't have sold her for nobody else's sake, only Mr. 'Poleon Bonaparte Moreau, he is so good to us. I meant to get you a pair of socks, but the han'k'chief and s'penders and money-purse cost so much. Do you think he'll like them? And the apple and orange, he shall have them with his dinner. We had an apple and an orange once, do you remember?"

"Yes, Christie, and I wanted awful bad to get you a pair of pretty striped stockings, for I see how the shoes hurt your bare feet, but I couldn't. When I get to be a man, Christie, you shall have things like other little girls. Of course Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Moreau couldn't afford it; we cost him so much now, but I will begin to earn wages in three or four years, and you'll wait."

"Oh yes; and now, Carl, I'm going to begin. Dear little Christ Child, and you, dear mudder."

"And our father," added Carl, "won't you all please think of us a little, and help all who are not going to have any tree to-morrow."

"And make us good, and not want to eat too much, and not have any nonsense about us."

"Amen," said both; and soon their peaceful breathings told Mr. N. P. Moreau that they were asleep.

"I'll go out for a quiet walk," he said to himself, and it was a quiet walk. It took him first to Mrs. Standish.

"Mrs. Standish, ma'am," he stammered, "did Christie sell you her hen?"

"She did, and I gave her a dollar for it."

"Mrs. Standish, ma'am, the pesky critter has been and spent every cent of it buying things for me. Now I hain't got no nonsense about me, and I was a-tryin' to train them young ones up the same way, but something has come over me to-night that makes me feel as if—there—was something that I've never caught on to, and that perhaps I am—well, a little too close—that—well, here's a hundred dollars, and I want you to come with me and help lay it out for them young ones; and—let it be mostly for nonsense.

"I want Christie to have a baby doll, yes, and everything like other little gals, and Carl to have a fine set of carver's tools, for he'll make a good carver, but never a good carpenter; and get little Christie a pretty outfit of clothes, and, Mrs. Standish, ma'am, if this isn't enough there's more behind it."

Mrs. Standish looked at him a moment as if bewildered, and then she cried a little, but ended by clapping on her things and telling her husband to watch the oven, and away they went, and two hours later came back laden.

The next morning Carl opened his eyes first, and then shook Christie, and they sat up and looked and looked at a tree that stood on the old table. It would be easier to say what wasn't on it than what was, and they went from one thing to another, never dreaming but what this was a direct answer to their prayer.

They put on their new clothes, Christie's pretty blue flannel dress and striped stockings and real store shoes being wonders, and making her look as pretty as a picture. When all had been inspected, they brought out the money-purse, suspenders, bright red handkerchief, and the fruit, and hung them in the little fir-tree, which rose to the occasion and showed them off well.

"I wonder what Mr 'Poleon Bonaparte Moreau *will* say?" said Christie.

"Well, you might ask him an' see." And there he stood grinning so hard that tears were in his eyes. He took the poor little presents, and thanked the children awkwardly, and then Christie took off her new dress with an inward struggle until the breakfast was over and the dishes and all clean. Mr. Moreau went out and killed one of his fattest ducks for dinner, and brought forward some other things that gave them a royal feast.

Hardly was their dinner over — and Mr. Moreau actually crowded food upon their plates—when there was a loud knock, and there stood the children's uncle. He had been in Denver when his sister had died in California, and the letter had followed him for two years, and now he had come for the children.

Mr. N. B. Moreau felt his heart sink. He now knew that he loved these two patient, loving, and grateful children, and they, somehow, felt a little afraid of their big German uncle, and all stood irresolute. But after several days they decided that as the children and Mr. Napoleon loved each other so well, they were to remain with him, on condition that they were to be decently dressed, well fed, and sent to school. The rest of the time they were to help him all they could. The uncle wanted to leave some money for them, but Mr. N. B. Moreau set his foot down.

"No, not a cent. I hain't got no nonsense about me. Them children is mine now, and I know how to take care of 'em. I've got the means, and I love them and they love me."

"MR. VOGEL."

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

I HAVE been asked by some boys and girls, who watched the progress of a little chapter of bird-life that I am going to tell, to let other readers of their favorite magazine know of it. It goes to show how birds can and *do* render kindly help to each other when trouble comes; and perhaps some older people, as well as young people, do not know that the question of how apt are birds to be good to one another is not by any means a settled matter among learned natural-history writers.

While summering in the village of Jefferson, that dear little lonely village in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, in 1891, my room in the hotel opened on a piazza-roof, shingled. Quite soon after arriving I noticed three or four common hedge-sparrows daily fluttering around the window—hopping about after crumbs and insects.

One morning I observed a small old bird feeding what seemed to me an uncommonly rough-coated and cross-looking young one. Presently I discovered that it was no young bird, but as old a one as its companion, or older; and that it was being fed because, sad to tell, the poor thing had no beak. Not a bit of one! It had not lost it; I think it must have been so hatched from the egg. In place of any beak, to pick or peck, to open or shut, was a round bony ring, in and out of which the little creature's tongue darted; nearly all the time kept out in the air. It tried, I saw, to use the tongue as a beak in collecting its food; but naturally it could not pick up a morsel with it of anything dry. But it could easily hold with this poor unprotected tongue small morsels of moist food, and swallow them, if once the morsels *were put into its mouth.*

Now this tender little act I saw performed by one or another of its companions day by day for several weeks. Not only I, but many other guests in the hotel saw it. Over and over we would peep out and spy one little feathered almsgiver after another pick up a fragment of the water-softened cracker that we at once provided, hop up to the unlucky "Mr. Vogel," as we called the afflicted sparrow, put the bit into his mouth, and hop away cheerfully, with all the appearance of feeling pleasure at doing a kindness to a friend in need. "Mr. Vogel" ate the gift mechanically.

Our interest and care of the larder for him made "Mr. Vogel" tame quite speedily. He became used to hopping up himself, and to helping himself from a small dish always standing on the sash—greedily helping himself, I must confess. And then a curious thing was noticed. The others, little by little, let "Mr. Vogel" alone! They saw that their care was no longer needed. He had friends at court.

He grew fat and stout. More than once we saw now that his old chums pecked at him, as if they liked him better a pauper on their hands than in improved circumstances. First and last, though, he was never treated unkindly, though more and more let severely alone, just as is a person in a community of men and women who do not quite fancy his way of getting his living. Autumn came. We came back to New York with it. We left "Mr. Vogel" well, and as big as any self-respecting bird ought to be—he had no waist whatever. I hope he still lives and is cared for; but last summer, though in the same place, I was not in the hotel, and I saw nothing of him, though I looked for "a visit to my open cottage-window," as the old song says.

WHEN you go travelling off in the direction of Puget Sound be careful how you order oysters for your dinner in that section. You would be appalled at the result if you ordered a dozen raw oysters on the half shell, for the bivalves of Puget Sound are the largest known, measuring sometimes two feet across, and weighing inclusive of the shell as much as sixty pounds.

A Strange Story of a Grasshopper



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

A FEW days ago, while returning from a walk, I chanced to observe a dead grasshopper upon the dirt at the side of the road. Now this incident would not have been of special importance had I not discovered, upon careful post-mortem examination, the very remarkable manner of the insect's death, which recalled a similar surprising episode of several years ago which I had almost forgotten. Upon referring to my note-book of that period, however, I found considerable space devoted to the incident, which greatly astonished me at the time. Inasmuch as it presents in a startling light the wonderful and strange resources by which nature holds in check the too rapid increase of species and maintains the great law of equilibrium among the insect forces, it is well worth recalling in the pages of the YOUNG PEOPLE, whose entomological readers will henceforth, I am sure, look more compassionately upon the poor "high-elbowed

grig" who is the unfortunate hero of my story. He is familiar to us all, that hovering "rattler" above the hot dusty road of August, flying up from nowhere beneath our feet in the path, fluttering like a yellow moth, and always disappearing before our eyes when he alights. He is also known as the "Quaker," from his drab suit and bonnet, and his generosity with his "molasses" is proverbial from the days of the Pilgrim settlers. Who



would have believed that such a fate as the following lay in store for him.

In previous papers I have indicated some of the remarkable pranks which the various ichneumon-flies play with unsuspecting caterpillars. The polyphemus, for instance, whose cocoon, filled with hopes of a beautiful butterfly existence, yields only a swarm of wasps. The caterpillars are helpless, and would seem an easy prey to the wily fly who lays her eggs upon them; but even the agile-winged "Quaker," and doubtless many of his kind —yes, and still more agile insects—are not quick enough to escape a like fate.

At the time of my discovery I had in preparation an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE entitled "Among Our Footprints." I wished to describe and illustrate a singular battle which I had shortly before observed between a large red mutilla ant and a "Quaker." The mutilla I had captured at the time, and had preserved as a specimen. I needed only the grasshopper to complete my drawing. Directly in front of my city house a number of vacant grassy lots offered a favorite haunt for the insects—I used to call it the Quaker camp-meeting ground —and I started out to procure one. Having no net, I was soon convinced that I was greatly at a disadvantage. The thermometer was about 90°, and of course, the "Quakers," being in their element, had much the best, not to say the easiest, time of it. I at length gave up the chase, and was about leaving the field, when fortune favored me by the discovery of a clumsy specimen, which seemed unable to fly for any great length, and he was soon captured. Upon examination his wings seemed partially paralyzed, but otherwise he appeared to be in good health and spirits, his hind legs being especially lively and snappy. I immediately took the insect to my studio, and pinned him through the thorax. He was strong enough to pull out the pin from the board and jump around the room with it in my temporary absence.

I lost no time in taking his portrait, which figured in the illustration to the article on "Footprints" as "the ungainly victim," I little dreaming when I gave him such a title what a remarkable sort of victim he even then was. The drawing took me about ten minutes. I then left the studio, and was absent precisely fifteen minutes. Upon returning I found the grasshopper dead.

My curiosity was aroused not only by such a rapid demise (for the impaling through the thorax is not usually an immediately fatal injury to an insect), but especially by some very strange and unnatural automatic movements of the victim: head protruding and turning from side to side; queer expansion of body, as though breathing; unusual lifting and other motions of legs, particularly of hind legs; the whole demonstration a mockery on life. The grasshopper was pinned to my drawing-board, and against a piece of newspaper. As I watched his strange antics, I suddenly discovered that he had become a veritable phantom of his former self; that I could actually *read the newspaper text through his body*. Examination now revealed the mystery. I could easily see every nook and cranny of the grasshopper's interior, so glassy were the walls of the body, and I could now count about a dozen small white larvæ, which were now full grown, and were crawling about within through head, thorax, body, and hind legs, cleaning its walls of every particle of remaining tissue, and causing the singular motions described. Such a strange house-cleaning I never saw before.

When the "Quaker" locust was captured it showed not the slightest sign of any such goings on within its being. The final voracity of the larvæ was swift and terrible. And what an astonishing instinct is that which should teach these parasites to avoid the vitals of their insect host until the last moments of their own final complete growth! The entire space of time from the activity of the grasshopper to the empty transparent phantom was less than thirty minutes. I placed the unfortunate victim in a small close box. Next morning he presented nothing but a clean glassy shell, now more glassy than before, empty of every vestige of organic matter, while scattered about on the bottom of the box lay fifteen dark red egg-shaped chrysalides of the escaped larvæ. Two weeks later, upon opening the box, a swarm of flies flew out. I was enabled to keep two of them. They were almost exactly like the common house-fly to the ordinary observer, but belonged to a distinct genus. At this writing, in the absence of my specimen, I cannot give the name by which they are known in learned circles, but I think I am safe in saying that they probably belong to the group called *Tachina*, a family of parasitic flies which spend their early lives in a similar questionable manner, to the probable discomfort of potato-bugs, caterpillars, and other accommodating insect hosts.



I had seen similar flies emerging from my caterpillar boxes in my early entomological days without suspecting their significance, and any large collection of caterpillars in confinement is likely to include a victim.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINN'S LONELY CRUISE.

DURING the half-hour that Winn allowed to elapse before he considered it safe to rise from his recumbent position in the bottom of the skiff, he had ample opportunity to recover his breath, and reflect upon the new situation into which he had been so strangely forced. At first he fancied that he heard sounds of pursuit, and momentarily expected to be greeted by a stern order from the bank to bring the skiff ashore. He wondered if a failure to comply would be followed by a rifle-shot, and then began to calculate the chances of being hit in such a case. But why should he be shot at? What had he done that he should be arrested, threatened with jail and hanging, and treated like an outlaw generally? Whom did these men take him for? and who were they? By the manner in which they had spoken of a judge, they must represent the law in some way; but why he should be an object of their pursuit puzzled the boy more than a little.

To be sure, he had now laid himself open to the suspicion of being a river thief, by carrying off their skiff. Would it not be well to return it at once? He could talk to them, and explain how he happened to be on the island, while still at such a distance from shore as to be beyond their reach. They might shoot, though, and if they really considered him the rascal they pretended, it was almost certain that they would. No, that plan would not work. The only thing left to be done was to take the skiff to Dubuque, telegraph to his father from there, or try and find one of the Major's friends in that city who would do so for him, and at the same time provide him with food and shelter until his father came. Yes, that was the best plan.

Having reached this determination, Winn sat up and looked about him. The light which he had mistaken for dawn was that of a late-rising moon, and it hardly penetrated the mist hanging low over the river. There was nothing in sight; not even the dark mass of timber on the island. Winn might have been in the middle of the ocean for all that he could see or hear. Never in his life had the boy felt so utterly forsaken and alone. He decided to pull diagonally across the current toward shore, the mere sight of which would be reassuring. But where were the oars? Until this moment he had not noticed that there were none in the boat. For some unknown reason they had been taken from it when the party landed on the island; and now the lonely navigator was utterly without the means of propelling or even guiding his craft. He tried to tear up one of the floor boards, with the idea of using it as a paddle; but it was nailed in place so firmly as to resist his utmost efforts. Finally, faint for want of food, exhausted, and disheartened, the poor boy threw himself in the bottom of the skiff, and yielded to his despair. At length he fell asleep.

So the dawn of Winn's second day on the river caught him napping, as the first had done. In its gray light the skiff drifted past the little city of Dubuque, perched high on the bluffs of the western bank, but no one saw it. There were several steamboats and trading scows tied to the narrow levee, but their crews were still buried in slumber. Even had they been awake, they would hardly have noticed the little craft, far out in the stream, drifting with the hurrying waters. In a few minutes it was gone, and the sleeping city was none the wiser for its passing. So for hours it drifted, now bow on, then broadside to, and as often stern first; here caught and spun round by an eddy, then tossed aside and allowed to proceed on its unguided course. The cottonwoods on the tow-heads beckoned to it with their trembling fingers; but it paid no heed. Grim snags lay in wait for it; but it nimbly avoided them.

When Winn finally awoke, he was so bewildered, and so much at a loss to account for his surroundings, that for a minute he lay motionless, collecting his scattered senses. His head rested on a thwart, and he faced the after-end of the skiff. As he was about to rise, his glance fell on something wrapped in newspaper and tucked under the stern seat. If it should only prove to be food of any description, "even burned mush," thought Winn, grimly, how happy it would make him! In another second he was undoing, with eager fingers, the lunch of crackers and cheese that Sheriff Riley's wife had so thoughtfully thrust into her husband's hands as he left the house the morning before, and which he had as thoughtfully tucked under the stern seat of his skiff. He was probably thinking of it, and wishing he had it, at this very moment. As for Winn, he was eating it as fast as possible, and thinking that he had never tasted such good crackers or such a fine piece of cheese in his life. With each mouthful his spirits rose and his strength returned, until, when the last crumb had disappeared and been washed down with a double handful of sweet river water, the boy's pluck and cheerfulness were fully restored.

Now what should he do? He did not know that he had passed Dubuque, though he feared that such might be the case. Thinking of it brought to mind the island with those upon whom he had so recently turned the tables, and left as prisoners within its limits. He even laughed aloud as he pictured them toiling, as he had toiled the evening before, to construct a raft on which to escape. "I wonder if they found any one in that log hut?" he thought, recalling its lighted window. "And, oh! if it should have been father! It might have been. He might have seen my signal-fire, found my message, and got as far as the hut. Now what will he do? Oh, how I wish I could get back! Why didn't I think of all this before leaving the island? That was a horrid sound in the woods, though. And that animal! I wonder what it could have been?"

By this time the current had carried the skiff close in to the drowned bottom-lands of the Illinois shore. They were covered with a heavy growth of timber, and Winn knew that in many places the wellnigh impassable swamps which this concealed extended back a mile or more from the channel. Otherwise he would have abandoned the skiff and made the attempt to swim ashore. The Iowa bluffs rose invitingly on the opposite side of the river. On them he saw a few scattered settlements, but they were too far away, and he must wait until the current set him in that direction before thinking of making a landing. He saw an occasional ferry-boat making its slow way across the river, but it was always either too far above him or too far below him for his signals to be noticed, and so the hours dragged on until it was late afternoon, and Winn was again beginning to feel the pangs of hunger.

"I can't spend another night in this wretched boat!" he exclaimed aloud, when he saw that the sun was within an hour of its setting. "I'll swim the whole width of the river first!"

During the day he had passed a number of small islands, but had not cared to attempt a landing on them.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

He knew that he would be even worse off on an island than in the skiff, and so he had watched them glide by without giving them any particular thought. Suddenly it occurred to him that on any one of these islands he might pick up an oar, a paddle, or at least something that would answer in place of these, and from that instant they acquired a new interest.

The next one that he approached was only a tow-head, which is a sand-bar on which has sprung up a thick growth of slender cottonwoods, or other quick-shooting, water-loving trees.

"I might find what I want there as well as on a larger island," thought Winn, "and, at any rate, I'll make a try for it." So when the skiff had drifted as near the tow-head as it seemed likely to, and was rapidly sliding past it, the boy threw off his coat, kicked off his shoes, and, taking one end of the skiff's painter with him, plunged overboard and began to swim toward the desired point.

The distance was not more than a hundred feet, but the current swept him down so much more rapidly than he expected that he was barely able to catch one of the very last of the tow-head saplings and cling to it. While his own progress was thus checked, that of the skiff was not, and in a second the painter was jerked from his hand.

Exhausted as he was, Winn was on the point of letting go his hold on the sapling and making a desperate effort to overtake the rapidly receding skiff. Fortunately he had enough practical sense, though this is not generally credited to sixteen-year-old boys, to restrain him from such a rash act. So he crawled out on the sand beach, and sat there watching what he considered to be his only hope grow smaller and smaller until it finally disappeared. As it did so, the sun slowly sank behind the western bluffs; and though the boy did not look up from the wet sand on which he had flung himself, he knew instinctively that another night, with its darkness, its chill, and its nameless terrors, was upon him.

He was so numbed by this latest disaster that he had not the heart even to seek a place of shelter for the night. What good would anything that he could find or construct do him? He had neither matches nor food, dry clothing nor bedding. What did it matter, though? He would probably be dead before the sun rose again, anyway. So the poor lad nursed his misery, and might, in truth, have lain on those wet sands until he perished, so despairing was he, when all at once he was aroused by a sound so strange to hear in that place that, though he raised his head to listen, he thought he must be dreaming. He wasn't, though, for there it came again, as distinct as anything ever heard in his life, a merry peal of clear girlish laughter. Not only that, but it sounded so close at hand that the boy sprang to his feet and gazed eagerly in the direction from which it came, fully expecting to see its author standing near him.

Chapter XIV.

A PEAL OF GIRLISH LAUGHTER.

In vain did Winn gaze in every direction, up and down the river, across its darkening waters, and into the shadowy thicket behind him. There were no objects in sight, save those with which he was already only too familiar. Again he began to doubt the evidence of his senses, and wonder if his mind had not become somewhat unsettled by his misfortunes. But no, there was the ringing peal of laughter again. This time it was accompanied by a strange chattering sound such as he had never heard before. At the same moment a most delicious whiff of frying bacon reached the hungry boy, mingled with the unmistakable and equally enticing odor of coffee. There was no doubt as to the direction from which these came, and plunging into the cottonwood thicket, Winn made his way diagonally up and across the tow-head.

In less than a minute he reached its opposite side, where he halted to gaze with amazement at the very strangest-looking craft he had ever seen. At first he thought it a small stern-wheeled steamboat. She certainly had such a wheel, but then there was no chimney. Perhaps she was a trading-scow. Who ever heard, though, of a trading-scow with a pilot-house such as this nondescript craft had on the forward end of its upper deck? Besides, there were no sweeps, nor was she in the least like any trading-scow Winn had ever seen. A low house occupied her entire width, and extended along her whole length except at the curve of her bows, where there was room left for a small deck. A structure with a door and windows, that was somewhat larger than the pilot-house, rose from the upper deck near its after-end. There were three doors on each side of the main house, a large one well forward, a small one nearly amidship, and another large one well aft. There were also six small windows on each side, and from three of those nearest to Winn a cheerful light was streaming, while the other three were dark. There was a name painted on the boat's side in such large black letters that even in the fading twilight Winn managed to read it—"W-H-A-T-N-O-T" he spelled slowly—"*Whatnot!* Well, if that isn't the queerest name for a boat I ever heard of!"

Just then, however, there were things of far greater importance to a boy in his situation than queer names. The tantalizing odors that were pouring from that after-window, for instance, and the sound of voices that rang out merrily from the two just beyond it. The boat was moored to a tree, with her bows pointed up stream, and had swung in so close to shore that by standing on a half-submerged log, which served as a fender to keep her off a few feet from the bank, Winn could look into one of the open windows. It was evidently that of the galley, for the odor of frying came from it, and half hidden in a cloud of fragrant steam was the form of a negro bending over a small stove.

This was a welcome and comforting sight; but hungry as he was, Winn's curiosity was stronger than his appetite. He must see into those other windows, and discover the source of the merry laughter that had so suddenly banished his loneliness and despair of a few minutes before. Cautiously advancing a few steps along the slippery log, he reached a point that commanded a view of the room or compartment next forward of the galley. It was of good size, and occupied the entire width of the boat.

In the centre of this room was a table spread for supper, and beside it, so as to take advantage of its bright lamp, was a group that to Winn appeared both extraordinary and fascinating. A white-haired old man was seated before an easel, on which was stretched a large canvas. A young girl stood near him watching the movements of his brush with deep interest, and at the same time evidently restraining, with gentle but firm hands, the impatient struggles of something which she addressed as "Don Blossom," but whether it was a child or an animal Winn could not see. In his effort to do so he stood on tiptoe, and just as the old man began to say, "There, Sabella, that will do for this sitting," the boy's treacherous footing slipped from under him.

With a half-suppressed cry and a loud splash he was plunged headlong into the narrow space of water between the boat and the shore.

A frightened exclamation came from the interior of the boat, and then the small door on that side was flung open. At the same instant a woolly head was thrust out of the galley window, and a trembling voice cried: "Golly, Marse Cap'n! What dat ar'? Yo' heah um?"

"Yes, Solon, I heard it, and you want to come here as quick as you can. Some one is in trouble," answered the old man, who was standing with the girl in the open

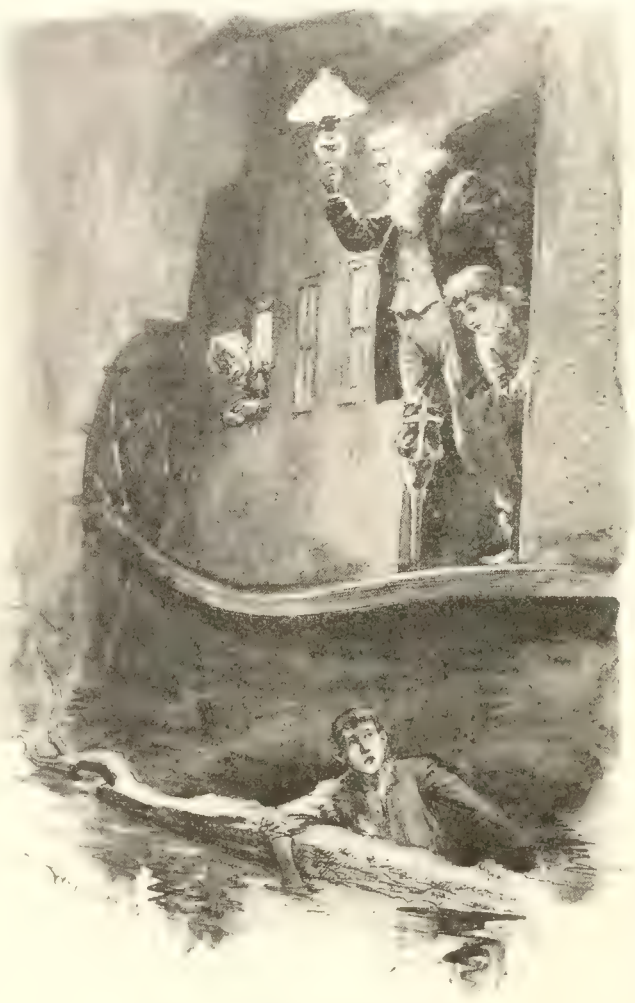
doorway. He held a lamp above his head, and was peering anxiously in the direction of the splashings and flounderings that Winn, sitting in the shallow water, but tightly wedged between the log and the boat, was making in his efforts to extricate himself.

"Who's there?" cried the old man, who could not yet make out what was taking place. "And what are you doing?"

"It's me," returned Winn, regardless of his grammar; "and I am sinking in this awful mud. Hurry up and push your boat away from the log, or I shall be drowned!"

While the old man and the negro exerted all their strength at the pole, and finally succeeded in pushing the boat out into the stream, Sabella was also busy. Though greatly excited, and somewhat alarmed by the unexpected appearance of a human being in that place, and his perilous situation, she still had presence of mind enough to run for a rope, one end of which she fastened to the table. She carried the other end out through the door, and tossed it over the side just in time for Winn to catch it, as the moving of the boat once more gave him freedom of action.

Hauling himself up by this welcome rope, and at the same time being assisted by the two men, the boy quickly gained the open doorway, where he stood blinking in the bright lamp-light, while mud and water ran from him in streams. He faced the occupants of the boat, who, standing a few steps back in the room, regarded him with undisguised wonder, not unmixed with suspicion. On the table behind them stood a small gaudily dressed object, that Winn at first took to be a child. Upon his appearance it remained motionless for a few seconds, and then, with a frightened cry, it sprang to the little girl's shoulder, from which it peered at the stranger, chattering angrily all the while.



"WHO'S THERE?" CRIED THE OLD MAN

"Well, I am blest if this isn't a most extraordinary situation!" exclaimed the old man. "It suggests a tableau of Venus rising from the sea."

"Or a alligator," said the negro.

Sabella wanted to laugh at the comical spectacle presented by the dripping, coatless, hatless, barefooted, and generally woe-begone boy; but pitying his evident embarrassment, she exclaimed: "Uncle, how can you! Don't you see that he is shivering? You must go at once and find him some dry clothes. Solon, show this boy to the engine-room, where he can change his wet things. Don Blossom, be quiet, sir! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" Then, turning to Winn with a cheery smile, she said: "We are very sorry for your accident, and should like to know all about it after you are dry again. If you will go with Solon to the engine-room, he will do everything he can for you."

The Captain had already hastened away on his quest for dry clothing. As he left the room, Winn noticed that he had a wooden leg. It was not one of the modern kind, so carefully constructed as to closely resemble the real article, but an old-fashioned iron-shod stick of timber strapped to his right knee.

As Sabella finished speaking, she too left the room, running after the Captain, and smiling cheerfully as she went at the mud-streaked boy, who still stood speechless and motionless in the doorway.

Now, at Solon's invitation he followed the negro into what had been called the engine-room, though to Winn's eye it looked as little like an engine room as any place he had ever known. At one side was a horse-power tread mill, such as he had often seen used for the sawing of wood. Half of it was sunk below the level of the deck, and covered with a removable floor. It was geared in the most direct and simple manner to a shaft that disappeared through the rear wall of the room and presumably connected with the stern wheel he had previously noticed. There was also a belt extending to a shaft pulley overhead, but beyond this there was no trace of machinery, nor was there either boiler or furnace. There was what looked like a stall at one end of the room, but it held only hay and oats.

"Yes, sah, we uses a mewel-ingine when we hab um. We hain't got no mewel at de present time, but we 'specs ter contrac' fer one shortly," explained the negro, noting Winn's inquiring glances, as he assisted him to remove his wet garments.

Before the boy had a chance to ask the questions that were at his tongue's end, he, as well as the other occupants of the boat, was startled by a loud hail from the river.

"Hello! What steamer is that?"

"The *Whatnot*, of Dubuque," was the answer.

"Do you know the Sheriff of Dubuque County?"

"Who—Riley? Yes, I know him."

"Do you know his skiff?"

"As well as I know my own boat, for I built it."

"Have you seen it pass down the river to-day, containing only a boy between sixteen and seventeen years old?"

"No. Haven't seen it or any other skiff. What's the matter? Has it been stolen?"

"That 'll do, thank you. Good-night!" came the reply, without an answer to this last question, and then the stranger passed out of hearing down the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—A MARKET SCENE.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD

BUYING CHRISTMAS GREENS.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE South country keeps Christmas with its whole heart. There, from the oldest days, it has been reckoned the year's great festival. Those Englishmen, gentle and simple, who came out to "his Majesty's plantations of Virginia and Carolina" brought with them the gospel of roast beef and plum-pudding, of evergreen garlandings and holly-boughs, of the Yule-log—sunk to a mere "Christmas back-log"—of the mistletoe, under which kisses may be claimed so long as one white berry remains unplucked amid its leathery green.

And children or grandchildren of those same Englishmen had a large part in peopling the regions further inland. Naturally where they went Christmas went with them. Even more naturally, when Germany sent over to us the fashion of Christmas trees, it at once took firm root in Southern soil.

So, in towns there situate, the day before Christmas, or possibly the Saturday before, is a time of lively bargaining between eager merchants and free-handed customers. The sellers are black—to a man, woman, or boy. To anybody of that complexion "Christmas money" is not a luxury, but a necessity. For there are such ways of spending it—such Christmasy ways! The shop windows outglow the rainbow in their riot of gay shawls and ribbons and handkerchiefs and mufflers and red-topped boots, to say nothing of china dogs, candy roosters, gorgeous tin trumpets, drums, gingerbread, fire-crackers, shell beads, rolled-gold jewelry, belts, suspenders, flaming neckties. All these, and much besides, money in the pocket makes possible. Every school-house, every church, in the county has a Christmas tree, to make them more than desirable.

For no black person of good form now thinks of giving in private at Christmas; that is, to any other black person. All gifts go on the tree, or under it. There is as much of heart-burning among the younger women over the number, or the conspicuous absence of them, as among the city's débutantes regarding their coming-out bouquets.

It is an odd, pretty sight, with a pathetic side to it, the marketing of Christmas greens. The black race is an epitome of shiftless thrift. Very few sellers here but have other wares than those rifled from field or forest. Uncle Beverly Randolph, for instance, said, as he loaded his wagon before daylight this morning:

"Dis yere passel er green truck metty nice ter look at—young ladies des go 'stracted ober dem red be'ies an' white uns—an' de chu'ch peoples is good ter take all dem ar laurel-bushes; but, shucks! all on hit won't fetch de wuth er whut Marse Ben Carter gwine gim me fer dis yere pawssun I cotched last mont', an' kep' live des fer him."

Now Uncle Beverly stands beside his pile of Christmas stems, the sum and pattern of white-bearded patience. It is barely eleven o'clock. He has been two hours here in this straggling side street, where greens-sellers most do congregate, albeit there are fifteen muddy miles betwixt town and his cabin home. He has brought in big bushes—laurel, cedar, holly, young pines—all taller than him-

self. For he has wagon and team, while many of his compeers must bring their whole stock in baskets upon the head, or tied in a bundle and swinging over the shoulder.

Aunt Virey Taylor is such a one. She lives with Ike, her half-grown son, in a cabin just outside town. All week the two have been scouring swamp, hill-side, hedge-row, for the ferns, the mosses, the fine feathery-grained pine, the holly sprays, richest in coral berries, that to-day they set out in the market-place. They came at daylight, each a mass of moving green. When it was properly set about, Ike ran back for the brazier, by help of which they may escape frost-bitten fingers. As he huddles over it, a tall sweet-voiced woman, whose hair is touched with silver, stops a minute in front to say

"Howdy, Aunt Virey? Have you got me holly from Bainbridge?"

"Dat I is, Miss Lucy," Aunt Virey says, heartily. "'Twas cole an' rough trampin' out dar all ee twenty mile, but, Lordy, honey! Virey ain't de nigger gwine eber dis'pint *yer*. She know Chris'mus won't be Chris'mus ter yer dout yer hab de home-holly. Dis yere brench was bruk right offen dem bushes growin' side de big gate; jes look at hit; be'ies thick as leaves, an' red as dey kin shine."

They are brilliant beyond doubt; but somehow Miss Lucy sees their splendor as through a veil. She lays the prickly cluster lovingly to her face, presses a dollar into Virey's hand, drops a smaller coin to Ike, and slips away, wrapped who knows in what visions of dead-and-gone Christmases when Bainbridge was home, and life kept holiday with youth.

Uncle Beverly looks askance upon Aunt Virey and her methods. He himself would sooner go home with empty pockets than openly to solicit the passing purchaser. He is here with things to sell that a wayfaring man can see. If any choose to buy, he will serve them with glad civility, but his fine gentleman's soul revolts from thrusting himself or his merchandise upon the townsfolk. Even when, at one o'clock, Marse Ben Cyarter goes by to his dinner, and the 'possum is brought duly to his notice, there will be no bargaining. Marse Ben will accept his Christmas gift with properly expressed delight, and beg that Uncle Beverly will take it "up to the house." There the old man will be warmed and fed full in the snug kitchen, gossip an hour with the cook, and go away jangling a pocketful of silver, with a big bundle that Marse Ben's wife, Miss Caroline, has brought out and bidden him take home to "Lize and the children.'

"De Randolphs an' de Cyarterses dey been frien's eber sence dey wus anybody 'bout yere," Uncle Beverly will tell you if you stop to listen.

No Randolph by blood can have more pride in his race or cling more fondly to its traditions than does this member by adoption. On every hand at such a time you hear names that the initiate ear knows for the best of the country-side. When emancipation made a wholesale surnaming necessary, almost invariably the freedmen chose those which to their simple minds had the most potent suggestion of aristocracy. If the father of a family belonged to "the quality," or even if his fathers had done so, with his wife and children he at once adopted that name. Contrariwise, if the wife's name were socially more prominent, husband and children took it for their own.

A young mother comes gayly through the expectant ranks. She has brought her small son to see the brave show. They have bought right and left. Even now half a dozen venders are toiling eagerly away to the address she has given. Yet the small lad's arms overflow with gay boughs, each a gift, the tribute to his fair face and pretty ways.

For he says "Thank you, sir," "Yes, sir," "No, ma'am," to all; nor is he rudely inquisitive, though much he sees makes his young eyes shine. For example, the girl so tightly shawled, sitting upon the box out of which come such wonderful noises—cackling, crowing, wheedling chatter. Poor Patsey has never seen town until to-day. It has stunned her—the noise, the people, the running to and fro. Her father and the rest brought a wagon-load of greens. Her hopes are centred in the poultry crate over which she keeps such careful guard. Word came last week that chickens, turkeys, even guinea-fowls and ducks, were fetching fabulous prices. In full faith she has gathered up the speckled hen's brood, now just beautifully grown and feathered, a pair of fine fat ducks, half a dozen pert guinea-hens, and one lank young turkey, and brought them hither to find a glutted market. Nobody wants them at any price. What wonder she sits with a face so tragic, heedless of greens or the buyers of them, seeing, hearing nothing but gleam and swish of the vanished red frock that she hoped to take home and wear to the school-house when the Christmas tree was unloaded of its many-colored fruit!

Maybe her case is not hopeless. Here comes a man whose look says that his heart and his purse admit of generous doings. See! He has bought the lot. Patsey stands dazed with joy, rattling the money in her numb scooped hands. Other men came by twos, by threes, by dozens. Other women too. On every hand betwixt black and white there is cheery greeting, more cheery gossiping. To-day there is no color line in friendship. Hands delicately white or daintily gloved return heartily the grasp of horny black ones. For the soul, the spirit, of Christmas is abroad, shed and distilled by the green things, great and small. Not one of the sellers but has laid aside somewhat of his very best as gift for some town body with whom he claims acquaintance. And however shadowy the claim, it is nearly always heartily admitted, substantially recognized. But there is no trading upon the holiday spirit. Aunt Virey fitly sums it as she looks after the recipient of her latest gift of holly:

"Bless de good Lord fer Chris'mus, when whi' folks wants whut de po' black folks kin gib um, an' wants ter gib de black folks de money dey wants!"

Ah, the pity of it! Christmas comes but once a year.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

A FEW years ago a very bright young man, so young that he was hardly more than a boy, came to New York from the West, and became a reporter for one of the large morning newspapers in this city. He was well educated in many directions, but he was not familiar with the true saying that "Knowledge is of two kinds—that which you have, and that which you know where to get." He had some knowledge, but he was not acquainted with the books that would give him a great deal more at any moment that he needed it.

One day a prominent citizen of New York died, and this young reporter was appointed to write the usual obituary notice.

"You will find an account of his life in the library," said the city editor.

The young man went to the library, but among the two thousand works of reference there he was completely lost. None of his instructors had taught him the characters and uses of works of reference. After looking in vain through many books he applied to another reporter for assistance.

"I think you will find what you want in the Gazetteer," said this other reporter, who was fond of joking.

Half an hour later, when the incident had been forgotten, the young reporter was found still diligently searching in the Gazetteer for an account of the life of a prominent citizen of New York.

For months afterward this young man could not ask any question in the office without being told, "You'll find it in the Gazetteer!" But it was an excellent lesson for him, and the laughter at his expense made him anxious to learn all about the uses of works of reference.

In the Gazetteer, he soon found, he might look for names and

descriptions of places, and for nothing else. Any country, any State, city, town, under the sun, he could find in the Gazetteer, with a brief description of it, giving its population, and other important facts. But no biography did he ever find in the Gazetteer.

For such things, he learned, he must go to a good biographical dictionary. There were shelves full of them in the library, and it took some experience to be able to find the right one. Some contained the lives of statesmen, others of writers, others of great business men. There were lives of millionaires, lives of distinguished generals, lives of eminent Englishmen, Scotchmen, New-Yorkers, Mexicans, and Turks. They were marvels to him at first, but afterward he found that they are not more to be relied upon than the inscriptions upon tombstones.

The dictionary he was familiar with, like everybody else; but the encyclopædia opened his eyes. There were rows of encyclopædias, and in them he could find information on almost any conceivable subject: the Garden of Eden, the palace of Ahab, the treatment of bunions, how to make caramels, the difference between a Liberal and a Conservative—they were all told about in the encyclopædia. Lives of some people he found, too, in the encyclopædia; but in the largest of them, the Britannica, only lives of people who are dead. How hard, he thought, that a man must die before he can be made famous by the Britannica. But in some American encyclopædias he found the lives of living men.

Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* soon became a great favorite with him. If he desired to quote some familiar verse or saying that he was not sure of the wording of, he had only to open this wonderful book, and there it was before him. There was no disputing a quotation in that office, for there was Bartlett ever ready to settle a doubt.

"But I never can remember a date," said he.

"What's the use," said another reporter, "when our friend Haydn does it for us?" And he brought out of the library Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, in which the dates of all the principal events of the world are recorded.

"Why, it has everything," said he: "the building of the ark, the birth of Moses, the battle of Antietam; all the great events, except my birthday."

When he learned, after a few weeks, that the Concordance would direct him to any subject or any passage in the Bible that he might wish to find, he began to think that he knew nothing at all until he went into that newspaper office.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said he. "Just give me these few books—a dictionary, an encyclopædia, a gazetteer, *Familiar Quotations*, *Dictionary of Dates*, a biographical dictionary, and a Concordance, and without any effort I have more knowledge at hand than if I lived among the Wise Men of the East. And it is more wonderful yet that they didn't teach me about these books in school, but left me to find them out for myself."

W. D.

PATCH-WORK.

A NEW GAME.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

HAVE ready before beginning to play some slips of paper one and one-half inches long by five or six inches wide. The number prepared must depend, of course, on the number of players.

When all are ready to begin, each one of the company is provided with a slip of paper. They are then told to write upon each slip a sentence describing an action. The sentences, however, must be without *grammatical* subjects.

To make this plain, I will give a few specimen sentences:

—— climbed up the side of the house with a ladder.
—— sat down in the middle of the road and sang a song.
—— went to bed with shoes and stockings on.
—— wore a bright red dress and a yellow hat.
—— could not eat because his teeth were all gone.

When the players have written the required sentences, they are told to fold each paper carefully, so that the sentence will be on the inside. It is better to fold it twice.

The slips are then collected in a box, basket, or hat, and shaken up thoroughly.

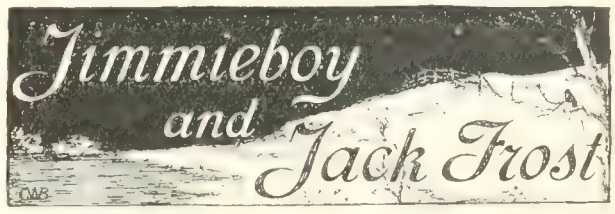
The receptacle is then passed around, and each player takes out a slip. Without unfolding it, he writes on the outside a noun, accompanying it with "a," "an," or "the," as he sees fit. Proper names may not be used.

After this second writing, the slips are again collected, thoroughly mixed as before, and again passed around.

As each player draws a slip, he looks at the noun that has fallen to his share, then unfolds the paper, and connects the two parts of the sentence either mentally or by writing the noun and its article in the proper place.

When all are ready, each player in his turn reads the completed sentence.

The result of this "patch-work" will often be exceedingly funny.



BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

II.—IN WHICH JIMMIEBOY AND THE GAS STOVE MAKE A START.

"NOW jump into the sleigh just as quickly as you can, Jimmieboy," said the Stove, as they issued forth into the cold night air. "Put on that fur cap and the overcoat, shoes, and gloves, and I'll light 'em up."

"They won't burn, for sure?" queried Jimmieboy, nervously, for the idea of wearing clothes heated by gas was a little bit terrifying.

"Not a bit," said the Stove in reply. "I wouldn't give 'em to you if they would. Thanks," he added, turning and throwing a ten-cent piece to a gas boy, who handed him the reins by which the horses were controlled. "We'll be back about sunrise."

"Very well," said the boy. "Do you want me turned on all night, sir?"

"No," answered the Stove. "Gas is expensive these days. You can turn yourself out right away. Have you fed the horses?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "They've each had four thousand feet by the meter for supper."

"Fuel or illuminating?" queried the Stove.

"Illuminating," replied the boy.

"Good," said the Stove. "That ought to make them bright. Good-by. Get up!"

With this the horses made a spring forward—fiery steeds in very truth, their outlines in jets, each burning a small flame, standing out like lines of stars in the sky.

"This is pretty fine, eh?" said the Gas Stove, with a smile, which, had any one looked, must have been visible for miles, so light and cheerful was it.

"Lovely!" cried Jimmieboy, almost gasping in ecstasy. "I'm just as warm and comfortable as can be. I didn't know you had a team like this."

"Ah, my boy," returned the Stove, "there's lots you don't know. For instance:

You don't know why a fire will burn
On hot days merrily,
And when the cold days come, will turn
As cold as I-C-E.

You don't know why the puppies bark,
Or why snap-turtles snap;
Or why a horse runs round the park
Because you say "git-ap."

You don't know why a peach has fuzz
Upon its pinky cheek;
Or what the poor Dumb-Crambo does
When he desires to speak.

Do you?"

"No, I don't," said Jimmieboy. "But I should like to very much."

"So should I," said the Stove. "We're very much



"THIS IS PRETTY FINE FUN," SAID THE GAS STOVE

alike in a great many respects, and particularly in those in which we resemble each other."

The truth of this was so evident that Jimmieboy could think of nothing to say in answer to it, so he merely observed,

"I'm awful hungry."

This was a favorite remark of his, particularly between meals.

"So am I," said the Stove. "Let's see what we've got here. Just hold the reins while I dive down into the lunch basket."

Jimmieboy took the reins with some fear at first, but when he saw that they were high up in the air where there was really nothing but a star or two to run into, and realized that even they were millions of miles away, he soon got used to it, and was sorry when the Stove resumed control.

"There, Jimmieboy," said the Stove, as he drew his hand out of the basket. "There's a nice hot gingersnap for you. I think I'll take a snack of this fuel gas myself."

"You don't eat gas, do you?" asked the small passenger.

"I guess I do," ejaculated the Stove, with a smack of his lips. "As our Gas Poet Laureate said:

> Oh, kerosene
> Is good, I ween,
> And so is apple sass;
> But bring for me
> Oh, chickadee,
> A bowl of fuel gas!
>
> Some persons like
> The red beefstike,
> The cow just dotes on grass;
> But to my mind
> No one can find
> More toothsome things than gas.
>
> And so I say
> Bring me no hay,
> No roasted deep-sea bass,
> Bring me no pease,
> Or fricassees,
> If, haply, you have gas.

It's easy to eat, too," added the Stove. "In fact, I heard your papa say we consumed too much of it one day when he'd got his bill from the gas butcher."

"Do you chew it?" asked Jimmieboy.

"No, indeed. We take it in through a pipe. It isn't like soup or meat, though I sometimes think if people could take soup out of a pipe instead of from a spoon they'd look handsomer while they were eating. But the great thing about it is it's always ready, and if it comes cold, all you have to do is to touch a match to it, and it gets as hot as you could want."

"I should think you'd get tired of it," said Jimmieboy.

"Not at all. There's a great variety in gases. There's fuel gas, illuminating gas, laughing gas, attagas—"

"What's that last?" queried Jimmieboy.

"Attagas? Why, when we want a game dinner we have attagas. If you will look it up in the dictionary you will find that it's a sort of partridge. It's mighty good, too, with a sauce of stewed gasberries, and a mug or two of gasparillo to wash it down."

Here Jimmieboy smacked his lips too. Gasparillo truly sounded as if it might be very delightful, though I don't myself believe it is any less bitter to the taste than some other barks of trees, such as quinine, for instance.

"Howdy do?" said the Stove, with a familiar nod to the east of them.

"Howdy do!" replied Jimmieboy.

"I wasn't speaking to you," said the Stove, with a laugh. "I was only nodding to an old friend of mine; he's got a fine place up in the sky there. His name is Sirius. They call him the dog-star, and all he has to do is twinkle. You can't see him all the time from your house, but when you get up as high as this he stands right out and twinkles at you. Pretty good fellow, Sirius is. I might have had his place, but somehow or other I prefer to work in-doors and rest nights. Sirius is out all the time, and has to keep awake all night long. But we've got to get down to the earth again. Here's where we take to the skates."

Jimmieboy looked over the edge of the sleigh as the horses turned in response to a movement of the reins, and started down to earth. He saw a great white river below him, flowing silently along a narrow winding channel, everything on the borders of which seemed bathed in silver except the middle of the river itself, a strip of forty or fifty feet in width, which was not frozen over.

"That's Frostland," whispered the Gas Stove. "We can't get over to the other side with this team because they are very skittish, and if the sleigh were overturned and our ammunition lost we should be lost ourselves. We've got to land directly below where we are now, skate to the edge of the ice on this bank, row over to the other, and then skate again directly to the palace. We mustn't let anybody know who we really are, either, or we may have trouble, and we want to avoid that; for you know, Jimmieboy,

> "The man who gets along without
> A care or bit of strife
> Is certain sure, beyond all doubt,
> To lead a happy life."

"But I can't skate," said Jimmieboy.

"You can slide, can't you?" asked the Stove.

"Yes, both ways. Standing up and sitting down."

"Well, my patent steam skates, operated by gas, will attend to all the rest if you will only stand up straight," returned the Stove, and the sleigh dropped lightly down to the earth, and the two crusaders against Jack Frost alighted.

"Isn't it beautiful here?" said Jimmieboy, as he looked about him and saw superb tall trees, their leaves white and glistening in the moonlight, bound in an icy covering that kept them always as he saw them then. "And look at the flowers," he added, joyously, as he caught sight of a bed of rose-bushes, only the flowers were lustrous as silver and of the same dazzling whiteness.

"Yes," said the Gas Stove, sadly. "Every time Jack Frost withers a flower or a plant he brings it here, and it remains forever as you see them now: he has had the choice of the most beautiful things in the world. But come, we must hurry. Put on these skates."

Jimmieboy did as he was told, and then the Stove lit a row of small jets of gas along the steel runners of the skates, and they grew warm to Jimmieboy's feet, and in a moment little puffs of steam issued forth from them,



"HALT!" CRIED A VOICE IN FRONT.

and Jimmieboy began to move, slowly at first, and then more and more quickly, until he was racing at break-neck speed.

"Hi, Stovey!" he cried, very much alarmed to find himself speeding off through this strange country all alone. "Hurry up and catch me, or I'll be out of sight."

"Keep on," hallooed the Stove in return. "Don't bother about me. I've got four feet to your two, and I can go twice as fast as you do. Keep on straight ahead, and I'll be up with you in a minute—just as soon as I can get the ammunition and my hose out."

"I wonder what he's going to do with the hose?" Jimmieboy asked himself. The Stove was too far behind him for the little skater to ask him.

"Halt!" cried a voice in front of Jimmieboy.

"I can't," gasped the little fellow, very much frightened, for as he gazed through the darkness to see who it was that addressed him, he perceived a huge snow man standing directly in his path.

"You must," cried the Snow Man, opening his mouth and breathing forth an icy blast that nearly froze the water in Jimmieboy's eyes. "You shall!" he added, opening his arms wide, so that before he knew it Jimmieboy was precipitated into them.

"See?" said the Snow Man. "I can compel y—"

The Snow Man never got any further with this remark, for in a moment Jimmieboy passed straight through him. The heat of Jimmieboy's clothes had melted a hole through the Snow Man, and as the small skater turned to look at his adversary he saw him standing there, his head, his sides, and legs still intact, but from his waist down all the middle part of him had disappeared.

"Dear me! How sad," Jimmieboy said.

"Not at all," responded a voice beside him. "It serves him right; he's the meanest Snow Man that ever lived. If you hadn't melted him he'd have turned himself into an avalanche, and then you'd have been buried so deep in snow and ice you'd never have got out."

"Who are you?" queried Jimmieboy, with a startled glance in the direction whence the voice seemed to come.

"Only what you hear," replied the voice. "I am a voice. Jack Frost froze the rest of me and carted it away, and left me here for the rest of my life."

"What were you?"

"I cannot remember," said the voice. "I may have been anything you can think of. You could stand there and call me all the names you chose, and I couldn't deny that I was any of them.

Sometimes I think I may have been
A piece of apple pie;
Perhaps a great and haughty Queen,
Perhaps a gayly dressed marine,
In former days was I.

I may have been a calendar,
To tell some man the date.
I may have been a railway car,
A rocket or a shooting star,
Or e'en a roller skate.

I may have been a jar of jam,
Perhaps a watch and chain.
I may have been a boy named Sam,
An oyster or a toothsome clam,
Perhaps a weather vane.

I may have been a pot of ink,
A sloop or schooner yacht,
I may have been the missing link,
But *what* I was I cannot think—
For I have quite forgot.

All I know is that I was something once; that Jack Frost came along and caught me and added me to his collection of curiosities, where I have been ever since. They call me the invisible chatter-box, and tell visitors that I escaped from the National Vocabulary at Washington."

"I am very sorry for you," said Jimmieboy, sympathetically.

"You needn't be," said the voice. "I'm happy! I'm the only curiosity here that can be impudent to King Jack. I can say what I please, you know, and there's no way of punishing me; I'm like a newspaper in that respect. I can go into any home, high or low, say what I please, and there you are. Nobody can hurt me at all. Oh, it's just immense. I play all sorts of tricks on Jack, too. I get right up in front of his mouth and talk ridiculous nonsense, and people think he says it. Why, only the other night a Snow Man I don't like went in to see Jack, and Jack liked him tremendously too, and was really glad to see him; but before the King had a chance to say a word I hallooed out: 'Get out of here, you donkey. Go make snowballs of your head and throw them at yourself;' and the Snow Man thought Jack said it, and, do you know, he went outside and did it. He's been laid up ever since."

"I think that was a very mean thing to do," said Jimmieboy.

"I'd agree with you if I had any conscience, but alas! they've deprived me of that too," sighed the voice. "But look out," it added, hastily. "Throw yourself into that snow-bank or you'll fall into the river."

Without waiting to think why, Jimmieboy obeyed the voice, and threw himself headlong into a huge snow-bank at his side, and glanced anxiously about him.



THE SNOW MAN.

He was indeed, as the voice had said, on the very edge of the ice, and another yard's advance would have landed him head over heels in the rushing water.

"That would have been awful, wouldn't it?" he said to the Stove, as his little friend came up.

"Yes, it would," returned the Stove. "It would have put out the lights in your clothes, and that would have been very awful, for I find we have come away without any matches. Jump into the boat, now, and row as straight for the other side as you can."

Jimmieboy looked about him for a boat, but couldn't see one.

"There is no boat," he said.

"Yes, there is—jump!" cried the Stove.

And Jimmieboy jumped, and, strange to relate, found himself in an instant seated amidships in an exquisitely light row-boat made entirely of ice.

"Row fast, now," said the Stove. "If you don't, the boat will melt before we can get across."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FAIRY-HUNT.

BY ZITELLA COCKE

SEARCH! search!
All the beautiful summer day,
Robby and Kitty and Willy and May,
Up in the red robin's leafy perch,
Down where the yellow daffodils stay,
In the green meadow
And deep woodland shadow,
Yet never a fairy we found on our way.
Do they hide from sight
Till the starry night,
And while we are sleeping steal out and play?

Look! look!
All the beautiful autumn day,
Robby and Kitty and Willy and May,
In the tall lilies by lazy brook,
Over the fields of the new-mown hay,
'Mong the brown sedges
And ruby-red hedges,
Out where the mosses are old and gray.
Oh, where have they flown?
Oh, where are they gone?
Will nobody, nobody, tell us, pray?

Home! home!
All in the chilly November day,
Robby and Kitty and Willy and May,
No more in forest and field to roam,
Close by the cozy fireside to stay;
Gone are the flowers
And bright-blooming bowers,
But, oh, on the wall hangs a green holly spray.
And we'll watch and see
On the Christmas tree
The beautiful fairies who come that way.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

BY E. A. MATTHEWS.

IF girls and boys would make their own Christmas candy they would enjoy it twice—once while making it, and again when eating it, with a lot of friends to share in their good-fortune. And there is another reason. The candy will be pure and delicious, while for the same amount of money the Christmas treat of dainties will be doubled, yes, trebled, in quantity.

The following recipes are old, and tested by years of family use, and may be relied upon as absolutely perfect:

TAFFY.—One cup molasses (common or New Orleans); one cup sugar; butter the size of an egg; a table-spoonful of vinegar. Boil, but do not stir, until it hardens when dropped from a spoon into a little cold water. It is then done, and just as you remove the kettle from the stove, stir in a small teaspoonful of soda; then pour into buttered pans, and when cool enough to handle, pull it until white. Cut it into squares or sticks. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

CREAM TAFFY.—Three cups granulated sugar; one-half cup of vinegar; one-half cup of water; butter the size of a walnut. Boil, without stirring, until it hardens when poured from the stirring-spoon into a cup of cold water. Flavor and pour into a buttered pan. When cool, pull until white; then cut into sticks, using sharp scissors.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Three cups yellow coffee sugar; one cup common molasses; one cup of water; half teaspoonful cream of tartar; butter the size of a walnut. Pour the cold water on the sugar, then add the molasses, and let them boil until brittle, adding cream tartar just as you pour into buttered pans. When cold, pull until light-colored.

HICKORY-NUT CANDY.—One cup hickory-nut meats; two cups light-brown sugar; half a cup of water. Boil sugar and water without stirring, until thick enough to spin a thread as you drop it from a spoon. Flavor it, and set off the stove into a pan of cold water. With a strong spoon stir rapidly until white, then pour in the nuts. Turn out the mixture into a buttered pan, and when cold cut into small squares.

COCOANUT CANDY.—One fresh cocoanut, carefully grated; one and one-half pounds granulated sugar. Put sugar and the milk of the cocoanut together and heat slowly until the sugar is melted. Then boil for five minutes; add the cocoanut, and boil ten minutes more. Stir constantly to avoid burning. Pour on buttered plates, and when cool enough cut into squares. This candy will not be ready for use before two days.

BUTTER-SCOTCH.—One cup sugar; one cup molasses; one-half cup butter; one table-spoonful vinegar; pinch of soda. Boil all together till done. Pour into buttered pans and cut into squares when cold, then wrap in buttered paper.

BUTTER-SCOTCH No. 2.—Two cups sugar; two table-spoonfuls water; butter the size of an egg. Boil together without stirring until it hardens on the spoon. Pour into buttered plates and cut in squares, wrapping in paraffine paper.

BUTTER-SCOTCH No. 3.—Three pounds "A" coffee-sugar; one-quarter pound butter; one-half teaspoon cream of tartar; extract of lemon or vanilla. Boil as in former recipes.

MAPLE CREAM CANDY.—Take one-half as much water as maple sugar, cook without stirring, and when nearly done put in a piece of butter about the size of a walnut. Try it in cold water, and when it begins to harden stir rapidly until it becomes a waxy substance. Set the kettle off the stove, and when the candy cools enough to handle make it into small balls, and put halves of English walnuts on either side, putting them on greased plates to cool.

CANDIED POP-CORN.—Put into a porcelain-lined kettle one table-spoonful of butter, three table-spoonfuls of water, and one coffee-cup of white sugar. Boil until just ready to "snap" when dropped into cold water, then pour in three quarts of evenly popped corn. Stir briskly until the candy is evenly spread over the corn. Take the kettle from the fire, stir until cooled a little, and you will find each grain separate and crystallized with sugar. Take care that the corn is not burned.

Caramels are a favorite candy with all young people, and are easily made.

VANILLA CARAMELS.—Four cups granulated sugar, one cup molasses, one-half cup water. Boil, stirring most of the time, until the mixture hardens in cold water. Add one cup rich sweet cream, and butter the size of an egg. Let it boil up again until it once more hardens in cold water, when remove from fire and flavor to taste—usually about three teaspoonfuls of vanilla, but some extracts are stronger than others. Pour out into a buttered pan, so that the candy is about three-quarters of an inch thick. Let it cool, cut in small squares, and wrap in paraffine paper or buttered paper. This recipe may be changed into numerous varieties by the change of flavoring.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Use the above recipe, adding one-fourth of a pound of Baker's chocolate, grated fine.

NUT CARAMELS.—Same as above, only add two cups of hickory-nut or walnut or almond meats just before removing from stove.

COCOANUT CARAMELS.—After the caramel is poured into buttered pan sprinkle grated cocoanut thickly over the top.

The delightful creams, such as chocolate, date, and others, are made in two ways. The ordinary creams, made of confectioner's sugar, without cooking, are certainly less trouble, but also not nearly so dainty and melting. The following is the recipe:

UNCOOKED CREAMS.—In one glass put the white of one egg, in another the same quantity of water. Mix them together in a bowl and sift in confectioner's sugar, stirring constantly. When

stiff as dough, knead it; the more you work it, the smoother will be the cream. Divide into three parts. Flavor one part with vanilla, and color pink with rose syrup. Flavor the second part with lemon, and a third with vanilla, and color with grated chocolate. Put chopped nuts in some, cocoanut in others. Make some into balls, with halves of English walnuts on both sides. In short, make into any form to suit your fancy, using dates, figs, and other dainties. Thus you will have confectioners' creams.

Cooked creams are made thus: In a saucepan put two cups of granulated sugar and one-half cup of sweet cream. This candy must be made in a double boiler, or in a pan that is set in a larger one that contains water, as it is easily burned. Boil, trying it all the time by dropping from a spoon into cold water. When it begins to harden, take it quickly from the stove, pour into a buttered bowl, and let it cool just a little. When lukewarm, beat it until it thickens and turns into a stiff cream. It will soon be as stiff as dough. It is then called "fondant," and may be kept for a long time. It is the foundation of all creams.

CREAM DATES.—Put a strip into the date where the seed was.

WALNUT CREAMS.—Make into a ball, and put walnut halves or halves of almonds or figs. Chop nuts and raisins together, and roll into balls with the cream.

CREAM CHOCOLATES.—Make little balls, let them harden, dip into melted chocolates, set in a buttered pan to dry, and in forty-eight hours they are ready to use.

CRYSTALLIZED ORANGES AND GRAPES.—Divide ripe oranges in sections; carefully remove the seeds. Fasten one section at each end of a long thread until you have enough. Make a syrup by boiling white sugar and a little water to the point where it will thread; then dip two of the orange sections in, and suspend over a stick laid across two chairs for the candy to harden. Proceed thus until all are done. When hard, cut off the threads. The grapes are dropped in, and lifted out with a spoon on to a buttered dish.

MARSH-MALLOWS.—Dissolve one-half pound gum-arabic in one pint of water, strain, and add one-half pound fine sugar, and place over the fire, stirring constantly until syrup is dissolved and all of the consistency of honey. Add gradually the whites of four eggs, well beaten. Stir the mixture until it is thin and does not adhere to the fingers. Flavor to taste with vanilla, and pour into a tin slightly dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into small squares.

TWO FUNNY LITTLE LADIES.

DURING my visit to Santa Claus, which I told about in the last number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I made the acquaintance of two funny little ladies, whose constitutions and dress I will describe as best I can. One of the little ladies was called

MISS CLOTHESPIN.

Here she is for you to judge whether or not I found her charming. Miss Clothespin herself, as you may perhaps have guessed, is made of a brand-new clothespin. A droll plump little face is painted, or done with pen and ink on the head. A few inches of new rope are unravelled, and braided into a fluffy flaxen pigtail. This is secured to the top of her head by a tack. As she is wooden-headed, you know, the tack does not hurt. A pair of arms is cut out of card-board or wood, or better still, the arms of an old doll may be used if they are "handy." The Miss Clothespin whose acquaintance I made was dressed in crêpe tissue-paper, but I hear that the members of the Clothespin family dress in all sorts of materials—silks, calicoes, and even Japanese paper napkins. For the crêpe tissue-paper costume, a full petticoat of the white must first be made. It is wound around her waist, or rather the place where the waist ought to be, with a thread. A little yoke of the white is attached to her neck and shoulders with a little glue, or with a draw string. The skirt of the dress may be of any color, and should be long enough to come up to lap a little over the yoke. The skirt, too, may be wound around the waist with cotton. The arms should not be put on until the sleeves have been put on them. Commence with the cuff, and then make a very full balloon-shaped sleeve; of course this is simply a little oblong piece of paper drawn into shape. As soon as the cuff has been fastened on, and the sleeve placed on the arm, but not fastened at the top, then fasten the arms to the clothespin body with a little tack or strong pin. A small tack with a rounded head is best, as it will allow the arms to swing freely; then draw the upper part of the sleeves up so as to form shoulders, and fasten them with a stitch or two. A dainty sash of ribbon or tissue-paper completes the dress.



A jaunty sailor hat is made by taking a circular piece of card-board and fastening a little knob of tissue-paper of the color of the dress to the middle of it. Then a slender nail or strong pin is stuck through into the head, in the form of a hat-pin. A more fashionable form of hat could be made by shirring two strips of the tissue-paper into a dainty little round hat, and sticking into the back a little aigrette of the paper.

For a child too young to appreciate Miss Clothespin, there was a funny kind of a doll called

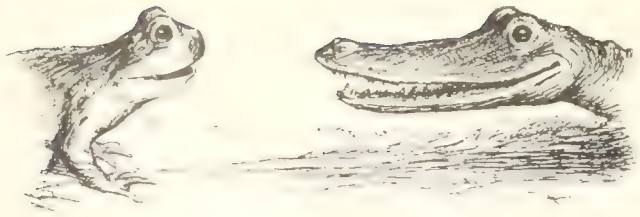
MISS ROLY POLY.

This is the way she was made. A ball of white darning cotton is wound over and over an object about eight inches long—an ordinary book is just the right size. When all of the ball is thus used up, a thick skein is formed. One end is cut through, and around the middle of the skein is knotted tightly some silk or narrow ribbon. This is the top of the dolly's head. A few strands of the cotton are separated and braided into a pigtail and tied with ribbon. All the rest of the cotton is tied together with floss silk or baby-ribbon about an inch below the first tying. This is the neck of Miss Roly Poly. A few strands of the cotton are separated from the others at each side of this neck, and in such a way as to leave the pigtail hanging down the middle of the back. These strands are tied with ribbon about two inches and a half from the neck, and then cut off short just beyond the ribbon. These are Miss Roly's arms. All the other strands are brought together and tied with a broader ribbon about an inch and a half below the neck. Then they flow to make Miss Roly's skirt. A face is painted in sepia or embroidered in colors on the head, and, if desired, a little crocheted cap is sewn on to the top of the head. Miss Roly Poly's chief attraction is that she is absolutely lacking in nerves, and although she has "no backbone," still her constitution is so strong that baby may throw her about from morning till night, or put her whole head into his mouth, without injury to him or to her.

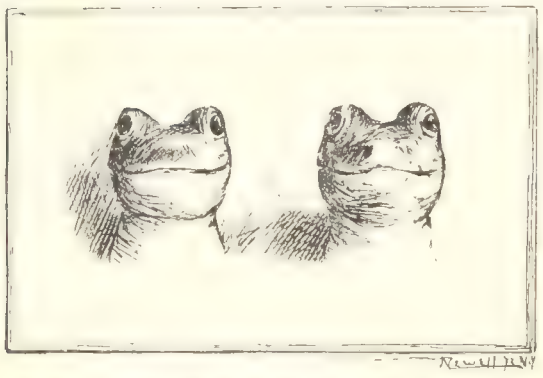


While I was still admiring Miss Roly Poly the clock warned me that it was time to start for home, so I was obliged to hurry on my hat and coat, and with many thanks to my kind host and his wife, I was soon whirling away to the station.

MARGARET FEZANDIÉ.



"SAY, LET'S GO AND BE PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER."



THEY HAVE A FRONT VIEW MADE AND ARE TAKEN FOR TWIN BROTHERS.

A HERO

MELVILLE tumbled down stairs and covered himself with scratches and bruises. "But I don't care," he said, proudly; "people'll think I've been in a football game."

PAPA'S CHANCES

PAPA. "What are you going to make me for Christmas, Ethel?"

ETHEL. "I haven't made you anything, 'cause I sent a note to Santa Claus to bring you something, and he'll attend to it for me."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

LOUIS. "What's the matter?"

MARTIN. "The teacher told me to write a composition on snow, and I can't find any snow to write it on."

A FORGETFUL BOY

TEACHER. "Do you know your lesson this morning?"

MALCOLM. "No, 'm; but I knew it last night after I got through studying."

A MATTER OF SIZE.

NATHANIEL. "Can't I have another piece of cake, mamma? Oliver had one."

MAMMA. "But Oliver is older, my dear."

NATHANIEL. "Well, if age counted, grandpa would have to take the whole cake, and there wouldn't be any for anybody else."

NOTHING NEW.

PAPA. "How would you like a whipping for Christmas?"

PHILLIP. "That wouldn't be any good, 'cause I've had lots of them this year."

SAVING AND SPENDING.

CARL. "Papa gave me a whole dollar to-day to save."

DICK. "Well, my papa gave me ten cents to spend, and that's better still."

SANTA'S AGE.

ARCHIE. "I wonder how old Santa Claus is?"

BEN. "Oh, he can't be very old, for stockings and chimneys haven't been in use as long as lots of other things."

VISITORS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

The old-fashioned clock in the hall
Has rung out twelve silvery chimes,
And the cuckoo is making a call,
As he does every day several times.

Out-of-doors is a terrible rout
A jingle, a rattle, a din—
And the fire on the hearthstone goes out,
To let good old Santa Claus in.

A DISADVANTAGE.

UNCLE TOM. "Are you the teacher's pet, Rosalie?"

ROSALIE. "Yes, sir; but I don't like it; 'cause when the teacher has to stay after school she keeps me too for company."

A VAIN WISH.

STANLEY. "I wish I was a Chinese boy for ten minutes, 'cause I've got a quarter with a big hole in it, like Chinese money, and I could spend it if I lived in China."

Quill pens, says an authority, were first used in A.D. 553. Steel pens were invented by an Englishman named Wise in 1803, and improved by Gillott in 1822.

A STUBBORN ANIMAL

UNCLE JACK. "I suppose you ride on your donkey whenever you want to."

LOUIS. "Oh no; I ride when the donkey wants me to."

A TIMELY QUESTION.

"I CAN understand how Santa Claus comes *down* the chimney," remarked Edgar, "but I wonder how he goes *up*."

An officer in the British army thinks he has discovered a new use for ducks. He states it as his opinion that ducks would be preferable to pigeons for carrying naval despatches over the sea, for the simple reason that when tired, instead of dropping into the water from exhaustion and drowning, they would settle down upon the surface of the water and sit there until rested, when they could resume their journey refreshed. The naval officers generally pretend to regard this as the notion of a landlubber, however, so the carrier-pigeon is not likely to be superseded by the duck for some time to come.



A CHRISTMAS TREE.

AN OLD BROOM DOESN'T MAKE A BAD CHRISTMAS TREE WHEN YOU CAN'T GET NO OTHER.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

MAJOR MOLLY'S CHRISTMAS PROMISE.

BY NORA PERRY.

"NEVER had a Christmas present?"

"No, never."

"Why, it's just dreadful! Well, there's one thing—you *shall* have one this year, you dear thing;" and Molly Elliston flung down the Christmas muffler she was knitting, and stared at her visitor, as if she could scarcely believe what she had just confessed to her. The visitor laughed, showing a beautiful row of small white teeth as she did so. She was a charming little maiden of twelve or thirteen, this visitor—a charming little maiden with the darkest of dark hair that hung in a thick shining braid, tied at the end with a broad red ribbon. Molly Elliston thought she was a beauty, as she looked at her dimpled smiling face—a beauty, though she *was* an Indian. Yes, this charming little maiden was an Indian, belonging to what was once a great and powerful tribe. When, three years ago, Molly Elliston had come out to the far Northwest with her mother to join her father on his ranch, she had thought she should never feel anything but aversion to an Indian. Molly was then seven years old, and had always lived at some military post, for her father had been an army officer until the three years before, when he had given up his commission to enter into partnership with his brother upon a sheep and cattle ranch. A few miles from this ranch was an Indian reservation. The tribe that occupied it had for a long time been quite friendly with white people, and were therefore not altogether unwelcome neighbors to the Ellistons. Molly thought they were very welcome, indeed, when one day, in the third summer of her ranch life, she made the acquaintance of this pretty Wallula, who was not only pretty, but very intelligent, and of a loving disposition that responded gladly to Molly's friendly advances.



"TO THINK YOU'VE NEVER HAD A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!" EXCLAIMED MOLLY.

"But to think that you've never had a Christmas present!" exclaimed Molly again, as Wallula's laugh rippled out. "If I'd *only* known you the first year we came! But I'll make it up *this* year, you'll see; and, oh! oh!" clapping her hands at a sudden thought, "I know, I know what I'll do! Tell you?" as Wallula clapped *her* hands and cried, "Oh, tell me, tell me!" "Of course I sha'n't tell you: that would spoil the whole. Why, that's part of the fun that we don't wish to tell. It is all a secret until Christmas eve or Christmas morning."

"Yes, I know; Metalka told me; but I forgot."

"Of course your sister must have known all about Christmas after she came back from school. Why didn't *she* make you a Christmas present then, Lula?"

"Metalka?" A cloud came over the little bright face. "Metalka didn't stay long after she came back. She didn't stay till Christmas—she went away to—to heaven."

"Oh."

"If Metalka had staid, I might have gone to school this year."

"I thought you *had* been to school, Lula."

"Oh no; only to little school out here summers—little school some ladies made, and Metalka tole me—taught me—showed me ev'ry day after she came back—ev'ry day, till—till she—went 'way—I can read and write and talk, talk, talk, all day in English"—smiling roguishly, then more seriously and anxiously. "Is it pretty fair English white English, Major Molly?"

"'White English!'" laughed back Major Molly. "You are such fun, Lula. Yes, it's pretty fair—white English."

Lula dimpled with pleasure, then sighed as she said, "If I could go 'way off East to Metalka's school two, three, four, five year, as Metalka did, then I could talk splen'id English, and I could make heap—no, all sort things, and help keep house nice, and cook like Metalka."

"But why don't you go, Lula?"

"Why don't I? Listen," and Wallula bent forward, eagerly. "I don't go because my father won't have me go. Metalka went. When she first came back she was so happy, so strong; she was going to have everything white way civ— I can't say it, Maje Molly."

"Do you mean civilized?"

"Yes, yes; civ'lized—white way. And she worked, she talked, she tried, and nobody 'd pay much 'tention but my father. The girls, some o' them, wanted to be like her; but the fathers and mothers wouldn' help, and some, good many, were set hard 'gainst it; and then there was no money to buy white people's clothes, they said; it took all the money was earned to pay big 'counts up at agency store, where Indians bought things—things to eat, you know; so what's the use, they said, to try to live white ways when everything was 'gainst them, and they stopped trying; and Metalka was so dis'pointed, for she was going do so much—going help civ-civ'lize. She was so dis'pointed, she by 'n by got sick—homesick, and just after the first snow came, she—she went 'way to heaven. And that's why my father won't have me go to the school. He say it killed Metalka. He say if she'd staid home, she'd been happy Indian and lived long time. He say Indian got hurt; spoiled going off into white man's country."

"How came he to let your sister go, Lula?"

"Metalka wanted to go so bad. She'd heard so much 'bout the 'way-off schools from some white ladies up at the fort one summer, and my father heard too. A white off'cer tole him if Indian wanted to know how to have plenty to eat, plenty ev'rything, like white peoples, they must learn to do bus'ness white ways, be edg'cated. So he let Metalka go; *he* couldn' go, he too old; but Metalka could go and learn to read all the books and the papers and keep 'counts for him, so't he'd know how to deal with white men. When Metalka first took 'count for him, after she came back, my father so pleased. He'd worked hard all winter hauling wood, and killing elk and deer for the skins; and my mother 'n' I had made bewt'ful moccasins and gloves out o' the skins, all worked with beads; and so he'd earned good deal money, and he'd kept 'count of it all—*his* way, and 'twas honest way; and kept 'count, too, what he'd had out of agency store; and Metalka understood and reckoned it all up, and said he'd have good lot money left after he'd paid what he owed at the store. But, Maje Molly, he didn't! he didn't! They tole him he owed *all* his money, and when he said they'd made mistake, and showed 'em Metalka's 'counts, they laughed at him, and showed him big book of *their* 'counts, and tole him Metalka didn' know 'bout prices o' things. Then he came home and said: 'What's the use going to white people's schools to learn white people's ways, when white people can come out to Indian country and tell lies 'bout prices o' things?' And that's the way 'tis ev'ry time, my father say; the way 'twas before Metalka went to school. The bad white trader comes out to Indian country to cheat Indians. *He* knows white prices, but he don't tell Indian white prices; he tell Indian two, three time more price. That's what my father say. And Metalka, when she see it all, she so dis'pointed, she never get over it, and my father say it killed her, like arrow shot at her."

"But your father doesn't think all white people bad—he doesn't dislike all their ways?"

"No; it's only white traders he thinks bad, and the white big chiefs who break promises 'bout lands. He like white ways that Metalka brought back, and he built nice log house to live in, instead of tepee, 'cause Metalka wanted it; and he like all you here, Maje Molly, 'cause you good to me. But, Maje Molly"—and here the little bright face clouded over—"my mother say *all* white peoples forget, and break promises to Indians."

"No, no, they don't, Lula; they don't, you'll see. *I* sha'n't forget; *I* sha'n't break *my* promise, you'll see; you'll see, Lula. On Christmas eve I shall send you a Christmas present, sure—now remember!" answered Molly, vehemently.

II

It was the day before Christmas—a beautiful, mild day; very unlike the usual winter weather in the far West. At the Ellistons' windows hung wreaths of pine, and all about, on tables and chairs, tempting looking packages were lying. Some of these were from their military friends, and most of them were directed to "Major Molly," the name that had been given to Molly when she was a little tot of a thing, and the pet of the fort where she lived. On this Christmas day as she watched her mother fold up the pretty bright tartan dress that was to be her Christmas present to Wallula, she said, gleefully: "Don't forget, mamma, to write on the box, 'Wallula's Christmas present from Major Molly.'"

It had been Molly's intention to have Wallula to tea on Christmas eve, and then and there to bestow upon her the pretty gift. But invitations to dine at the fort had frustrated this plan, and so it was arranged that Barney McGuire, one of the ranchmen, should come up and carry the box over to the reservation late that afternoon; and as the short winter day progressed, and Molly found that she must have a little more time to finish off the table cover she wanted to take up to the Colonel's wife, she said to her mother, "Instead of going on with you and papa at five o'clock, let Barney escort me to the fort after he leaves Wallula's present—that will give me plenty of time to finish the cover, and plenty of time to get to the dinner in season."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Elliston; "but you must promise me to start with Barney as soon as he comes back for you, whether the cover is finished or not. You mustn't be late."

At five o'clock when Captain Elliston and his wife rode off Molly was working away at her cover with the greatest industry. Now and then as she worked on she glanced up at the clock. If everything went smoothly—if the silk didn't knot or the lace didn't pucker—she would be through long before Barney came back for her. But presently she thought where *was* Barney. He ought to be there for the box by this time. She worked on a little longer, her ear alert for the sound of Barney's horse. At last she went to an upper window and looked out. She could see, even in the gathering dusk, a great distance from that window, away across toward the sheep corrals and cattle pens, but nobody was in sight. What did it mean? Barney was punctuality itself.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes more she worked with flying fingers, and still there was no sight or sound of Barney; but her work was finished, and now—now, what then?

There was only Hannah and John, the two house-servants, at hand. Hannah couldn't go, and John had

strict orders never to leave the premises in Captain Elliston's absence. She looked at the clock—every second seemed an age. If Barney didn't come, if *no one was sent in his place*, her promise to Wallula would be broken, and Molly remembered Wallula's words, "My mother says all white peoples forget, and break their promises to Indians"; and her own vehement reply, "*I* sha'n't forget; I sha'n't break *my* promise, you'll see, you'll see, Lula." Break her promise after that! Never, never! Her father himself would say she must not—would say that *somebody* must go in Barney's place, and there was nobody—nobody to go, but—herself!

"Yer goin' alone, yer mean, over to the Injuns?" demanded John, as Molly told him to bring her pony, Tam o' Shanter, to the door.

"Yes, yes, and right away, John; so hurry as fast as you can."

"Do yer think yer'd orter, Major Molly? Do yer think the Cap'n would like it?" asked John, disapprovingly.

"John, if you don't bring Tam 'round this minute, I'll go for him myself."

"'Tain't safe fur yer to go over there alone!" cried Hannah.

"Safe! I know the way, every inch of it, with my eyes shut, and so does Tam; and I know the Indians, and Wallula is my friend; and I told her she should have her present Christmas eve, sure, and I'm going to keep my promise. Now bring Tam 'round just as quick as you can."

John obeyed, though with evident reluctance, and Hannah showed her disapproval by scolding and protesting; but they had both of them lived on the frontier for years, and their disapproval therefore was not what it might have been under different circumstances. Molly, they knew, could ride as well as a little Indian, and was familiar with every inch of the way, as she had said, and Wallula was her friend.

"And 'twouldn't 'a' done the least bit o' good to hev set myself any more against her. If I had, just as like as not the Cap'n would 'a' sided with her and been mad at me, for he thinks the Major's ekal to 'most anything," John confided to Hannah, as he brought the pony round.

The pony shied a little as Wallula's Christmas present was strapped to his back. But at Molly's whispered, "Tam! Tam! be a good boy. We're going to see Wallula—to carry her something nice, just as quick as we can go," the little fellow whinneyed softly, as if in response, and the next moment, at Molly's "Now, Tam," he started forward at his best pace, a pace that Molly knew so well, and knew she could trust—firm and even and assured, and gaining, gaining, gaining at every step.

"Good boy, good boy!" she said to him as he sped along. But as he began to hasten his pace it occurred to her that it was only about half an hour's easy riding to the reservation, and that after leaving there she could easily reach the fort in another half-hour—so easily, that there was no need of hurrying Tam as she was doing, and she pulled him up with a "Take it easy, Tam dear." As she spoke Tam flung up his head, pricked up his ears, and made a sudden plunge forward. What was it? What was the matter? What had he heard? He had heard what Molly herself heard in the next instant—the beat of a horse's hoofs. But the minute it struck upon Molly's ear she said to herself, "It's Barney, for that's old Ranger's step, I know." Ranger was an old troop horse of her father's that Barney often rode. But in vain she tried to rein Tam in. In vain she said to him: "Wait, wait! It's Ranger and Barney, Tam."

The pony snorted, as if in scorn, and held on his way. What *was* the matter with him? He was usually such a wise little fellow, and always knew his friends and his enemies. *And he knew them now!* He was wiser than she was, and he scented on the wind something that spurred him on.

But hark! What was that whirring, singing sound? Was that a new signal that Barney was trying? Was it— Whirr, s-st! Down like a shot dropped Tam's head, and like an arrow he leaped forward, swerving sideways to escape the danger he had scented—the danger of a lariat flung by a practised hand.

Oh, Tam, Tam! fly now with all your speed, your mistress understands at last. She is a frontier-bred girl. She knows now that it is no friendly person following



HE SCENTED ON THE WIND SOMETHING THAT SPURRED HIM ON

her, but some one who means mischief—and that mischief she has no doubt is the proposed capture of Tam, who is well known for miles and miles about the country as a wonderful little racer. Yes, Molly understands at last. She has *seen in the starlight* the lariat as it missed Tam's head, and she knows perfectly well that only Tam's speed and sure-footedness can save them. Her heart beats like a trip-hammer, but she keeps a firm hold upon the rein, with a watchful eye for any sudden inequalities of the road, while her ears are strained to catch every sound. Tam's leap forward had given him a moment's advantage, and he keeps it up bravely, his dainty feet almost spurning the ground as he goes on, gaining, gaining, gaining at every step. In a few minutes more they will be out of the reach of any lariat, then in another minute safe at Wallula's door.

In a few minutes! As this thought flashes through Molly's mind, wh-irr, s-st! cuts the still air again and again. Tam drops his head, and plunges forward.

Though the starlight is brighter than ever, Molly does not *see* the lariat, but there is something, something—what is it?—that prompts her to fling herself forward face downwards upon Tam's mane; and the lariat that was about to drop over her head once more falls harmless to the ground, and Tam once more seems to know what danger has been escaped, and starts forward again with an exultant bound. They are almost there. Molly sees the smoke from the tepees of the reservation, and a light from a log cabin, and draws a breath of relief. But not yet, oh, brave little frontier girl! oh, gallant little steed! is the race won and the danger passed. Not yet, oh, not yet! for just ahead there is a treacherous pitfall which neither Tam nor his mistress sees—a hollow that some little animal has burrowed out, and into this Tam plunges a fore foot, stumbles, and falls!

III.

"She *said*, 'I sha'n't forget. I sha'n't break *my* promise. You'll see, on Christmas eve, I shall send you a Christmas present sure. Now remember.' On Christmas eve! And to-night is Christmas eve!"

Wallula had said this over and over to herself ever since the sun went down. She had kept count of the days from the day that Molly had made her that merriment promise. That promise meant so much to Wallula. It meant not merely a gift, but keeping faith, holding on, making real friends with an Indian girl. And her mother had said, "*She'll* forget, like the rest. White peoples always forget what they say to Indians." And her father had nodded his head when her mother said this. But Wallula had shaken *her* head, and declared with passionate emphasis more than once:

"Major Molly will never forget—never! You'll see—you'll see!"

Wallula had awakened very early that morning, and the minute she opened her eyes she thought, "This is the day before Christ's day. To-night, 'bout sundown, Major Molly 'll keep her promise." All through the day this happy thought was uppermost. In the afternoon she followed Major Molly's instructions, and hung pine wreaths about the cabin.

The short afternoon sped on, and sundown came, and the gray dusk, and then the stars came out.

"Where's your Major Molly now?" asked the mother. There was a sharp accent in the Indian woman's voice, and a bitter expression on her face. But it was not for Wallula, it was for the white girl—the Major Molly who, in breaking her promise to Wallula, had brought suffering upon her; for on Wallula's face the mother could see by this time the shadow of disappointment gathering. It made her think of Metalka. Metalka had gone amongst the white people. She had come back full of belief in them, and it was the white people's white traders with their lies and their broken promises that had hurt Metalka to death. There was only little Wallula left now. Was it going the same way with Wallula? These were some of the Indian mother's bitter resentful thoughts as she watched Wallula's face.

Wallula found it very hard to bear this watchfulness. She felt as if her mother was glad that her prophecy had proved true, that the white girl had broken her promise. But Wallula was wrong. Her mother's bitterness and resentment were the outcome of her anxiety. She would have given anything, have done anything, to have saved Wallula this suffering. If something would only happen to rouse Wallula she thought as she watched her. There had come a visitor to their cabin the other day—the chief of a neighboring tribe. When he saw Wallula, he said he would come again and bring his little daughter. If he would only come soon! If he would only— But hark! what was that? Was it an answer to her wish—her prayer? Was he coming now *now!* And jumping to her feet, the woman ran to the door and flung it open. Yes, yes, it was in answer to her prayer, for there, over the turf, she could see a horse speeding towards her; it was coming at break-neck speed. "Wallula! Wallula!" she turned and called. An echo seemed to repeat, "Lula, Lula." At that echo Wallula leaped up, and sped past her mother with the fleetness of a fawn, calling as she did so, "I'm coming, coming!" In the next instant the wondering woman saw her child running, as only an Indian can run, by the side of a jet-black pony whose coat was flecked with foam, and whose breath was well-nigh spent. As they came nearer, into the pathway of light that the pine blaze sent forth from the open door, something that looked like a pennon of gold streamed out, and a clear but rather shaken voice cried, "Lula, Lula, I've kept my promise, I've kept my promise!"

The next moment the owner of the voice had slid from the pony's back into Wallula's arms, and Wallula was stroking the streaming golden hair and crying jubilantly, "She's kept her promise, she's kept her promise!"

"Yes, I've kept my promise. I've brought your Christmas present, there it is in that box strapped across Tam. If somebody 'll unstrap it and see to Tam, we'll go into the house, and I'll tell you what a race I've had. I can only stay a few minutes, for I must get to the fort if your father 'll go with me; I don't dare to go alone, now."

"To the fort?" asked Wallula, wonderingly.

"Yes, I'm going there to dinner; but let's go in. I'm so tired I can hardly stand, and Tam—"

But as a glance showed her that Tam was being cared for, and that Wallula's mother was carrying the box into the house, Major Molly followed on with a sigh of relief, and doffing the riding-suit that covered her dress, flung herself down before the blazing fire, and began to tell her story. When she came to the point where Tam stumbled and fell forward, she burst out excitedly:

"Oh, Lula, Lula! I thought then I should never get here, and I don't know how we did it, Tam and I. I don't know how we did it, but I kept my seat, and I gave a great pull. I felt as strong as a man, and I cried, 'Tam! Tam! Tam!' and Tam—oh, I don't know how he did it—Tam got to his feet again, and then he flew, flew, *flew* over the ground. We'd lost a minute, and I expected every second the lariat would catch us sure after that, but it didn't, it didn't, and I'm here safe and sound. I've kept my promise, I've kept my promise, Lula."

"Yes, she kep' her promise, she kep' her promise!" repeated Wallula, in glad triumphant accents, glancing at her mother, and at the tall gaunt figure of her father standing in the shadow of the doorway.

Wallula was a young girl, and this mystery of a Christmas box was full of delight to her; but just then a greater delight—the joy of Major Molly's fidelity—made her forget everything else. But Molly did not forget. The minute she had finished her story she sprang to her feet, and produced the contents of the box. Wallula clapped her hands with delight when the pretty bright dress was held up before her.

"Just like Major Molly's! Just like Major Molly's! See! see!" she called out to her father and mother.

The mother nodded and smiled. The father's eyes lighted with an expression of deep gratification; then he leaned forward eagerly, and said to Molly,

"Tell 'gain 'bout where you saw heard lar'yet."

"Just as we got to the little pine-trees where the old Sioux trail stops," answered Molly, promptly.

"Yah," ejaculated the Indian, grimly, in a tone of conviction. Then, turning, he took down a Winchester rifle, slung it over his shoulder, and started towards the door, saying to Molly as he did so: "You stay here with Wallula. I go up to fort and tell 'em 'bout you."

"Oh, take me with you, take me with you!" cried Molly, jumping up.

The Indian shook his head. When Molly insisted, he said, tersely: "No, not safe for little white girl yet. Maje Molly stay here till I come back."

Molly's face fell. Wallula stole up to her. "I got bewt'ful Chris'mas present for Maje Molly," she said, softly. "Maje Molly stay see it with Wallula."

"You dear!" cried Molly, flinging her arm round Wallula.

The Indian father nodded his head vigorously, and his face shone with satisfaction. "Yes, yes!" he said. "Wallula take care you. You stay till I come back."

In looking at and trying on the "bewt'ful Chris'mas present"—a pair of elaborately embroidered moccasins lined and bordered with rabbit fur—and in dressing Wallula up in the tartan dress, the time flew so rapidly, that long before Molly expected it, the cabin door opened again, and the tall gaunt figure reappeared.

Behind it followed another figure. Molly ran forward as she saw it, and, "Papa, papa," she cried, "I waited and waited for Barney, and he didn't come; and I couldn't bear for Lula not to have her Christmas present to-night, for I'd promised it to her to-night. She told me when I

promised that white people always broke their promises to Indians, and I said over and over that *I* wouldn't break *my* promise; and I couldn't, I couldn't break it, papa."

"You did quite right, my little daughter—quite right."

There was something in her father's manner as he said this, a seriousness in his voice and in his eyes that surprised Molly. She was still more surprised when the Indian suddenly said: "She little brave; she come all 'way 'lone to keep promise, so she not hurt my Wallula. She make me believe more good in white peoples; so I go to fort. I keep friends."

"You've been a friend indeed. I sha'n't forget it; we'll none of us forget it, Washo," said Captain Elliston; and he put out his hand as he spoke, and grasped the brown hand of the Indian in a warm friendly clasp.

At the fort everything was literally "up in *arms*"; that is, set in order for business, and that meant ready for resistance or attack. Molly had lived most of her fourteen years at some Western military post, and she recognized at once this "order" as she rode in.

"What *did* it mean?" she asked again, as the Colonel himself met her and hurried her into the dining-room. And the Colonel himself answered her.

"It means, my dear, that Major Molly has saved us from being surprised by the enemy, and that means that she has saved us from a bloody fight."

"I—I—" faltered Molly. Then like a flash her mind cleared, and she struck her little hand on the table and cried: "It was an Indian, an unfriendly Indian, who followed me, and Washo knew it when I told my story!"

"Yes, Washo knew it, and, more than that, he had known for some days that those particular Indians had been planning a raid upon us, and he didn't interfere—he didn't warn us, because he had begun to think that we were all bad white traders, and he wouldn't meddle with these braves who proposed to punish us, though he wouldn't go on the warpath with them. But, Major Molly, when he heard your story, when he saw how one of us could be a little white brave in keeping a promise to an Indian, *for your sake* he relented towards the rest of us."

"And when he asked me to tell him where I first heard the lariat—"

"When he asked you that, he was making sure that it was his Sioux friends, for he knew they were to send out a scout, who would take exactly that direction."

"But why—why did the scout chase *me!*"

"He was after Tam, no doubt, for this Sioux band is probably short of ponies, and Tam, you know, is a famous fellow, and the moment the scout caught sight of him he would give chase."

"Did he get Ranger that way? And where, oh, where, is poor Barney?"

"The probability is, that the scout visited the corral first, and captured Ranger, who is almost as famous as Tam."

"But Barney; oh, oh, *do* you think Barney has been killed?"

"We don't know yet, my dear; your father has gone off to the ranch with a squad of men. He'll soon find out what's happened to Barney. And don't fret, my dear, about your father"—seeing a new anxiety on Molly's face—"the raiders by this time have seen our signals, and have found out we're up and doing, and more than a match for them; so don't fret; don't fret any of you," turning to his wife and Mrs. Elliston. "I don't think there 'll be so much as a skirmish."

And the Colonel was right. When the Indians saw the signals, and the other signs of activity, they knew that their only chance of overcoming the whites by taking them unawares was gone. There were a few shots fired, but no skirmish, and by the time the moon rose, the fort scouts brought in word that the whole band had departed over the mountains. A few minutes after, when Captain Elliston rode in, the satisfaction was complete, for he brought with him the news of Barney's safety. Ranger, however, was gone. The Indian—or Indians, for there were two of them at that point—had succeeded in capturing him just as Barney had started out from the corral. A stealthy step, a skilful use of the lariat, and Barney was bound and gagged, that he might give no alarm; and all this with such quiet Indian alertness, that a ranchman further down the corral heard nothing.

So harmlessly ended this raid, that might have been a bloody battle but for Major Molly's Christmas promise!



CHRISTMAS EVE

MAGGIE AND JOHN THOUGHTFULLY PREPARE TEA FOR SANTA CLAUS TO REFRESH HIMSELF WITH.
DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

"Till songs of Nature never cease."
When winter's wind songs die,
In come the birds, with hymns of peace,
And joy and love on high.
And when the summer day hath come,
The rustling of the trees
Is mingled with the funeral hum
Of countless honeybees.
Then as the autumn greets the sight,
Her forces one and all unite
In heavenly harmonies.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"CAP'N COD," SABELLA, AND THE "WHATNOT."

IN order to explain the presence beside that tow-head of the queer craft on board which Winn had found shelter, and of its several occupants, who were making such kindly efforts to relieve his distress, it is necessary to take a twenty-year glance backward. At that time Aleck Fifield, a Yankee jack-of-all-trades, who had been by turns a school-teacher, sailor, mechanic, boat-builder, and several other things as well, found himself employed as stage-carpenter in a Boston theatre. He had always been possessed of artistic tastes, though they had never carried him beyond sign-painting, and of dramatic longings, which had thus far been satisfied with a diligent reading of Shakespeare and attending the theatre at every opportunity. Now, being regularly connected with the stage, both these tastes expanded, until through one of them he blossomed into a very passable scene-painter. Through the other he overwhelmed himself with despair, and convulsed an audience with laughter, by appearing once, and once only, as Captain Thomas Codringhampton in the popular sea drama of *Blue Billows*. His failure as an actor was so dismal and complete as to be notorious. Unkind comparisons of other bad acting with that of Cap'n Cod became stock jokes in every theatre of the country. From that day the stage name clung to him; and though it galled at first, the passage of time soothed the wound, until finally Aleck Fifield became proud of the name. As he grew older, it represented to him the fame for which he had longed when young. When the war broke out and he became one of the bravest defenders of the Union, he was everywhere known as "Cap'n Cod." After the war, in which he managed to lose a leg, he went to Iowa to live with his only relative, a widowed niece, who had but one child, a little girl.

Between this child, Sabella, and the white-haired veteran, who could tell more tales than a fairy-book, and construct more toys than Santa Claus ever dreamed of, there sprang up an affection that could not have been stronger had they been father and daughter. On one side it was based upon boundless love and admiration, and on the other upon admiration and boundless love. When Sabella went to school, the Captain's business kept him within sight of the school-house; and when school was out, the little girl was nowhere happier than in his company. For her sake he was the friend of her friends, and among the children of Dubuque no one was so popular as Cap'n Cod. They did not live in the city, but on a small farm a few miles from it, and this Cap'n Cod was supposed to manage. Farming was, however, the one occupation for which he had no taste, and but for his capable niece the annual crops would not have paid the expense of raising them.

When Sabella was twelve years old and rapidly developing into beautiful girlhood, her mother died, leaving her and her little property to the unrestricted guardianship of Cap'n Cod. Now matters went from bad to worse so far as the farm was concerned, until, to save it from the hammer, it was deemed best to rent it to a more practical farmer than the child's devoted guardian.

This gave Cap'n Cod the opportunity and an excuse for carrying out a cherished scheme that, but for the opposition of his niece, he would have put into operation long before. It was the painting of a panorama, the building of a boat to hold it, and thus equipped, to float away down the great river in search of fame and fortune. Now Sabella must of course be included in the plan; for not only did she and Cap'n Cod consider it impossible to get along without each other, but the latter declared that such a bit of travel would be the very best kind of an education for his grandniece.

This scheme had been in the old man's mind for so long that the panorama, worked on at odd moments for more than two years, was nearly finished at the time of his niece's death. With his own savings, and largely by his own labor, he now built his boat, the *Whatnot*. When she was completed, his money was gone. But what of that? Was he not prepared to realize a fortune? He knew that it would shortly be theirs, and Sabella's faith was strong as his. She never for a moment doubted that her dear guardian was the artist he claimed to be, or that the panorama he had painted was the most perfect thing of its kind ever seen. So she was as enthusiastic concerning the project as the old man himself, and eagerly aided in his preparations to the full extent of her ability. There was but one point on which they disagreed. When Cap'n Cod had exhausted his own resources, and the motive power of the *Whatnot* still remained unprovided, Sabella begged that he would draw some of her money from the bank and use it, but this the old man firmly declined to do.

"No, Sabella," he would say; "what is mine is yours; but what is yours is your own, and it would be as bad as stealing for me to touch it."

"But it is mine," the girl would argue; "and if I want to give it to you, more than I want to do anything else with it, I don't see why you shouldn't let me."

"No, dear," her guardian would reply. "It is not yours. It is only held in trust for you until you become of age, by which time you will have many other uses for money besides gratifying an old man's whim."

"But you will pay it back long before then."

"I might, and then again I might not. There is nothing more uncertain than the things we think we are sure of."

Then the girl would throw her arms about his neck and exclaim: "Oh, you dear old stupid! How horridly honest you are! and what a beautiful world this would be if everybody in it was just like you."

"Yes, my dear; Stupidity and Honesty are apt to be comrades, and undoubtedly they would make a beautiful world if left to themselves; but it would be frightfully dull. Now don't you worry your pretty head about the mule, for we can drift with the current until we have given two or three exhibitions, and so made money enough to buy one. Then, having earned him, how much more shall we enjoy him than if he were only a borrowed mule?"

Cap'n Cod would have preferred a steamboat to one propelled by mule-power, but the expenses of machinery and an engineer were too great to be considered. He made the *Whatnot* look as much like a steamboat as he

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

could, and even proposed ornamenting her with an imitation chimney as soon as he could afford such a luxury. He also hoped soon to be able to engage some active young fellow as deck hand and general assistant. In the mean time the *Whatnot's* crew consisted of himself, Sabella, and Solon, an old negro who had been cook of the mess to which Cap'n Cod had belonged in the army, and who had followed his fortunes ever since.

As nearly every one in Dubuque who was at all interested in such things had seen the panorama during its painting and construction, and as Cap'n Cod's dramatic reputation was known there, he deemed it advisable to give the first exhibitions of his show in some smaller and less critical places. He called it a "show," because, even at the outset, it contained two attractions besides the panorama, and he hoped in the course of time to add still others.

Those already on hand were a monkey and a hand-organ, both of which were much greater rarities in the Mississippi Valley at that time than they are now. They formerly belonged to an Italian, who, sick, penniless, and friendless, had sunk exhausted by the road-side a few miles from Dubuque. Several persons passed him without heeding his feeble appeals for aid before "Cap'n Cod" happened along and discovered him. The old soldier at once engaged a team, carried the dying stranger home, and there, with Sabella's pitying aid, cared for him until the end, which came a few days later. During these last days his monkey was the man's inseparable companion. It cuddled beside him in bed, and answered his feeble terms of endearment with voluble chatterings. With his latest breath the dying stranger consigned his helpless pet to the same pitying care that had helped him over the bitterest of all human journeys. He said, "Monka, Don Bolossi, you keep-a him alway."

So Don Bolossi, Americanized to "Don Blossom," transferred all his affections to Sabella, and with the hand-organ, for which no claimant could be found, was added to the attractions of "Cap'n Cod's Great Panoramic Show."

One of the Captain's last bits of work in Dubuque was to build a skiff for Sheriff Riley, and with the money thus earned to defray immediate expenses, the *Whatnot* started on her voyage down the river at sunrise of the very morning on which Winn Caspar unconsciously drifted past Dubuque in that very skiff. Being deeper in the water, the show-boat drifted somewhat faster than the skiff, and so had nearly caught up with it by the time the tow-head was reached. Here "Cap'n Cod" determined to tie up for the night, as he did not wish to stop at a town until his final preparations for an exhibition were made.

Among these was the painting of a life-sized representation of Don Blossom hanging by his tail from the limb of a tree, which was to be displayed on the outside of the boat as an advertisement. This was the labor upon which the Captain was engaged when Winn Caspar reached the tow-head. Sabella had undertaken to hold the restless little model from which the white-headed artist was painting, and the peals of laughter that attracted Winn's attention were called forth by the absurdities of this situation.

Chapter XVI.

BIM MAKES AN ENEMY.

Billy Brackett's satisfaction at his escape from a situation that promised to cause him a vexatious delay was tinged with a new anxiety concerning Winn. As he pulled swiftly across the river, so as to be lost to view from the island as quickly as possible, he expressed his feelings aloud to Bim:

"What new scrape can that young rascal have got into now—eh, old dog? It was bad enough to start down the river alone on a big raft without even bidding his folks good-by; but now he seems to have lost the raft somewhere, to have landed on that island, to have been arrested for something, to have escaped, and to have run off with the Sheriff's boat. It looks as though he had the same happy faculty for getting into scrapes that distinguished my young friend Glen Eddy. Somehow I have a fellow-feeling for such boys. It is strange, too, for I can't remember ever getting into any scrapes myself. We must put a stop to it, though, in Winn's case. It will never do for him to be cavorting about in this scandalous manner, so long as we are responsible for his decent behavior and safe return. We shall surely find him, and probably the raft also, at Dubuque. Then we will take our nephew in hand, and by simple force of example instruct him in that dignity of deportment that steers clear of scrapes. Eh, Bimsey?"

At this Bim sprang from his seat, and made such a violent effort to lick his master's face that the latter was very nearly tumbled over backward. By the time order was restored, daylight was beginning to appear, and the young man saw that he was far enough below the island for it to be safe to again cross the river and head for Dubuque. He reached this place soon after sunrise, or about an hour after Winn passed it, and a few minutes after the departure of the *Whatnot*.

A hasty inspection of the various craft lining the water-front of the city convinced him that the raft was not among them. He found several persons who knew Sheriff Riley's skiff, but none of them had seen it that morning. This, however, did not discourage the young engineer, for a skiff is so much smaller than a raft as to be easily overlooked. He would make a more thorough search after visiting the hotel, where he hoped Winn might also have gone for breakfast.

On his way he stopped at the telegraph office, and sent the following despatch to both Mrs. Caspar and to the Major at Madison:

"Have heard of Winn, and am on his track. The boy is all right. W. B."

"That is true so far as it goes," soliloquized Billy Brackett, "and will relieve their present anxiety. By to-morrow, or perhaps within a few minutes, I shall certainly have something more definite to wire."

At the hotel he was greatly disappointed to find no trace of the missing lad, and after eating a hearty breakfast he made a thorough search of the water-front, though of course without avail. He had intended dropping a hint here and there of the predicament in which he had left Sheriff Riley and his followers, but on second thoughts concluded to let them work out their own plan of escape from the island, rather than run the risk of further delay.

By noon he was ready to depart from Dubuque, satisfied that there was no information to be gained in that place concerning either Winn or the raft. Although he was not discouraged, he was puzzled, and was even beginning to feel anxious at the strange aspect this affair of the lost *Venture* was assuming.

Until sunset he rowed steadily and swiftly down stream, hailing the ferrymen as he passed, and stopping at the settlements on both sides of the river to make inquiries. He also hailed passing boats, and boarded several rafts that he discovered tied to the western bank, but all in vain. He failed to learn anything about Winn, and heard that but one raft had passed down the river the day before. It was described as having a single shanty, a tent, and a crew of three men. As that was not the kind of a raft he was looking for, this information only added to the young man's perplexity. It never occurred to him that the raft might have been stolen and disguised. So, as he was certain he had not passed it, there was but one



BILLY BRACKETT UTTERED A CRY OF AMAZEMENT.

solution of the problem. The *Venture* must have been wrecked and gone to pieces during the storm of that first night, and Winn must have escaped to the island.

Even with this explanation the mystery of Winn's second disappearance remained as great as ever, and by the time Billy Brackett hailed the *Whatnot*, as has already been noted, he was as thoroughly bewildered as ever in his life. Nor could he decide on any plan of action that seemed in the least satisfactory. He knew there was a town a mile or so below where the *Whatnot* lay, and there he had determined to spend the night. But for his desire to reach this place before darkness should wholly shut in, he would have boarded the *Whatnot* merely to gratify the curiosity excited by her strange appearance. As it was, he felt that he had no time to spare, and so hastened on.

It was quite dark as he approached the lights marking the town he was seeking; but as he drew near he discovered what appeared like a part of the levee slowly moving out from shore. Above it rose dimly a white object that he had taken for a house, and still above this shone a lantern. In a moment he saw that it was a raft resuming its voyage down the river, and he determined to make an inquiry from its crew before landing.

Pulling his skiff alongside, the young man sprang aboard. As he did so he noticed that the white object was a tent, and that there was a single shanty amidship. It was the very raft that had been described to him as being the only one to pass down the river the day before. These details so occupied his attention that he did not notice a skiff made fast to the side of the raft just forward of where he tied his own. Not seeing it, he did not, of course, ask any questions concerning it. If he had, he might have learned that the raftsmen had just picked it up, floating, empty and ownerless, down the river. There had been no oars in it, but they had rowed it to the raft with an extra pair from their own skiff. In their preparations for departure they had not yet found time to examine it, and knew nothing of its contents.

As Billy Brackett walked toward the shanty there was a sudden commotion at its entrance. A gruff voice exclaimed,

"Get out of here, you cur!"

This command was evidently accompanied by a savage kick, which was immediately followed by a yell and a heavy fall as Bim's white teeth sank deep in the calf of one of Mr. Plater's legs.

The dog, tired of his long confinement in the skiff, had eagerly leaped aboard the raft, and with friendly inquisitiveness had poked his nose into the open doorway of the shanty just as Plater was emerging from it.

Bim's master realized in a moment what had happened, and sprang to the scene just as two other figures came running in the same direction from the forward end of the raft.

Mr. Plater, though on his back, had nearly succeeded in drawing a pistol from his hip pocket. In a few seconds more poor Bim's earthly career would have been ended, but his owner's movements were quick enough to save him, and before the pistol could be drawn, Billy Brackett had seized the dog's collar.

"Let go, sir!" he ordered, sternly, and Bim instantly obeyed the command. Then realizing that discretion is the better part of valor when the odds are three to one, the young engineer, with the dog in his arms, ran to the side of the raft, sprang into the skiff, and shoved off.

Making his way to the wharf-boat, and giving the watchman a quarter to look out for his skiff until morning, Billy Brackett, weary and disheartened, sought such accommodation as the only hotel of the little town afforded. All night he tossed sleeplessly on his uncomfortable bed, striving in vain to unravel the mystery in which the fate of his nephew and of Major Caspar's raft had become enshrouded.

In the morning he strolled undecidedly down to the wharf-boat, and, missing his skiff, asked the watchman, who was just going off duty, what he had done with it.

"Why, there it is, sir, just where you left it," answered the man, in a surprised tone, pointing to a skiff that Billy Brackett was certain he had never seen before.

"That is not my boat," he said.

"It is the one you came in last night," answered the watchman. "And here is the coat you left in it. I took the liberty of bringing it in out of the dew."

The young engineer looked at the coat the man was holding toward him, and shook his head.

"That is not mine, either," he said.

"Whose is it, then?"

"I'm sure I don't know. You'd better look in the pockets. They may contain some clew."

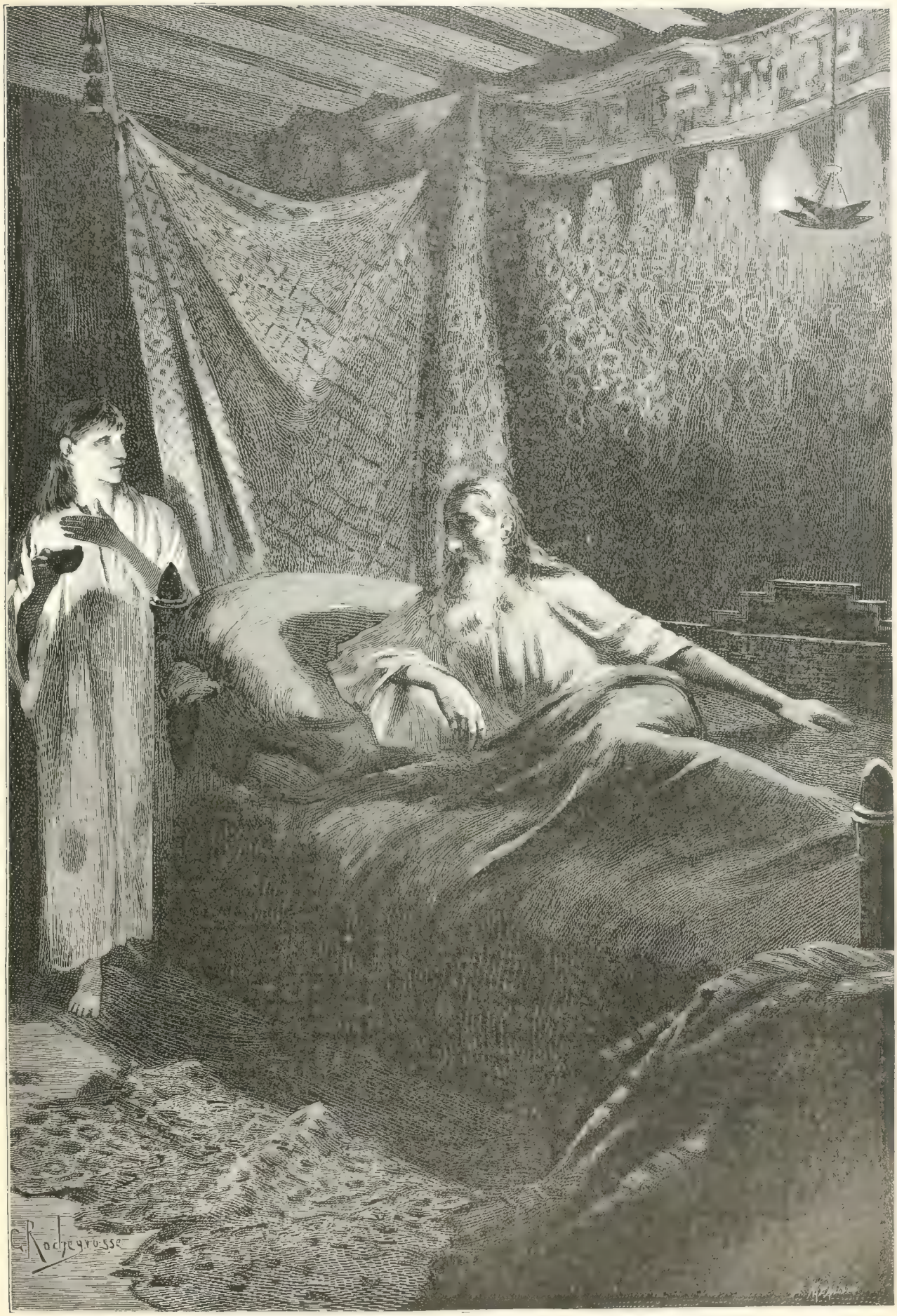
Acting upon this suggestion, the watchman thrust his hand into a breast pocket of the coat, and drew forth a note-book. He opened it.

"Here's something writ in it," he said, "but as I'm not quick at making out strange writing, maybe you'll read it, sir."

Taking the book from the man's hand and glancing carelessly at its title-page, Billy Brackett uttered a cry of amazement. There, written in a clear boyish hand, was the inscription:

"Winn Caspar. His Book."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SAMUEL AND ELI.—Drawn by Georges Rochegrosse.—[See Page 146.]

LITTLE SAMUEL.

BY WILLIAM M TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.



WHEN I was a little boy of about six years old I was accustomed to be taken to church regularly by my parents on the first day of the week. I cannot say that I definitely remember any direct instruction received at this date from the pulpit. I learned, no doubt, to sit quietly, so as not to disturb other people, and grew into habits of attention. But one memory stands vividly out before me still. My mother had a Bible, which I have now in my hand, not like other Bibles of the period, but one which she had taken out in numbers, and had bound for church use. It was about five inches long by three broad and two thick, with gilt edges, and finished with a flap, on the inner side of which was her name in gold letters; but what charmed me most was the fact that it had six engravings of Bible scenes, which I never wearied looking at, and the study of which did more for me, I verily believe, than any sermons heard by me at that time.

The first of these pictures was a wood-cut from Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting of "Little Samuel," representing a little boy in his night-dress, apparently just risen from his first sleep, and kneeling on the floor with hands uplifted and an eager look upon his countenance, while beneath were the words, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth." There was for me a fascination in this simple picture which held me like a spell, and I have never seen it since without emotion. It brings before me the whole story of Samuel, and as I look at it now I am a child again, sitting by my mother's side in the old pew.

One immediate result of all this was to make me very eager to read the history of Samuel, that I might know all about him; so I became familiar with the details of his story—how his birth was in answer to his mother's prayer; how, out of gratitude to God, she consecrated him from his infancy to the Tabernacle service; how he grew up there into the favor of the aged Eli; how his mother came every year to see him, bringing him a new coat; and how, on the occasion to which the picture refers, the Lord called him, and gave him a message full of terrible forecast to the venerable High Priest. But that which interested me most was the statement that "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child girded with a linen ephod"; and as I go back upon that now, I think it may fitly suggest the topic of early religion.

For one thing, it tells us that it is possible for a child to serve the Lord. It is not uncommon for young people to put off the matter of religion until they have grown older; but over and above the danger thereby incurred, there is no need for such delay. True, we cannot expect that piety will show itself in a child in the same way as it does in those who are grown up, but it may show itself just as really for all that; and wherever there is the spirit of trust in God, the willingness to learn out of His Word, and the determination to obey Him in everything, there true piety is. No matter, therefore, how young we are, we can still, like Samuel, "minister before the Lord."

And then the case of Samuel proves that there is no necessary connection between early piety and early death. It has somehow come to be believed that these two things are inseparable. The very good children are said to be too good for this world, and children themselves dislike the idea of early piety because of their love of life. We have all heard of the little boy who, on recovery from a dangerous illness, said, "If I had been one of them pious, I'd have been a goner, sure!" But Samuel lived to be an old man and full of years. Nor was he an exception in this particular. The same thing is seen in the histories of Joseph and Moses and Daniel, and, in modern days, some of the ripest old saints who have lived to fourscore years and more feared the Lord from their youth.

Neither, again, does early piety prevent one from becoming distinguished in after-life. Samuel became Judge of Israel, which was, for the time, something similar to President among ourselves. Daniel was Prime Minister at the court of Babylon. Joseph rose to the second place in Egypt, and in general it holds good that godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.

Once more, Samuel was not a namby-pamby boy. He was, as we think of him and his life at the Tabernacle, a manly little fellow. He did not whimper continually after his mother, but was always glad to see her when she came with the new coat; and when he had to give that awful message to Eli, he did not quiver in the least, but gave it faithfully, though sadly. He was no milksop, nor tied to his mother's apron-strings. It is untrue to say that religion in young or old is a mark of either physical or mental weakness, and those who would make us believe that such is the case are false witnesses and children of the wicked one.

Then, last of all, Samuel's life was a useful life. It filled a large place in the history of his people, and his influence was always for good. Wherever he went he was ministering before the Lord, just as he did when he was a little boy. Through life he was loved and honored by all, and when he died he was laid in the grave amid the lamentations of the people. Is there not something in a life like this attractive to us all, and will not every one of my readers make the prayer of the Christian poet his own?

"Oh, give me Samuel's heart—
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates—
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will."

THE MOVING TALE OF A HORSE.

BY PAUL HULL.

HE was very poor, and very bony, and very weak, and the load of coal to which he was hitched was heavy. He drew the load slowly and with a constant struggle along the macadamized surface of Homan Avenue, but when he turned into Walnut Street he slipped on the smooth asphalt, and fell. He made no effort to rise, as a strong horse would. He laid his head on the pavement and closed his eyes, like a tired dog. The driver whipped him, and jerked at his mouth with the reins, and shouted at him, but he refused to make even an effort to rise. The driver got down from his seat, looked at his horse a moment, and muttered, "I guess he's done for." He gave the horse a kick, by way of a final test, and receiving no encouraging response, he unbuckled the harness, stripped it from the horse, put his shoulder to the wagon, and pushed it back. Then he went away, leaving the horse with his head on the pavement.

Of course such an unusual happening attracted the children on Walnut Street. The fact is probably unworthy of record anywhere except in this story, that on Walnut Street, between Spaulding Street and Homan Avenue, there live sixty-four children under twelve years of age, and in all this number there is not a cripple nor a foolish one. They are all that sort of children who make good men and women. The little girls are as pretty and well-behaved as the little girls of any street, and the little boys are as saucy and mischievous and dirty (in the middle of the day) as boys are anywhere.

This particular portion of Walnut Street is away out on the west side of Chicago, in a quiet locality, and as the street is invaded only by an occasional grocery wagon or bicycle, its smooth asphalt surface is the play-ground of the sixty-four children. How they do run and tumble and scream! And sometimes the entire sixty-four get tangled up in a heap, like a can

of fish-worms, and their mothers must come out and disentangle them.

The children gathered in a circle, three deep, about the fallen horse. This triple circle formed naturally, so that all could see. In the outer circle were Jane and Hugh and Ada and Percy, and the rest of the twelve-year-olds; in the middle circle were Elsie and Sam and Aura and Blanche, and the rest of the nine-year-olds; and in the inner circle were Cyrus and Dottie and Chappie and Loretta, and the rest of the little fellows. They regarded the horse with sympathetic faces and tender eyes, and the outer circle said, "Poor old thing!" and the inner circle said, "Poor horsy!"

The butcher, in his apron, came over from the corner store, and the children made way for him. He took hold of the poor horse's ear, and lifted his head. He looked into the horse's eyes, and examined his teeth. "There's nothin' the matter with that hoss," said the butcher, "'cept that he's starved to death. He's a young hoss, not over seven years old, and his teeth are sound. He's just starved to death."

"Starved to death!" exclaimed sixty-four voices; and the children looked at one another in amazement and pity. No further comment was needed — no signal. There was a common thought, and in a moment sixty-four pairs of feet were pattering over the pavement. The idea of a poor horse starving to death, when there was so much to eat on Walnut Street! For a moment the street was deserted, and then the children began to reappear. Those boys whose fathers kept driving horses brought hay and corn and oats, and the little girls brought doughnuts and cake and lumps of sugar and crusts of bread and irregular hunks of pie. And one boy whose father had cut the grass on his 25-foot lawn that morning brought a great armful of fresh grass. The food was all piled in front of the horse, and he began to eat, lying on his side. And, of course, each one must feed him out of the hand, and so the meal was served in short and oft-repeated courses. He had a bite of oats, and then a lump of sugar, and then a mouthful of grass, and then a doughnut, and then a bite of corn and a piece of cake, and then some hay, and some more sugar and grass and oats and doughnuts. How he did eat! And what fun it was to feed him! The feeding continued for perhaps an hour, and the horse's body began to swell. Wasn't it nice to see him getting fat so quick? But later he refused to eat, and began to groan, and then to struggle with his legs. The circle widened hurriedly, and a spirit of apprehension and wonder prevailed.

The butcher, in his apron, came out again. He looked at the horse, and laughed. "I guess you've done him up, youngsters. He won't last long," said the butcher, and he went away, still laughing.

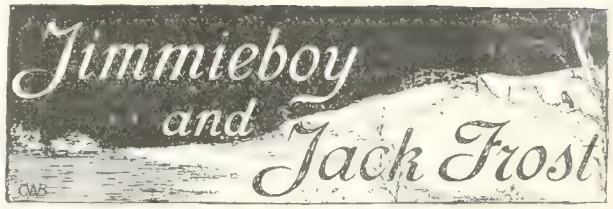
He won't last long! What did the butcher mean? Surely he should get well and strong with all the good food he had had.

The horse continued to groan and struggle and get fatter every minute. Evening came, and with it a cold drizzling rain. The horse must have a bed and be protected from the storm. There was another scurrying of small feet over the pavement. The children again disappeared and reappeared. The boys who had before brought hay and corn and oats, this time brought straw. The little girls who had brought bread and doughnuts and sugar, this time brought pieces of oil-cloth and old newspapers and cast-away door mats and carpet. They piled the straw around the horse. They piled the oil-cloth and newspapers and mats and carpet on him until he was buried out of sight. The children were delighted, and played ring-around-a-rosy, with the horse in the centre of the circle. Still the horse groaned and struggled feebly with his legs.

Darkness and supper-time came. Suddenly a man—a man the children had never seen before—appeared, and approached the horse. The circle broke and scattered. The strange man kicked away the straw, and pulled off the oil-cloth and mats and carpet. He looked at the horse a moment, and then took from his pocket something that gleamed in the light of the street lamp.

About the time the fathers and mothers in the homes on Walnut Street were wondering why the children didn't come in to supper, they heard the crack of a pistol-shot, followed by the piercing screams of sixty-four voices. There was a pattering of small feet on the pavement. The street doors of thirty houses were burst open; sixty-four panting, wild-eyed children tumbled in, and sixty-four horrified voices exclaimed: "Mamma! mamma! It's *shot!*"

The butcher in telling about it next day said: "That hoss ought to died happy. He had more lovin' and more feedin' in two hours last night than he got in all his life before."



BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

III.—IN THE HEART OF FROSTLAND.

"WE'RE afloat!
We're afloat!
In our trim ice-boat;
And we row—
Yeave ho—

"I guess I won't sing any more," said the Gas Stove. "It's a hard song to sing, that is, particularly when you've never heard it before, and can't think of another rhyme for boat."

"That's easy enough to find," returned Jimmieboy, pulling at the oars. "Coat rhymes with boat, and so do note and moat and goat and—"

"Very true," assented the Stove, "but it wouldn't do to use coat, because we take our coats off when we row. Note is good enough, but you don't have time to write one when you are singing a sea-song. Moat isn't any good, because nobody'd know whether you meant the moat of a castle, a sun-mote, or the one in your eye. As for goats, goats don't go well in poetry. So I guess it's just as well to stop singing right here."

"How fast we go!" said Jimmieboy.

"What did you expect?" asked the Stove. "The bottom of this boat is as slippery as can be, and, of course, going up the river against the current, we get over the water faster than if we were going the other way, because we—er—because we—well, because we do."

"Seems to me," said Jimmieboy, "I'd better turn out some of the gas in my coat. I'm melting right through the seat here."

"So am I," returned the Stove, with an anxious glance at the icy craft. "It won't be more than a minute before I melt my end of the boat all to pieces. I'm afraid we'll have to take to our arctics after all. I brought a pair of your father's along, and it's a good thing for us that he has big feet, for you'll have to get in one and I in the other."

Just then the stern of the boat melted away, and the Stove, springing up from his seat and throwing himself into one of the arctics, with his ammunition and rubber hose, floated off. Jimmieboy had barely time to get into the other arctic when his end of the ice-boat also gave way, and a cross-current in the stream catching the arctic, whirled it about, and carried it and its little passenger far away from the Stove, who shortly disappeared around a turn in the river, so that Jimmieboy was left entirely alone, in utter ignorance as to where he really was or what he should do next. Generally Jimmieboy was a very brave little boy, but he found his present circumstances rather trying. To be floating down a strange river in a large overshoe, with absolutely no knowledge of the way home, and a very dim notion only as to how he had managed to get where he was, was terrifying, and when he realized his position, great tears fell from Jimmieboy's eyes, freezing into little pearls of ice before they landed in the bottom of the golosh, where they piled up so rapidly that the strange craft sank further and further into the water, and would certainly have sunk with their weight had not the voice Jimmieboy encountered a little while before come to his rescue.

"Golosh, ahoy!" cried the voice. "Captain! Captain! Lean over the side and cry in the river, or you'll sink your boat."

The sound of the voice was a great relief to the little sailor, who at once tried to obey the order he had received, but found it unnecessary, since his tears immediately dried up.

"Come out here in the boat with me!" cried Jimmieboy. "I'm awful lonesome, and I don't know what to do."

"Then there is only one thing you can do," said the voice from a point directly over the buckle of the arctic.



"GOLOSH, AHOY!"

"And that is to sit still and let time show you. It's a great thing, Jimmieboy, when you don't know what to do and can't find any one to tell you, to sit down and do nothing, because if you did something you'd be likely to find out afterwards that it was the wrong thing. When I was young, in the days when I was what I used to be, I once read a poem that has lingered with me ever since. It was called 'Wait and See,' and this is the way it went:

'When you are puzzled what to do,
And no one's nigh to help you out,
You'll find it for the best that you
Should wait until Time gives the clew,
And then your business go about:
Of this there is no doubt.

'Just see the cow! She never knows
What's going to happen next, so she
Contented 'mongst the daisies goes
In clover from her head to toes,
From care and trouble ever free:
She simply waits, you see.

'The horse, unlike the cow, in fear
Jumps to and fro at maddest rate,
Tears down the street, doth snort and rear,
And knocks the wagon out of gear
And just because he does not wait
His woes accumulate.

'D. Crockett, famous in the past,
The same sage thought hath briefly wed
To words that must forever last
Wherever haply they be cast;
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
That's what D. Crockett said.'

Lots in that. If you don't know what to do," continued the voice, "don't do it."

"I won't," said Jimmieboy. "But do you know where we are?"

"Yes," said the voice. "I am here and you are there, and I think if we stay just as we are forever there is not likely to be any change, so why repine? We are happy."

Just then the golosh passed into a huge cavern, whose sides glistened like silver, and from the roof of which hung millions of beautiful and at times fantastically shaped icicles.

"This," said the voice, "is the gateway to the Kingdom of Frostland. At the far end you will see a troop of ice soldiers standing guard. I doubt very much if you can get by them, unless you have retained a great deal of that heat you had. How is it? Are you still lit?"

"I am," said Jimmieboy. "Just put your hand on my chest and see how hot it is."

"Can't do it," returned the voice, "for two reasons. First, I haven't a hand to do it with, and secondly, if I had, I couldn't see with it. People don't see with their hands any more than they sing with their toes; but say, Jimmieboy, wouldn't it be funny if we could do all those things—eh? What a fine poem this would be if it were only sensible:

"A singular song having greeted my toes,
I stared till I weakened the sight of my nose
To see what it was, and observed a sweet voice,
Come forth from the ears of Lucinda, so choice.

"I cast a cough-drop in the lovely one's eyes,
Who opened her hands in a tone of surprise,
And remarked, in a way that startled my wife,
'I never was treated so ill in my life.'

"Then tears in a torrent coursed over her arms,
And the blush on her teeth much heightened her charms,
As, tossing the cough-drop straight back with a sneeze,
She smashed the green goggles I wear on my knees."

Jimmieboy laughed so long and so loudly at this poetical effusion that he attracted the attention of the guards, who immediately loaded their guns and began to pepper the invaders with snowballs.

"Throw yourself down on your stomach in the toe of the golosh," whispered the voice, "and they'll never know you are there. Keep perfectly quiet, and when any questions are asked, even if you are discovered, let me answer them. I can disguise myself so that they won't recognize me, and they'll think I'm your voice. In this way I think I can get you through in safety."

So Jimmieboy threw himself down in the golosh, and the voice began to sing,

"No, no, my dear,
I do not fear
The devastating snowball;
When it strikes me
I shriek with glee
And eat it like a doughball."

"Halt!" cried the ice-guards. "Who are you?"

"I am a haunted overshoe," replied the voice. "I am on the foot of a phantom which only appears at uncertain hours, and is consequently now invisible to you.

"And so I say,
Oh, fire away,
I fear ye not, Icicles;
Howe'er ye shoot,
I can't but hoot,
Your act so greatly tickles."

"Shall we let it through?" asked the Captain of the guards.

"I move we do," said one High-Private.

"I move we don't," said another.

"All in favor of doing one thing or the other say aye," cried the Captain.

"Aye!" roared the company.

"Contrary-minded, no," added the Captain.

"No!" roared the company.

"Both motions are carried," said the Captain. "We will now adjourn for luncheon."

The overshoe, meanwhile, had floated on down through the gates, and was now out of the guards' sight, and Jimmieboy sprang to his feet and looked about him once more, and what he saw was so beautiful that he sat speechless with delight. He was now in the heart of Frostland, and before him loomed the Palace, a marvellously massive pile of richly carven ice-blocks, transparent as glass; and within, seated upon a throne of surpassing brilliance and beauty, sat King Jack, surrounded by his courtiers, who were singing songs, the like of which Jimmieboy never before had heard.

"Now remember, Jimmieboy," said the voice, as the overshoe with its passengers floated softly up to the huge snow-pier that ran out into the river at this point, where they disembarked—"remember, I am to do all the talking. Otherwise you might get into trouble."

"All right, Voicy," began Jimmieboy, and then there came a terrific shout from within.

"Who comes here?" cried King Jack, rising from his throne, and pointing his finger at Jimmieboy.

"I am a travelling minstrel," Jimmieboy seemed to reply, though in reality it was the kind-hearted voice that said it. "And I have come a thousand and six miles, eight blocks, fourteen feet, six inches, to recite to your Majesty a poem I have written in honor of your approaching Jubilee."

"Have I a Jubilee approaching?" roared Jack, turning to his Secretary of State, who was so startled that his right arm melted.

"Y—yes, your Majesty," stammered the Secretary, with a low bow. "It is coming along at the rate of sixty seconds a minute."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" roared Jack, casting a glance at the cowering Secretary that withered the nose straight off his face. "Don't you know that Jubilees are useful to a man only because



"HALT!" CRIED THE ICE GUARDS.

other people give him presents in honor of the event? and here you've kept me in ignorance of the fact all this time, and the chances are I won't get a thing—for I've neglected my relatives dreadfully."

"Sire," pleaded the Secretary, "all that you say is true, but I have attended to all that. I have informed your friends that the Jubilee is coming, and they are all preparing pleasant little surprises for you. We are going to give your Majesty a surprise party, which is the finest kind of a party, because you don't have to go home after it is over, and the guests bring their own fried oysters, and pay all the bills."

"Ah!" said Jack, melting a little. "You are a good man, after all. I will raise your salary, and send your children a skating-pond on Christmas day; but when is this Jubilee to take place?"



"WHO COMES HERE?"

"In eight hundred and forty-seven years," returned the voice, who did not like the Secretary of State, and wanted to get him in trouble. "On the eighty-second day of July."

"What-a-at?" roared the King, glaring at the Secretary.

"I didn't say a word, sire," cried the unfortunate Secretary.

"No?" sneered Jack. "I suppose it was I that answered my own question, eh? That settles you. The idea of my waiting eight hundred and forty-seven years for a Jubilee that is to take place on an impossible date! Executioner, take the Secretary of State out to the furnace-room, and compel him to sit before the fire until there's only enough of him left to make one snowball. Then take that and throw it at the most decrepit hack-driver in my domain. The humiliation of this delayer of Jubilees must be complete."

The Secretary of State was then led weeping away, and Jack, turning to the awed Jimmieboy, shouted out:

"Now for the minstrel. If the poem pleaseth our Royal Coolness, the singer shall have the position made vacant by that unfortunate snow-drift I have just degraded. Step right up, young fellow, and turn on the poem."

"Step up to the foot of the throne and make a bow, and leave the rest to me," whispered the voice to Jimmieboy. "All you've got to do is to move your lips and wave your arms. I'll do the talking."

Jimmieboy did as he was bade. He took up his stand before the throne, bowed, and the voice began to declaim as Jimmieboy's lips moved, and his arms began to shoot out, first to the left and then to the right.

"This poem," said the voice, "is in the language of the Snortuguese, and has been prepared at great expense for this occasion, fourteen gallons of ink having been consumed on the first stanza alone, which runs as follows:

"Jack Frigidos,
Jack Frigidos,
Oh, what a trope you are!
How you do shine
And ghibeline
And conjugate afar!"

"It begins very well, oh, minstrel!" said Jack, with an approving nod. "Thine ink was well expended. Mount thee yon table, and from thence deliver thyself of the remnant of thy rhyme."

"Thanks," returned the voice; "I will."

"Get up on the table, Jimmieboy," the voice added, "and we'll finish 'em off there. Be a little slow about it, for I've got to have time to compose the rest of the poem."

So Jimmieboy clambered up the leg of the table, and in a few moments was ready for the voice to begin, which the voice proceeded to do.

"I will repeat the first verse, your Majesty, for the sake of completeness. And here goes:

"Jack Frost,
Jack Frost,
Oh, what a frost you are!
How you do bite
And scratch
And cut up the skin!

"How colossal
Is thy nose, Jack,
The size of boy constabul'
Would I could ape
Thy shapely shape,
And auto-ize thy cast!

"That nose of thine
How supreme!
How pertinent thy cheek!
How manifest
The palimpsest
And contour of thy shin!

"How crimson
Thy revenue!
How dusk thy silhouette!
How mottly
Thy pedigree
Doth grace thine amulet!

"What name to fame,
Ay, anywhere,
Wert poesy chant-eer,
Can hold a dim
Unto his rime
Thy boreal bonhomie!

"Ah, Jack Frost!
Jack Frost, Jack,
In parcel or in keg,
Another like
Thee none can strike
From Dan to Winnipeg."

Here the voice paused.

"Is that all?" queried Jack Frost.

"It is all I have written up to this moment," the voice answered. "Of course there are seventy or eighty more miles of it, because, as your Majesty is well aware, it would take many a league of poetry fitly to commemorate your virtues."

"Your answer is pleasing unto me," replied the monarch of Frostland, when the voice had thus spoken. "The office of the Secretary of State is yours. The salary is not large, but the duties are. They are to consist mainly of—"

Here the King was interrupted by a tremendous noise without. Evidently some one was creating a disturbance, and as Jimmieboy turned to see what it was, he saw the great ice mountain looming up over the far-distant horizon melt slowly away and dwindle out of sight; and then messengers, breathless with haste, rushed in and cried out to the King:

"We are attacked! we are attacked! A tribe from a far country, commanded by the Gas Stove, is even now within our boundaries, armed with a devastating hose, breathing forth fire, by which already has been destroyed the whole western frontier."

"What is to be done?" cried Jack, in alarm, and springing to his feet. "Can we not send a regiment of cold winds out against them, and freeze them to their very marrows and blow out the gas?"

"We cannot, sire," returned the messenger, "for the heat is so deadly that the winds themselves thaw into balmy zephyrs before they reach the enemy."

"Not so!" cried the voice from before Jimmieboy's lips. "For I will save you if you will place the matter in my hands."

"Noble creature!" sobbed Jack, grasping Jimmieboy by the hand. "Save me and my kingdom from destruction, and all that you ask of me in the future is yours."

And Jimmieboy, promising to help Jack, started out, clad with all the authority of his high office to meet the Gas Stove.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME STORIES OF KINGS.

A GREAT French monarch, who in addition to being great was a man of much benevolence, once, while holding court, brought the ceremonies to an abrupt ending, dismissing every guest from his presence. When asked why he had done so, he explained that he had observed one of his guests pocketing a repeating chronometer watch that did not belong to him. The King knew that the dishonest guest was poor, and was driven to stealing by a most pressing necessity, and he also knew that as it only wanted a few minutes to the hour, the chronometer would soon ring out the time and the culprit would be discovered and publicly disgraced. To avoid this the King dismissed all from his *salon*, and doubtless later did something to better the condition of the unfortunate robber, and put him in a position to lead an honest life.

A more or less sycophantic clergyman was once preaching before Louis XIV., the King of France. In the course of his address he cried out, "We must all die," and then feeling that this was perhaps not quite the manner in which to speak to a King, he turned deferentially to Louis, and, with a low bow, added, "That is, your Majesty, almost all."

Dr. Busby was a great school-master in England in the time of Charles II. Upon one occasion the King paid a visit to the school, where he was received by the doctor, and by him escorted through the establishment. It was observed that on the tour of inspection the doctor preceded the King, wearing his hat, while the monarch, following meekly in the rear, held his under his arm. When the inspection was over the doctor walked to the door with Charles, and in parting apologized to him for wearing his hat in the royal presence, saying that he was forced to do so. "For," he said, "if my boys were to imagine that there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them." The King, it is said, took the explanation in good part, and remained a friend to the eminent educator all his days.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

PEOPLE talk nowadays of the "good old times" that used to be, but for my part I think that boys are better off to-day than they ever were before.

Just think how horrible a rainy day was in the twelfth century. No umbrellas, no rubber coats, boots, or over-shoes, nothing but rain, and it used to rain then every bit as hard as ever it does to-day. If people went out those days there was but one thing for them to do, and that was to get wet; they simply couldn't help it. And then if people staid at home, and it was at all chilly, they had to sit in a room with a fire in the middle of it which managed to fill the room with smoke, for the chances are there was no way for the smoke to escape—no chimneys and no stoves. A day of rain at that time must have meant a day of misery. No books then, you know, for it wasn't considered the proper thing for any one to read and write except monks and priests. And, taking it altogether, our ancestors must have had a pretty hard time of it.

It would be much easier to state what people had then in the way of comfort, rather than what they didn't have. Perhaps you do not regard a gas-light or a lamp as a luxury. To-day they are looked upon as necessities, but there was a time when sunset meant bed-time, unless you cared to sit up by the fire, or in the dark, or, at best, by the light of a miserable taper that wasn't so good as the colored candles we stick in birthday cakes.

The more one thinks of it, the more he wonders what the people had to do sometimes. If they wanted to travel they had to go on horseback or on foot, and sometimes it took them several years to accomplish a journey that we can make in a couple of months. So when the train is ten minutes late I try to be happy by thinking of the day when a horse was the fastest means of travelling, and the roads were no better than a ploughed field not much better, at any rate. Suppose you didn't have YOUNG PEOPLE coming along regularly every week, and had to depend upon wandering minstrels or nurses for your stories. All they could tell about was knights and fights and witches and fairies.

They might also indulge in tales of wonders across the seas, where no one ever went to see if the things were true, but with all their powers of imagination I do not believe they ever dreamed of anything so wonderful as an electric light; and as for a railroad train, why, they would have fallen into a fit at the suggestion of one, and declared they were bewitched!

A letter is really a great thing, and a telegram is a marvel, while to talk to a person miles away through a telephone is—well, it is really a part of this wonderful civilization of to-day, while it would have been considered black magic a few, very few years ago. There is no need to continue; nearly everything we have to-day, and look upon as a matter of course, would have set the people of bygone ages in a whirl. We are greatly blest, but I think so more then ever when I go forth with umbrella and over-shoes on a rainy day, and recall the poor miserable folks of 1192, who had a miserably stupid time when it rained. And they didn't even possess a Weather Bureau then to tell them in the morning what it was going to do before night.

A PUGILISTIC KANGAROO.

ALL London is talking about a boxing kangaroo which gives public exhibitions with his trainer. The animal was born in Australia, the home of so many kangaroos and boxers, and this is his first visit to Great Britain. He is somewhat taller than a man, and is fully a match for Professor Landerman, who exhibits him. Although the Marquis of Queensberry rules have been adopted by Professor Landerman, the kangaroo sometimes forgets them when hard pressed, and lifting himself on his thick tail, uses his long hind legs in a very unprofessional way. On such occasions his opponent usually beats a precipitate retreat. Another of the kangaroo's bad habits when excited is to leap into the air and alight upon the chest of his opponent, which is considered very bad form in boxing. Ordinarily, however, the animal behaves as well as most other pugilists, and seems to enjoy boxing thoroughly. Both he and his trainer use soft gloves, and the blows rained upon his neck seem sometimes to give him positive enjoyment.

These boxing-matches begin by a hand-shake, and at the call of "time" hostilities promptly cease, and the kangaroo and the kangaroo's opponent retire peacefully to their corners. This is doing pretty well for the kangaroo, who, at home on his native Australian plains, does not, as a rule, leave his opponent until that unfortunate person is defunct. In fact, the boxing kangaroo's tendency to use his strong hind feet in public contests is a survival of his natural method of attacking by resting his fore paws affectionately on the shoulders of his foes, and then executing the most vigorous kick of which he is capable.

DUTCH SIMPLICITY.

KEMPEN, a town in Holland on the lower Rhine (the birthplace of Thomas à Kempis), is a favorite residence of people with small incomes. The imagination of these Dutchmen must be as limited as their incomes, judging from the droll stories that are told of them.

At one time a fire broke out, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire the town officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll, it voted to double the number of gates.

This same council also ordered the sun-dial to be taken from the court-house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of all the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to *hoist a cow up and let her eat it.*

A MAN WITH A GREAT ANCESTOR.

HERE'S a man all the boys and girls should remember at Christmas-time, not for his own sake, but for that of his unquestionably great-great-grandmother who has added much to the joys of the nursery world. The man's name is Galladay—M. E. Galladay—and he lives in Halden, Missouri, where he is revered by his neighbors as a direct lineal descendant of Mother Goose. Think of it! It is a proud thing to be descended from a poet, and next to Shakespeare probably the most popular, and certainly the oftenest quoted poet that ever lived is this self same Mother Goose. Certainly if the writer of this note were a child he would send Mr. Galladay a very handsome gift on Christmas day next; in fact, he is inclined to do it, anyhow, for parents as well as children are under a great debt of gratitude to his ancestress, as you boys and girls will discover for yourselves when you grow up, and have little ones of your own who will wake you up at five o'clock in the morning with the demand that you tell them something funny. Then when you rack your brains for something to satisfy their craving for "torlys" or "pomes," the delightful rhymes of Mother Goose will come to you like a draught of cool spring water to the lips of a weary, thirsty traveller, and you will begin to understand how great a blessing to the world are such rhymes as:

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
Tom was beat, and the pig was eat,
And Tom ran crying down the street."

ABOUT SOME AUTHORS.

CHARLES DICKENS was extremely fond of amateur theatricals. A recently discovered letter of his contains the following lines which are most characteristic of the author of *Pickwick*, "I am terribly out of spirits this morning owing to the great difficulty I and the stage carpenter experience in making moonlight, which is a much more troublesome task than we anticipated." There is something very ludicrous in the idea of employing a carpenter to make moonlight.

Dr. Cotton Mather, who died in Boston in 1728, was the author of three hundred and eighty-two works, some of them being of huge dimensions. The most bulky of his works contained seven large folio volumes. He died at the age of sixty-five.

Robert Dodsley, famous as a bookseller, and author of much ingenious writing, was a man almost entirely devoid of education. He was a natural writer, developing into an author of no little renown, from the very small beginning of a livery servant.

The poet Shelley, as a boy, was possessed of a marvellous imagination. So wonderful, indeed, was it that it gave his parents many an anxious hour. He would recount imaginary scenes and conversations as though they were actual, and it really seemed as though he were unable to distinguish between the little fictions of his imagination and actual fact. This characteristic was strong with Shelley throughout his not very long life, and frequently gave rise to unfortunate complications between himself and those who did not understand his nature and habit.

Dr. Johnson, who was extremely careless of his personal appearance, called at the house of a friend one night to induce him to call with him upon Goldsmith. The philosopher was sprucely dressed, as neat in every way as any one could wish, and his friend noticing the change, inquired why he had got himself up so spick and span. "Why, sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

THOMAS B. REED'S BOYHOOD.

AMONG the documents cherished by Chief Justice Appleton, says a writer in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, was a letter written by one of his sons while at Bowdoin College. It was to the effect that a young friend of his who was in college would go down East in a few days to teach a country school during the vacation season, and young Appleton wanted his father to go down to the stage-coach house, and when the mail came in seek out his friend, take him home, and keep him overnight, as he had but little money.

"You will know him," Appleton wrote, "by his fat face, homespun clothes of gray, and by his broad-brim hat. He is a good fellow, he has a great head for learning, and, if he lives, will make a mark in the world. If you don't pick him out, ask the stage-driver to show you Tom Reed; he knows him."

Judge Appleton went down and found Tom. He took him home and gave him a supper, a good bed and a breakfast, and helped him in another way toward his school district. The good fellow has "made his mark in the world."



Peter Newell '97.
NY

A REBUKE.

"I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, SIR! ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, NOT OFFERING TO PUSH BABY'S CARRIAGE WHEN I'VE GIVEN YOU HALF MY CANDY!"

POLLY AND THE FROG.

I THINK the frog most impolite
Of fishes on the land or sea—
It fish he be—
I saw one in the bog one night,
And on my word of honor he
Did wink at me,
And blink at me
Which made me terribly confused,
For we had not been introduced. J. K. B.

WALLY REASONS.

"I DON'T see why you won't let me eat all my candy," whined Wally on Christmas morning. "It didn't hurt my stockin' to be full of it, an' I'm bigger than it."

WHY HE DIDN'T WANT TO COME IN.

"COME in, Jack," cried his mother. "It's going to rain; besides, it is time for you to take your bath."

"Baths is wetter than rain, mamma," returned Jack.

WILLIE'S GRUDGE.

"I DON'T like our doctor," said Willie. "I went and caught a cold bad enough to keep me home from school for two weeks, and the mean old doctor cured me in less 'n two days."

WHAT HE WANTED.

"I AM afraid you are greedy," said Walter's father at dinner.

"No, I'm not greedy," said Walter. "I only want all I want."

A NEW SALAD DRESSING.

BARBARA is very fond of salad. One day she passed her plate for a second serving, while there was still some left on it.

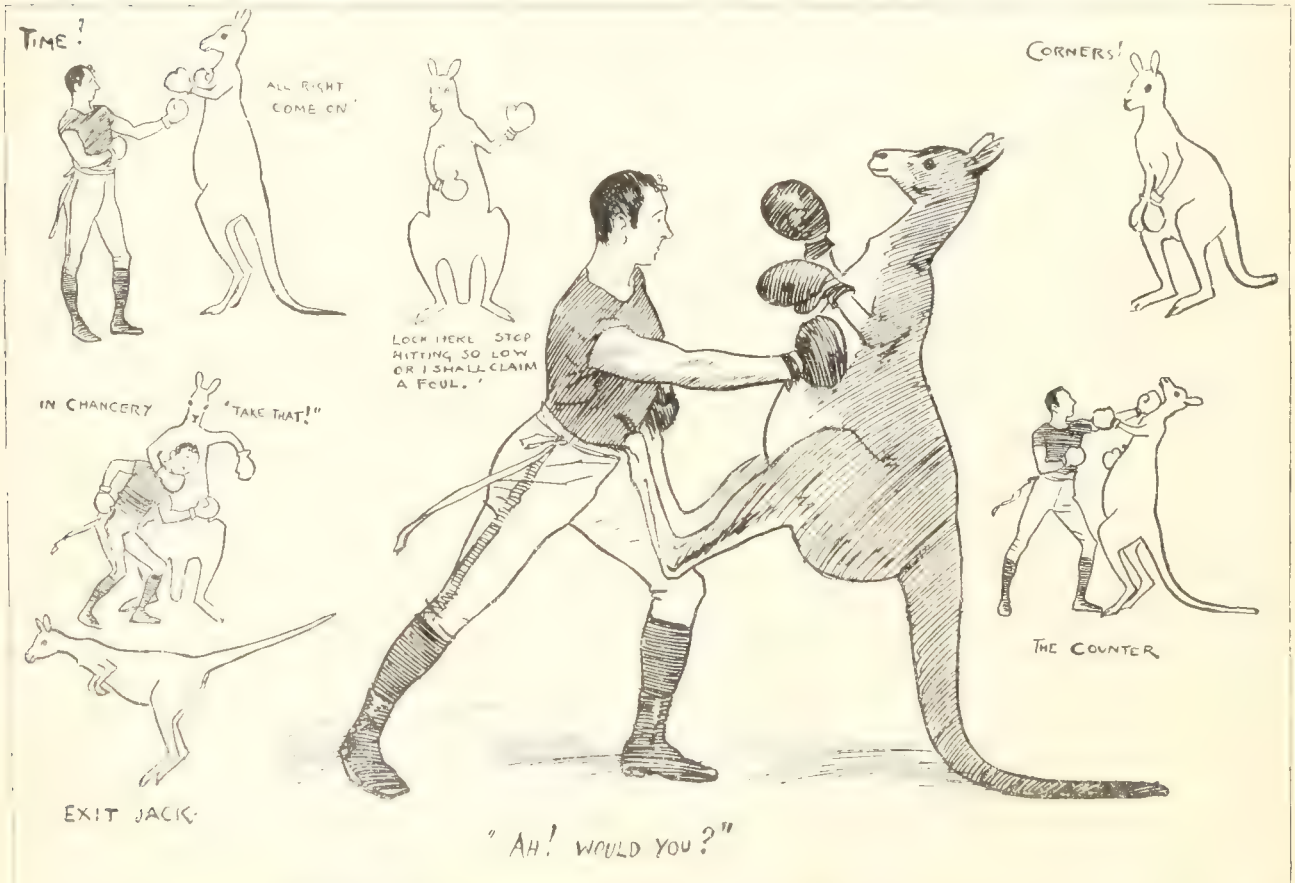
"Why, you haven't eaten all of your lettuce yet," said her mother.

"Please, mamma," said Barbara, "give me some more. This is all dry, and I want some with 'mmery on it."

A DEPUTY.

MAY. "What did Santa Claus bring you?"

NANNIE. "He was so busy that he couldn't come to our house, so he wrote to papa and had him get the presents."



THE PUGILISTIC KANGAROO, NOW PERFORMING IN LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

LYDANNE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

MRS. JAMES opened the door of the front basement, where Lydanne sat busily at work, and looked at the girl in a sort of dejected silence for a moment. "Lydanne," she said finally, "I'm afraid the drawing-room floor isn't good enough for those ladies. It'll just be our luck to have them leave when the week's up."

Lydanne let her sewing drop for a moment, and looked up with the gay smile she always brought to bear on her aunt's despondent moods. "Why, don't you fret about *that*, Aunt Milly," she said, cheerily. "If they weren't satisfied, they wouldn't stay, would they? And they're not poor people. They could go where they liked, I suppose."

Mrs. James sat down on the nearest chair, and gazed anxiously at the girl. "But you know, Lydanne," she expostulated, in her gentle tired voice, "when you said the young lady spoke to you in the Crystal Palace that day, and wanted to take rooms here, you admitted you thought they would not be the right thing for her."

Lydanne folded up her work, and stood up with a light-hearted laugh. "But, Aunt Mil," she exclaimed, "I told her then we were only plain people, with plain rooms to let, and she said that was just what she wanted—a quiet, retired place—and it was because I looked like a dear friend of hers that she had spoken to me, and surely she has never once found any fault. Why, only this morning when I carried up the breakfast tray she said she hoped she wasn't giving too much trouble on account of being such an invalid."

"I know," assented Mrs. James, a trifle more cheerfully. "But why two ladies like them should come to plain lodgings in Belton Street I can't understand. And, Lydanne, it's the boys' Christmas *I'm* thinking of. We promised so much, and never thought the dining-room floor and the upper one would stay empty so long."

For a wonder, Lydanne's sweet cheery face darkened. She knew even better than her aunt how badly matters stood financially. It had been an unexpected season, when to the modest tidy little dwelling in Belton Street, Hammersmith, London, few applications for rooms had been made, and meanwhile the rent and living of the



house had to go on. The boys, Jim and Charlie, were at a cheap boarding-school, and it was the dearest aim of Mrs. James's and Lydanne's life to push them forward, and to give them some boyish happiness during their brief holidays. Lydanne's sewing at this moment was being hurried through for a great shop in the West End, in the fond hope that something might be saved that would at least insure a night at the Christmas pantomime, and there was a little tear-stained scrawl in her pocket from Charlie which she had not dared let her aunt see, saying

"DEER LYDANNE. Don't forgit Christmas, wich we talk about all the time, and all the boys are goin, and we are afrade we won't. Your little CHARLIE."

It had seemed like something in a story-book when, a few days before, a tall, sweet-faced, daintily dressed young lady had spoken to her at the Crystal Palace, to which a friend had invited her, had asked her name, finally drawn out the fact that her aunt let rooms, and as a result engaged the long-vacant drawing-room floor for herself, companion, and maid. When Lydanne stopped to consider it—to think of Miss Gretman's delicate elegance, her evident wealth and habits of luxury—it *did* seem queer that she should choose Belton Street, and the simplest dwelling in it.

"When I see that brougham coming up to the door every day," poor Mrs. James continued, "I'm proud in one way, but it gives me a chill in another. I *know* it won't go on."

Lydanne was silent for a moment. She was only a girl of sixteen, but for four years, ever since she left school, had been accustomed to protecting her aunt from her natural tendency to taking the gloomy view of things. She it was who had been the life and sunshine of the house in their most trying days, and it would not do now to lose pluck or the courage she needed to keep up Mrs. James's heart, and to at least give the boys a cheery welcome on their holidays. But the situation *was* hard. There were bills on different sides to be paid, and—well, Lydanne could not repress a sigh, even while she was trying to look her brightest.

"There!" Mrs. James exclaimed suddenly, as the bell from the drawing-room floor sounded. "Lydanne, when you go up, if they speak of leaving—"

Lydanne laughed lightly. "Never mind, Aunt Mil," she exclaimed, gayly; "I'll assure them they could never by any chance be as comfortable in the Langham Hotel even as they are here; and as I'm an American, you know, every word ought to count with them!"

Lydanne's good spirits were really natural, as she ran up stairs to answer Miss Gretman's bell. It was always a pleasure to have even a brief talk with the young American girl, who, in spite of her confirmed ill health, was always so bright and so sympathetic and interested in all Lydanne had to say; indeed, it often surprised the girl that Miss Gretman should care to hear so much of her history, her feelings, her ambitions, and her personal ideas on various subjects, but Miss Gretman never put questions in a way that could make Lydanne uncomfortable. They always seemed the result of her tender sympathetic nature.

Lydanne's light tap on the drawing-room door was answered by a sweet clear voice, "Come in"; and as Lydanne entered, a young lady of about eighteen, in a long pink cashmere wrapper, with daintiest frills of lace, turned from the window to say, brightly, "Good-morning, Lydanne; I haven't seen you to day; and how dreary the weather is!"

"Why, yes, Miss Gretman," said Lydanne. "We generally *do* have it dreary this season. Once I remember what was called a *black* Christmas, the fog was so dreadful."

Lydanne, with her fresh, healthful look, her sparkling eyes and blooming color, and her shabby dark blue gown, and Miss Gretman, with her very delicate features and coloring, her somewhat languid air and rich costume, formed a very great contrast as they stood there. Yet even a careless observer would have seen there was something in common between them—the rich girl, with all that loving care and thought could provide, and the hard-worked but light-hearted little niece of poor Mrs. James. Just what it was I cannot say, but it must have been that both Helen Gretman and Lydanne felt it themselves, for in their talks there was seldom much restraint.

"What can I do for you, Miss Gretman?" Lydanne continued, remembering she had not come up here simply for a talk. "You rang, you know."

Helen Gretman laughed softly. "I know I did, Lydanne," she said, flinging herself into a low easy-chair, and looking at the trim little figure before her with a pleasant smile. "But I really only wanted to see you, I think. Sit down, Lydanne. Don't stand there as if you were not—"

"Oh, Miss Gretman," interrupted Lydanne, with a sudden blush, "you're very kind, but I don't think aunt would like it. And, besides, I've work to finish, if you really don't want anything."

"But I told you I *do*," exclaimed Helen Gretman, opening her blue eyes widely. "Bring your work up here, and help me pass an hour while Mrs. Marston is out. Come, Lydanne. Don't be disagreeable. I'm not a bit well to-day, and I must be amused."

Helen leaned back in her chair, and it seemed to Lydanne as though she certainly had grown paler during the last few days. The clear white of her skin had not a touch of color, and her small fine features seemed more delicate than ever.

"I can't make it out, Lydanne," Mrs. James observed, on hearing of the invitation. "And all I look into is that people of this kind pick you up one day, and throw you down the next."

"Very well," laughed Lydanne, "I'll have my picked-up day's pleasure, anyhow," and gathering up her silks and crewels, she ran up stairs, and was soon seated opposite Miss Gretman by the bright fire.

Outside, leaden skies and a fast-gathering fog seemed to frame in the picture of the two girls in the lamp-lit room, and as they chatted, all the day's dreariness was forgotten. Suddenly, in a pause, Lydanne took courage, and lifting her dark eyes to her companion's face, said, earnestly,

"Miss Gretman, you won't mind my asking you, but it seems so strange; why did you come to such a poor little place as this?"

Helen looked down a moment in thoughtful silence. "Well, Lydanne," she answered, gravely, "because for three years I have had one fixed purpose in life; it's been a dream with me, a great hope, and I've done all I could to carry it out." She smiled wistfully. "You don't know how glad I shall be if I can do so. Now you may be surprised, but *you* are the one who can help me in the matter."

"*I*?" cried Lydanne. She could hardly believe she had heard aright.

"Yes," pursued the other, quietly. "When the time comes I'll ask your services. Do you promise to do just what I ask?"

"Yes," half whispered Lydanne. What could it mean?

"Where are you going Christmas day?" Helen asked next.

Lydanne laughed and colored. "Oh, I don't believe we can go anywhere then or Boxing-night,* and, oh, the boys will be so disappointed!"

* Boxing night is the 26th of December, when the Christmas pantomimes begin at the great London theatres.

And before she realized how it came about, Lydanne had briefly sketched her aunt's position.

"Well," said Helen, gravely, "the boys will have to give you to me for Christmas afternoon. You are going out to dinner with me, understand."

"Why, Miss Gretman!" cried the mystified Lydanne; but there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh yes," said the American girl, carelessly, "I'm very capricious, but I always have my own way, you'll find out, and if you interfere with me the least bit, my dear, you'll spoil all my careful plans." She laughed now almost as gayly as her companion. "Come, now, you must have tea with me. What shall it be, Lydanne? Something hot and nice. Will you go out for it, or shall I send Jane?"

Half an hour later saw a cozy, inviting supper table laid with chops and crumpets and cake from the best confectioner's in the neighborhood, and in her pleasure Lydanne almost forgot the pitiful little letter in her pocket. Only when she was going to bed, after paying for her "visiting" by two hours' work, did it occur to her with a pang that perhaps, after all, she was just being "picked up" to be of service to this rich girl, to be dropped when her task was ended. But could she have looked in upon Helen and her kind-hearted elderly chaperon, Mrs. Marston, that evening, her thoughts would have taken a happier channel.

"I'm sure, Helen," the old lady was saying, "he can't refuse you when he sees how your heart has been set on it, and the girl seems really sweet and ladylike. It's wonderful how she has told you all her story, never guessing why you were so interested in it."

"It *must* come right," said Helen, softly. "I feel God meant it from the first."

Lydanne continued during the week before Christmas to be more and more mystified by Miss Gretman's evident desire for her society, and her various little acts of kindness. All was so delicately done that when, on the morning of December 22d, she was summoned to Helen's bedroom, there to find a new dress waiting for her, she could only feel gratitude in accepting the gift. The skirt was made, the waist cut out—as pretty a dark blue silk, with pink trimmings, as heart of girl could wish.

"You see, Lydanne," explained Helen, in her careless way, "I thought you might like to wear it at dinner with me on Christmas day. Jane can finish the waist as well as any dressmaker."

Well, there was nothing to do but to submit to the generous caprices of this delicate, quiet-voiced girl, who, in spite of her fragile looks, had a strong will; and if it was not for Mrs. James continually declaring "it wouldn't last," Lydanne would have been entirely happy. But, as she often said, "Even if it doesn't last, Aunt Mil, there have been these good days, and I love her for them, and always shall."

Charlie's letter was answered, bidding him keep up hope, for she was working hard to make sure of the pantomime on "Boxing-night." Cramped and poor as their lives had been ever since Lydanne came to live with Mrs. James, this "treat" had in some way, by dint of saving and pinching, been secured to them, and when Lydanne looked at her beautiful dress, tears came into the girl's eyes.

"How can I enjoy wearing *that*," she was thinking, "if my boys have no kind of a Christmas?"

It was six o'clock on the evening of December 24th, when a cab, well laden with luggage, stopped before a Dover Street hotel, and a stout, rather red-faced old gentleman, in a rich fur coat, and attended by a most obsequious valet, alighted, and was, with all show of attention, escorted to a fine, if rather sombre, suite of rooms.



A PRETTY DARK BLUE SILK, WITH PINK TRIMMINGS.

Within five minutes nearly every one was aware that old General Gretman had arrived, and presently the valet, after making his master comfortable before a glowing fire, was ringing the bell for the General's letters, a salver laden with which being promptly brought up stairs.

The General threw all aside until he came to one in a girl's handwriting, and this he opened eagerly, reading it with various "Humphs" and "Pshaws," but not being satisfied until he had gone over it the second time.

"DEAREST GRANDPAPA" (it ran),—"I received your telegram, and shall be so happy to be once more with you. We have been *very* comfortable even in plain lodgings, 59 Belton Street, Hammersmith, and as I've been coughing a great deal lately, *you* must dine with me up here on Christmas day, instead of my going to you. And, grandpapa darling, I'm going to keep you to your word, like a gentleman and a soldier, sir. Do you remember that you promised if I was a good girl and tried my best to get well you would do *anything* I asked on Christmas? Now it isn't going to be much of a favor. It's something which ought to make you and a great many people happy. We'll expect you by one o'clock.

"Your loving HELEN."

"What notion has she taken up *now*, I wonder?" reflected the old man, while the servants noiselessly laid out an epicure's dinner—Thomas, the valet, knew just what to order. "Well, well, poor child, she must have her own way! She's all the Lord has left me!" And so many sad recollections trooped into the old man's mind that Thomas had to speak twice before he roused his master to the fact that dinner was served, and the meal was eaten in silence. Christmas-time was too full of memo-

ries to be a happy season to the old General yet this year the encouragement given by wise doctors for the health of his darling grandchild had taken one dread from his heart. How he had watched, had loved, had humored, had petted her! And all who knew her said it had only served to make her sweeter and fairer in spirit! When he had thought he was going to lose her, a year ago, what agony he had endured! How he had prayed for the first time in years, recalling former acts of bitterness towards others now in their graves, fearing lest God would take his one treasure from him to bring him to a softer mind and heart! And now, on this Christmas eve, as the old General sat at his lonely fireside, strangely tender thoughts of those he had once rejected and ill-treated came over him. The spirit of the season, its "peace," reached him, and the prayers little Helen was saying at that moment were surely answered.

"There, Lydanne! The table is charming, isn't it? And now, my dear, will you mind waiting down-stairs until I ring for you—as my grandfather is a little—odd—and I'd like to see him alone first."

Helen was the speaker, and Lydanne, fully agreeing with her that the dinner table laid for four was "perfectly lovely," sped away to the front basement, where the boys were revelling in presents Helen had sent down early that morning, while they were full of delight on hearing that the pantomime tickets were secured.

A carriage rolled up to the door. Helen's heart beat as she watched her grandfather alight, and it still went too swiftly even when she was wrapped in his embrace, conscious that his one joy in life was to have her with him.

"And now, grandpapa darling," she said when she had him comfortably seated before the fire, and had drawn a low bench for herself close beside him, "I *must* have my own choice of a Christmas present, you know?"

The old man stroked her pretty blond hair fondly. "You've always had it, little one," he said, gently. "Now what is this wonderful gift?"

Helen stood up. Her eyes were shining with excitement but moist.

"Grandpapa," she said, solemnly, "three years ago, when I heard my aunt's story, I made up my mind not to rest until I found out where she had gone when you forbade her the home you gave *me*, and I've done it, grandpapa!" the young girl said, with flushed cheeks. "First by means of her husband's family. She came to London. She found a home with a poor woman. And when she died she left a little girl five years old, whom this poor woman adopted and brought up as her niece. Well, dear, I wanted to see her for myself first—and so I did. I had the woman's address, and I watched the girl two or three times before I came here to lodge. And, grandpapa darling"—Helen's head was on his shoulder now and her slim arms about his neck—"we needn't talk any more about it—the Christmas present *I* want is just *Lydanne!*"

"Why, yes, sir," Mrs. James was saying, an hour later, in answer to the General's cross-examination. "It's all just as the dear young lady says. Mrs. Humphreys lodged with me, and paid as long as she could, poor lady, and when she died, I'd no heart to send little Lydanne away; so I brought her up to call me her aunt, and a blessing she's been to me, sir, the Lord knows. I never did better for myself. I knew her ma was called Lydanne because she didn't like her Christian name, Lydia Anne, and so, queer as it sounded, I never called the little one anything else. Often I've wondered if any one would turn up to claim her, and poor as I've been, I've dreaded it."

The old General looked at Mrs. James with wet eyes. "God bless you, madam," he said, gravely. "You've helped me in some degree to repair a great, a terrible wrong."

You can well imagine the unusual excitement at the little house on Belton Street that memorable Christmas day. Lydanne was the only very quiet person, but she could not take in this sudden change in her fortunes, nor could she feel it right to consider Mrs. James as any other than her own aunt. Her mother's story only made her cling the more to the woman who had sheltered them both; and I am inclined to the belief that in spite of her love for Helen, she would have rejected the General's offer to at once take the place of his granddaughter, and be as Helen's sister, but for his settling the James family comfortably for life, and agreeing that under no circumstances should she be a stranger to them.

People said Helen Gretman's health came back because of her happily ended quest. Helen says it is because of Lydanne's tender care. At all events, the old home in Massachusetts is far brighter and happier to-day with two girls' voices ringing in it, and you may be sure the boys went royally to the pantomime.

THEMISTOCLES.

A MAN of Seriphus once told Themistocles that it was not due to any personal exertion that he (Themistocles) had obtained high honor, but rather to the greatness of Athens, which made him prominent.

Themistocles agreed with him in this fashion: "You speak truth. I should never have been famous if I had been of Seriphus; nor," added the philosopher, "would you, had you been of Athens."

After this remark, it is very probable that the Seriphian departed without making further communications.

The son of Themistocles once wished to gain permission to do something, so he persuaded his mother to intercede with his father, which was successful. Themistocles laughed at this, and told his son that he had more power than any one in Greece. "For," said Themistocles, "the Athenians command the rest of Greece, I command the Athenians, your mother commands me, and you command your mother."

CYRIL TYLER.

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

CYRIL TYLER is a boy who sings. I do not mean to say that there are not a great many boys who sing; but Cyril Tyler is a boy who happens to sing particularly well for any boy in the world. I do not mean to say, either, that he does not do other things besides sing. For instance, he eats and drinks and sleeps and studies, and plays when he has time for it, and accomplishes a good many other affairs that belong to his young life. But still, singing has become the main business of Cyril's life. He is so much in earnest about it that in the course of a single week many hundreds of people—in the course of a month many thousands—crowd large concert halls to listen to him. Cyril is not a very old boy—only about twelve years of age. He is strong and well, and as lively as a cricket. As to his looks, which is the least thing that a boy cares about, or ought to care about, why, you can judge of them for yourself from the picture, in which he is standing with his legs very wide apart, and looking very straight at you—a position which is very natural to him.

Cyril hails from Detroit, though he was born in Naples, Italy, of very musical parentage. When he was a little fellow—I mean a great deal smaller fellow than he is now—his friends noticed that he had a beautiful voice—pure, strong, and sweet. He went into a Detroit church choir, and before long all through the city people

talked of that chorister whose voice rang out above all the rest. Also, before long, people began to go to that church just as much to hear young Master Cyril Tyler sing as for any other part of the musical service, and soon they went for more than that part.

The fame of the boy "with the voice" began to widen. First one musician and then another in different parts of the country began to know about him. They said that if he could so delight a church full of people, it must surely follow that he could charm an audience in a concert hall—a large concert hall. So it proved. A wise manager made a contract with the lad through his people. The contract was that not only Master Cyril Tyler was to sing for that manager in so many concerts all over the United States for this or that year; but, more than that, the manager was to have the right to be Cyril's concert manager so long as the boy lived, even after the beautiful voice which he has to-day shall be changed, probably, for a man's voice equally lovely, and as sure to win applause.

The contract was made. Cyril has been singing almost all over the country ever since—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and many other Eastern and Western cities.

I met the boy the other evening. We sat together in his dressing-room, with some other members of his concert company moving in and out and around us. On the other side of the door was a large audience, who had been applauding the wonderful little lad to the echo.

"I suppose it's rather foolish to ask you what you would rather do than anything else?" said I, as he sat there by my side, his face very grave, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes shining.

"Oh, dear me, yes," he said, coming out of a kind of brown-study. "I'd a *great* deal rather sing than do anything else in the world. I hope I shall be able to keep on singing, somehow, all my life." Then turning to me, with the happiest expression in the world in his blue eyes, he added, "Do you sing?"

"No, Cyril," said I, "unfortunately I do not sing. There are some things that the rest of us have to leave for you—and women or men and boys like you—to do. I am pretty busy with music myself—in a way; but, unluckily for me, my way is not your way."

He laughed a little. "I'm awfully sorry for you if you don't sing," he said, "for do you know it's perfectly delightful to sing. Why, when I sing I forget everything else—the people, myself, everything."

"Well," said I, "that's the only way in the world, I sometimes think, in which any of us can accomplish what we want in the best way. We must forget all about ourselves when doing it."

"But don't you think that's very easy in music?" said he; "almost easier than in anything else that a fellow tries to do?"

"Perhaps so," I answered; "though I think, Cyril, that if you and I said as much to a painter who was a real painter and really fond of painting, he would tell us that when he painted pictures he became so deeply interested in them that he forgot all about himself, too, and that he only wished that there were a hundred hours of daylight in every day that he might work, work, work. The fact is, Cyril, life is full of perfectly delightful things to do, things that please ourselves and please other people, and the pleasure of doing them as well as we can puts every other idea out of one's mind quite often. You are not very old, not as old as I am, but you have found out a secret that every boy and girl and man and woman should find out sooner or later, or else be not nearly so lucky as one would wish."

Just then, as we sat there talking, there was a loud burst of hand-clapping from the concert hall outside. The audience were applauding a lady who had just sung, and she came hurrying into the room smiling; then she hurried out again to make a very pretty bow; then she returned and nodded to Cyril, who nodded gayly to her.



CYRIL TYLER.—From a Photograph by Sarony

The manager came up. "Now, if you are ready, please," said he to Cyril.

"Please excuse me, sir," said the boy. "It is my number on the programme again. I am going to sing Gounod's 'Ave Maria.' I'm sorry to have to go, but, of course, I must. Aren't you going around to the front to hear me?"

"Yes, indeed," I said. "Good-night; and I needn't tell you to sing your best, in what is left of this programme and of every other programme that you ever have anything to sing in anywhere."

"No," said he, "I rather think not; I can't think of doing anything else, you see. I don't think I'd be *my self* if I thought of anything different from that." He sprang to his feet, followed the manager out through the folding-doors to the stage. The doors swung back, and I heard the greeting that the people gave to "the boy with the wonderful voice" as he appeared for his last solo on the programme. Very beautifully he sang it; but even more beautifully the encore number that the house insisted on, the old song, "Home, Sweet Home." And with his high flutelike tones ringing in our ears we went home ourselves.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRUTH, BUT NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH.

WINN was greatly perturbed by hearing from the *Whatnot*'s engine-room the inquiries concerning Sheriff Riley's skiff, and Cap'n Cod's replies. He had not meant to steal the boat, of course, but it now seemed that he was regarded as having done so, and was being hotly pursued by some one interested in its recovery. It was not the Sheriff himself, for the voice was a strange one; so it was probably one of his men, who undoubtedly had one or more companions. Winn was too ignorant of the world to know whether escaping from a Sheriff who had unjustly arrested him, and running off with his boat, would be considered a serious offence or not. He only knew that while perfectly conscious of his own innocence, he yet felt as though he were fleeing from justice.

Then, too, the Captain of this strange craft on which he had just found an asylum, but from which he would already be glad to escape, had declared himself to be a friend of Sheriff Riley, and well acquainted with his boat. Of course, then, he would gladly aid his friend in recovering his property, and would not hesitate to make a prisoner of the person who had run off with it. In that case he would be taken back to Dubuque in disgrace, his father would have to be sent for—and who knew where he might be by this time?—and there would be a long delay that he would probably have to endure in prison. In the mean time what would become of the raft lost through his carelessness and self-conceit?

Decidedly all this must be prevented if possible, and though the boy would have scorned to tell a lie even to save his life, he determined to tell as little of the truth as would be necessary to answer the questions that he knew would shortly be put to him.

While Winn was puzzling over this situation, and trying to frame a plausible story that would account for his presence on the tow-head without overstepping the bounds of truth, the door of the engine-room opened, and Cap'n Cod stumped in. He brought an armful of dry clothing, and was beaming with the satisfaction that he always felt when engaged in helping any one out of trouble.

"Well, my muddy young friend," he exclaimed, good-naturedly, "how are you getting on? Has Solon taken good care of you? Here are some clothes that, I guess, you will have to make the best of until your own can be dried. They probably won't come within a mile of fitting, but clothing does not make the man, you know, and we are not very critical as to appearances aboard the *Whatnot*. By the way, my name is Efield Aleck Efield. What did you say yours was?"

"I don't think I said," answered the boy, slipping into a woollen shirt many sizes too large for him; "but it is Winn."

"Winn, eh? Good name. Belong to the Massachusetts Winns?"

"My parents came from there, but I was born in Wisconsin."

"Yes, yes. Just so. But, there! I mustn't hinder you. Supper is ready, and if you haven't any better place to go to, we should be most happy to have you join us."

"Thank you, sir," replied Winn. "I shall be only too glad to do so, for I haven't had any supper, and the raft to which I belong has probably gone off down the river without me."

"So you belong to a raft, eh? And what happened? Did you tumble overboard from it?"

"No, sir. I came to this island in the skiff, and was trying to make a line fast, when the skiff got away from me."

"And they didn't notice it through the gloom until it was too late to do anything, and so you got left! Yes, yes. I see just how it all happened! Such accidents are of common occurrence on the river, and you were very fortunate to find us here. I shall be delighted to have you for a guest to-night, and in the morning your friends will undoubtedly return to look for you."

As he thus rattled on in cheery fashion, Cap'n Cod gathered up Winn's wet clothing, preparatory to taking them to the galley to be dried. Not finding either coat or shoes in the water-soaked pile, he inquired if the boy had left the raft without them.

"No, sir," replied Winn, "but I took them off, and left them in the skiff."

"You did! That's bad; for when your friends find the skiff with your clothes in it, they will be apt to imagine you are drowned. Then they'll search the river below here for your body, instead of coming back to look for you. Never mind, though," he added quickly, mistaking the expression of relief which this suggestion brought to Winn's face for one of dismay, "we'll soon relieve their anxiety. We'll get a mule, and put him in here as quick as our show earns his price. Then we'll go humming down the river faster than any raft that ever drifted. We may be several days in overtaking them, but I shall be only too happy to have you remain with us for that length of time, and longer, too, if you will. I am greatly in need of an assistant to help me run the show. So if you are willing to take hold and work with us, the obligation will be wholly on my side."

"Of course I will, sir!" exclaimed Winn, whose spirits were rising as the difficulties of his situation began to disappear. "I will do anything I can, only I didn't know this was a show-boat, and I'm afraid I am pretty ignorant about shows anyway."

"That will be all right," replied the Captain. "My own experience in the dramatic line has been so extensive that I shall have no difficulty in posting you. I am surprised, though, that you did not recognize this boat as having been built by one of the profession, and specially adapted to its requirements."

"Suppah, sah! An' Missy Sabel awaitin'," interrupted Solon.

Glad as Winn was of this diversion, and though he was as thankful as only a famished boy can be that a bountiful meal awaited him, he would willingly have gone hungry a little longer rather than enter that dining-room just then. Although the engine-room did not afford a mirror, he was conscious that he must present about as absurd a figure as can well be conceived. He was barefooted, and the left leg of his trousers was turned up to keep it from the floor, while the right, owing to the Captain's misfortune, barely reached his ankle. A checked woollen shirt hung about him in folds, and over it he wore a garment that Cap'n Cod was pleased to style his "professional coat." It was a blue swallow-tail, with bright brass buttons.

"A pretty costume in which to appear before a strange girl," thought poor Winn. "I know I must look like a guy, and she can't help laughing, of course; but if she does, I'll never speak to her as long as I live, and I'll leave this craft the very first chance I get."

While these thoughts were crowding fast upon one another, the boy was being dragged into the dining-room by Cap'n Cod, and formally presented as "Mr. Winn, of Massachusetts," to "my grandniece Sabella, sir."

During the meal Winn and Sabella exchanged furtive glances, which each hoped the other would not notice,

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

and the boy, at least, blushed furiously whenever one of his was detected. Although neither of them said much, the meal was by no means a silent one; for the Captain maintained a steady and cheerful flow of conversation from its beginning to its end. He told Sabella a thrilling tale of Winn's narrow escape from drowning, and how his friends were at that moment drifting far away down the river, anxiously speculating as to his fate. Then he told Winn of the painting of the panorama, the building of the *Whatnot*, and of his plans for the future.

When the meal finally came to an end, on account of Winn's inability to eat any more, the boy was surprised to find how much at home he had been made to feel by the unaffected simplicity and unobtrusive kindness of these strangers.

While Sabella and Solon cleared the table, the Captain lighted a lantern and showed him over the boat. Thus the boy discovered that while its after-part was devoted to the engine-room and quarters for a living, one-mule-power engine, a galley, and the general living-room, the remainder of the house was arranged as an entertainment hall, with a small curtained stage at one end, and seats for one hundred spectators. Cap'n Cod informed him that this was to be his sleeping apartment so long as he remained with them. The Captain slept in the pilot-house, while Sabella's dainty little room was in the after-house on the upper deck, and was connected with the living-room by a flight of inside stairs.

Chapter XVIII.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

The next morning, when Winn opened his eyes after the first night of undisturbed sleep he had enjoyed since leaving home, he was for a moment greatly puzzled to account for his surroundings. His bed had been made down in the exhibition hall on two benches drawn close together, and as he awoke, he found himself staring at a most marvellous painting that occupied the full height and nearly the entire width of the stage at the farther end of the hall. It was a lurid scene, but so filled with black shadows that to a vivid imagination it might represent any one of many things. While the boy was wondering if the young woman in yellow who appeared in the upper corner of the picture, with outstretched arms and dishevelled hair, was about to commit suicide by flinging herself from the second story of the factory, a door opened, and his host of the evening before tiptoed into the room.

The expression "tiptoed" is here used to indicate the extreme caution of Cap'n Cod's entrance, and his evident desire to effect it as noiselessly as possible. As he could only tiptoe on one foot, however, and had neglected to muffle the iron-shod peg that served him in place of the other, his progress was attended with more than its usual amount of noise. He appeared relieved to find Winn awake, and advancing with a cordial greeting, he laid the boy's own clothing, now cleaned and dried, within his reach.

"I should have sent Solon in with these," he explained, "but for fear he might make a noise that would rouse you, and I noticed last evening that you were sadly in need of sleep. So, if you had not been awake, I should have stolen away as noiselessly as I entered, and left you to have your nap out. Now, however, I think you had better come to breakfast, for Sabella and I finished ours some time ago."

"Thank you, sir," said Winn. "I will be out in half a minute. But will you please explain that painting? I have been studying it ever since I woke."

"That," replied the Captain, with an accent of honest pride, "is what I consider one of my *chef-dovers*. I term it a 'Shakespearian composite.' In order to please the tastes of certain audiences, I shall describe it as the balcony scene between Romeo and Juliet. You may note Romeo's mandolin lying at his feet, while over the whole falls the melancholy light of a full moon rising behind the palace. To suit a less-intelligent class, it would perhaps be described as the escape of a Turkish captive by leaping from the upper floor of the Sultan's seraglio into the arms of her gallant rescuer, who would be American, British, French, German, or Spanish, according to the predominating nationality of my audience. Or it might be called 'A Thrilling Incident of the Great New York Fire,' in which case Juliet's moonlight would be spoken of as 'devastating flames,' and Romeo's mandolin would figure as a fireman's helmet. It is a painting of infinite possibilities, any one of which may be impressed upon an audience by a judiciously selected title and the skilful directing of their imagination. Although I am proud of this picture, I have a number of other 'composites' that are even more startling than this in the variety of scenes that they can be made to illustrate. By studying them you will learn that the whole secret of artistic success lies in the selection of titles that appeal to and direct the imagination of the critic, the spectator, or the would-be purchaser. I would gladly exhibit and explain them to you now, but business before pleasure; so, if you are dressed, let us to breakfast."

While Winn was eating his late breakfast, Billy Brackett, only a couple of miles away, was gazing with an expression of the blankest amazement at his nephew's note-book.

"How in the name of all that is mysterious and improbable did this book happen to be in that coat, that coat in that skiff, that skiff on that raft, and that raft here? It certainly seems as though I had brought the skiff from the raft—at least this man says I did. You are certain that I came in that identical boat, are you?"

"Certain, sir," replied the watchman to whom this question was addressed.

"No one else could have come in this skiff, and then gone off in mine by mistake?"

"Impossible, sir. I have been wide awake all night, and there has not been another soul aboard this wharf-boat until just now. Besides, I took that coat from the skiff just after you left it last evening."

"Then," said Billy Brackett, "the chain of evidence seems to be unbroken, incredible as it may appear, and it stretches from here, straight away down the river—book coat, coat skiff, skiff raft, raft Winn. Now, in order to bring its ends together, and recover my long-lost nephew, I must again overtake that raft. I must start as soon as possible after breakfast, too. I don't know whether the game Winn and I are playing is blind-man's-buff or hide-and-seek, but it certainly resembles both."

Musing over this new aspect of the situation, the young engineer hastened back to his hotel and breakfast. In the dining-room, a few minutes later, a waiter was leaning over him, and asking, for the third time, "Tea or coffee, sir, an' how'll you have your eggs?" when the inattentive guest suddenly caused him to jump as though galvanized, by bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, and exclaiming, "No, by the great horn-spoon, it can't be that way either! What's that you say? Oh yes, of course. Coffee, soft-boiled, and as quick as you can." Having delivered this order, the young man fixed his intent gaze on a brown spot ornamenting the table-cloth, and resumed his thinking.

It had just occurred to him that, according to all accounts, the raft from which he had taken that skiff had come down the river to this point two days before. So how could Winn Caspar, who had only escaped from the island a few minutes before he and Bim made good their own retreat, have reached the same place and joined that raft without attracting attention? Both the day and night watchman at the wharf-boat had assured him that no

such boy as he described had been seen on the water front. They also said that the raft had been there all the day before, and that when it left, it held only the three men who came with it. "Of course he might have been inside the 'shanty' when I was aboard, though I can't see how he got there, nor why he should join a strange raft anyway," argued the young man. "At any rate, it's my business to find out whether or not he is aboard it now. How about using the skiff, though? If it is the one Winn ran off with, it belongs to that Sheriff fellow. Like as not, he has already sent word down the river to have it picked up. In that case, if I was picked up in it, I might be accused of stealing it, which would never do in the world. No; to be on the safe side I must leave the skiff here, and take the first down-river steamboat that stops at this landing. First, though, I'll advertise for Winn in this town, and if I don't find him on the raft, there may be news waiting for me here when I come back."

This was the plan upon which the young engineer decided to act, and immediately after breakfast he proceeded to put it into execution.

There was no paper published in the place, but it did contain a makeshift sort of a printing-office, and toward this Billy Brackett directed his steps, after learning at what hour the next down-river boat was expected. Here he spent some time in composing a small circular, of which he ordered five hundred copies to be struck off, and distributed broadcast. His boat came along, and he had to leave before this was ready for press; but he had engaged the services of his new acquaintance the night-watchman, who promised to place the bills wherever they would do good.

Poor Bim, tied up on the wharf-boat, and nearly heart-broken at his master's desertion, was also left in charge of this man. Billy Brackett was desirous of establishing friendly relations with the raftsmen when he should overtake them, and feared that would be impossible in case they should recognize him. This they would certainly do if he were accompanied by the bull-dog, whom one of them at least had reason to remember so well.

At another small landing, nearly a hundred miles down the river, Messrs. Gilder, Grimshaw, and Plater were rendered somewhat uneasy, late on the following day, by the appearance on board their raft of a young man who asked questions. Billy Brackett had experienced considerable difficulty in finding this raft, and was greatly disappointed that his search in this direction should prove fruitless. The raftsmen had never heard of Major Caspar, nor of Winn Caspar, his son. They were lumbermen from far up on the Wisconsin River, and were taking their raft to New Orleans as a speculation. They knew nothing of Sheriff Riley or his skiff. Yes, they had picked up an empty skiff two days before, but it had been taken away and another left in its place by a young fellow with a dog, who had boarded their raft without invitation, set his dog on one of them, and then skipped. They would like to meet that party again—yes, they would—and they'd make things pretty lively for *him*.

Then they began asking questions in turn, and assuming such a hostile tone that Billy Brackett concluded he might as well leave then as later. So, after asking them to keep a sharp lookout for a raft with three "shanties," two of which were filled with wheat, he bade them good evening, and started back up the river by rail.

In the mean time the *Whatnot* had reached the town to which he was returning, and was now tied up just below the wharf-boat. It had been decided that the first exhibition of the "Floating Panoramic Show" should be given here, and Cap'n Cod went up into the town as soon as they arrived to have some bills printed. Winn, at the same time, started along the water-front to search for traces of his raft; and Sabella, who was very fond of dogs, went aboard the wharf-boat to make the acquaintance of a fine bull dog she had noticed there as they passed.



WINN'S INTRODUCTION TO SABELLA.

At supper-time they all gathered again in the living-room of the *Whatnot*, where Sabella reported her new friend to be the most splendid bull dog she had ever seen and that his name was Bim.

This name at once attracted Winn's attention, and he said he had an uncle somewhere out in California who owned a dog named Bim. Then the boy reported that nothing had been seen or heard of his raft, though he did not tell them he had discovered Sheriff Riley's skiff.

Cap'n Cod remarked that if he could only claim all the rewards he had just been offered, he could afford to run the *Whatnot* by steam. "There is one of a thousand dollars," he said, "for any information that will lead to the capture of a gang of counterfeiters, supposed to be operating in this vicinity. Then there is one of a hundred dollars for the arrest of the fellow who ran off with Sheriff Riley's skiff, and who is supposed to be a member of the same gang. There is still another, of an equal amount, for any information as to the whereabouts, if he is still living, or for the recovery of the body of a boy named Caspar, the only son of my old friend Major John Caspar, of Caspar's Mill, in Wisconsin. He has disappeared most unaccountably, together with a raft owned by his father. By-the-way, his first name is the same as your last one, which is a little odd, for Winn is not a common name. That's what it is, though, 'Winn Caspar.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

I.—HOW THE MERCHANTS OPENED UP THE WORLD.

WE have grown so used, during the last century or so, to give scientific or journalistic enterprise the credit for the great things being done in the way of exploration and discovery, that we are apt to forget the great debt we owe to commerce for even greater things accomplished in the days when there were no Smithsonian institutions nor British associations for the advancement of science, and when newspapers like the New York *Herald* and London *Daily Telegraph* did not exist to undertake the sending forth of expeditions into the burning wilds of Africa or the ice-bound regions of the mysterious North.

Neither scientific nor religious ardor nor greed for a growing empire inspired the discoverers of the fifteenth century to voyage so bravely forth into unknown seas. Trade was the grand object. The merchant went ahead, and opened up the path for the soldier and the priest. But for his enterprise it is quite possible that the sword of the one had not waved and the cross of the other had not been planted up to the present day in one-half of the Christianized world.

The voyage of Columbus was no exception. True, he was not himself a merchant. His aspirations soared high above the mercenary ideas of mere matter-of-fact business. But the expedition which he conducted to so glorious an issue had for its foundation the desire to rival the Venetians in the trade of that wonderful Cathay which poured such a flood of wealth into the lap of the City of the Isles.

It would be quite impossible in a single article to tell the whole story of any one of the expeditions which revealed to wondering Europe the hitherto unimagined extent of Africa, and the ocean pathway to India around the Cape of Good Hope. At most I can but select some of the most striking features of the chief expeditions.

Little Portugal is the country, and Dom Henry, son of

John I., the man, entitled to the honor of beginning the good work. The young Prince's imagination was excited by the glowing Moorish accounts of the countries south of the great African desert, and he determined to do all that lay in his power to solve the mystery then existing as to the shape and size of the southern continent.

Hitherto no European ship had got beyond Cape Bojador, which marks the northern end of the Sahara Desert, the strong currents which set around that celebrated cape having scared the mariners of that time, who regarded it as a divine warning to go no farther. But Dom Henry despatched one expedition after another to make the attempt, until at last, in the year 1432, the much-dreaded obstacle was successfully surmounted by Gilianes in a single vessel, a feat then regarded as fully equal to any of the labors of Hercules. It being thus made clear that Providence had no objection to such an enterprise, the Pope was good enough, by way of showing his approval of Dom Henry, to confer upon him a grant of all the lands that might be discovered beyond Cape Bojador to the East Indies, together with full absolution for the souls of all who should lose their lives while in the discovery of them.

Thus doubly fortified Gilianes returned to the charge in 1434 with two vessels, and passed a hundred miles beyond the cape, where, on landing, tracks of men and cattle were found. The next year he made further progress, and had an encounter with some natives who issued from a cave holding javelins in their hands. Several of these and one of the Portuguese were wounded, this being the beginning of that blood-shedding which unhappily stained the whole course of Portuguese discovery and colonization.

Each succeeding year the vessels worked further south, their owners fighting, trading, cheating, and lying their way towards the great discovery they were destined yet to achieve. Gold, ostrich feathers, ivory, and slaves were the principal objects of trade, and if business was not brisk the Portuguese never hesitated to resort to fraud or force to improve matters for themselves.

Cape Blanco and Cape Verde were passed in turn; the Senegal and Rio Grande rivers discovered, as well as the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands; the equator crossed without a mishap; the Grain Coast (so called from cochineal, known in the Italian market as *grana del paradiso*, being obtained there), the Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, and Slave Coast were reached in succession, and likewise the shores of Loango, Congo, and Angola. The King of Portugal now took the title of Lord of Guinea, the donation of all lands was confirmed by the Pope, and nothing remained but to push on to the farthest point, get around it, see what there was on the other side, and thus solve the great mystery.

The success of Columbus had much to do with stirring up the Portuguese to accomplish this. They were no less satisfied than he that the New World he had discovered was but an outlying portion of India, and they were determined to find out if it was not possible to reach the same goal by going around the southern extremity of Africa.

Bartholomew Diaz got as far as the point six years before Columbus sighted America, and, encountering a fierce storm there, called it *Tormentosa*, and turned back. But on his return the King, in proof of his faith in the future, changed the title to *Cabo de buena asperanza* (Cape of Good Hope), which it bears to this day. The same foolish superstition prevailed concerning it that had frightened mariners away from Cape Bojador. It was believed that the storms which drove Diaz back were perpetual, and that it was an impious tempting of Providence to persist in proceeding. King Emmanuel, however, was superior to this folly, and selecting Vasco da Gama, "a gentleman of quality, ability, and courage," he sent him off in the year 1497 with three small ships and one hundred and sixty men, and bearing letters of introduction to the King of Calicut and Prester John, the legendary potentate whose dominions were supposed to be somewhere in the vast regions of Asia.

The little fleet had a rough passage to the Cape, but when they reached it fortune favored them with fair weather, and on November 18th they successfully doubled it, their crews shouting and sounding trumpets in token of their triumph. Their progress northward along the coast was full of novelty and excitement, for they were sailing in seas no European keels had ever cloven before. At San Blas they saw three thousand sea-wolves on a rock in the harbor. On Christmas day, 1498, they touched at a place which in honor of the day they called *Tierra de Natal*, a name that still remains. A fortnight later they saw on the shore a large company of very tall people, and on landing were well received by them. Da Gama made the negro prince a present of a red jacket, stockings, and cap, which vastly pleased his sable Majesty and excited the enthusiastic admiration of his subjects.

Sailing along in a leisurely cautious fashion they passed through the strait which separates Madagascar from the mainland, and began to meet with signs of the presence of the Arabs, as the natives understood something of the language, and were less astonished than others had been at the sight of strangers. At Mozambique, Da Gama was rejoiced at being assured that he was on the right track for the renowned city of Calicut, in India. At Mombassa, the Moors, jealous of intruders upon the field of which they had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly, began to give trouble, but were easily driven off, and their plots for the destruction of the fleet frustrated.

Continuing coastward as far as the town of Melinda, a large and flourishing place with regular streets, and houses several stories high, where, to their great surprise, they met with Christians, who hailed from India, the three vessels on April 22d sailed off dauntlessly into that immense and unknown tract of ocean which stretched between the continent of Africa and the peninsula of India that was the grand and crowning object of the voyage. Hitherto Vasco da Gama had simply been feeling his way alongshore, so to speak, but now he was to dare the dangers of the uncharted waters two thousand miles in breadth that lay between him and Calicut. Well was it for the little expedition that its leader had both a sound head and a strong heart.

The good fortune which had favored the fleet thus far still continued, and at the end of a month's pleasant sailing the high hills near Calicut came in sight. Anchoring some distance from the city, Da Gama sent on shore to reconnoitre one of the criminals he had brought with him for the purpose. The man was conducted to the house of a Moor who could speak Spanish, and who at once roughly demanded what he had come for. After some conversation, however, he grew more courteous, and accompanied his visitor back to the ship, where he accosted Da Gama in Spanish with the words: "Good luck! good luck! many rubies; many emeralds. Thou art bound to give God thanks, for He has brought you where there are all sorts of spices, and precious stones, with all the riches of the world." The Admiral and his companions were so much delighted at hearing this good news in a Christian tongue when so far from home that they wept for joy. The Moor promised to do all the service he could for them, and returned to land, leaving them in high spirits.

Very soon an invitation came from the Samorin, as the King of Calicut was called, to pay him a visit. Taking twelve of his companions, Da Gama accepted it, although his brother officers feared treachery on the part of the Moors, who were very numerous and influential. They

were received with much pomp, and borne in splendid litters through crowded streets to the palace, where the Samorin welcomed them with every mark of respect. He was found reclining in a large room, the floor and walls of which were covered with rich velvets and silks, while he himself was clothed in fine linen, stiff with gold embroidery and pearls, his turban gleaming with precious stones, and his fingers and toes being laden with diamond rings. His attendants all held their left hands before their mouths, lest their breath should reach the royal beings.

The visitors having been duly seated, refreshments in the form of fruits were introduced, followed by water in a curious vessel having a long golden spout. Being informed that it was a gross breach of etiquette to let the spout touch their lips, the Portuguese were fain to hold the vessel off at some distance and try to pour the water into their gaping mouths as the natives did. But being unused to the proceeding, they made a poor business of it, and spilled a good deal, whereupon the courtiers showed that they could be as guilty of bad manners as they subsequently proved of bad faith by laughing outright at their guests' awkwardness.

At the outset the Samorin evinced every desire to be friendly, and to gratify Da Gama's desire to open up trade But no sooner was this apparent than the Moors, who for a long time had had a monopoly of the commerce of India, which they carried on by way of the Red Sea and Alexandria, began to plot against their European rivals, and by bribing the Samorin's courtiers, succeeded in filling his mind with suspicions about the new-comers. The negotiations which had opened so prosperously were interrupted, and finally the Admiral and some of his companions were seized and confined, not being released until Da Gama's brother had sent a quantity of goods as ransom.

On regaining his liberty Da Gama was so disgusted at this treachery that he resolved to set out for home. Two days after he sailed he was attacked during a calm by sixty large boats full of soldiers. Happily a wind sprang up in time to save the Portuguese fleet from falling into the hands of these treacherous rascals, and the homeward voyage was begun without further mishap. They had, however, by no means so easy a time getting back to the African coast as they had in making India. For four months the little squadron struggled with bad weather and head-winds. Scurvy in its worst form broke out, and both officers and crew began to give themselves up to despair in spite of their brave leader's earnest exhortation to trust in Providence. At length a fair wind dispelled their fears, and soon they reached Melinda, where they were well received. Thenceforward the ships made steady if somewhat slow progress, until in September, 1499, they cast anchor in the Tagus, having been absent two years and two months.

Next to that of Columbus, this brilliant and eventful voyage made by Vasco da Gama was fraught with more important consequences than any other in the world's history. By thus opening up a new route to the far East, the Portuguese Admiral, without knowing it, had prepared the way for the commercial downfall of the maritime states of Italy, Egypt, Turkey, Arabia, and all those countries between the Red Sea and the Caspian which throve upon the overland commerce between Europe and India, and, what was stranger still, it was according to the decrees of destiny that this lucrative traffic, after being for only a brief while in the hands of Portugal, should be taken hold of by the British, and prove chiefly instrumental in the building up of their colossal empire.

As soon as it became known in England that there was money to be made by trading to the African coast, the merchants and mariners began to compete there with the Portuguese, and many profitable voyages were made by Lok, Touersen, Rutter, Baker, and others, despite the angry opposition of the Portuguese. Details of these expeditions have been preserved in the Hakluyt collection, and make wonderfully interesting reading.

In this way the world was opened up, commerce, not conquest, being the chief motive of the pioneers in the discovery of new countries and nations, and of new routes to marts which had hitherto been reached only by long and costly overland journeying. True it is that civilization and Christianity owe a larger debt to the practical men "prone to value none but paying facts" than is generally conceded.



BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IV.—THE CLOSE OF THE WAR AND END OF THE STORY.

AS Jimmieboy proceeded along the icy road he observed that everything was beginning to thaw, and then, peering as far into the distance as he could, he saw a great flame burning fiercely and scorching everything with which it came in contact. It was quite evident that the Gas Stove had brought with him the most effective ammunition possible for his purposes.

"I don't see exactly how he does it," said the newly appointed Secretary of State as he ran hurriedly toward the devastating fire.

"Easy enough," returned the voice. "He has brought along a large quantity of gas and a garden hose, and he has turned on the gas just as you would turn on water, lit it, and there you are. There is absolutely no withstanding him, and unless he can be induced to stop very shortly, he'll destroy this whole kingdom, and we'll have nothing but a desert ocean; and I can tell you, Jimmieboy, a desert ocean where there is nothing but water is worse than a desert where there is nothing but sand."

"It seems almost a pity to destroy such a beautiful place as this," said Jimmieboy, looking about him, taking note of the great tall ice-covered trees and the frost flowers and grasses at the road-side. "But, you know, Jack Frost bit my little brother, which was very cowardly of him, and that's why the Gas Stove and I have come here to fight."

"I think you are wrong there," said the voice. "I don't believe Jack any more than kissed him; but if he did bite him, it was because he loved him."

Jimmieboy had never thought of it in that light before. All he knew was that whatever Jack Frost had done, it had brought tears to little Russ's eyes and woe to his heart.

"It's rather a funny way to show love to bite a person," said Jimmieboy.

"Just let me ask you a few questions," said the voice. "Do you like cherries and peaches?"

"Oh, don't I!" cried Jimmieboy, smacking his lips "I just dote on 'em!"

"Then," said the voice,

"Why do you bite the cherry sweet?
Why in the peach do your teeth meet?"

"Never thought of it that way," said Jimmieboy.

"I suppose not," returned the voice. "Are you fond of apples and gingerbread?"

"Well, rather!" ejaculated Jimmieboy,

"Then tell me this," asked the voice:

"Why do you gnaw the apple red?
Why do you chew your gingerbread?"

"Because I like 'em," returned Jimmieboy

"Why do you crunch your taffy in two?
Why do you nibble your jujube-nose?
Why go you munch your candy ball?
Why do you chew at all—at all?"

continued the voice.

"To make things last longer. 'Tain't proper to gulp 'em all down at once," answered Jimmieboy.

"And that's why Jack Frost bit little Russ," asserted the voice. "In the first place, he loved him. Little Russ was to him as sweet as a cherry is to you. In the



THE GAS STOVE DESTROYING FROSTLAND.

second place, he took a little wee bite, because it wasn't proper to gulp him all down. To-morrow that bite spot will be well, and little Russ will be none the worse for it. Now *I* don't see why you should want to ruin all this beautiful country just for that. It isn't a crime to love babies or to eat cherries."

"That's so," said Jimmieboy. "But Jack Frost has done other things. He killed a lot of mamma's flowers."

"No, he didn't," returned the voice. "Your mamma left 'em out-doors all night, and Jack came along and did just what the bees do. He took all the sweetness he could find out of 'em, and brought them here, where he planted them and made them appear like flowers of silver. You see what the heat down there is doing?"

Jimmieboy looked, and saw the icy covering melting off the flowers and trees, and as the silver coating fell away they would wave softly in the balmy air for a moment, and then wither and crumble away.

"Isn't that too bad?" he said.

"It is indeed," replied the voice. "Those flowers and trees would have stood and lived on forever in their ice coats—ever fresh, ever happy. The warmth from the invader's fire gives them one glad mad moment of ecstasy, and then they wither away, and are lost forever. Is that worth while, my boy?"

The voice quivered a little as it uttered these words, and Jimmieboy felt tears rising in his own eyes too. Jack Frost was not so bad a fellow, after all, as he had been made out.

"But he made our hired man's back ache when he went to dig some holes for the fence posts," said Jimmieboy, who now felt that he should have some excuse for his presence in Frostland, and on a mission of destruction. "Was that right of him?"

"Even if it was his fault, it was right," said the voice. "I don't believe it was his fault, though. Hired men have a way of having backache when there's lots to do. But supposing Jack did give it to him. That hired man was taking a spade and scarring Mother Earth with its sharp edge. Jack Frost gets all that he has from Mother Earth. She has given him work to do—work that has made him what he is—and it was his duty to protect her."

"Well, I don't know what to do," said Jimmieboy, beginning to sob. "I came here for revenge, and I don't think—"

"There is only one thing for you to do—be true to those who trust you," said the voice. "Now who trusts you? Your nurse doesn't—she wouldn't let you out of her sight. Your papa believes in you, but he never would have intrusted such a mission as this to your hands: nor would your mamma or little Russ. On the other hand, Jack Frost has made you Secretary of State, and you promised to help him in this dreadful trial—*he trusts you*. As the poem says,

"E'en though it's sure to take and bust you,
Be ever true to them that trust you."

"I'll save them," said Jimmieboy. And then he started off on a run down the road, and erelong stood face to face with the Gas Stove. The latter immediately threw down his hose, turned off the gas, and clasped Jimmieboy to his heart.

"Saved! Saved!" he cried. "I have found you at last. Dear me; how anxious I have been about you!" And then he burst out in song:

"But now, O joy!
My averdupoy
Will steadily increase.
For now you're back.
My woes will pack
Their clothes in their valise,

"And fly afar,
To the uttermost star
That shines up in the skies,
While you and I
Will warble high
The gleesomest of cries.

"We'll sing and sing,
And warble and sing,
And warble and sing and sing;
And warble and sing,
And sing, sing, sing,
And warble and sing, sing, sing."

"Come off!" ejaculated the voice. "That's mighty poor poetry for a Stove that's as glad as you are."

"Why, Jimmieboy, you pain me," said the Gas Stove, who thought that it was his little friend that had spoken. "I didn't think you would criticise my song of happiness that way."

"I never said a word," said Jimmieboy. "It was my friend the voice, who helped me when I was in trouble, and—"

"And by whose efforts," interrupted the voice, "our Jimmieboy here is now the Right Honorable Jamesboy, Secretary of State to his Majesty the Emperor of Frostland, Prince of Iceberg, Marquis Thawberry, and Chief Ice-cream Freezer to all the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and New Jersey. I'd advise you to take off your hat, Mr. Stove, for you are in the presence of a great man."

"No, no," cried Jimmieboy, as the Gas Stove doffed his iron lid; "don't take off your hat to me, Stovey. I am all that he says, but I am still Jimmieboy, and your friend."

"But what becomes of your war?" queried the Gas Stove, ruefully. "I can't fight against you, and you are a part of the government."

"That's a very sensible conclusion," said the voice. "Only I wouldn't let King Jack know that, or he wouldn't ever let Jimmieboy go away from here. What you want to do is to make terms that will be satisfactory to both parties, get Jack Frost to agree to 'em, and there you are. If he won't agree, the Gas Stove will have to go on with the war until he does agree."

"That's the thing to do. I suppose," said the Stove. "What shall I insist upon, Mr. Secretary?"

"Well, I think Jack ought to quit biting babies, no matter if he does love 'em," said Jimmieboy.

"I insist upon it," said the Gas Stove, firmly.

"I think, too," said Jimmieboy, "that he ought not to run off with so many flowers."

"If you do not agree to that, Mr. Secretary," returned the Stove, "I shall turn on my canned devastation again."

"I shall endeavor to secure the King's consent," replied Jimmieboy. "And, furthermore, he must keep away from the water-pipes in my papa's house. He froze 'em all up last winter."

"That is my ultimatum," said the Stove.

"Your what?" queried Jimmieboy.

"My last word," explained the Stove

"It's long enough to have been a half-dozen of your last words," laughed the voice. "But is that all you're to agree upon?"

"I don't know of anything more," said Jimmieboy.

"Nor I," said the Stove.

"You're a mean couple," ejaculated the voice, angrily. "If I had my way, you'd do something for one who has served you when you were in trouble," he added, addressing Jimmieboy. "Where would you have been if it hadn't been for -for—well, for a friend of mine?"

"I don't know who you mean," said Jimmieboy.

"He wants something for himself," whispered the Gas Stove, "and he is right."

"Oh, you don't know who I mean, eh?" sneered the voice. And he added

"Who saved you from the icy sea,
And brought you through S-A-F-E?
Why, ME!

"Who thought about that Jubilee,
And filled Jack Frost chock up with glee?
Why, ME!

"Who all your goings did o'ersee,
And got this lofty place for thee?
Why, ME!

"That's who. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"He's going back to Jack Frost," said the Gas Stove, "and he is going to demand that you shall be made Secretary of State in his place, and he is going to tell Jack that if he ever removes you from that position I shall return and destroy the country."

"You are very moderate in your demands," said the voice. "I think King Jack will be very foolish if he refuses to accede to them, particularly that one having reference to myself. I do not care for the office, of course, but since there seems to be a demand for me, I shall accept."

So Jimmieboy, followed by the Gas Stove and the voice, returned to the palace, and the demands of the Stove were laid before the monarch.

"I'll agree to 'em all gladly," said he, "save that which forces me to deprive myself of your valuable services. Was he quite firm about that?"



THE GAS STOVE IS INTRODUCED TO THE KING

"He was!" shouted the voice, before Jimmieboy could speak.

Here somebody else in the distance seemed to call: "Jimmieboy! Hi! Jimmieboy!"

"Shall I accede or stand by you?" asked Jack, taking Jimmieboy by the hand.

"Well, I think you'd better accede," said Jimmieboy, looking around to see who was calling him, "for I have just heard some one calling me—my papa, I think—and I guess it's time for me to get up."

What Jack's response to this curious remark would have been no one knows, for just then a most strange thing took place. Jack Frost and his palace in an instant faded completely from view, and Jimmieboy in surprise closed his eyes, rubbed them with both his fists, and then opened them again to find himself in his little cot in the nursery, the gas-stove burning merrily and winking at him from the fireplace, and the friendly voice, as usual, nowhere to be seen, and now not even to be heard.



THE GAS STOVE BURNING MERRILY AND WINKING AT HIM FROM THE FIREPLACE.

No sole remnant of the frozen country remained save a few beautiful frost pictures on the windows, which, it seemed to Jimmieboy, Jack had left there in remembrance of the services Jimmieboy had done him; and as for the frost-kiss on little Russ's chin, it had become as invisible as that far sweeter kiss that mamma had placed upon that very same spot when she first discovered what Jack had done.

THE END.

A LISTENER AGAINST HIS WILL.

BY DAVID KER.

THE shades of nightfall were beginning to creep over the old Swiss town of Lucerne several hundred years ago, when a tall, active boy of fourteen came with a quick step, but with the set, stern look of one who felt that he was bound on a dangerous errand, along one of the streets that led down to the lake.

To any one in our own day, indeed, his errand would not have seemed so very terrific, for it was nothing more than the exploring of a rocky cave that lay close to the water's edge; but the boldest men of that ignorant age would have thought such an undertaking serious enough.

Local tradition called this grotto "The Wizard's Cave," and declared that, like every cavern, glen, wood, and ruin of those superstitious days, it was haunted. In fact, it was believed to have been the chosen home of a terrible sorcerer, who had practised unholy rites of magic, called up evil spirits, murdered numbers of children whom he had decoyed into his den, and done many other things which, strictly speaking, he ought not to have done. And although this disreputable old gentleman was no longer there (if, indeed, he ever *had* been there at all), his supposed haunt was as well guarded by the terror of his memory as if it were garrisoned by all the spectres with whom he was believed to have been so intimate.

But Kaspar Stein was one of the boldest as well as shrewdest lads in the town, and such an adventure was just the thing to suit him. He had often heard Father Joseph, the good old pastor of the place, declare that a man who feared God need fear nothing else; and the idea of making his way after dark into a place which most *men* were very shy of approaching even in broad daylight, was irresistibly attractive to the brave boy's daring spirit. In short, he had fully made up his mind that, come what might of it, he would see for himself what the inside of that cave was like.

Meanwhile the growing shadows were fast deepening into darkness, and by the time Kaspar came up to the mouth of the

dreaded cavern, its interior, gloomy enough even at mid-day, was as dark as the inside of a tunnel.

But for this our hero cared little, for he had already provided for it. With his flint and steel he quickly struck a light, kindled a large splinter of resinous pine wood that he had brought along with him, and, armed with this primitive torch, went boldly forward into the dismal den.

Brave as he was, however, he could not restrain a start when a leathery wing brushed his face, and a black formless shadow flitted past him with a shrill, unearthly screech, athwart the tiny circle of light into the deeper gloom beyond. But he had seen a bat many a time before, and he was laughing heartily the next moment at his own causeless panic, though he felt inclined to shudder again as he heard his laugh sent back in hoarse and hollow echoes from every cleft and cranny of that gloomy dungeon, like the mockery of evil spirits.

Low and narrow at first, the cave grew higher and wider as the bold boy went on; and it ended at last in a kind of natural chamber, nearly circular in shape, the vaulted roof of which was upheld by eight or nine pillarlike masses of stone, worn by time and damp into strange goblin shapes.

This recess was supposed to have been the actual den of the redoubted wizard; and Kaspar, having seen it, and finding nothing more for him to do, was just about to retrace his steps towards the outer air, when he was startled by a sound of voices at the mouth of the cave!

Who could these intruders be, and what could they want here?

But whoever they might be, it was plain that they were coming right into the cave; and the shrewd lad quickly made up his mind that men who came to such a place, at such an hour, must be after no good. They might very possibly be a gang of robbers, who had come hither to hide their plunder; and, in any case, it would be just as well for him not to let them catch him there. So he at once put out his light, and cowering down in a dark nook behind the farthest pillar, lay as still as a mouse.

Hardly had he done so when stealthy steps were heard along the stony floor of the cavern, a light gleamed through the darkness, and into the pillared recess came gliding a number of shadowy forms, all of whom were armed (as our hero saw from his hiding-place with secret dismay), for the light of a lantern carried by the foremost man was flashed back from sword blades and dagger points, and the steel heads of short hunting spears.

Here was a dilemma!

At any moment he might be discovered; and if he were discovered, he had no mercy to hope for from such men as these. For the first time the brave lad began to repent of his bold undertaking; but the first words that he caught of their talk put every other thought clean out of his head.

"The Austrians are already on their march to help us, and if *we* do our part, success is sure."

Our hero's bold heart beat quicker, for these few words told him that the men before him were far worse than mere robbers—they were traitors and plotters against the state.

In spite of himself, the boy gave a slight start, and the movement dislodged a small piece of stone, which fell rattling to the ground.

"Hark! what was that?" cried one of the conspirators; "methought something stirred in yon corner. Can any one have overheard us?"

"If any one has," cried a second man, fiercely, "it is death to us or to him! Let me deal with him!"

He sprang forward with uplifted sword, and in a moment poor Kaspar would have been discovered and cut to pieces, had not a huge bat, scared by the movement, gone flapping and screeching across the cave into the deeper shadows.

The plotters laughed hoarsely at this absurd issue of their alarm, and satisfied that this bat had been the cause of the sound that had startled them, troubled themselves no more about the matter, and went on with their talk, while our hero, with death staring him in the face, listened attentively to every word they said.

And in truth what he heard was well worthy of attention; for in a few moments he had learned that these villains were plotting to betray the town of Lucerne to the Austrian Emperor (from whose oppression it had but recently freed itself), and to restore the tyrannical nobles whom the stout-hearted Swiss peasants had lately driven out. An Austrian army was already on its way to surprise the town, the gates of which were to be opened to it by the traitors: and in order to effectually cripple any attempt at resistance on the part of the citizens, all the leading men among them were to be murdered by the plotters that very night!

At this last disclosure, the most terrible of all, poor Kaspar's feverish anxiety became almost unbearable. He held in his hands the secret that would save the whole town from destruction, and yet he had no chance of using it; and the plot was to be carried out that same night! What if these ruffians were to send off some of their number to begin the work of murder at once, while the rest remained to complete their arrangements, and thus kept him imprisoned in his hiding-place!

The thought was maddening; and the brave boy, driven to distraction by the idea of sitting idle while his countrymen were being cut off by treason, made up his mind that the only thing for him to do was to burst in amid the murderous gang, dash the lantern from the hand of the man who held it, and then try to break through them in the darkness, and gain the mouth of the cave.

It was a wild and perilous scheme, and had little or no chance of success; but so desperate had our hero become at the imminence of the danger menaced his friends and the whole town, that he was just about to make the attempt, when, to his indescribable relief, this council of darkness showed signs of breaking up. The man with the lantern (who seemed to be the leader of the gang) held up his light, and moved slowly back along the gloomy passage, followed by his comrades.

Then Kaspar, taking a bold resolution, mingled unperceived with the assassins in the darkness, and reached the mouth of the cave without being detected. As he issued from it his eye caught a light in an adjoining building, where the heads of the various "trading guilds" of the town were wont to sit up rather late over their supper; and thither he hastened with all possible speed.

His tale was soon told, and readily believed. An hour later all the plotters were prisoners, and the town was saved. The Austrian invaders, finding their plot baffled, made a hasty and disorderly retreat; and the memory of the bold boy whose courage and coolness saved Lucerne is held in honor there to this day.

STRANGE FESTIVALS.

AN old Greek historian tells of a festival current among the Scythians of his time, at which the "braves" of each tribe gathered round a pile of burning leaves, amid the smoke of which they capered to and fro with loud shouts; "and this," adds the chronicler, "serves them in place of *washing*."

Whether such a substitute for soap and water would be very effectual (especially in the case of a Scythian) may well be doubted; but even in our own day there exist in many parts of the world not a few festivals quite as extraordinary as this.

On our way out to Siam, a few years ago, we found a kind of wild native carnival in full swing throughout the whole town of Singapore, every street of which was alive with the flash and crackle of countless fireworks, while along either side of all the principal thoroughfares were ranged small tables heaped with greasy rice, stale eggs, decayed fish, and other native abominations. On inquiry, we were told that these rites celebrated the supposed birthday of no less a personage than the Evil One himself, to whom the fire-crackers were thought to be a very fit offering, though the terrific explosion of the Krakatoa volcano six days before (the black volcanic dust of which was still lying thick in all parts of a town fully 800 miles distant from it) might fairly have been held a yet more terribly appropriate tribute to the Power of Destruction.

In those parts of India where the Brahmin creed prevails, the coming of spring is hailed with a very strange festival known as the "Hooly," in which all the natives put on their best white clothes, and then throw red paint upon each other with all their might and main, with the result of making themselves look as if they had committed twenty murders in succession. The Mohammedan Hindus, again, commemorate the martyrdom of the Prophet's grandson, Hosein, with a ceremonial called the Mohurrum festival, in which men arrayed as tigers, demons, and other hobgoblins, carry through the streets small shrines of tinsel or gilt pasteboard, which are then cast into the sea or the nearest river.

An equally strange ceremony, popularly called "The Scramble Feast," takes place yearly in the Rajpoot town of Ajmeer on the festival of some famous local saint, in front of the shrine where he lies buried. Two huge caldrons, each containing many thousand pounds of rice and butter, are filled to the brim, and this gigantic mess is then served out broadcast among the myriads of native beggars that always assemble on the great occasion,

many of whom receive the scalding rice in their clasped hands, having nowhere else to put it. After this the keepers of the shrine and the inhabitants of a particular quarter of the town — to whom this privilege is secured by immemorial custom — swathe themselves in thick shawls as a protection against the heated metal, and scrambling into the caldrons, scrape them clean!

In the Canary Islands the Spanish colonists mark the close of the carnival and the coming-in of Lent by a pageant called "The Burial of the Sardine," the principal feature of which is the carrying in procession by a number of children of a small paper-covered coffin containing a small fish or a morsel of sausage, which is afterwards committed to the earth with all due ceremony, this being regarded as a symbol of the putting away and burying of all worldly pleasures and desires during the impending season of abstinence.

In Russia the week of the carnival is known by the curious name of "Maslenitza," or Butter Week, it being customary with the natives, to whom butter is strictly forbidden during the whole season of Lent, to devour as much as possible in the few days which immediately precede it. During the Maslenitza, small round cakes of wheaten bread called "Blinni" (something between a pancake and a crumpet) are the standard dainty, and are eaten by all ranks from the highest to the lowest, with butter, sour cream, or *ikra* (pickled sturgeon-roe).

Easter Sunday being *the* festival of the year with the members of the Greek Church (as Christmas day is among ourselves), is celebrated with various quaint Old-World observances, the most curious of which is the custom that all acquaintances who may encounter one another on that day shall kiss each other on both cheeks whenever and wherever they may meet, the one saying "*Christos voskres*" (Christ is risen), and the other replying, "*Vo istinay voskres*" (He is risen indeed). This duty being incumbent upon men as well as women, a stranger is not unfrequently startled by the novel spectacle of two stalwart Life Guardsmen hugging and kissing each other like children in the streets of Moscow or St. Petersburg, and bringing their helmets together with a clash like the collision of two tea-kettles.

In Brazil the great festival of the year is the Procession of St. George on the 29th of May, in which I once saw the late Emperor himself, Dom Pedro II., traverse the main street of Rio de Janeiro on foot, with his noble head bared to the noonday sun, while just in front of him (fastened to the saddle in which it was with difficulty held upright by two assistants) reeled helplessly to and fro, amid the unconcealed laughter of even its nominal worshippers themselves, the overgrown doll that represented "Saô Jorgé"—a fit emblem indeed of the effete and tottering superstition from which it sprang.

In the remoter parts of Siam, China, and the Malay Archipelago may still be found lingering not a few native ceremonies to the full as outlandish as any of those which have been already enumerated; but these are too complicated as well as too numerous to be described here.

DAY AND NIGHT.

ALMOST all the boys and girls of this broad land can tell why the days are longer at one time than at another. Those who have not learned why this is so will find that if they take the trouble to ascertain the reason their time will be profitably spent. Mr. Paul du Chaillu, the great African explorer, in his *Land of the Midnight Sun* gives this very interesting account of the close of day in Scandinavia:

"From the last days of May to the end of July, in the northern part of this land, the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fjords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields, and farms; and thus Sweden and Norway may be called the land of the midnight sun. During this period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale, and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild-flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a summer frost. A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their color, wither, and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly toward the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale blue sky; the moon shows itself again as the queen of the night, and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian winter. The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis."

"GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR, GOOD-BY!"

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"GOOD-BY, old year, good-by."
We've had good times together;
You gave us many a bright blue sky,
And sometimes stormy weather.

But we've had lots of fun—
We've skated, fished, and boated;
And now, just as the year is done,
In school we've been promoted.

Good-by, old year, good-by,
Old Eighteen-ninety-two!
Though Ninety-three is looming nigh,
You take our love with you.

Old year, be brave and proud;
With banners floating o'er you,
You join the shadowy crowd
Of years that went before you.

Good-by, old year, good-by;
With "finis" to your story,
The stars shine out on high
To light your way with glory.

THE WORLD'S MOST USEFUL RIVER.

THE Nile, probably, is the most wonderful river in the world. It has made Egypt possible by turning an arid wilderness into the richest land in the world. It has provided at the same time an admirable commercial highway, and made easy the transportation of building materials. The ancient Egyptians were thus enabled to utilize the granite of Assuan for the splendid structures of hundred-gated Thebes and of Memphis, and even for those of Tanis, on the Mediterranean coast. At a time when the people of the British Isles were clad in the skins of wild beasts, and offered human sacrifices upon the stone altars of the Druids, Egypt was the centre of a rich and refined civilization. Most of this development of Egypt was due to the Nile, which not only watered and fertilized the soil annually, but was and is one of the greatest and best natural highways in the world. From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace; while, on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind, except when it blows a gale. That is why ancient Egypt did not need steam-power nor electric motors for the immense commerce that covered the Nile, nor for the barges carrying building material for hundreds of miles.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

THE first Artaxerxes of Persia is said by Plutarch to have had a gentle and noble spirit. One of his acts of gentleness is shown in rather a strange way; but considering the time in which he reigned, it is rather wonderful that the man concerned was not killed. The King was hunting, and his royal robe became torn, which a man named Teribazus pointed out. Artaxerxes asked what was to be done, and Teribazus replied, "May it please you to put on another and give me that."

The King did so, but warned the man not to wear it, for that would be unlawful. Teribazus, however, who was a "light-headed, thoughtless man," disregarded the warning, and added other royal ornaments and women's jewelry to his dress. Everybody was horrified at his disobedience, but Artaxerxes said to the careless man, "You have my leave to wear the trinkets as a woman and the robe of state as a fool." This may not have been pleasing to Teribazus, but it saved his life.



Peter Newell.

SANTA CLAUS'S MISTAKE.

MR. SCHNEIDERHAUSER FALLS ASLEEP OVER HIS PIPE, AND SANTA CLAUS AT FIRST SIGHT TAKES IT FOR A CHIMNEY.

THE ONLY WAY.

"How did you learn to skate, Bertram?" asked his mother.

"Oh, by getting up again every time I tumbled down," answered Bertram, bravely.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"How do you call your dog?"

"Don't call him at all; I whistle for him."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

"Why don't you take your little brother coasting, Arthur?"

"'Cause he's so awful A little that he cries if he isn't allowed to ride *up* hill, too."

A HINT.

"Have you got a collection of any kind," asked Uncle Mark, "that I can help you with?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ned; "I've got a collection of United States coins in my bank, but nothing larger than a dime."

A BRIGHT BIRD.

"Is your parrot a bright bird?"

"Oh yes, awfully bright. He's yellow and light green."

A FUNNY IDEA.

"Isn't there a fish called a skate, papa?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, does it come from the North Pole, where all the ice is?"

SOME boys are like clocks. They are going all the time, but never get anywhere.

NOT GUILTY.

CROSS NEIGHBOR. "Are you the boy that took my front gate off the other night?"

OLIVER. "N-no, sir, 'cause the gate's lots bigger than I am, and I couldn't lift it."

ONE GOOD THING.

ARTHUR. "I wonder how it would do to have a game of baseball on the ice?"

BERT. "I don't know; it would be easy enough, though, to slide to the bases."

VERY TRUE.

"I'm going to have a World's Fair," said '93, proudly.

"Pooh!" retorted '92; "you wouldn't have it if it had not been for me."



HOW TOMMY *MADE* A FRIEND, AND THEN THROUGH THE *WARMTH* OF HIS FRIENDSHIP, LOST HIM.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE WATCH MEETING.—Drawn by Clifford Carleton.—[See Page 170.]

THE WATCH MEETING.

A Small New-Year's Drama in One Act.

BY MARY S. WILLARD.

CHARACTERS.

ROB, *a boy of ten.* JANEY, *a girl of nine.* EMILY, *a girl of six.*

TIME, *ten o'clock.*

SCENE.—A room in a city house. Night. A low fire burns cheerily in the grate. Through the curtained windows, showing Janey and Emily cuddled lovingly together in a big arm-chair before the fire. They are dressed in bright little evening gowns and pretty aprons. Janey has a big red apple. Emily hugs a doll in her arms. There is a short silence at first, during which Janey munches her apple, and gives Emily an occasional bite.

EMILY (*eagerly*). Oh, sister, do you suppose they'll let us?

JANEY (*caressing* EMILY). I hope they will, but maybe you couldn't keep awake.

EMILY. Oh yes, I could. Oh, I could, Janey. I'm not a single bit sleepy. I couldn't go to sleep if I should try.

JANEY. But now it's only seven o'clock, and just think (*counting on her fingers*)—eight—nine—ten—eleven—*twelve!*

EMILY (*rapturously*). And then will it be the New Year?

JANEY. Yes; and oh, won't it be fun if we can watch it in?

Enter (*L.*) ROB.

EMILY. Oh, can we, Robbie?

JANEY. Oh, what did they say?

ROB (*standing before them with his hands in his pockets, sings tauntingly*):

"She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau;
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe."

EMILY (*persuasively*). Oh, tell us!

JANEY. Oh, please, brother.

ROB. Give me a bite first.

JANEY (*holds up the apple with both hands.* ROB *takes an enormous bite.*) Why, Robbie Jewett!

EMILY. What a big, big bite!

JANEY. Now tell; you said you would. (ROB, *with his mouth full, shakes his head.*) Nod your head if we can. (ROB *nods vigorously.*)

EMILY *and* JANEY (*clasping their hands gleefully*). Oh, goody, goody!

JANEY. Honest, can we?

ROB (*convincingly*). Yes, sir, we can. I said, "Mamma, we want to sit up to watch the New Year in"; 'nd she said, "Oh no; I don't believe I would, dear"; 'nd I said, "Oh, please"; 'nd she said, "You'll get sleepy"; 'nd I said, "Rats!" 'nd she said, "My son!" 'nd I said, "Excuse me, mamma, but please let us," and a lot more like that; 'nd she said, "Let nurse stay with you"; 'nd I said, "Oh no; we want to be all entirely alone ourselves"; 'nd after a while, why, she just laughed, 'nd papa he looked over his paper, 'nd they both laughed, 'nd mamma said, "Take care of little Emily," 'nd—'nd—

JANEY. Oh, what fun!

EMILY. Oh, what nice fun!

ROB (*seating himself on a big hassock*). I wish it was longer, though. Twelve o'clock will come quicker than that (*snapping his fingers*).

EMILY. It'll come in about three minutes (*yawning*).

JANEY. Yes, darling; and you won't get sleepy, will you?

ROB. You'd better look out for yourself, Miss Six O'clock.

JANEY. You'd better look out for yourself, Mr. Sleepyhead.

EMILY. I wish you'd amuse me.

JANEY (*kissing her*). You darling! Oh, I know! Let's all do something (*in mock importance*) to amuse the company. Emily, you— Oh, you speak your piece; will you, dear?

EMILY (*slipping down from her chair, speaks sweetly*):

"Six o'clock, the children,
Early to bed at seven—
Elders, ten to 'leven;
Lovers chat till midnight,
Students read till two;
Wise men work all night,
All are off but you!"

[As EMILY *runs to her chair,* ROB *and* JANEY *applaud vigorously.*

JANEY. Now, Rob, you.

ROB. No; you.

JANEY. Well, shall I sing a song?

EMILY. Sing mamma's sweet song, sister.

ROB. She means, "Darling, Rest Thee."

JANEY (*sings*).

SLUMBER SONG.

Darling, rest thee, day is closing,
Softly chimes the vesper bell;
In thy mother's arms reposing,
Darling baby, slumber well.
Sleep, sweetly, chimes the bell—
Slumber, darling, slumber well.

Darling, rest thee, winds are sleeping,
Daisies close their dewy eyes;
Stars their tender vigils keeping,
Brighter beam as daylight dies.
Softly, sweetly, chimes the bell—
Slumber, darling, slumber well.

ROB (*in a loud whisper*). Look! She's sound asleep. Emi—

JANEY. Don't. Don't wake her. She couldn't keep awake as long as you and I, of course (*yawning*). Now you tell a story—a long, long one. (*The clock strikes the half-hour.*) There, it's half past seven (*yawning*); but it'll be midnight before we know it, won't it?

ROB (*yawning*). Yes; why, yes, certainly. Of course it will. Shall I begin?

JANEY. Oh yes. Make it very exciting, Rob.

ROB (*with emphasis*). Are you sleepy?

JANEY (*smothering a yawn*). No, not—hardly—a bit.

ROB (*clasping his knee in his hands*). Well, once upon a time there lived an old miser in an old, black, dark, old hovel—

JANEY. What's a hovel?

ROB. Oh, an old, tumble-down shanty, a—a sort of a—of a hovel, don't you see, 'nd he had a lean, thin black cat, with long sharp claws, 'nd the miser's finger-nails were long and sharp and curving, 'nd his hair was snarly, 'nd he was a horrible object. And down in the dark, damp, black cellar under the hovel he kept his money—in bags—'nd—nd—there were rats, 'nd ghosts, 'nd spider-webs, 'nd cobwebs in the cellar, 'nd everything, 'nd—are you sleepy?

JANEY (*who has been nodding a little, starts*). No, oh no; go on.

ROB. 'Nd one day, when the old miser came home to his—hovel, he—he found—he found— Let's see—where was I?—(*drowsily*)—oh yes, he went down into his cellar, 'nd—

[JANEY *slumbers quietly in the chair.* ROB *speaks slower and lower; his head gradually sinks to the arm of the chair. He too finally falls asleep.*

ROB (*dreamily*). 'Nd—he—he—went down—into his—dark, black cellar, 'nd—nd—'nd—

The clock strikes I EIGHT.

CURTAIN.

CHRISTMAS COOKING.

I WONDER how many of my little readers have read that most tender and touching of all the Christmas stories which Charles Dickens wrote to please the whole world, the one in which Tiny Tim and the rest of the Cratchitt family appear? I hope they have not forgotten Mrs. Cratchitt's famous pudding, brought on at the end of the feast, with a sprig of holly in the top, and such a delightful mingling of odors about it, that the very smell was enough to make the eyes water with relish before a slice was cut.

One of the chief charms of Christmas cooking is, in my opinion, its fragrance. Such whiffs and wafts of spice and fruit, such scents of baking and stewing, such an aroma as steals from the kitchen through the entire house is perfectly captivating to all who like good cheer.

The children hover around the place where their elders are busy, and very happy is Nan or Mary if she can persuade the cook to let her stone raisins, wash currants, or beat the whites of eggs to a feathery foam. Even Ned and Jack, for sake of the fun, will now and then lend a hand at chopping apples and mince-meat.

Lulu's mamma laughed when her little daughter asked if she might make a pie to surprise her grandma, and said she feared it would be a funny surprise, with something left out, or put in, which would astonish the dear old lady.

But old black Chloe only smiled, and nodded her head encouragingly, when Miss Lulu danced into the kitchen, a cooking-cap over her bright brown hair, and a large apron borrowed from nurse tied on to protect her "Mother Hubbard."

"It shall be a s'prise, honey," she said, as she showed Lulu how to measure and weigh and sift and mix and stir and season and roll and spread smoothly upon the buttered platter.

Chloe watched the whole process, but Lulu did all the work,

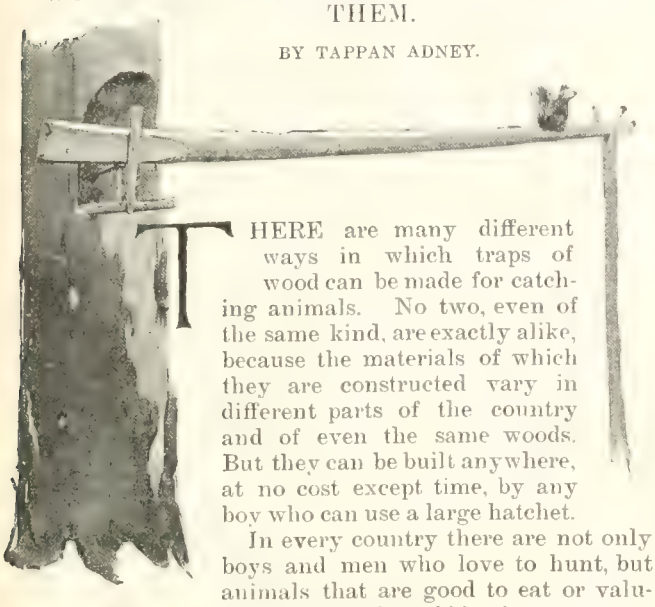
even paring the apples, stoning the raisins, and chopping the meat with her own plump hands.

The pastry was the hardest part, of course, for it takes a cook to make nice light pastry. But at last it was done, and ready to be popped into the oven, after the edges had been daintily trimmed off with a sharp knife.

Grandma declared that not one of her own children, at Lulu's age, could have made such a pie, and Lulu felt well paid for her trouble when she heard grandma's praise. M. E. S.

WOODEN TRAPS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY TAPPAN ADNEY.



THERE are many different ways in which traps of wood can be made for catching animals. No two, even of the same kind, are exactly alike, because the materials of which they are constructed vary in different parts of the country and of even the same woods. But they can be built anywhere, at no cost except time, by any boy who can use a large hatchet.

In every country there are not only boys and men who love to hunt, but animals that are good to eat or valuable for their fur. There are the rabbits, in great numbers in all places; the musk-rat, equally abundant, and often a nuisance, with a pelt of some value; the mink, small, but with a precious coat of fur; the otter, now scarce, but valuable. In northern woods are also mink of still greater value; sable, or marten, whose fur of lovely brown is just now much sought for. Besides, there are fishers, large and beautiful; black foxes, whose skins have brought hundreds of dollars in the London market; the beaver, most wonderful of all; and wild-cats, lynxes, and bears. It is a brave boy who sets his trap for bears, but there are many such in that country.

Both Indians and white men there, by whom is caught most of the fur that people wear, build these traps of wood, often known as "dead-falls." Wooden traps have been condemned by some, chiefly by those who manufacture traps of steel, and publish little trappers' guides in which these traps are advertised for sale.

The present article tells how to build those by which the fur-bearing animals may be caught. Some are unknown outside of high northern woods, but so simple is their construction that they should be known everywhere. There is probably no animal, unless it be the fox, that cannot be caught in them.

Traps may be conveniently divided into two classes. One kind is baited with the animal's favorite food. In taking the bait the trap is sprung. The other is not baited, but is set in the paths frequented by the animal in such a way that it is sprung in passing through. Such are beaver and otter traps, and most rabbit traps; indeed, snares of all kinds might be included.

Beginning with the first kind, the commonest dead-fall is that for mink and sable. Let us suppose that you know where there is a mink; you have found its track along the bank of the brook or river—two little oval footprints an inch apart in the mud or thin snow, another pair a foot beyond, and so on, like a weasel's, but larger. The mink will be back there within a week if nothing happens.

On the bank close by the line of double footprints, where the ground is level, build a pen. Drive into the ground stakes of any kind, a foot long and close together, in the form of an U or |_|. Wide slabs of wood, out of a log or tree, are more often used (Fig. 1). The pen is eight inches deep inside and five or six inches wide. Lay a flat stone, a handful of evergreen boughs, or a piece of wood or bark across the top for a roof. Then cut a straight pole not less than three inches thick nor six or eight feet long; a small spruce is best. Lay it flat upon the ground, the larger end close up against the open door of the pen. Cut a stake about an inch thick and a foot long; whittle it flat on one side. Sharpen one end, and drive it perpendicularly into the ground (flat side in) squarely in front of the door. The pole, which is called a "bed-piece," is thus held securely against the front of the pen. Cut another straight pole, like the first, and place it exactly on top of the other. The large end ought to be shaved away on opposite sides, so that when laid in place it may slide easily and smoothly up and down between the stake and the pen. Drive two stout pegs, one upon each side of the two poles at their small ends, to hold them in place.

Sometimes it is more convenient to use a bed-piece only one or two feet long. This bed-piece may either be left round or hewed somewhat triangularly, with a thin edge uppermost. The fall may also be made much larger and longer; but if so, the large end must be hewed down to a thickness of two or three inches, to correspond with the bed-piece. Raise the fall, and see that it drops without a hitch. That is very important. Then, with a knife, cut a round stick, four inches long and half an inch or less thick. This is the "standard" (Fig. 2). Next cut a stick the same thickness, eight inches long. It is best to have a fork at the small end, which must be sharpened. Whittle the other end flat, like Fig. 3. This is the "bait-stick." Upon the sharp end of the bait-stick impale a piece of fresh fish out of the brook, or a fowl's head, or a bit of smoked fish, and tie it on with a thread (Indians use tough cedar bark). Now lift the fall five or six inches, place the bait-stick inside the pen, and let the flat end rest upon the bed-piece, projecting a trifle at a point near the outside stake. Set the standard upright, the lower end resting upon the flat end of the bait-stick. Lower the fall gently, until it rests upon the end of the standard.

The trap is now set, but that is not all. The end of the bait-stick must project over the bed-piece only just so far that the mere weight of the fall will not cause the baited end to tip up, or else the trap falls of its own accord. But the sticks must be so balanced that a slight tug at the bait is needed to upset the trap. If set too "hard" the bait will be gnawed off, which will be discouraging.



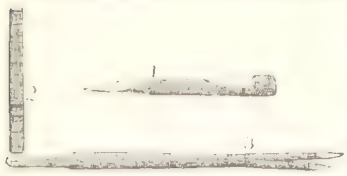
FIG. 1

Some trappers change this order of arrangement. The standard is set directly upon the bed-piece, and the bait-stick placed on the upper end, between it and the fall. Thus the sticks are not so apt to get wet and freeze together, but the bait cannot quite so easily be seen.

In places where the snow is very deep in winter the mink-trap cannot be built upon the ground, but is placed upon a large log or low stump. But the moment a trap is placed in an elevated situation, it resembles in character

the sable trap, so that its appearance will be described further on.

The American sable, or pine-marten, is a little animal which resembles the mink in many respects, being closely related to it, as both belong to the same family as the common weasel. Its thick warm fur is of a bright rich brown, instead of sombre, like the mink's. Its feet, glossy black, are larger, but in size it is the same—eighteen inches in length, not including a black bushy tail, which is eight inches longer. It is pretty and graceful. Perhaps some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have seen it alive, for its home is in the far northern woods.



FIGS. 2, 3, 4.

The writer has examined hundreds of the traps built in that country for securing the beautiful sable. There are traps especially for mink too, but neither in such numbers nor variety. The sable is a lover of the trees, like the squirrel, while the mink will not climb. But as they are otherwise much alike in their tastes, the trap set for a sable will accommodate a mink, if it is put within reach and on the bank of a stream. Such a trap can easily be adapted to the capture not only of mink, but of weasels, and nearly every other animal that will take a bait. If made large enough, it will hold a wolf or a bear (though bear-traps are different); if small enough, it will catch a mouse.

The illustration (Fig. 5) shows a trap built by an Indian. It is set upon a log, and the upper surface is hewed flat with an axe. The Indian has sharpened and driven into the log three large chips, which serve for the two sides and the back. A handful of moss covers the top. The other end of the fall rests upon another log lying conveniently near. This trap is intended for sable and mink, but has been made a little larger than usual in order to catch the fisher. The fisher is a species of giant weasel that follows the lines of sable-traps, destroys them to get at the bait, or else devours the captured animal. Therefore the pen is a little larger every way, and the standard is six inches long. But the principal points about the Indian's trap are these: the stake in front is placed, not in the middle, but about an inch to one side, leaving the opening on one side larger than on the other; in the smaller opening is set up the standard and bait-stick in the usual way; but a peg, four inches long and notched as in Fig. 4, is driven into the log inside the pen, close to the right-hand wall. The further end of the bait-stick is caught under the notch, which prevents it from flying up. The bait-stick does not need to be balanced so nicely, but projects a little more across the bed-piece, so that the slightest pull at the bait releases the bait-stick from underneath the notch; this stick flies up, and the trap falls. By means of this useful peg a trap can be made very sensitive and yet not spring of its own accord, as it otherwise may do.

Fig. 6 shows a common style of sable-trap. If a stump is not found near at hand, a tree is chopped down for the purpose. Oftentimes these stumps are seven feet high; very high stumps for a man to chop, one may think; but they are cut when the snow is six feet deep and snow-shoes must be worn. But they are generally much lower, one or two feet for mink, and twice as high for sable. By skilful cutting, whenever a tree must be cut down, a certain portion of the wood is left standing upright as a part of the stump, on that side opposite to which the trunk has fallen. This splinter is trimmed until it is about an inch square, and serves for the upright post in front of the pen, as in Fig. 6. If such a post cannot be left standing, drive in firmly a separate one. If one is not strong enough, drive in two, six inches apart. Sharpened splints of wood are driven into the stump, forming a house like either a V or U, five or six inches across the front, and eight or nine inches high. Evergreen boughs are placed over the top. A bed-piece less than a foot long, somewhat three-cornered, is fitted into the space between the post and the house. A spruce or fir, eight to fifteen feet long and three to five inches thick, serves for the fall. The larger end is hewed flat on the inner side, and a chip is taken off the outer side, to make it fit. The small end is supported upon another stump notched to receive it, or by a forked stake. A short log is leaned against the stump for the animal to climb.

Again, in place of building a pen, a cavity may be chopped into the side of a dead tree. A sharpened post is driven vertically in front, a narrow bed-piece is fitted in, the fall is made quite thin so as to slide easily. It is set in the usual way. (See initial letter.)

Sometimes stumps are found which are hollow. A section six inches wide is taken out of one side to a depth of six or eight inches. Bark or boughs are laid across the top. Across the front of the opening a dead-fall is set exactly as before.

But the most unusual trap of all is made as follows: Chop out of a soft-wood tree a boxlike cavity. It should be made four or five inches wide, six inches high, and five inches deep. Cut a pole about four inches thick, chop the large end off square, and reduce it to a thickness of about an inch for six inches of its length. Push this thin end into the cavity, flat side up, and let the other end of the pole rest in a forked stake, to make it lie horizontal. This trap is set with the usual standard, but the bait-stick is not over five inches long. A short stick not over half an inch thick may be laid across the front for a bed-piece, upon which other sticks may rest. But in making such a trap, generally the floor of the cavity is chopped down until it is lower on the inside than on the outside, and a little rim is left at the very edge, which makes an immovable bed-piece. Of course the standard is set up to one side, to make room for the animal's head.

A simple trap can be made of two long straight poles (Fig. 7). A tall slender stump is split down to within three or four feet of the ground. The large end of one pole is shoved down into the opening, the small end

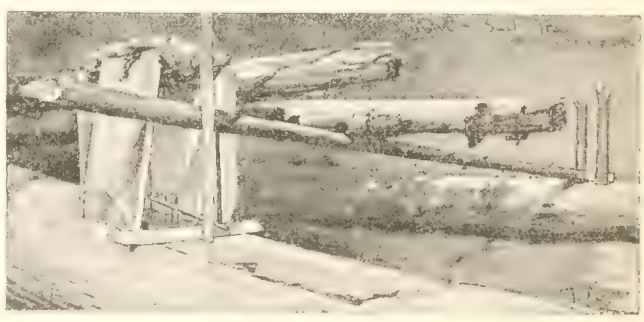


FIG. 7.

resting on the ground. The other pole is laid on top of it. If such a stump cannot be found, the poles may be leaned upon the stump three or four feet high, and two stakes driven perpendicularly in to hold the one above the other. Upon the upper pole, at a distance of two or three feet from the stump, balance a handful of boughs or a sheet of bark, and lay another pole on top to hold it in place. Provide a standard and bait-stick as usual, and lift the upper pole high enough to slip them in between exactly as in the "house" traps. The stick is set directly under the cover of boughs. This is the trap that is



Fig. 6

set for the wily fishers whenever they grow so cunning that they will not go into any other kind of trap. The animal climbs up the leaning poles, and the covering of boughs prevents the bait from being reached from above, so the animal must crawl down upon the *under* pole, for it cannot be reached from any other place, and then Mr. Fisher is caught.

Lastly, there is the ponderous bear-trap, the fall for which is weighted with hundreds of pounds of logs. Such traps are very interesting, and the manner of setting them is entirely different from those just described. But the present article will not permit a description of them, for bears are crafty, and many precautions must be taken. There are also traps for lynx and wild-cat, somewhat like bear-traps, but smaller.

A word in conclusion. The fur of animals is good only in the cold season, and in some places there are laws which prohibit the taking of such out of season. When



Fig. 7.

fur is "prime," the skin will be white; if not, it is clouded with dark spots or is altogether dark. In order to be of value, the skin must be removed in a certain way, and cured upon stretchers of certain shapes. How this is done will be shown hereafter.

DECIDED BY THE DOG.

SOMETIMES his master may utter a falsehood, but a dog tells the truth so far as possible. An English clergyman lost his pet collie named Rough, and did not see him for nine months, when he found him in the possession of a drover at a cattle fair. The drover claimed that he had owned the animal for years, and the clergyman was equally certain of ownership. The case was submitted to two policemen, as the other drovers sided with their companion against the clergyman.

"How can you prove ownership?" asked one of the officers. The minister thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a penny, and gave it to the dog, with the command, "Rough, fetch a loaf."

Rough, with the penny in his mouth, went to the nearest bakery, made it clear that he wanted some bread, and soon came trotting back to the crowd. The clergyman broke off a morsel, gave it to Rough, and stood by while the dog munched it. Suddenly the clergyman exclaimed, "Rough, I believe that bread is poisoned!"

The dog spat out the piece of bread. That settled the question of ownership.

GLORIA ET PAX.

BY MARY SELDEN McCOBB.

IT was growing dark that November afternoon. Father Basil dismissed his scholars, twelve Indian boys, who were as glad to leave catechism and arithmetic as would have been white lads of the same dimensions. Indeed, the one "pale-face" among them was the most eager of all.

He was a small, flaxen-haired little fellow. "Waro" ("fair-haired") the Indians called him, though he had been christened Gabriel, and placed under the especial protection of the Angel of the Nativity.

Waro was not often excited, but to-day his face was flushed like a tea-rose, and he was tugging at a tall, sober Indian lad, crying impatiently:

"Come, Sinta! The fox! The fox! You promised him to me for a pet. He is sure to be caught, you set the trap so cunningly. Come, Sinta!"

But Sinta Gal-les-sca ("Spotted Tail") lingered to speak to the young priest.

"I saw them myself—once, twice, and again. It is our land they want, I know." He spoke English that he had learned at the school. "Did you talk with them, father?" he asked, imploringly.

"Yes, I spoke long to them," said Father Basil, and he tried to smile, but his eyes were anxious. "I said: 'The Great Father has given this land to my children. Leave them in peace. They harm no one. They have learned to sow and reap. I have labored among them for five years. Their boys are growing up to be good citizens. Let us be.'"

"And the white men, what did they answer, father?"

"Come, Sinta!" clamored Gabriel.

And Sinta reluctantly went.

The good priest's heart was heavy for his people. He knew how they had been driven from one reservation to another as the white men coveted their lands. The government at Washington had promised farming implements and schools. But the hoes and ploughs never came, and though one shanty was built, no teacher appeared.

The Indians dug the ground with pointed sticks, and planted corn. Before the maize ripened, in the face of a solemn treaty, a railroad was run across their acres, and again the word came, "Move on."

Hot blood surged in the heart of one young brave. Co-nes-to-ga raised his rifle. That shot echoed across the continent. Blue-coated soldiers marched to avenge the death of one white man by the slaughter of a score of Indians.

Cowed and sullen, the tribe was driven farther West. Those who survived the long journey were permitted to build huts in a valley near a small river. Here Father Basil found them.

By degrees the Indians trusted him. He nursed their sick, comforted their dying, taught their children in the room where he himself lived with his ten-year-old brother Gabriel. With his own hands Father Basil had built a tiny chapel. The squaws made candles for the

altar from a waxen berry which grew by the river. They squatted in the back corners to hear Mass.

Father Basil loved every soul in the dirty, straggling village. No wonder he was filled with dismay when red-shirted white men came over the eastern hills, and were seen prying about the land.

Old As-hah-kah-nah-she had heard one of the intruders say, with an oath, "The river runs gold! No Indian shall block our way," he added. "If it's necessary, they must be goaded to an outbreak. Then we can shoot them down in self-defence."

The two boys went along the forest path, Gabriel holding tightly to his companion.

"Hist!" said Sinta, suddenly.

There was a crackling noise in the bushes.

"Perhaps it's the fox," suggested Gabriel.

But Sinta shook his head. "No fox!" he whispered.

He spoke the truth, for when the two reached the spot where Sinta had set his snare the trap was empty. Sinta stooped to examine, then stood upright and shook his fist angrily.

"The beast has been in; I find red hairs and a spot of blood. *They* have taken him away!"

"Is it the man who stole your grandfather's ponies?" asked Gabriel.

"Who can tell?" demanded Sinta Gal-les-sca, fiercely. "It is the old job they are plotting. The valley is soft in summer. They drove us out before. The Great Father at the East said 'yes' to that. They think we are dogs. They will find us wolves! We will fight. They shall not have all for nothing!"

His fingers handled a knife which hung at his belt. Gabriel was frightened.

"We must go back, Sinta," he said, trembling. "To-night we are to learn the Christmas Anthem."

Sinta turned and strode along the rough path, dragging Waro behind him. And now they could see the little chapel in the distance. Over its roof shone the constellation of the Great Bear. Sinta paused, and pointed.

"Do you see the stars?" he asked, abruptly. "Four stars like the bowl of a big pipe? Four more to make the handle? It is the peace pipe, Waro. The Great Spirit has hung it in the sky. There is no smoke now; no, nor will be while the white thieves sneak about and steal our land!"

The chapel door stood ajar. There was a sudden burst of music. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!" There was a pause. Then, "Et in Terra Pax!" sang a ringing tenor voice.

"That is Father Basil," said Sinta, and he ran hastily forward.

Father Basil stood on the altar steps. Around him clustered the Indian boys, their black eyes intent and glittering. The youngest boy of all clasped Father Basil's hand, and gazed in his face, adoring. Old As-hah-kah-nah-she crouched on the floor, wrapped in his yellow blanket.

"You understand the words, my children?" Father Basil was saying. "'Gloria in Excelsis Deo!' 'Wankan Wakantanka wowitan yuha nunwe.' 'Glory be to God on High.' 'Et in Terra Pax hominibus.' 'Qa maka akan wookiye, wicaste ekta wicotawacin waste.' 'And on earth peace, good-will toward men.' If you hearken well, you will hear the angels singing. Ah! here are Gabriel and Sinta. It is you who shall sing the 'Gloria,' Waro; and Sinta shall repeat, 'Et in Terra Pax,' because his voice is rich and low."

As the November days passed the white men talked together in groups. The Indians watched them, maddened, yet powerless. Though a branch of the great Sioux race, this particular tribe was small in numbers. Never equal in courage to the Brulés, the Ogallallas, the Oncpapas, or the Sans Arcs, years of hardship had crushed the spirit out of the older men. It was only in Sinta Gal-les-sca and his peers that dangerous fierceness smouldered. And what were a dozen against scores, backed, as the white man is, by armed force?

Father Basil kept watch over his young braves. "God save us from futile outbreak!" he groaned.

The week before Christmas he took heart of grace. For several days there had been no sign of the dreaded whites. Possibly they had found the land not so desirable as they had hoped. At any rate, they had vanished. Christmas day should be a time of rejoicing.

Nearly all the Indians had come into the chapel for Mass on Christmas morning. The squaws listened to the story of the Baby, who, though born of a white woman, loved their race. The men, with stern faces, nodded approval when Father Basil told of a Man brave enough to bear without flinching the worst torture his enemies could inflict. And Gabriel sang, in his clear soprano, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!" while Sinta answered him, "Et in Terra Pax!"

But Sinta's eyes were like the eyes of a hunted animal. Wary, cautious, suspicious, he glanced here, there, and everywhere as his lips repeated "Et in Terra Pax!"

The boy's gaze was bent on the western window. His face was fierce. "Et in Terra Pax! Et in—Terra—"

There was a sudden yell. Down the chancel steps dashed Sinta Gal-les-sca. Father Basil seized his crucifix. The Indians sprang to their feet.

There was a light outside the chapel which was never the light of the sun. Red, crimson, yellow, orange shone the snow and the sky. The village was in flames.

The fire had come by accident. How did Jonathan Hobbs, *alias* Big-fisted Jack, know that when he only meant to steal a few Indian ponies the spark from his pipe should ignite the straw in Ko-ke-pah's shed? And why should Little Thunder's "lean-to" have joined his neighbor's cattle-pen, so that the fire should spread? Sparks flew. One wooden hut after another blazed.

"Big-fisted Jack" and his companions turned their energies to quelling the flames. This was made plain to the Agent when he came to investigate. It was also explained that "the river ran gold"; that mines could be worked to advantage; that civilization demanded this particular valley for her white sons; that it might be of advantage to the Agent himself if he could close his eyes for a brief space.

And the Indians? There was a spot, about one hundred miles to the west, exactly suited to the needs of aborigines.

So it came to pass that before the blessed Christmastide was fairly over, "Move on" was again the word. No matter that intense cold had set in; that the snows were piling high. In spite of the fact that mines could not be opened before spring, the Indians must—*go*.

One could hardly credit such cruelty had it not been showed time and again. Promises broken, faith forsworn. It is an old story with "the nation's wards."

Defiant, but helpless, the squaws loaded their backs with household goods and pappooses. The men shouldered their guns, grasped their useless tomahawks, and set out on the march. But not till every soul had crowded into the room next the chapel, where Father Basil lay ill with pneumonia. He had worked at the fire all that fearful Christmas day, and with smoke and cold his lungs were dangerously inflamed.

He promised to follow his children as soon as he was able to journey. Then he raised his hands and blessed them.

The women broke into clamorous wails. The men's faces were dogged with despair. Away they went. Only Sinta lagged behind.

From his own neck Father Basil took a small silver medal. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" ran the legend round



SINTA THREW OFF HIS BLANKET AND BARED HIS ARM. "BLOOD IS LIFE," HE KEPT REPEATING.

the upper part of the disk. "Et in Terra Pax!" around the lower half.

"Break it," said Father Basil. Sinta's strong fingers obeyed.

"Take the half, 'Gloria in Excelsis,'" ordered the priest. "Waro, keep you the 'Pax in Terra.' They are useless apart. There is no 'Glory in the Highest,' without 'Peace on Earth.' You shall bring them together some day. Go, Sinta, and may the saints preserve you!"

The boys went slowly from the room. Gabriel wept, but Sinta's face was like a rock. Over their heads shone the great peace pipe. But it hung there cold and dead. Sinta raised his fist and shook it at the senseless stars. Then he turned and was gone.

Gabriel, left behind, had but one thought; that he should presently follow Sinta. But lo! as Father Basil grew stronger, a peremptory summons came from the Superior of the Jesuits to which he belonged.

"Leave your work and come!"

Father Basil, the man, rebelled. The priest must obey.

"Gabriel," said Father Basil, "I shall come back. When Father Ignatius knows all, he will say, 'Return.' Meanwhile if evil befall our people, and they call on me, and find no one to answer, they will think themselves betrayed, forsaken. Gabriel, what shall we do?"

And Waro answered, "Let me stay, brother."

"Alone?"

Though Gabriel's timid heart fluttered, "Alone," he said.

So Gabriel found himself solitary, in the midst of strangers, and the thought of Sinta, one hundred miles away, kept his courage alive.

A new village was springing up in the place of the old. Rough fellows the miners were, but, to a man, they showed kindness for the shrinking, fair-haired child. They found it a great joke when Gabriel said, proudly, "I am left to keep faith with our people."

They roared with mirth, and passed Gabriel round from house to house, brought him to the rude tavern, into which they had converted the chapel, and applauded vociferously when he sang to them.

When spring came, and shafts were sunk, they took the boy into the mines, and terrified him nearly out of his wits. Seeing which, they whisked him up into the sunlight, and though they jeered, petted him the more.

"Little White Lilac," they called him, and "Angel of the Diggings."

All this time Gabriel wrote letters to his brother.

"No word from our people. No news from Sinta."

The weeks passed. The months rolled on. Spring became summer. September and October followed August. Father Basil did not return. Strange to tell, no letter had come from him for more than three months.

November was at hand. The snow had come early. The village, which the miners had poetically named "White Lilac Gulch," in honor of their pet, found itself most unexpectedly blocked by tremendous drifts.

But the men were jolly. "Let the snow bury us! There's plenty of fuel and provender, and little White Lilac shall bloom." So they ate, drank, and were merry.

But one day a strange rumor spread through the town. Big-fisted Jack was ill. He refused to eat, that was strange; he refused to drink, that was portentous; and as his disease developed, a frightful word ran from mouth to mouth. "*Small pox!*"

Before a week five more men were down. Panic increased contagion. One—two—three men died. "Fighting Freddy" dropped on the street. "Bison Bill" was stricken while counting his gold; but he managed to stagger to the shanty where lay the boy Gabriel, desperately ill with the plague.

It proved that "provender" was not so "plenty" as had been hoped. Where should the men turn for food and medicine? Storms cut off the camp from north, south, and east. Rations grew smaller and smaller. Sickness increased. It was then that a man suddenly came journeying from the West spent with fatigue, foot sore, storm-beaten, frost-bitten; the man was no other than Father Basil. He had come from the East, and by a southerly route had reached his Indians. Leaving them, he had struggled on to find his brother. Into the infection, the want, the starvation he came; and when he saw the wretchedness, and found Gabriel sick unto death, Father Basil set his face as a flint. Out of the gang of miners he selected three, and gave them secret orders. Westward they started; into the driving storm they plunged. At the end of ten days, each like an eternity, they returned. With them came (this is the truth I tell you) five Indians laden with food—five Indians who had taken their lives in their own hands, daring storm and pestilence—five Indians who, one year before, had been driven from their homes by the very white men to whom they now brought aid—Indians of whom it is often said, "No good Indian but a dead one." At the head of the band was Sinta Gal-les-sca. Father Basil grasped his hand.

"Itancan kin niyawaste nunwe! God bless you!" he cried.

Sinta pointed to his companions. "These came because the word was, 'For the love of Christ.' *I* came for—*him*," and his eyes were on Gabriel.

But Waro spoke no word of welcome. He was shaking with chills, unwitting that his friend had come.

Then Sinta, never heeding contagion, took that fair head on his bosom. Around the death-cold boy he wrapped his own warm vigorous limbs. With the heat of his body he strove to revive Waro. But life was ebbing too fast for outward warmth to avail. Sinta sprang to his feet and seized Father Basil's arm. He spoke passionately.

"Blood is life. It is blood which he needs. We do it in our tribe." He threw off his blanket and bared his arm. "Blood is life," he kept repeating.

Skilled in surgery, Father Basil caught his meaning. His lips quivered. With trembling hands he opened the kit wherein he kept lancets and other instruments. He took out a rubber tube having at each end a valve and a sharp hollow needlelike bit of steel. In the middle was a bulb.

This bulb Father Basil filled with warm salted water. Then into a vein in Sinta's arm he thrust the sharp steel. Bending over Gabriel, he inserted the other end of the tube just below his elbow.

Opening one valve, he compressed the bulb. The warm water started the wished-for current. Into the tube flowed Sinta's blood, and, when the other valve was opened, hot, red, life-giving rushed the stream into Gabriel's nerveless arm.

A moment, and Waro's eyelids quivered. A smile came about his mouth. A flush crept into his cheeks.

"Sinta," he breathed. Then, as if trying to recall a memory, "Gloria," he tried to sing. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

Sinta's face was immovable.

"In Excelsis Gloria! What follows?" repeated Waro, restlessly.

Father Basil touched Sinta's shoulder. "Soothe him," he whispered, imploringly.

Sinta fell on his knees by the bedside. "Qa maka akan wookiye!" he repeated. "Et in Terra—Pax!"

A look of peace came over Gabriel's face. He turned his head on the pillow.

"He sleeps. Ni kta! He will live!" murmured Father Basil.

It was the blood which had saved him.

The Christmas season was once more at hand. At Father Basil's imperative command the desecrated chapel had been set in order. The miners had been superstitiously meek. They thought that the plague had come as a judgment straight from heaven.

They lavished their few possessions upon their Indian benefactors. Big-fisted Jack sent a special offering to old As-hah-kah-nah-she, whose ponies he had "borrowed." The ponies had perished from cold. This Big-fisted Jack regretted.

"Would As-hah-kah-nah-she accept a string of bright tin disks for a head-dress?" This was what the message contained.

As for returning the stolen land, that was impossible. But the pale-faces explained that in case their services were ever needed to protect their copper-colored friends from the encroachments of *other* white men, there would be plenty of rifles at their service.

On Christmas eve Fighting Freddy called a general meeting, at which it was voted to attend service in a body. One man objected, but a pistol was held at his ear, and he withdrew his opposition.

"Give the parson his innings. He cured Bison Bill. Maybe he can preach." Such was the argument put forth.

"You can set along o' us," they told the Indians, graciously, but this the savages declined. Possibly they did not feel that they had reached a sufficient degree of "civilization" for such intimate association.

Gabriel's bed had been moved to the window. He lay propped up with pillows and supported by Sinta's arms.

"Did you know why I came?" the Indian was saying. "Father Basil sent *this*, with the words 'Waro calls.'"

In his palm lay one half of the broken medal. Around his neck hung the other half. Waro smiled as he fitted the two together, and the legend was complete.

Suddenly Gabriel raised his eyes and uttered a cry of delight. Opposite the window shone the Great Bear, sparkling in the northern sky. Between the upper stars of the Dipper rested a small white cloud. As the boys gazed, a tiny wreath of mist detached itself and floated slowly upward.

"It is the peace pipe," whispered Gabriel. "See, Sinta, see! The Great Spirit has lighted it. Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

And Sinta answered, "Et in Terra—Pax."

WHERE AUTHORITIES DIFFERED.

THE reading class was standing in a stiff row upon the floor of an Indiana school-house, and a bright little fellow was drawling a paragraph about a Roman massacre.

The president of the school board was present on his regular tour of inspection, and he pomposly requested that the boy "read that verse again."

The "verse" was read again.

"Ah! hm!" said the great man in a loud voice. "Why do you pronounce that word massa-ker?"

The boy was silent.

"It should be pronounced massa-kre," continued the great man, with a patronizing smile.

The boy remained quiet, but the teacher finally spoke:

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but the fault is mine if the word was mispronounced. I have taught the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker.'"

"But why?" insisted the great man, as a look of surprise was followed by a look of pain upon his benign features.

"I believe that Webster favors that pronunciation," said the teacher, meekly.

"Impossible," said the great man.

The dictionary was brought, and the president of the school board turned over its leaves until he found the word. There was a breathless silence as he looked up.

"I am astonished, madam," he said at last, "that Daniel Webster should have made such a mistake as that."



A GREAT SPECULATION

WHICH LED TO A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS IN A CIRCUS," "SILENT PETE," ET AL.

Part I.

"DON'T you s'pose I know whether a horse is good or not, Ben Tucker?" and Teddy Marlowe spoke in a tone of mingled sarcasm and severity.

"How should you? You never owned one."

"But I've seen thousands, an' heard Amos Grant tell everything about 'em by jest lookin' in their mouths."

"But you can't do that."

"How do you know? Ever since old Jack Douglass said he'd sell his, I've been studyin' this thing up. I walked all around the horse last night when he was in front of Mansfield's, an' believe he's the biggest kind of a bargain."

"But s'posen we raise the five dollars, what would you do with him?"

"Almost everything. Why couldn't we run an express wagon, or get him fat an' learn him circus tricks? When a fellow can buy a horse like that for only five dollars, it's jest the same as findin' money."

"But if he's worth so much, what makes old Jack sell him? He needs money as bad as anybody, an' I should think he'd want to keep him."

"I s'pose he hasn't got sense enough to see how much could be made if he was put into good condition. It ain't likely he gets a great deal to eat, an' how can you expect a horse to show all his points if he's hungry most of the time?"

Ben was willing to admit that there was considerable common-sense in this remark, and began to think it might be a good idea to examine the property.

"Yes," he replied, answering a question asked by Teddy during the earlier stages of the conversation, "I have got a little over two dollars an' a half; but, you see, I was savin' it for the Fourth."

"Jest think how we could celebrate if we had a horse!" Teddy exclaimed, as he conjured up visions of the future. "The older fellers would let us into the Fantastics if we owned a team, an' we'd get up the funniest kind of a rig with Miss Washburn's two-wheeled shay!"

"That's a fact!" And now Ben's face brightened as he began to understand that by making this investment in horseflesh he would also be providing for the national holiday in a most becoming fashion.

Teddy had proposed that the two buy the aged animal in partnership, each to pay an equal sum, and then indulge in such business or pleasure as would promise the largest pecuniary returns.

"S'posen we go out an' see the horse?" Teddy suggested. "When folks know old Jack has got ready to sell him, I wouldn't wonder if there'd be more'n a hundred tryin' to make a trade."

Ben had no very important business on hand to prevent him from spending the afternoon in such work, and the two started at once for Mr. Douglass's home, about a mile from the village.

The owner of the horse was an old darky, who earned a livelihood by sawing wood, "putterin' 'roun' gardens," as he expressed it, and on certain occasions playing the violin when the country boys arranged an economical dance.

It was in this last-mentioned manner that Uncle Jack was most satisfactory to himself. "It don' make er bitter diffe'nce, honey, how long you keeps her goin'," the old fellow would say when the terms of payment for his services were being arranged, "I's willin' ter scrape des er long as you kin foot it."

The prospective purchasers of the horse found Uncle Jack sitting in the doorway of his two-roomed house, with his eyes half closed, fiddling lazily, and presenting a perfect picture of content.

Not until he had brought the tune to a conclusion satisfactory to himself did the old man give any heed to his visitors, and then he said, laying the violin carefully on the floor beside him: "Well, honey, I s'pecks yer hab come fer to git de ole man to wuk; but it carn be done. I's pow'ful busy dis yere afternoon, an' you's boun' to 'scuse me."

"What are you working at, Uncle Jack?" Teddy asked, looking around for some signs of the labor which prevented the old man from earning an honest penny. "I don't see that there's so very much to be done here."

"It wasn't de wuk ob de han's, honey, dat I was er speakin' ob; but de head. My ole brain is des whirlin' roun' an' roun' wid de strain I's puttin' on it."

"What are you trying to do?"

"I's figgerin' out what I's gwine ter do wid dat yere wuffless hoss ob mine when de snow flies. 'Pears like he warn't good fer nuffin' 'cept to eat, an' de older he grows de hungrier he gits."

"We came out to talk about buying him, Uncle Jack," Teddy said, winking at Ben to assure him that the old man was ignorant regarding the true worth of the animal, otherwise he would not have talked so disparagingly concerning him.

"Hab yer, honey? Well, now, I's s'prised; I is, fer a fac'. Does yer know I valles dat ar' hoss at five dollars?"

"That's what I heard you say up at Mr. Grant's last night."

"Well, it am de trufe. Dat's a mons'rous fine hoss, chillun, an' I specks he's ready to do a power ob wuk yet afore he dies."

"How old is he?"

"Now, honey, I carn rightly say; but he ain' so very fer along, kase I didn' own him more'n dese 'lev'n years, an' he warn' berry ole den. Mons'rous fine beas' ef he had er leetle bitter more meat on his bones. You see, honey, I doesn' hab de time fer to go moonin' roun' feed in' him, an' de grass is mighty short out dis yere way."

"How long would it take to fat him up if we gave him all he wanted to eat?"

"Well, you see, honey, it's boun' ter be like dis: he wouldn' pick up berry great de firs' week, kase he'd be so s'prised at gittin' so much dat I reckon it 'd kinder worry de flesh offen him; but when he done foun' it was er reg'lar thing, den he'd puff right out wid pride."

"Do you s'pose he'd make a good circus hoss, Uncle Jack?"

"Now, honey, dat's jes' where you'se hittin' dat animile right. I's seen him fall down an' pick hissef up sprier dan any hoss 'roun' dese yere diggins. He's terruble spry for a creeter so ole, an' I 'lows he'd make his mark arter he got used to all dem fuss an' fedders what de circus people carries 'roun' wid 'em."

"Will he bite or kick?" Ben asked, anxiously.

"Bress yer heart, honey, he won' hardly lif' up his foot when dar's flies on him. You needn' nebber be 'fraid ob dat ar' animile hurtin' yer."

At that moment the "animile" in question came from the rear of the house in his search for grass, and the most timid could hardly have been afraid of him.

His original color was white; but there was now so much mud on him that it would have been a difficult matter for a stranger to decide as to the true shade of his coat, and his ribs stood out so prominently as to suggest the possibility of their being braces of some kind, used for the purpose of holding the body together.

"He'd look a good deal better if he was cleaned up some," Teddy suggested, as he surveyed the animal with the air of a connoisseur.

"'Deed he would, honey; I's been so pow'ful busy dat I don't hab de time dat a hoss like him needs. I reckon you des wouldn' know that creeter ef he was spruced up like Amos Grant keeps his brack pair."

"What's the lowest you'll take for him, cash down?" Teddy asked, fearing lest they would discuss the animal's good qualities until some less-inquisitive person stepped in suddenly and deprived them of the opportunity for making such a wonderfully good bargain.

"I's boun' to stick to five dollars, kase dat's wot I said down to Amos Grant's; but it's des like gibbin' him away, honey; des de same."

Teddy beckoned for Ben to follow him around the corner of the building, where the matter could be discussed privately, and Uncle Jack took up his violin, as if music, not trading, was the important thing to him.

"What do you say?" Teddy asked, eagerly, when he and Ben were comparatively alone. "Shall we buy him?"

Master Tucker hesitated an instant, and then replied slowly:

"If you think we can make any money out of him, I'll put in my half; but you know we can't afford to keep a horse jest for fun."

"I'll 'tend to that part of the business. Leave it to me, an' when he's fat the cash will roll right into us. I've got my share of the money in my pocket; where's yours?"

"At home."

"Go an' git it. I'll hang 'round to make sure Uncle Jack don't back out of the trade, or let anybody else have him."

"But see here, Teddy, how are we goin' to keep the horse? I don't know of any stable where they'd let us put him."

"Go get your money an' I'll see to all that. Don't you s'pose I've been thinkin' this thing over ever since the first minute I made up my mind to buy him?"

Ben would have waited to make further inquiries, but Teddy, eager to be half-owner of the wonderful animal, hurried him away that the bargain might be concluded without loss of time.

Uncle Jack paid no attention to his visitor, who came back to the door-step with an assumption of carelessness after Ben started at a rapid pace on his homeward journey.

Teddy remained silent, listening to the music, until the horrible thought came into his mind that perhaps the old darky was already repenting having offered the valuable steed at such a low figure, and he asked, anxiously: "I s'pose you'll hold to the bargain till Ben can get back with his share of the money? It won't take him more'n ten minutes."

"I's boun' ter gib him to yer at dat figger, honey, kase I done 'lowed dat's what he'd gotter fetch 'fore I'd let de ole feller go outen my 'session; but it's pow'ful cheap fer dat kin' ob a hoss. Kin you git de five dollars?"

"Ben's gone after his half, an' here's mine," Teddy replied, taking from his pocket a handful of coins. "Count it, an' you'll find two dollars an' a half in that pile."

Uncle Jack allowed the money to be left in front of him; but a long-drawn sigh told how deeply he regretted having promised to part with the horse for such a paltry consideration.

"It's all dar, suah enouf, honey, an' I'll des keep dese yere pieces twell Ben gits back, so none ob 'em kin runned away."

Teddy was satisfied when the old man swept the coins from the door-step into one hand, and transferred them to his pocket, for now that a portion of the purchase-money had been paid, it was not probable he would attempt to draw back from the agreement.

So eager was Teddy to have the transaction completed, that the time passed very slowly, although Uncle Jack played some of his liveliest tunes for the benefit of his intending customer, and it seemed as if Ben had been absent at least half an hour, when he returned, breathing like one who has travelled rapidly, but looking triumphant.

"Here's my share," he said, giving the old darky a handful of silver and copper.

"I've paid mine already," Teddy added, springing to his feet, "an' now the horse is ours."

"I reckon he am, honey," Uncle Jack replied, after assuring himself the amount was correct, and putting it in his pocket with an air of satisfaction. "Yer wants ter treat dat creeter well, kase it's feed wha' keeps him up to his wuk, an' he ain' been habin' any too much ob it lately."

"Have you got a halter, so we can lead him home?" Teddy asked.

"I has, honey, an' I's gwine ter frow it inter de barg'in, so's to show dat yer ole Uncle Jack knows when he's tradin' like a gen'leman. I 'lows yer don' wan' a harness an' waggin? I's got a mons'rous fine lot ob stuff what would come in handy when yer puts dat creeter on de race-track."

"Of course we've got to have such things some time; but we've spent all our money now, an' will have to wait till we can earn more," Teddy replied, as he took the halter of rope and went cautiously toward his newly acquired property.

The horse did not attempt to run away, probably because that would have been too much exertion, and the boys had no trouble in making him ready for the journey home.

"I don' 'low he's gwine ter play any pranks yit erwhile," the old darky said, with a chuckle, as the purchasers started down the road with their bargain in horse-flesh hanging obstinately back on the halter; "but look out, chillun, when he begins ter feel his oats."

Then, with the air of one who is satisfied with the world in general, and himself in particular, Uncle Jack resumed his leisurely occupation with the fiddle.

The new owners of the white horse pulled him along as rapidly as possible until Uncle Jack's cabin was hidden from view by a bend in the road, and then both stopped as if by mutual consent, although not a word had been spoken, to examine their prize.

"He ain't so awful handsome," Teddy said, reflectively, as he examined each of the horse's feet in turn; "but jest wait till he's in decent shape, an' then I reckon folks' eyes will stick out. We must get him as fat as a seal, an' I b'lieve it would do his mane an' tail good to rub them with sage tea, such as grandmother uses. She says that's terrible nice for makin' the hair grow."

"I wish there wasn't so many bunches on his legs," Ben added, by way of a reply.

"They don't 'mount to anything. We can keep 'em tied up in a cloth till they're squeezed down smooth. You'll soon find out that I know how to take care of a horse."

"Where are we goin' to keep him?"

"That's what we've got to settle on. How much d'yer s'pose Amos Grant would charge to let him stay there?"

"But I thought you said you'd figgered out the whole thing?"

"I hadn't made up my mind where he was to live. It took a deal of thinkin' to fix so's we could buy him."

"You said you'd 'tended to everything."

"So I will if you give me time enough." And Teddy spoke just a trifle impatiently. "I'm goin' to talk with Mr. Grant as soon as we get back to the village."

This explanation was not entirely satisfactory to Ben, for it seemed as if Teddy had made at least one false assertion; but the horse had been purchased, and it would be foolish to quarrel over what might have been only a slip of the tongue.

"I wish we hadn't bought him so soon," he said, after a short pause.

And Teddy replied, scornfully: "When a feller has a chance to make such a trade as we have, there must be somethin' wrong with him if he gits sorry. Jest wait, Ben Tucker, till we begin to make money outer him, an' then see how you'll feel."

"But it's goin' to be a bother to take care of him. I'm certain father won't let me have him around our house."

"Don't fuss about that. I'll 'tend to this whole job. See how he lifts his feet. I tell you, Ben, this horse is a stepper, an' by the time we get him into good shape, Uncle Jack will be sick, thinkin' how cheap he sold him."

Ben noted carefully this newly discovered good point in the partnership property, and grew more cheerful under his companion's predictions of future prosperity for the firm.

When they arrived at the outskirts of the village, however, it was necessary to refer once more to the minor details of the business.

"Are you goin' to lead him all around town while you look for a stable?" Ben asked.

"No; I don't want the fellers to know we've got him till there's more fat on his sides. I'll tell you what we'll do," Teddy added, as a sudden thought occurred to him.

"S'pose we put him down in my cellar till we get things fixed?"

"Will your mother let you?"

"She won't find out anything about it. You take him back of Miss Doak's house while I unlock the big door that leads into the orchard, an' then we'll sneak through without a soul's hearin' us."

"But s'posen somebody comes down an' sees him?"

"We won't leave him there more'n half an hour, an' the folks will all be upstairs."

If Teddy was positive there would be no trouble, Ben thought it foolish for him to raise any objections, therefore the matter was allowed to drop until they arrived within a few yards of Master Marlowe's home.

"Lead him back of Doak's barn till I get things fixed, an' then we'll bring him up through the orchard," Teddy said, as he halted a moment.

"I think you'd better ask your mother about it first," Ben suggested, feebly, more to ease his own conscience than because he thought it absolutely necessary.

"What's the use? It would only fuss her for nothin', 'cause he won't be there long enough to have it count."

As he ceased speaking, Teddy hurried away to make preparations for the reception of the horse, and Ben led the weary-looking steed to the proposed hiding-place.

Ten minutes later Master Marlowe was in his father's orchard, pulling boards from the fence to make an entrance for the partnership property.

"What kept you so long?" Ben asked, in a petulant tone. "I thought you was never comin', an' Miss Doak has been here more'n a dozen times to find out what I was doin' in her yard with a horse."

"It took me quite a while to get the door open, 'cause we don't use it very often, an' then I had to bring in some wood. It's all right now, though. Mother's gettin' ready to make some calls, an' we'll have our trotter in a reg'lar stable before she comes back."

After the boards had been removed, it was necessary to tear away the upper length of joist to which they had been fastened, and, as may be supposed, this was not done in a workmanlike manner.

It was finally in such a condition, however, that the ancient steed could pass through, and this, in Teddy's opinion, was the only really important portion of the affair.

The animal seemed willing to go wherever his new owners wished, and entered the cellar without hesitation.

If horses have reasoning powers, he must have wondered not a little at the snug quarters in which he found himself, contrasting them with the dilapidated barn on Uncle Jack's half-acre farm.

Potatoes in bins, apples in barrels, and cabbages in one corner must all have been seen by him, and perhaps he said to himself that he would sample these dainties at the earliest possible moment.

Teddy looked around for something to serve as a hitching-post, and the only thing available for that purpose was one of the supports to the "hanging shelf."

"That's jest the thing," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, "for it'll keep his head up so high he can't get into mischief."

It would have been better, judging from subsequent events, if Teddy had understood making a knot which would not slip. He contented himself with fastening the halter after his own careless manner, and then the two went in search of more suitable quarters in which to stable their rare specimen of horseflesh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"AND now," the genial butler said,
As he removed the dinner plates,
"We'll finish with a choice dessert,
A dainty little dish of dates."
I saw the portière sway and part,
And from its folds, oh, fair illusion!
A troop of lads and lasses flock
In quaint confusion.

Now all the history I've acquired
Was learned so very long ago,
I recognized, I blush to say,
Not half the folk I ought to know.
But here and there, as round the group
My curious glances, smiling, hovered,
Some old acquaintance, with delight,
My eyes discovered.

That Spanish youth in silken hose,
A feather in his velvet cap,
Who holds beneath his flowing cloak
A globe, some papers, and a map—
His gaze is searching and intent,
With something brave and eager in it.
He's 1492, of course,
I knew him in a minute!

The modest maid in gown of gray,
And snowy kerchief neat and trim,
With lips and brow austerely fair,
And wistful eyes a little dim,
Psalm-book and compass in her hand,
Close-capped her tresses' golden plenty,
She needs no Mayflower at her breast
To prove her 1620.

In scarlet coat and buckled shoes,
His faithful sword still at his side,
A youth of independent mien
Comes forth in brave and conscious pride.
Beneath his arm a mighty scroll
With honorable age grown yellow;
Ah, who but 1776
Can be the doughty fellow!

And yonder jaunty, bright-eyed maid,
In cap of blue and blazer jacket,
Who carries in her hands a purse,
A kodak, and a tennis racket,
Her step is swift, her air alert,
She's quick with tears or laughter, bless her!
Our 1893, dear girl,
Who could but guess her?

And 1607 and 1812,
I recognized them in a trice,
And might have found a dozen more
When once was broken memory's ice;
But all at once the figures fled,
I saw the butler o'er me bending.
"You've had a pleasant nap?" he asked,
So condescending!



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.—Drawn by R. F. Bloodgood.

HOW CHICAGO WAS BORN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHETHER they are fables, like the story of the twins who founded Rome, or whether they are as tame as the account of the purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians, there is always something peculiarly interesting in the stories of the babyhood of great cities. Their small and often beggarly beginnings, the little promise they give of the mighty size and importance they are to achieve, their mishaps and setbacks, which, like the illnesses of human children, seem again and again to threaten their tender and slender existence—all these narratives that make up history become more and more interesting as the cities themselves grow greater and greater. There was a time when London seems to have "gone out," like a lighted candle in the wind, like those great cities of Africa which the Bible tells of, and which now are but ruins and broken memories.

Stories of the early infantile struggles of cities seem like stories of men. They have a human character and interest. Perhaps it is because they are mainly tales of what men did, and yet there are accounts of earthquakes and epidemics and fires, in which the parts that single individuals did are lost sight of or not told at all, and we either see the cities destroyed forever, or quickly springing up again like new trees where a forest had fallen.

Whoever goes to see the Columbian Exposition at Chicago this year will be reminded that this great American city had an uncommonly lively and tragic adventure in its childhood. This will be brought to mind by the sight of a large white marble tablet set in the wall of a storehouse on Michigan Avenue close to the Chicago River, which cuts the big city into three districts—the north, the south, and the west.

This great tablet tells of the first important building in Chicago, and fixes its site. Along the arched top of the tall slab of stone are these words, "Block-house of Fort Dearborn." Under that arch is a carved picture of a typical wooden fort built of logs, and enclosed by a high thick log fence or "palisado," as our forefathers would have called it. The picture shows that the fort was square, and the second story, where the cannons peeped out, projected beyond the first story, as if a large box had been built on top of a smaller one. On the roof of this second story was a cupola or observatory, with a flag flying on top of that. Such forts were very common once. Wherever the white men were surrounded by Indians, or were pushing our frontier farther and farther West, they put up such block-houses as this—in Canada as well as in this country. New York city itself, when it was a Dutch trading-post, had its little huddle of houses inside a palisado around very much such a fort.

But what is carved in letters under the picture holds the passer-by longer. It is a brief account of the birth and first trouble of Chicago when it was a baby city. This is what the visitor will read upon the tablet:

"This building is on the site of old Fort Dearborn, which extended a little across Michigan Avenue and somewhat into the river as it now is.

"The fort was built in 1803 & 4, forming our outmost defense.

"By order of Gen. Hull it was evacuated Aug. 15, 1812, after its stores and provisions had been distributed among the Indians. Very soon after, the Indians attacked and massacred about fifty of the troops and a number of citizens, including women and children, and next day burned the fort. In 1816 it was rebuilt, but after the Black Hawk war it went into general disuse, and in May, 1837, was abandoned by the army, but was occupied by various government officers till 1857, when it was torn down, excepting a single building, which stood upon this site till the great fire of Oct. 9, 1871.

"At the suggestion of the Chicago Historical Society this tablet was erected by W. M. HOYT.

"*Nov.* 1880."

Before the erection of that fort the history of Chicago was slight, trifling, broken, and obscure. The river had been found by Louis Joliet, the agent of Count Frontenac, who was the Governor of that immense territory extending over the Northwest, and called New France. At any rate, Joliet first published the existence of the river in a map that he roughly made. Then and afterwards it was variously called Eschikagow or Checagow. In the language of the Illinois tribe, the word meant onion, and it is said that onions grew plentifully along the little river. Other Indians used the same word when they spoke of a polecat. The date of Joliet's exploration was about 1673.

The first actual settler where now more than a million persons are living was a negro named Point de Sable, who had a cabin on the river-side in 1779, and who grew noted and prosperous as a trapper and fur-trader. Other hunters and traders came and settled near by, and soon the black pioneer sold his business to a Frenchman and went away.

How France lost her territory upon the lakes and east of the Mississippi, how England ruled, and how her rule was broken by our Revolutionary war, are matters of general history in which this little trading-post at the southern end of Lake Michigan took no part. But Chicago was upon our new American frontier, and many of the wild Indians of the woods and the plains were unfriendly to us, and willing to harass us to please the British. Therefore Congress was urged to establish a fort farther west than it had done before to show the savages our soldiers, and to impress them with our greatness. Chicago was the place chosen for the site of the new fort. The nearest Western frontier posts at that time were Fort Wayne, Detroit, and Mackinac. The last-named place has proved a dwarf. It has nearly stood still, while the other two are thriving cities. Mackinac was known as "Michilimacinac," and is now a beautiful and lively watering-place in summer and a little village in winter.

The War Department issued the order to build the fort, and Captain John Whistler, then at Mackinac, was sent to superintend the work. The Captain sailed to Chicago with his wife and son and the young man's bride. The private soldiers who were to build and man the fort came to Chicago by land, under the command of Lieutenant Swearington. Theirs was a perilous journey. The Captain's boat reached the mouth of the Chicago River in July, 1803, where a multitude of Indians had gathered to see the soldiers. The fort was finished in 1804. A village grew up beside it, but it was a village cut off from all the world of civilized beings. Now and then, on visits far apart, a sailing-vessel brought supplies. The Indians of the neighborhood were friendly, but beyond and around them were more savage red men who hated the Americans, plotted to destroy the little lonely fort, and argued that the Americans meant to rob the red men of their hunting-grounds.

The officers of the fort were changed in 1811. At that time, when a Captain Heald was in command, the village had grown considerably. Captain Heald's wife and several other women lived within the block-house enclosure. The settlers outside had wives and children, and there were already some farms along the river-bank. Then came the war with England in 1812, and the terrible massacre wherein the majority of those who composed the Chicago of that day were slain.

Fort Michilimacinac, and then Detroit, fell into the hands of the British. General Hull, who was the American in command at Detroit, sent word to Captain Heald at Fort Dearborn warning him of his peril, and advising him to leave his fort and save himself and his troops. Captain Heald got the same advice from the friendly Indians and the white men around him. All told him that if he would divide his provisions with the Indians, he could get beyond their reach while they feasted and

drank, as Indians will under such circumstances. He was told to do this at once. He was slow. He tardily called a council of the Pottawatomies, who were hostile and dangerous, and promised them not only provisions, but all the extra arms and ammunition, as well as a gift of money. They were pleased, but when they heard of the defeats we had suffered at the hands of the British, they grew insolent. To punish them for some act that displeased him, Captain Heald broke his word. They found that he had destroyed his surplus arms and broken in the heads of some casks of the liquor he had promised them. Even some Indians who had been friendly to the Captain now joined his enemies.

A Captain Wells, brother to Mrs. Heald, started from Fort Wayne, leading a small band of Miami Indians, to try and rescue the garrison at Fort Dearborn. He arrived on August 14, 1812, and succeeded, apparently, in convincing the commandant that he must fly at once, for all the troops abandoned the fort on the next day. In all about sixscore men, women, and children (the garrison of sixty-five men and officers, the Indians who came with Wells, and the women and children of the fort and village) started for Fort Wayne. They marched along the lake-side sands. Where they marched stands Chicago, as solid as London. There was grass or prairie land beyond, and over that crept the angry Pottawatomies.

It is said that they had reached that point where Eighteenth Street now ends at the lake when Captain Wells, who was leading, rode back and commanded all to form in military order and charge the foe, who were about to make an attack. His words had a deadly echo, for at that instant the massacre began—the Indians fired upon the whites. At the first fire the wretched Indian allies ran away. The others fought gallantly and hard. Again and again they drove the Indians back and lessened their numbers. Captain Wells, Ensign Ronan, a settler named Kinzie, and other heroes, showed wonderful courage. Ronan fought after he was terribly wounded, and kept firing till he died.

An Indian youth found several children in a wagon, unprotected, and murdered them all. But for this the end might have been different, for when another mile had been fought over, an attempt was made to parley with the Indians. The white men saw that it was certain slaughter to continue fighting. Unfortunately Captain Wells then learned of the killing of the little children. He became wild with rage. He turned and made for the tepees of the Indian squaws and children. He was overtaken and killed, and, in a word, such was the fate of seven out of every ten in the party that had abandoned Fort Dearborn.

The farm-houses, the cabins of the fur-traders, and the fort itself, all fell before the fury of the red men. As we have seen by the record on the tablet which marks its site, it was rebuilt in 1816, but after that its history was prosaic, until a remnant of its buildings passed away in the sea of flame that all but destroyed the great city that had grown up around it in 1871.



FORT DEARBORN IN 1812—(THE BUILDING ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE BLOCK-HOUSE.)

AN UNFORTUNATE BOY.

"DID you have any Christmas holidays, Karl?"
"No, sir, I had the measles instead."

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CURIOUS COMPLICATION.

"SO that is what I was arrested for, is it?" thought Winn. "I was supposed to be one of a gang of counterfeiters, and a pretty desperate sort of a character. That will be a pretty good joke to tell father. But I wonder who is offering a reward for me as plain everyday Winn Caspar, besides the one that would be paid for the young counterfeiter who ran off with the Sheriff's boat?"

This is what Winn thought. What he said was: "My! but that is a lot of money! Wouldn't it be fine if we could earn those twelve hundred dollars?"

"Indeed it would," answered the old man. "Even one of the smaller rewards would buy us a mule."

"Who is offering them?" asked Winn.

"The government offers the first, Sheriff Riley the second, and the third is offered by some one named Brickell. 'W. Brickell,' the bills are signed. I saw them up at the printing-office, but they are being distributed all over the place."

Sure enough, in that wretched little printing-office the compositor had made "Brickell" out of Brackett, and, as he was his own proof-reader, the mistake was not discovered.

"Brickell," repeated Winn, slowly. "That is a queer name, and one that I never heard before."

"Yes, it is one that has puzzled me a good deal," said Cap'n Cod. "I'm sure I never heard Major Caspar mention any such person."

"You know this Major Caspar, then?"

"Know him! Well, I should say I did. We were in the same regiment all through the war, and a better officer never commanded men. Know him! I know him to the extent of a leg, lost when I was standing so close beside him that if I hadn't been there the ball would have taken his instead of mine. Know him! Didn't I know him for three months in the hospital, where he came to see me every day? Indeed I do know Major Caspar, and I should be mighty glad to know of any way in which I could help him out of his present trouble."

"It is strange that I never heard father speak of any Aleck Fifield," thought Winn. He was about to ask some more questions, but was restrained by the remem-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

brance of his present peculiar position. The same thought checked his inclination to say, "I am Winn Caspar, sir, the son of your friend Major Caspar, of Caspar's Mill." Instead of that he said to himself: "I will wait until we get away from this place, or, at any rate, until I can receive a letter from home that will prove who I am. Otherwise he might find out about the Sheriff's skiff, and think I had made up the story to escape arrest as a thief."

So Winn held his peace, and only asked his host if he would furnish him the materials for writing a letter home. Provided with these, he wrote to his mother as follows:

"MANDRAKE, IOWA.

"MY OWN DEAR MOTHER,—I write to you instead of to father, as I suppose he must be somewhere on the river hunting for me by this time, though I have not seen him yet.

"I am all right, and having a fine time, but have lost the raft. I am on board a boat called the *Whatnot*, with some very kind people—a gentleman named Fifield, a girl named Sabella, a funny old darky named Solon, and a monkey named Don Blossom. I am bound to find the raft again if it is still afloat, and am going to keep on down the river in this boat until we catch up with it.

"I shall be here long enough for you to answer this letter; and send me some money, please, and tell me all about everybody. Give my dear love to Etta, and tell her I wish she knew Sabella and Don Blossom. She is just the kind of a girl, and he is just the kind of a monkey, a fellow likes to know.

"Now it is late, and I must turn in, for I am working my passage on this boat, and Solon and I must take the place of a mule to-morrow, and till we can earn money enough to buy one. So good-by, from your affectionate son, WINN."

While the boy was writing, Cap'n Cod went ashore, and when the former took his letter to the post-office, he met his host there with two letters in his hand. They followed Winn's into the box, but he did not see the address on either of them. If he had, he would have been more troubled than ever, for one was addressed to the Sheriff of Dubuque County, and the other to his own father.

The old man had seen and recognized the skiff that he had built for Sheriff Riley as it lay tied to the wharf-boat, but had thought it best to keep this discovery to himself until he could communicate with its owner. By cautious inquiries he learned that the skiff had been left there by a young man calling himself Brackett, who had gone on down the river, but was expected back in a day or two. Cap'n Cod would have telegraphed to Sheriff Riley but for the fact that the wires had not yet been extended to Mandrake. So he wrote and begged the Sheriff to hasten down the river by first boat.

He also wrote to Major Caspar, expressing his sympathy, telling him that he was now travelling down the Mississippi in his own boat, the *Whatnot*, asking for full particulars concerning the lost boy, and offering to make every effort to discover his whereabouts.

On the morning of that very day, just before his departure from Mandrake, Billy Brackett had also written and mailed a letter that read as follows:

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I am up a stump just at present, but hope to climb down very soon. In other words, your boy is smarter than I took him to be. He has not only managed to hide the raft, but himself as well, and both so completely that thus far I have had but little success in tracing them. I have reason to believe that he and I spent some time very close to each other on an island the night I left you, but before daylight he had again disappeared, leaving no trace. After that I learned nothing concerning him until reaching this place, when I again struck the trail. I am now following a warm scent, and expect to run the young fox to earth within a few hours.

"So much for the boy. As for the raft, its disappearance is even more complete and unaccountable than his. There is absolutely nothing to report concerning it. I have boarded several rafts, but none of them bears the slightest resemblance to the *Venture*, which I am certain I should recognize at a glance. However, when I find Winn he will of course be able to put me on the right track, and the subsequent recovery of the raft will prove an easy matter.

"If you have any news, send it to me at this place, where I shall remain until I hear from you.

"Love to Etta. Tell her that last evening I ran across the queerest craft I ever saw, with the queerest name I ever heard of. It is called the *Whatnot*. Of course its Captain knew nothing of Winn, and I did not expect he would; but I make it my business to inquire of every one I meet or pass.

"Hoping to be able to send you better news within a day or two, I am your loving brother, WILLIAM."

As this letter reached Caspar's Mills in the same mail with those from Winn and the owner of the *Whatnot*, who, in writing to the Major, had used his old army name, and signed himself "Respectfully yours, Cap'n Cod," it may easily be imagined that Billy Brackett's perplexity was as nothing compared to that of his sister. What could it all mean? Winn was alive and well; his letter brought that comfort. But what did he mean by stating that he was on board that boat with the absurd name when both William and Captain Cod stated that he was not there. Then, too, how could it be possible for those three persons, each of whom was anxious to find one of the others, to be in a small place, such as this Mandrake must be, for several days without running across each other? Such stupidity was incredible, and could only be accounted for by the fact that all three were of the masculine sex. Well, she would soon set things to rights, and the fond mother smiled to herself to think that it was left for her, who had remained quietly at home, to discover the missing boy after all.

She had but a few minutes in which to catch the return mail; but when it left, it bore three notes in her handwriting. The one directed to Mr. Winn Caspar, Mandrake, Iowa, read as follows:

"MY DARLING BOY,—How could you leave us as you did? And why don't you come home? Don't lose a minute in hunting up your Uncle Billy, who is now in Mandrake. He will supply you with money, and tell you what to do.

"Ever lovingly, but in great haste,

"YOUR OWN MOTHER."

To the Captain of the *Whatnot* Mrs. Caspar wrote:

"SIR,—In the absence of my husband, I took the liberty of opening your note to him of the 1st inst. In it you write that you are anxious to discover our boy's whereabouts, when, by the same mail, I am advised by him that he is on board the very boat of which you claim to be Captain and owner. I of course take my boy's word in preference to that of any stranger. Having thus detected the hollowness of your sympathy, and the falseness of your pretended friendship for my husband, I must request you to refrain from further meddling in this matter. Yours, etc., ELLEN CASPAR."

Fortunately, as this letter was addressed to Captain Cod, Esq., instead of Mr. Aleck Fifield, the old man never

received it, and in due time it was returned to the writer from the Dead-letter Office.

To Billy Brackett Mrs. Caspar wrote:

"MY DEAR GOOSE OF A BROTHER. I have just received a letter from Winn written at Mandrake. He is on the *Mantel-piece*, and out of money. Please supply him with whatever he needs, and bring him home to me as quickly as possible. As for the raft, I am sorry, of course, that you cannot find it; but so long as Winn is safe, nothing else seems to matter.

"John writes full of enthusiasm concerning the contract, and I shall tell him nothing of your absurd doings, until you and Winn are safely back here.

"Ever lovingly your sister,
ELLEN."



BILLY BRACKETT IS A FRIEND IN NEED.

CHAPTER XX.

BIM GROWLS

DURING the following day, while these letters were on their way to the little Iowa town in which the principal actors in this story were playing at such cross-purposes, active preparations were being made on board the *Whatnot* for the first exhibition of its panorama. In those days the panorama filled the place now taken by the stereopticon; and though its crude pictures lacked the photographic truth of lantern slides, they were by no means devoid of interest. In fact, their gorgeousness of color, and the vagueness of detail that allowed each to represent several scenes, according to the pleasure of the lecturer, rendered them quite as popular, if not so instructive, as their modern successors.

The success of a panorama, however, depended largely upon the person who explained its pictures. If he were witty, and knew how to tell the good story of which each one was certain to remind him, all went well, and the fame of that panorama spread far and wide. If, on the other hand, he was prosy, and offered only dry explanations of his pictures, the impatient river-town audience did not hesitate to express their dissatisfaction, and the exhibition was apt to close with a riot.

All this was well known to Cap'n Cod; but twenty years of absence from the stage had caused him to lose sight of his first and only humiliating appearance before an audience, and had restored all his youthful confidence in his own abilities. He was therefore to be the lecturer of his own show, while Winn and Solon were to enter the tread-mill, and supply, as well as they could, the place of a mule in furnishing power to move the heavy roll of paintings. Sabella was also to remain out of sight, but was to grind out music from the hand-organ whenever it might be needed. This was only a temporary position, and would be filled by either Winn or Solon after a mule had been obtained for the tread-mill. Sabella's real duty was to dress Don Blossom, and see that he went on the stage at the proper time.

The hour for giving these arrangements a public test finally arrived. By eight o'clock the exhibition hall of the *Whatnot* was packed with an audience that contained a number of raftsmen and steamboat hands from the water-front. These were good-naturedly noisy, and indulged in catcalls, stampings, and other manifestations of their impatience for the curtain to rise.

At length they ceased. The little drop-curtain was slowly rolled up so as to expose the first picture, and Cap'n Cod, pointer in hand, in all the glory of the blue swallow-tail with brass buttons, stepped on the stage. His appearance was greeted with a silence that was almost painful in its contrast with the previous tumult.

Now for the neat introductory speech that the old man had prepared so carefully and rehearsed until he knew every word by heart. He stepped forward, and gazed appealingly at the silent audience; but no word came from his dry lips. He swallowed convulsively, and appeared to be struggling with himself. A titter of laughter sounded from the back of the room. The old man's face became fiery red and then deathly pale. He looked helplessly and pitifully from side to side.

"Wind him up!" shouted a voice.

"He's stopped short, never to go again," called another.

"He's an old fraud, and his show's a fake!"

"Speech! speech!"

"No; a song! Let old dot-and-carry-one give us a song!"

"Oh, shut up! Don't you see he's a ballet-dancer?"

And so the derisive jeerings of this audience, like those of another twenty years before, hailed Cap'n Cod's second failure. His confidence in himself, his years of experience, the memory of what he ought to say, all vanished the moment he faced that mass of upturned faces, and he was once more the dumb, trembling Codringhampton of twenty years before. A mist swam before his eyes, he groped blindly with his hands, the derisive yells of the river-men, who were endeavoring to secure their money's worth of amusement from this pitiful spectacle, grew fainter and fainter in his ears. He tottered backward, and would have fallen, had not a young man from the audience sprang to his assistance.

Very tenderly he helped the old man from the stage

and into the friendly shadows of the side scenes. In another moment he reappeared. With flashing eyes he stepped in front of the turbulent audience and held up his hand. The curiosity of the river-men was sufficient to produce an almost instant silence, which in another second might have changed into an angry roar.

Who was this young fellow? What business had he to interfere with their fun? What was he going to say? He'd better be careful! They were not in a humor to be trifled with. For a moment he looked steadily at them. Then he said:

"Boys, I am surprised, and if I thought for a moment that you really meant to worry that old man, I should be ashamed of you. But I know you didn't. It was only your fun. He has been a soldier, and lost a leg fighting for you and me and to preserve the glorious Union, that you and I are prouder of than anything else in life. He has a daughter in there too—a young girl, for whom he is trying to make a living with this show. I saw her just now, and if you could have seen the look of distress and terror on her face as she sprang to the old man's side you would feel as I do about this business. You would know, as I do, that this was no fake, but a square—a number one—show, packed full and running over with good things, worth ten times the price of admission. You'd know that it was just the bulliest show ever seen on this little old river, and you'd turn in with a will to help me prove it. I am a stranger, just arrived in town, and never set eyes on this outfit before; but I'm willing to put up my last dollar on the fact that this show is so much better than I've said that as soon as you've seen it once, you'll want to see it right over again, you'll come to it every evening that it stays here, and then you'll follow it down the river on the chance of seeing it again. Hello, inside! Turn on your steam, and set your whirligig to moving."

By this time the good-nature of the audience was fully restored, and amid encouraging cries of "That's the talk!" "Ring the jingle-bell and give her a full head!" "Sweep her out into the current and toot your horn, stranger!" the panorama began slowly to unroll. The young man picked up the pointer, and the moment the second picture—a lurid scene that Cap'n Cod had entitled "The Burning of Moscow"—was fully exposed to view, he began:

"There you have it, gentlemen! One of the most thrilling events of this century. The great San Francisco fire of '55. City swept clean from the face of the earth, and built up again, finer than before, inside of a month. I tell you, fellows, those Californians are rustlers! Why, I met a man out in 'Frisco last month whom I knew, two years ago, as a raftsman on this very river at twenty a month and found. To-day he is worth a cool million of dollars, and if you want to know how he made it, I'll let you into the secret."

And so the young stranger rattled on with story and joke, never pausing to study the panoramic scenes as they moved slowly along, but giving each the first title that suggested itself, and working in descriptions to fit the titles. He kept it up for more than an hour; and when Sabella, who was watching him from the side scenes with admiring wonder, called out softly that the picture he was then describing was the last, he gracefully dismissed as delighted an audience as ever attended a river show, and disappeared with them.

Billy Brackett had come up the Illinois side of the river by rail and stage, and had been ferried across to Mandrake just in time to be attracted by the incipient riot aboard the *Whatnot*. Led to the scene by curiosity, his generous indignation was aroused by the sight of the helpless old man and his tormentors. Now, to avoid being thanked for what he had done, he hurried away, released Bim from his confinement on the wharf-boat, to that bow-legged animal's intense joy, and went to the hotel for the night.

The next morning, when he came down into the office, the clerk handed him Mrs. Caspar's letter. He stood by the desk and read it. Then he read it again, with a frown of perplexity deepening on his forehead. "Winn here, on board the *Mantel piece*, and out of money! What can Ellen mean? She must be losing her mind."

The young man was so engrossed with this letter that he paid no attention to the other occupants of the room. Thus he did not see Cap'n Cod and his niece enter the front door, nor notice that the former was greeted by two men who had been talking earnestly together and watching him with great interest. Nor did he see Sabella stoop to pat Bim, who had gone to meet her. He did not notice the entrance a moment later of a boy with a very puzzled expression of countenance and an open letter in his hand. Neither did he see that the boy was accompanied by the printer who had furnished his reward notices, and who now pointed in his direction, saying: "That's him there. That's Mr. Brickell."

At the same moment Sabella exclaimed: "Oh, Winn, here's Bim! Isn't he a dear dog?" Then she too caught sight of Billy Brackett, and pulling Cap'n Cod by the sleeve, whispered: "There he is, uncle. That is the gentleman you have come to thank for helping us so splendidly last evening."

While she was thus whispering into one ear, the night watchman of the wharf-boat, who stood on the other side of the old man, was saying, in a low tone: "Yes, sir. As I was just telling the Sheriff, that's the man as stole his skiff, for I saw him when he landed here in it."

Sheriff Riley, who had only reached Mandrake half an hour before, was staring at Winn, and saying to himself: "There's the young rascal now. I knew it wasn't that other fellow, though somehow his face is strangely familiar too."

There was a momentary hesitation on all sides. Then, as though moved by a single impulse, Winn started toward Billy Brackett to ask him if his name was Brickell, Cap'n Cod slipped up to express his heartfelt gratitude for what he had done the evening before, and Sheriff Riley moved toward him with the intention of arresting him. At this Bim, recognizing the Sheriff, stationed himself in front of his preoccupied master, erected the bristles on the back of his neck, and growled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW-YEAR'S CHRISTENING.

BY CAROLINE W. LATIMER.

"PRITHEE, my darling, tell me
What is your name? and why
Is a baby fair
In the wintry air
While the snow-flakes round us lie?"

"I'm only the little New-Year, ma'am;
I've come on a twelvemonth's stay;
And the snow so light
Is a robe of white
For the earth on my christening day."

A LADY'S RIDE IN THE TYROL.

ENGLISH people are discussing the ride of an English woman in the Tyrol, which is little less remarkable than the recent ride of cavalry officers from Berlin to Vienna. The distance covered was 225 miles, and the time, including stops at night and for meals, was sixty-seven hours and forty minutes. Thirty-nine hours and twenty minutes was the actual time on the road. The tour was a circular one, starting at Innspruck and

leading over a mountainous country. The feat is the more remarkable on account of the character of the road, which is a succession of ascents and descents. The horse was fourteen or fifteen years old, carried a burden of 140 pounds, and apparently both horse and rider were in as good condition at the finish as at the start, although the lady had to do most of the grooming herself.

As a consequence of the trip, the countrymen of the lady are saying that the famous ride of German and Austrian officers was not so remarkable a feat, after all.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

ACCORDING TO THE DIARY OF A SMALL BOY.

Seven A.M.—Got up. Dressed myself all alone, because I am going to school to-day, just because Miss Smith went away last week, because she was going to get married. There are lots of "becauses" here, but I can't help that, because because is just the word I want to use. Didn't study any lesson, because I haven't any lesson to study. There I go again! Won't use because any more, because I've used it enough.

Eight A.M.—Breakfast over. Mamma is going around to the school with me. Papa said I'd find lots of difference between going to school and having a governess. Of course I will—I know that. It's just the difference between going to school and having the school come to you. Started for school at 8.30.



Nine o'clock. In the school-room. The teacher says I'm "a pretty little boy." I don't know whether she means I'm pretty small, or a little boy that is pretty, like girls are. I don't like to ask her, for she just told me that one of the first things to learn is to keep still. That's an awfully hard lesson. I can hear the boys having fun in the yard, while I am at a desk all alone. The bell is ringing now.

Ten o'clock.—I ain't at a desk all alone. There's a fellow with red hair sitting next to me. He has written on a slate that his name is Pete Smith. He has borrowed my lead-pencil, and says he guesses it is good enough to keep. He says it is too big for little boys, and has given me a little pencil. He ought to know, because he is older than I am.

Eleven o'clock.—Recess is over. Every boy in the room has asked my name, and wanted to know where I got the collar I was wearing. I don't know, but I'll ask mamma when I go home to-night. One of the big boys said he wanted to get one like it for his pet cat. I didn't know big boys had pet cats; but maybe this one is a particularly nice boy. I didn't play with the boys at recess, as I wasn't asked, and papa says little boys should keep in the background. There isn't any background in the school, because all the ground is in front; but I did the best I could. When I got in line to march into school one boy hit me, and told me to pass it along. I hit the fellow in front of me, which happened to be Pete Smith, and he hit me back. I don't think that was fun, because I had already been hit once.

Twelve o'clock.—In a minute we will be let out to eat our lunch. The teacher has heard me say the alphabet, and had me spell cat and dog. I told her that I was in the Second Reader, but she says I'm not. I guess I ought to know. But, anyway, I don't see what's the use of going all through the First Reader again.

One o'clock.—Lunch hour is over. Gave Pete Smith one of my apples, and Pete said it was bully, and that he'd write home to my mother that she ought to send an extra one every day. Pete had one of my sandwiches, too, and a piece of my cake. He told me that I needn't call him Mr. Smith, and that he would call me Dicky, because he liked that name better than Chester. He said he would see my father and have my name changed. I wonder if papa will do it?

I was invited to play tag, and was "it" all the time. One of the big boys said I could join the football team they were making up to go to New Haven and play Yale College, but I don't believe papa will let me go. Another of the boys said they would make me umpire for their baseball games, and if I got done up, that I would make a nice soft first base. I wonder if he meant it? I think I will like school very much. The boys all said they were proud to have me there, which was very kind in them.

Two o'clock.—Pete Smith has just whispered to me that he was going to thrash me after school for luck. I don't see any luck in it. He seemed to be mad because the teacher, Miss Bartlett, said that she had put me next to him so that he could learn how to be good. I didn't know that I had to go to school to teach anything. Pete says I'm the "teacher's pet," and the boys all make awful faces when I look at them. One of them tripped me up as I was going to the blackboard, and I tore a hole in my knee. I don't mean my own real knee, but the knee of my stockings. Miss Bartlett told me that I ought to look where I was going. When I got back to my seat Pete seemed to be happy over something, for he would look at me and grin behind his book.

Nearly three o'clock.—School will soon be out. Pete says that I had better send for an ambulance and a police escort when he gets through with me. I wonder if he really is going to fight? He's not very much bigger than me, even if he does wear long trousers. There is a fellow I know that goes home my way, and I guess I'll walk with him. Miss Bartlett asked me if I knew my way home alone, and all the boys laughed.

Four o'clock.—At home in the nursery, locked up. Had a fight with Pete Smith. Tore my clothes, rolled in the dust, had my eye blackened, and lots of fun. The fellow I know came along while Pete was punching me, and sat on him while I had a chance to do some punching. Pete went home crying, and so did I, but it was fun all the same. Mamma cried, too, when she saw me. I wonder what's going to happen next?

Five o'clock.—I am going to be let out now. Papa says it wasn't altogether my fault, and that I was plucky. He laughs every time he looks at me—guess it must be my black eye. It's getting a little blue now, with a yellow border.

Six o'clock.—Papa says he don't think school will do. He is going to get another governess for me, and says I can wait a year or two longer before trying school. I'm awfully sorry. I wanted to send my collar to the boy who liked it so, but papa told me to wait for a year. Maybe his pet cat will be dead then. Sorry again. I can't see Pete Smith to-morrow, and I want to, because I think I gave him two black eyes. Anyway, I learned lots to-day at school.

F. S. M.

A FIRST IMPRESSION.

WHEN little Reginald was taken to see the animals in Central Park, he saw a stork for the first time, and exclaimed to his nurse, "Oh, Julia, just see the goose on stilts!"

THE BOY WHO LISPED.

BY KATHERINE CLARK.

ALL of his sisters—there were three of them—made fun of Pliny Pennypacker because he lisped. They insisted that he could help it if he tried. Pliny knew that he couldn't. The unkindest part of their ridicule was their firm declaration that Pliny could never "amount to anything." "Boys who lisp never do," they said.

Now Pliny, like all well-disposed fast-growing boys, longed for the day when he should be a man, respected and respectable. He wanted to "amount to something," of course, and he proposed to, in spite of his teasing sisters.

But he did not tell them this. He only turned red when they made their aggravating remarks, and said, "Thut up, will you?" or something similar, which certainly was not polite; but then one must remember Pliny's provocation.

Every morning, while the family were having devotions, Pliny's thoughts were apt to be distracted and his face wore a far-away look. Then they all knew that he was listening to the trains which were going by on the elevated railroad, which ran only a block from the house, and on which he went down to school every day. His mother had pointed out to him the impropriety of this course; and Pliny, in return, had begged that the breakfast hour might be made earlier.

"You thee, mother," he pleaded, "if I don't go down on the twain that leaves our thathon at ten minutes past eight, I can't go with a compound engine—and I've *got* to go with a compound engine."

This was unanswerable, of course; and he was allowed every morning to hurry off in time to catch the train which he affirmed to be drawn by "70," which was a "compound"; though the girls insisted that a "compound" was just like every other engine, so far as they could see.

"Oh, what a goose he is!" his sister Matilda would say, after he had rushed off as if his life depended upon it to catch his favorite train. "What difference does it make whether he gets that train or not? I wouldn't let him act so, mother, now really!"

"Oh, it pleases him, and it doesn't do any harm," expostulated Mrs. Pennypacker, feebly.

"He'll get heart-disease racing up stairs so," argued Miss Lucia, the second sister. Matilda and she were older than Pliny. Olive was younger.

"Well, but he is so silly about it," pursued Matilda. "Now to-night he will put down in that precious diary of his, 'Rode down to-day with 70,' and then the number of the car he rode down in, and whether the regular engineer was on or not, and the old red-headed guard he thinks so much of! He never will have any imagination nor amount to anything going on in this way!"

"Don't you worry about Pliny's imagination," broke in Mr. Pennypacker, severely. "He is very level-headed for a boy only fourteen years old. He really knows a good deal more about the elevated road and the way it is run than I do. He told me yesterday the difference between the compound engines and the other ones, and he had a perfect mass of statistics at his tongue's end—if he *does* lisp a little in telling of it. You girls are too hard on Pliny. I should like to see some signs of your knowing any special subject as thoroughly as he does his railroad."

The girls were silenced for a little, but Olive presently began:

"He rides to the end of the road—to be sure, it's only one station further, but it's quite a long way back to his school—'most every day, so that he can get some new numbers of engines to put down in his book. He'll be late at school some fine morning. He acts just possessed!"

"Oh, Pliny wouldn't be late for anything," said Mrs. Pennypacker; "and he always starts in good season, and the walk won't hurt him. And, Olive, you mustn't tell tales of your brother. You all tease him dreadfully. He can't help lisping—"

"Oh, yeth, he can, if he'th a mind to, mother," lisped Lucia; "and," she added, seriously, "I've heard it said that no man who lisps ever does anything remarkable. As Pliny is our only brother, of course we all want him to do something remarkable."

"That is a mere superstition," exclaimed Mr. Pennypacker. "Lisping and stammering and all those vocal peculiarities belong in the same category, and dozens of examples might be found in history to show that they have nothing to do with intellectual ability. Now, don't you torment Pliny any more about this subject."

Mr. Pennypacker hurried off to his business, thinking that he had settled the matter; and indeed it was settled very soon, but whether by his words or not the reader may judge for himself.

It was on the very morning following this conversation that Mr. Pennypacker and Pliny rode down together on the train which was propelled by the famous "70." They had scarcely seated themselves in the car—the very front car—with Pliny in the front seat, nearest to the engine, as usual, when they discovered that there was something the matter with "old 70." The brakes, and possibly something else, were out of order, so that the engineer, though evidently applying all his force to the problem, was unable to stop the train promptly, or to manage it as usual in any way.

"What ails old 70?" asked Pliny, in concern. "I never saw her act so in the world."

Everybody who knows anything about the Myrtle Avenue elevated railroad will remember the heavy grade between Washington and Vanderbilt avenues. It was always hard for the engines to climb this grade with a loaded train, and this morning it seemed as though "70" never could do it. She puffed and panted and started several times, but at last she did it, and drew up in good shape before the Vanderbilt Avenue station. Here the engineer got out with an oil-can and several small tools, and proceeded to do some tinkering about the head of "70." The fireman followed him, and a number of the passengers gathered around them to see what they were going to do. While they were wedged about the engine in a compact group, "70" suddenly began to go ahead.

Pliny thought at first that the engineer had started it a little, so that he might be able to do his work better, but it was evident in an instant that this was not so.

"Get out the way there!" shouted the engineer hoarsely, trying to break through the crowd which surrounded him, and climb on to his engine. The fireman, as white as a sheet, tried to get on too, but the train kept moving faster and faster, and though the engineer and fireman ran along beside the engine, making desperate efforts to get on, until they reached the railing at the end of the platform, they could not do it. Then the awful spectacle was presented to the on-lookers of a heavily loaded train headed by an engine with all steam on, and absolutely uncontrolled.

The men inside the train, many of whom had not grasped the situation, and few of whom had any inkling of it, sat for a breath absolutely silent. Then there was a sound of shivering glass, which made everybody start in the front car. The door opening upon the front platform of that car, a door half of glass, as usual, and always kept locked, had been attacked by a small boy with a battering-ram in the shape of a pile of school-books done up in a strap. Now the window was in fragments, and the small boy, dropping his books upon the floor, was climbing through the window, cutting himself and tearing his clothes as he did so upon the jagged edges of broken glass there; but this the small boy did not seem to mind

in the least, as he hurried along toward the plank which runs beside the locomotive. The engine was nearing the Navy Street station at an awful rate of speed. Another train was just moving away. Two minutes more and "70" would dash into the rear of that train, unless something could be done. But something was being done. Little Pliny Pennypacker was in the cab, and his hand was upon the lever of the engine. His nerves were apparently as steady as a man's when he grasped it, pushed it in, and at the same time applied the brakes. By this time two or three men were making their way after Pliny, but he had succeeded in stopping the train, and the last car was not yet past the Navy Street station. Slowly but surely, Pliny backed the train up, and everybody, aware by this time that there was something unusual going on, rushed for the platform. Pliny's father came out beside the cab, and said, with his face very pale and grave, but his eyes wet: "Come, Pliny. You've done your part, and now there will be some delay, and you might as well walk to school from here. Let's get out of this crowd."

"I'd like to," replied Pliny, in some embarrassment, "but I can't leave the engine, you know, father, until I'm relieved. There isn't anybody else here, and she might start up again."

The men who were standing by said, "We'll see to her, my boy," and "Go ahead if you want to"; but Pliny never stirred until a gentleman who had witnessed the whole scene quoted, "The boy stood on the burning deck," and went on with "only this time his father has asked him to leave, and he won't. Shake hands with me, young man. I'm proud to know you. Kindly give me your name and address. I happen to be the president of this road."

"Don't give me any money—the way they do in stories," protested Pliny, reddening. "I'd rather have stopped the train than not. It was a regular lark."

Just then the engineer and fireman came up, panting and breathless, having run all the way on the track from Vanderbilt Avenue. A train was drawing up behind them, and everything was bustle and confusion, so that there was no time for a long talk; but the gentleman begged so hard for Pliny's address that Mr. Pennypacker finally gave it to him; and in the midst of hand-shakes and congratulations and pushing new-comers, who did not understand what all this excitement was about, Pliny and his father found the street, and had a chance to walk along quietly and discuss the affair a little.

The outcome of that little interview with the president of the road was the presentation by the directors of a gold medal a few weeks later to Master Pliny Pennypacker "for his heroism and sagacity in saving the lives of hundreds of passengers on the Myrtle Avenue elevated railroad" on a certain date. It was very fine; and Pliny will keep it as long as he lives, and hand it down to his children and grandchildren.

Of course the reporters got hold of it, and Pliny sometimes said that he almost wished that he had never done his brave deed, for for months afterward he saw people staring at him wherever he went, and nudging each other, and heard them whispering: "That's the boy who stopped the runaway train on the Myrtle Avenue road awhile ago. You must have read about it in the papers."

And, on the other hand, this occurrence was a great thing for Pliny in his home. His sisters have never told him from that day to this that a boy who lisped could never amount to anything. And he is allowed to watch the trains and keep his precious records of the engines he sees and the cars he rides in as much as he pleases; and the whole house is turned topsy-turvy, if necessary, in order that Pliny may catch "70" in the morning. That wonderful old "compound" was repaired immediately after the accident, and has run all right ever since.



NEW-YEAR'S RESOLVES, AS FREDDY WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THEM

A "SPINNING DAY" IN AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

BY F. BENGLES STEVENSON.

PERHAPS many of the younger and older readers of this magazine will not need to be told that in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, there flourishes a famous school for younger or older girls—the Female Seminary of Bethlehem. It is one of the oldest boarding-schools in this country. It has a noble and long history, full of delightful stories. Any number of white-haired grandmothers, still living with us, or passed away, have been proud to call themselves its pupils.

The school was begun on October 2, 1785, as part of the religious and other teaching of the Church people called the Moravians—a denomination that has a great and beautiful record. Like many schools, when it began with just five boarders and fifteen day scholars from what was then the small village of Bethlehem, and three teachers, all Moravian "sisters," it was a small beginning. But the school grew and prospered, as years went on, just as did the place that held it; and to-day it is a real college for girls, in a great town, where a young lady can gain a thorough education in every way as our day fixes it.

The girls in those far-away times of this Moravian school's starting studied hard and had some strict rules. Those rules, made in 1788, are still to be read. The young ladies arose at 5.30 in the morning, and in silence they made their simple toilets. They all breakfasted at six, and they were expected "to observe quiet and strict order in going to and returning from the dining-hall." They cared for their own rooms: and at eight o'clock began school. At a quarter before noon they dined—and one is told that between ending dinner and one o'clock they did what they pleased as recreation. After school ended, at four, they walked; and they were early in bed, after study hours.

No wonder that they grew up strong and well taught, these young ladies of the old times, under the wise and kind care of the gentle Moravian instructors over them.

There were all manner of simple, quiet, rather formal doings in the school. They had little festivities when meetings and partings came; they gave little dramatic entertainments; they kept a school journal or weekly history, still to be read. Very quaint and interesting reading is that journal, in which the young ladies wrote in turn of what occurred, little or great, in their calm world. Thus we read, as the entry of November 4, 1788, that "To-day General Greene's lady brought her daughters to our school, quite unexpectedly," and that "some of the scholars played on the spinet, to their satisfaction." On November 5th, the next day, we are glad to be told that "the two Misses Greene slept well and are very happy"—which is more (two things more for their first night) than many girls can say of themselves now who go to boarding-school. On December 3d, "Peggy Vriehuis received letters from her parents, to her great joy. Some of the children studied grammar in the evening, and for the first time understood *case*." On December 19th of the same year, "Miss —— acted obstinately to the advice of her tutoress." She was obliged to sit on a bench in the middle of the room until she promised to be better.

One August entry tells us of a parting. "We had a sad forenoon. After dinner we received a last kiss from our dear Patty Stone. Some of us attended her to the tavern, and we accompanied her as far as the Lehigh on her journey home." The journal gives us a hint of how many joys and sorrows were shared by those kindly schoolmates in common. No girl was older than fifteen years.

Now and then these school-diary records are in rhyme. Here you have one such. It does not say by what Bethlehem Seminary young lady:

"*August 13th* [1789]

When we came home, the clock struck six,
And we for supper did us fix;
Consisting of fine apple pie
And milk, then meeting hour drew nigh
Which our dear Mr. Hunter kept
Then went to bed and soundly slept."

"*August 14th*

This morning rose quite fresh and gay
And offer'd up our humble lay,
Our several schools we did attend
Our minds and knowledge thus to mend.
By New York friends were visited,
Who pleased were—for so they said—
They kindly offered us their aid
To take home letters, all unpaid."

There were New York girls as well as others in the school, and as it cost at least twenty-five or thirty cents to send a letter to that city from Bethlehem, the taking back to New York "letters all unpaid" was a valuable kindness.

They had in the school-room what was called a "friendly bench," and another named the "unfriendly bench." The scholars who had neither given nor received any unkindness all the day long to or from any one were allowed to sit on the friendly bench; and one is sorry to learn that one April evening "Miss —— displeased her tutoress, and had to sit" on the less-flattering one.

Occasionally in the school were arranged set times of a general asking and receiving of pardons for school-girl quarrels and displeasing of "tutoresses." Thus the year went by, with tears and smiles. By-the-bye, as to the last, the books tell us that on June 14th "Miss Moncrieff was unexpectedly *happyfied* by the news of her mamma's arrival in town."

At Christmas and at Easter there were great doings in the little household of teachers and scholars. But these must be passed over, for they are a chapter of the school's history and of interesting Moravian customs by themselves. One cold winter night the journal also faithfully records that "Sister Sulemik put roasted turnips on some of the children's feet to draw the frost out." On another winter-time date we read that, "In the evening Susan Bage sat spinning, and, growing sleepy, her flax caught fire." Unlucky little Miss Susan Bage.

Now, it was not only Susan Bage that spun flax, even if nobody but Susan's caught fire. Every now and then a whole day or half a day was given up to spinning, all the young ladies uniting in good hard work with their wheels. One would like to see such a striking, odd scene nowadays. As a writer on the Bethlehem school's story says of such a picture, we can see: "The little spinsters seated on wooden settles, prim in their snow-white caps and ruffled vandykes, with busy fingers twisting the yielding flax. Mirth and laughter mingle with the hum of the droning wheel....and the pattering treadles as they are nimbly worked by rows of tiny feet on which the well-burnished buckles glitter." Such was a "spinning day" a hundred years ago in the Bethlehem Female Seminary.

Those "spinning days" in the school sometimes began and ended with music and quaint poetry, all about the occupation. For instance, on March 8, 1789, one morning the young ladies were waked by hearing "Sister Sulemik" singing to them, with her guitar:

"Awake, dear children, early rise,
To pay your morning sacrifice....
With countenances all serene,
Then at your destined work be seen,
As bees most busy
The distaff and the wheels both are
Prepared, and flax is ready there.

Come, take in hand the easy task;
God grant you succor if you ask.
Bid sleep farewell. Come, haste ye!
The spinning pleasures taste ye!"

On that day, we learn, too, that the girls' spinning-wheels "were arranged in one row, the distaffs in two" rows. At nine the spinners were refreshed with—apples. At ten o'clock, "cakes were handed round." In the evening they were "complimented with a repast of chocolate and pancakes"—both "rarities to them." And therewith, after the chocolate and the pancakes, came a pretty and odd custom. One by one the spinning-girls rose and recited two lines of as good rhyme as she could make on what she had accomplished at the wheel during the day. The youngest girl led this odd speechifying; the rest came on in turn of age. And here is part of what they gave forth to their tutoresses and to each other on the occasion named. Perhaps few young ladies in our own schools to-day could furnish quite as speakable rhymes about spinning or anything else.

C. Reichelt. I've caused no disturbance, dear misses, so pray
Excuse Caroline's *not* spinning to-day.
E. Beaumont. I've spun seven cuts; dear companions allow,
That I am as yet little, and know not right how.
P. Heckedder. Eleven I've done, and I've been very busy
Believe me I've sat at my distaff quite easy.
A. Wilson. Nine cuts are *my* day's work. I've been pretty still.
Excuse my not spinning more; next time I will.
E. Palmer. The sum of my cuts does to eleven amount.
To hear I've been busy, how pleasant the sound!
Peggy Vriehuis. Six cuts, notwithstanding I busy have been,
Is all on the slate under my name to be seen
P. Stone. Though my finger was hurt, I've spun eight-and-ten.
Believe, dear companions, I've tried all I can!
A. Hickley. Thirteen I've finished, and with real delight,
I say I would spin till late in the night
D. Owings. One more than Miss Nancy's my day's work has been.
Oh, pleasing day! Naught to do only to spin!
C. Attwood. I've paid great attention to the young ladies' spinning.
And assisted them both at the end and beginning.
E. Bedell. I've spun cuts, they are thirty and three;
More than I expected—and that pleases me!
M. Cutler. My sum of cuts exceeds not twenty four
Should I spin another day perhaps I'd do more.

Such was a day of spinning, instead of studying, in a famous school of America a century ago. The linen was made up for the household, when woven; towels, tablecloths, napkins, and the like were the fruit of such busy mornings and afternoons. It is a pretty chapter of what was a girl's education and boarding-school pleasure at the time that our country was in its first years of independence. To the knowledge of simple home life and home duties that such girls learned we owe to-day more than we think. The yearly bill that their fathers and mothers paid was from five to ten or fifteen pounds—no more! But they learned more than books. They learned, as we can see, to be industrious, gentle, womanly women a learning "above rubies."

BROKE THE ELEPHANT'S RUSH-LINE.

WHEN asked by a timid person what would happen should a cow dispute the right of way with a railway train, George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, replied, "So much the worse for the coo."

It seems that the elephant's rush-line is not very much stronger than the cow's. A full-grown elephant recently broke a fencing of the railway near the Oktwin station in Siam, and then coolly walked down the line between the rails. The mail train from Mandalay shortly afterwards put in an appearance, and, frightened by its noise and the sparks from the stack, the elephant turned and charged its antagonist. The train kept on the track, but the attacker was swept away with such force that the carcass was hurled down an embankment, with the skull crushed in. An elephant of large size will weigh about three or four tons, and if this particular one had attained any speed in the charge which proved so disastrous to its valiant career, the collision must have been a serious one.

A BALL OF YARNS.

A "PURSER'S name" on shipboard is one that is assumed by the sailor who, for some reason or other, wishes to conceal his identity. It is called a purser's name, as it is the one under which the man, when enlisting, is entered on the purser's books.

The writer was on duty one day as officer of the deck on one of our frigates lying in the harbor of Naples. A friend from another ship was standing with me near the spar-deck gangway, having a little chat. As we were talking, a wardroom servant passed, on his way to the gangway to go on shore for the daily marketing. "Why," said my friend, "where did you get Robinson?"

"Robinson?" said I. "That is not Robinson; that is Jones."

"Oh no! That is Robinson. He was with us three years in the *Preble*, and he was never anything but Robinson there."

To settle the question, I called to the servant, "Robinson!"

"Sir?" was the prompt reply.

"I thought your name was Jones."

"It is, sir, but my mother married the second time."

The ready wit of the fellow's reply was enough for me, and I let him pass without investigating as to the truth of his statement.

On the west coast of Africa the natives, or Kroomen, are employed to do all the boating and outside work for ships whose crews would suffer from exposure to the excessive heat of the sun's rays. Of course these Kroomen have unpronounceable names; so, for convenience, they have generally received nicknames, or purser's names, by which they are officially known and designated. Among them are many fanciful ones, such as Prince of Wales, Bismarck, Teacup, Two-pound-ten; and under these names they are entered on the ship's books and regularly mustered with the crew.

A sailor was once given liberty to go on shore in one of the West India Islands. He remained away so long over his time that one of the ship's police was sent on shore to arrest him. The straggler was found living in a native hut, where he had spent every moment of his time on shore. When brought on board, his clothes and his hat were all turned wrong side out. Questioned as to why he had remained absent, he informed the Captain that he had been very busy thinking over an invention by which he could make a suit of clothes last double the ordinary time. "You see, sir," said he, "there is a great deal of money in the idea, Captain. I have succeeded in turning the clothes and the hat, but what kept me so long away was thinking about the shoes. If I could only manage to turn them inside out too, the thing would be complete." The poor fellow soon afterwards developed well-defined symptoms of insanity, and was sent home to the United States by the next mail steamer.

Jack Gallagher, a grizzly bearded old-time boatswain's mate, had never been in a theatre; so some of the officers thought they would give Jack a novel treat, and at the same time have a little amusement themselves. The old tar was given five dollars, with directions about getting his ticket. Jack dressed himself up in his best mustering clothes, and went on shore, securing a prominent seat in the front row of the orchestra. The play was *Pinafore*, and it was very amusing to see the expression on Jack's face as the travesty on a sailor's life went on. Mingled feelings of surprise and disgust evidently filled his breast, for he looked on the play as a true representation of a landsman's idea of life on board ship. He sat quietly on, critically taking in the spectacle before him, until the scene changed to a vessel's deck, with the crew engaged in furling sail. To Jack the efforts of the play-sailors were so absurd and so ill directed that he could restrain himself no longer, but burst out with: "Avast there, ye landlubbers! Who ever see a top'l furled without passing in the leeches first? Get a pull on yer buntlines, and take down the slack of yer buntwhip. Ye're a lot of cowboys and sojers, that's what ye are!"

Jack's speech was unintelligible in its details to most of the audience, but his manner was so earnest, and his feelings so thoroughly wrought up, that the whole house took in the situation at once, and burst into a loud roar of laughter and applause.



TOPSYTURVYDOM

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A WONDROUS place is Topsyturvydom,
The country whence the Upsidownies come.
You cannot find it placed on any map,
Because as yet no geographic chap
Has had the wit to find that horrid zone
That claims the Upsidownies for its own.
It is a place where rivers run uphill;
Where one is never well unless he's ill;
Where people wear their boots upon the head;
Where blue is always green, and green is red.
The dwarfs of Topsyturvydom are large,
And show themselves to strangers without charge.
The street lamps shine most brilliantly by day,
But when the night comes on give forth no ray.
The King is clad in rags and eats but bones,
While beggars by the thousand sit on thrones;
The cats flee madly in this queer old place
When anywhere they spy the rodent race;
And if a horse is gentle and can't shy,
No one the animal would care to buy.
The dog when he is angry wags his tail,
And only good policemen live in jail.



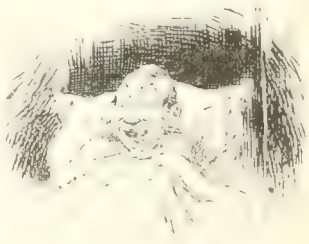




One Christmas eve in Topsyturvydom
The bees about the lamps did softly hum,
While in the trees the joyous puppy's bark
Seemed sweeter than the nightingale's remark.
The silver mercury did hover round
Some ninety-six degrees above the ground,
And every one observed with tearful sigh
How lovely Christmas was in mid-July.
The happy grandpas clapped their handsome heels
As down the hill they tugged their sleds on wheels,
And from the base went coasting to the top,
Unable till they reached it once to stop.
And here and there old Topsyturvies cried
Because their children would not let them slide
In baby jumpers— for as they were told
For sport so risky they were quite too old—
For you must know the Upsidowny plan
Doth make the infant father to the man;
And even nurses in their daily play
Must do whate'er the child in charge may say.







The rubber boots of all the parents swung
Upon the door-knobs, where they had been hung
By joyous big ones, when they went to bed,
And 'neath the cooling blankets hid their head,
To dream grand dreams of what dear Santa Claus
Would leave when he in Topsytown did pause.
And as they dreamed—dear children, do not start—
Up came old Santa on a watering-cart,
And 'stead of reindeer drove a snow-white steed,
Who, save when he stood fast, showed little speed.
He glanced at all the sleepers, and he knew
From what he saw, when each one met his view,
That in the land where all is upside down
He had arrived—that here was Topsytown.
He smiled a smile at least six inches wide,
Did what he came to do, then off astride
His handsome watering-cart the soft air through
Back to his home in Skyville straight he flew.
When morning came the parents all awoke,
And merry floods of tears shed at the joke
Old Santa 'd played—'twas truly full of wit—
I wonder that he thought to think of it.
But knowing that in Upsidedownyland
Things went by contraries on every hand,
To make the parents happy he had gone
And left a gift for not a single one,
Which was appropriate for Christmas day
In lands where all things go the other way.
And truly all were happy as great kings
In thinking that instead of squills and things
That no one likes, the dear old man had thought
To go back to his home and leave them naught.







HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

SENDING A TELEGRAM.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE



WHAT becomes of a telegram after you have handed it to the operator? If it happens to be at a small railroad station where there is only one operator, and the business amounts to only a few messages a day, the answer is very easy. He sits down at his instrument and clicks off the message—"pounds it out," as they say in the service. Yet that is not exactly the whole story either.

Suppose your message is filed at Wayback, New Jersey (isn't it funny that Wayback, Lonelyville, Mosquito Hollow, and places with equally attractive sounding names should all be in New Jersey?), for Chicago. There is not likely to be a direct wire between Wayback and Chicago. The volume of business at Wayback, where there are, besides the railroad station, only a grocery store and two men of letters—one of them the postmaster—would hardly warrant that. Therefore the message must reach Chicago by "relays"; is forwarded from Wayback to the largest place with which that delightful village has direct communication, and is in this manner passed along to its destination. As a rule, however, relays are few in number.

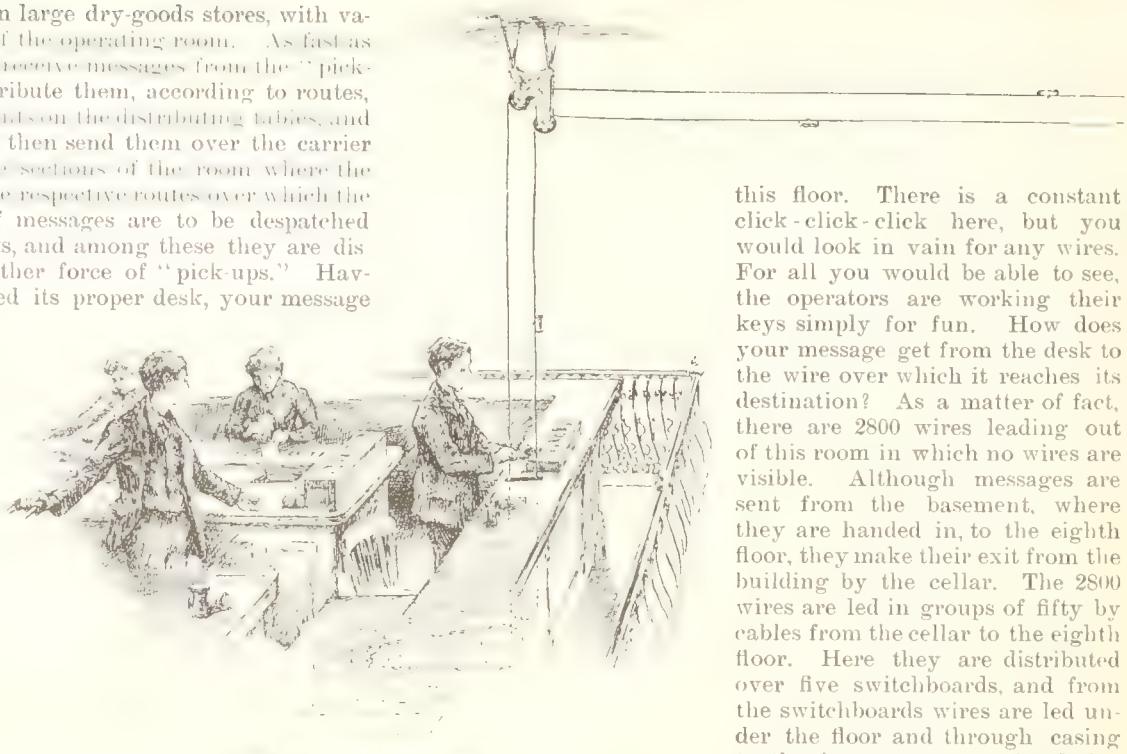
But when you hand in your message at one of the large telegraph offices, and we might as well take as an example the largest telegraph office in the United States, and second to that in London only—the Western Union in New York city—the story is quite a different one. The large building on Dey Street and Broadway is virtually in touch—or should I say in "click"?—with the whole civilized world, and here is the terminus of the vast system of wires with which the Western Union Telegraph Company has literally covered the United States and Canada. Have you ever stopped to think how much wire this company has strung over this continent and under the ocean? There are 739,105 miles of it as against only 75,686 in 1866! Think, too, with what marvellous speed the words travel over this medium. If a wire were run from one end of a desk in the Dey Street building across the continent, under the Pacific Ocean—in fact, around the earth, a distance of 25,000 miles—and ending at the very desk from which it started, the operator would, as he pressed the key, hear at the same time the answering click.

In this building are some 750 operators, but you don't see any of them. They are on the eighth floor, and you don't get any higher than the basement, where not even the click of a telegraph instrument is heard. The employés who receive the messages in the basement are not operators. Perhaps not one of them has ever touched a key. The employé who receives it places it in a small leather tube-shaped box, and it is shot through one of the pneumatic tubes up to a gallery on the eighth floor. As fast as the messages arrive through the tubes they are taken by boys ("pick-ups") to the distributers on this gallery, which is connected, by an automatic carrier system,



A RECEIVER.

like that used in large dry-goods stores, with various sections of the operating room. As fast as the distributers receive messages from the "pick-ups" they distribute them, according to routes, into compartments on the distributing tables, and the "pick-ups" then send them over the carrier system to those sections of the room where the operators for the respective routes over which the various sets of messages are to be despatched have their desks, and among these they are distributed by another force of "pick-ups." Having thus reached its proper desk, your message is now clicked off to its destination.



THE DISTRIBUTING GALLERY

One class of messages never reaches these desks. The principal New York city branch offices are in communication with the distributing gallery by means of pneumatic tubes. A "through tube" conveys messages without a stop to the office at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the volume of business done at this point warranting this connection. A message can thus be forwarded from Dey Street to Twenty-third Street in five minutes. A second tube runs from the gallery to other New York branch offices, travelling, however, by relays from office to office. The breaks in its trip are, however, very brief.

A glance at the mark on the cover of the box enables the receiver at a branch office to tell if it is for his branch office or not; and if it is not, he sends it whirring along toward its destination without even having removed it from the tube. There are special tubes for the Equitable and other large buildings which house the population of a fair-sized town. The boxes are usually made of leather, but the tube to the Cotton Exchange makes so many turns that it is necessary to use a rubber box on this route. The "life" of a box is very short—three months at the longest.

These tubes run underground, and sometimes in winter they become stopped up, and it is necessary to put on tremendous pressure and suction to force the boxes through. Occasionally, however, this will not suffice, and the trouble must be located. If, for instance, the box has passed through the first branch office but has failed to reach the second, the "block" must lie at some point between the two. The tubes are accessible through man-holes, and the men descend through one of these and follow the tube along. So long as they hear the rush of air, the tube is open. Where the rush stops, there lies the trouble. While a message will travel around the earth over a wire in no time, it requires five minutes for a box to reach the Fifth Avenue Hotel through a pneumatic tube from Dey Street. It would seem, therefore, that it would be quicker service to wire than to "tube" it. But tubing saves the distribution and other details, and insures accuracy; and were it not for the expense, would probably supersede the wire service altogether.

Your message has been followed from its delivery in the basement to the desk of one of the operators on the eighth floor. There are always several hundred operators, each with his own desk and instrument, at work on this floor. There is a constant click-click-click here, but you would look in vain for any wires. For all you would be able to see, the operators are working their keys simply for fun. How does your message get from the desk to the wire over which it reaches its destination? As a matter of fact, there are 2800 wires leading out of this room in which no wires are visible. Although messages are sent from the basement, where they are handed in, to the eighth floor, they make their exit from the building by the cellar. The 2800 wires are led in groups of fifty by cables from the cellar to the eighth floor. Here they are distributed over five switchboards, and from the switchboards wires are led under the floor and through casing to the instruments on the desks. It should, however, be stated that not every wire of the 2800 is led to a desk. In that case there would have to be 2800 desks and the same number of operators. The occasion when it would be necessary to send messages simultaneously over the whole set of 2800 wires can hardly be imagined; so instead of having direct connection with the instruments for all the wires, a simple but ingenious arrangement makes it possible to connect any wire with any of the desks serving



"PICK UPS"



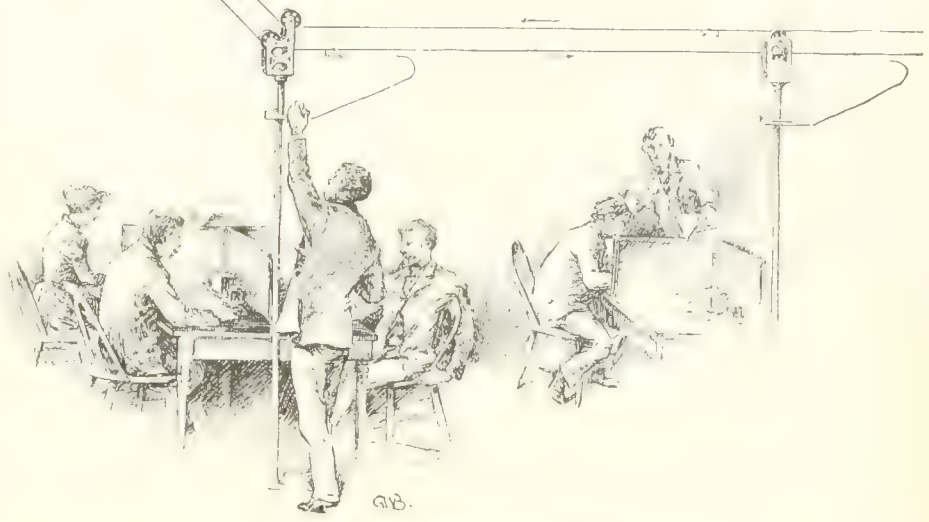
ded into sec
the fifty wires
spread over the
through it, and are
where the connec
are made by desk cords.
cord tubing, with metal
By means of the plugs the
which are really the ends of
the desk wires in cord casings
—are connected with the wires
of the switchboards. Each
wire on the switchboards is
numbered and lettered for its
route. For instance, wire 85 S,
the S standing for south, is for
the way service to Philadelphia.
If your message is for New
Brunswick, New Jersey, it will
go over this wire. Perhaps
when your message reached the
route desk two messages were
coming in and one was going
out over 85 S. This makes no
difference. The desk is prompt-
ly connected with the wire by
the cord, and your message
clicked over it; for with the
quadruplex system, which is
too elaborate and technical to
describe here, two messages can
be sent and two received over
the same wire at the same
time.

The five switchboards in the Western Union Building are respectively the Eastern, Western, Southern, City, and Long Island "switches," the wires for the routes passing over the proper switches. On top of the switchboards are electric lamps, one for each wire. These are danger signals. If an electric wire crosses a telegraph wire, a lamp on the switchboard gives the warning. If too strong a current came over the wire, the heat might set fire to the board, and not only damage an expensive apparatus, but also threaten the building itself. To prevent this, there is a break in each wire not far from where it leaves the cable. This break is bridged over by a fuse, which is consumed when the heat becomes dangerously intense, and the connection being thus broken all danger is eliminated.

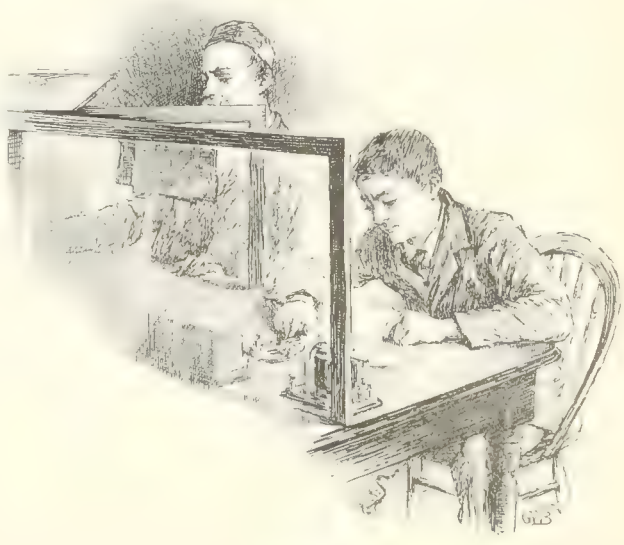
At times the telegraph lines have been badly damaged, and the company has been put to great straits to get its messages through. When the blizzard struck New York city, it wrought great havoc. Of the 2800 wires usually relied on for service, only some fifty could be used. All the wires on the Jersey meadows were down, and despatches for that route were taken by train by a messenger to Newark and wired from there. At such times messages take roundabout routes. It might be impossible to reach St. Louis, for instance, except by Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Lynchburg, and New Orleans; or messages for New Orleans might have to travel *viâ* Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis—about three times the distance of the straight route. In July, 1890, the Western Union Building was destroyed by fire. Five hours after the very heart of the whole system had been thus consumed the superintendents of various divisions had established themselves with their force of operators in branch offices and were ready for business, and within four days the whole system was in working order. It was a magnificent illustration of how a great American corporation meets an emergency which would paralyze a similar concern in some foreign countries.

An interesting detail of the business is the "time service." Precisely at noon every day a ball slides down a staff on the Western Union Building; at the same time some nine hundred and twenty business offices in the city are notified that it is high noon. The wire which telegraphs this information runs from the National Observatory at Washington—in fact, the very beats of the observatory clock come over it—to the eighth floor of the Western Union Building. It is the clock which telegraphs.

The operators are divided into four forces: the "Day" force, whose hours are from 8 A.M.–5.20 P.M.; the "Split Trick" or "Dinner Relief" force, 11.30 A.M.–9 P.M.; the "Night Relief" force, 5.30 P.M.–1.30 A.M; and the "All Night" force, from 1 A.M.–8 A.M. Curiously enough, the "All Night" force is on duty during *morning* hours only. About one-third of the force of operators are women, who have been found quite as expert as men, except



IN THE OPERATING ROOM.



OPERATORS

when under a great strain. Many of the best operators have risen to their positions from "pick-ups." The boy learns the routes and becomes a distributer, and meanwhile opportunity is purposely given to him to practise at the instruments. An expert operator with an expert receiver at the other end can send 47 words a minute, and at a prize competition 55 words a minute were scored. The average is, however, only 25 words a minute, and from 60 to 70 messages of average length an hour.

A GREAT SPECULATION

WHICH LED TO A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BY JAMES OTIS,

Author of "Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks in a Circus," "Silent Pete," etc.

Part II.

AMOS GRANT, the proprietor of the livery-stable, refused to listen a single moment to Teddy's proposition that he be allowed to hire a stall there for a few days.

"I wouldn't have that rack of bones around at any price," he said, emphatically, "so there's no use spending your time here."

Mr. Treat, who had three stalls without occupants, declared that he had "no room" for another horse, and Captain Toby Thompson flew into a terrible rage when Teddy politely proposed that the Uncle Jack horse be allowed to make his home there for a short time.

"I won't have my barn disgraced in such a way," he cried in his gruff voice, which, at this particular time, sounded to the boys very much like distant thunder. "It has just been painted, an' looks pretty decent; but I feel as though I'd be insulting the painter to let that old scarecrow walk past the green door."

"He'll look different after we've fatted him up a little," Teddy ventured to say.

"It doesn't make any difference how much grain you give him, there'll never be any improvement in that old veteran. Why, Jack Douglass has had him ever since I can remember, and he was too far along in years to work when he bought him. The darky has made a good trade if he turned him over to you as a gift."

"We paid him five dollars for the horse," Ben said, with a little sob.

"Then it's a clear case of fools and their money being soon parted. I venture to say Teddy's father will raise a fine storm when he sees the new member of the family."

"I own only half of him," and now Teddy was beginning to think that perhaps they had not secured such a wonderfully good bargain after all.

"So much the better for you. I'd feel richer if I hadn't any interest in him whatever," and the fat Captain indulged in one of his chuckling laughs which sounded unusually aggravating to Teddy.

"Whater we goin' to do with the old beast?" Ben asked, petulantly, when they were on the sidewalk once more, beyond sound of Captain Toby's mirth.

"I'm sure I don't know. Let's go home an' talk the thing over. There must be some place in town where we can get him in."

"It doesn't look so just now," Ben replied with a sigh, as he thought of the two hundred and fifty pennies he had hoarded so long.

It was not Teddy's intention to go into the house when he reached his home, but to "skin 'round" through the orchard to the cellar. An unkind and malignant fate seemed to be lying in wait for the new owners of the horse. When they turned down the side street to gain the orchard, Mrs. Marlowe called to her son.

"I thought you said she was goin' out?" Ben growled.

"That was what she told me. Now how er we to get the horse away without her seein' him?"

"That don't trouble me half so much as to know where we'll take him after we get him out er the cellar."

"I've struck it now!" Teddy cried, as a sudden and what seemed like a happy thought occurred to him. "What's the matter with Miss Washburn's barn?"

"It's pretty nigh tumbled down; that's all the matter I know."

"I mean what's to prevent our takin' the horse there? I'm very sure she'll let us put him into one corner," and Teddy was his old careless self once more.

"We'll go right up there!" Ben cried, excitedly.

"Wait till we find out what mother wants. It won't be dark for a long while yet, an' we've got plenty of time."

Mrs. Marlowe wanted her son to assist her in the storeroom, and Teddy had experience enough in such matters to understand that the task set him could not be finished, even with Ben's aid, in less than an hour, but he whispered, cheerfully:

"We'll hustle 'round an' get this job done in no time. Then mother won't care where I am, an' we'll soon have the horse fixed in great style."

"What I'm afraid of is that your mother 'll go down stairs, an' if she finds him there, I expect we'll have an awful row."

"It ain't likely she'll do anything of the kind before night, an' what's the use of worryin'? Take hold an' help me, so's we'll get through quick."

Mrs. Marlowe evinced no intention of descending the cellar stairs, and Ben was growing more confident that they would be able to take their prize away without his visit having been known, when suddenly a great crash was heard as if from beneath their feet, followed by a sound as of heavy pounding.

"Mercy on us! what can be the matter?" Mrs. Marlowe screamed as she started toward the door.

Teddy and Ben looked at each other in speechless dismay. Mr. Marlowe entered the house almost at the same moment his wife opened the door, and he also had heard the din.

"What is going on in here?" he asked, excitedly.

"I am sure I don't know," his wife replied, gasping in terror. "It sounded as if the noise came from the cellar." Teddy's knees literally knocked together as his father opened the cellar door and descended the stairs.

"We'd better foller him," Ben whispered, "or he may turn the horse loose." Since he must "face the music" sooner or later, Teddy realized that no real good could come from deferring the evil hour, and with Ben close behind, he followed his father.

No lengthy survey of the scene was necessary in order to understand the cause of the noise. The white horse, straining at his halter in order to get at the potatoes, had succeeded in slipping the carelessly tied knot, and was feasting on the good things to be found on every side. Tiring of potatoes, he had attempted to help himself to apples, and in order to do this it was necessary to pass under the hanging-shelf.

Unfortunately it was not quite high enough, and intent only on the proposed feast, the old fellow had forced it from its fastenings, bringing down on his back a miscellaneous collection of pies, preserves, cold meat, and crullers.

His mud-stained hide was covered with sweets and fragments of pastry, until one would have said he had been rolling in the contents of a bakery, and hanging around one ear was a cruller, which lent a most peculiar appearance to the old fellow's face.

At first Mr. Marlowe was thoroughly surprised; but after one glance at the cellar doors, which were secured on

the inside, he asked, sternly, "Teddy, do you know how this horse came here?"

"Yes, sir," Master Marlowe replied, in a faint voice. "Ben an' me bought him from Uncle Jack Douglass this afternoon, with the money we'd been savin' for the Fourth, an' we left him here till we could find a stable for him."

There was an ominous silence during fully a minute, and then Mr. Marlowe said, "Take him away at once, and when you have found some person who will take him off your hands, come back, but not before. I shall talk with you about this matter later."

Teddy shivered as if the temperature had suddenly fallen to zero. He knew from past experience that his father never forgot to keep such appointments, and there was a look of sadness on his face as he pulled the aged steed away from the apple barrel, where the old fellow had been indulging in a most unusual feast without regard to the serious conversation regarding himself.



"TEDDY, DO YOU KNOW HOW THIS HORSE CAME HERE?"

"We oughter talked with our fathers before we spent the money," Ben said, as he aided in pulling the white horse in the direction of Mrs. Washburn's barn. "It wasn't right to pitch in so steep until we knew what they thought about it."

"Now don't go to sayin' what we oughter done," Teddy cried, angrily. "We've put ourselves into a scrape, an' I'm the worst off, 'cause I've got to see father when I come back. I've a good mind to turn the old horse adrift, an' let him go back to Jack Douglass."

"I won't agree to that," Ben replied, emphatically. "There's two dollars an' a half of my money invested in him, an' I want to get it out."

"I'd be willin' to lose the whole of mine if we hadn't put him in the cellar."

"I haven't got anything to do with that," said Ben.

"I don't s'pose you care how hot I get it so long as you're out of the scrape."

"Of course I feel sorry, Teddy; but you can't expect I'm goin' to take on so dreadfully, unless my father raises a row because I bought half the horse."

This last remark served to arouse Teddy's wrath, for it seemed to him as if Ben had assumed a patronizing manner toward him when his heart was bowed down with such a weight of woe. He succeeded in keeping his temper within bounds, however, understanding that it would only make bad matters worse if he had a quarrel with his partner at this critical time, and the two walked in silence to Mrs. Washburn's.

Fortunately, so far as their plans were concerned, the old lady was at home, and on opening the door in response to Ben's knock, was confronted by the two boys and the horse.

"Goodness me! what are you children doing with that animal in this yard? I believe he's standing directly on my marigold bed."

"Indeed he ain't, Miss Washburn," Teddy replied, quickly. "Ben an' I jest bought this horse, an' we're goin' to make a trotter out of him."

"He doesn't appear to be much more than a skeleton. Why don't you give him something to eat?"

"He's had a good deal this afternoon," Teddy replied, woefully, as he thought of the inroads the old fellow had made upon the store of potatoes and apples.

"I'm glad to hear that, for a merciful man is merciful to his beast, and children can't learn too early to treat animals kindly. But why did you bring him here? I don't set any great favor on horses, an' would rather see a good cow any time."

"We came to ask if you'd let us use a corner of your barn till we can fix up some kind of a stable for him."

"Why, bless your heart, child, the old building wouldn't even shelter him from the wind, and the floor is in a terrible condition."

"We only want to keep him there a little while, an' anything is better than lettin' him stay out-doors. You wouldn't like to think if it rained to-night that he had to take it, would you?"

"No, I don't suppose I should; but perhaps a wetting wouldn't hurt him as much as if he broke through the floor, and that's what I expect he will do if you try to put him in the barn."

"We can fix it up a little," Ben suggested.

Mrs. Washburn looked at the eager faces before her, and even the horse appeared to be pleading for a shelter.

"I don't know as I ought to turn you away," she said, musingly; "but it does seem dangerous to have you go into such a ramshackle building."

"We'll take all the risks," Teddy added, quickly.

Mrs. Washburn thought the matter over a moment longer, and finally said: "I will let you boys use the stable to-night if you promise to sit up with the horse. I couldn't think of him roaming around there alone, and am not willing to have his blood on my head."

"There wouldn't anything like that happen," Teddy replied, confidently, "for no matter how much he might hurt himself, the blood couldn't spurt 'way over here."

"I didn't mean that literally, my child. What I should have said was that I wouldn't run the risk of having what may be a valuable animal killed on my premises."

"But can we use the stable if we sit up with him?" Ben asked, impatiently.

"Yes; under those conditions I can't make any objections; but I'm afraid you boys will catch your deaths in such a damp place."

"We'll look out for that part of it," Ben cried, cheerily, as he began to pull the aged steed toward the barn. "Teddy, go home an' see if your folks are willin' for you to stay all night, an' I'll wait here."

"Don't you remember what father said?"

"Of course; but you've got to get through with that fuss some time, and it may as well be now. I won't stay here alone, an' must go ask mother about it as soon as you come back."

Teddy felt quite positive he would not have spoken to Ben regarding a painful interview which must be held sooner or later, in such a businesslike tone. It was absolutely necessary that he see his father, however, and he walked slowly away, looking like a fellow who has lost every friend.

The old horse had been half led, half dragged to the barn-yard, and there he was well content to remain as long as his new owners should permit, for the grass grew luxuriantly in that vicinity, and would serve as a pleasing dessert to his feast of potatoes and apples.

An hour passed, during which Ben whittled, performed acrobatic tricks, or speculated upon the prospect of earning money with the aid of the aged horse. The shadows of night were beginning to lengthen when Teddy finally returned, and his tear-stained face told that the interview with his father had been held.

"Did you get it pretty hot?" Ben asked, with the same absence of sympathy Teddy had noted an hour previous.

"Don't you mind how I got it!" was the angry reply. "It's over now, an' I'm up here to stay all night."

"What did he do?"

"Look here, Ben Tucker, I never bothered you when things wasn't all right at your house, an' you'd better let me alone. Go home an' see if you can sleep here. Mother gave me a lunch, an' you must get all you can. It would be mighty nice if we could have a lantern."

Ben would have insisted on knowing what had transpired during Teddy's absence; but the expression on the latter's face warned him that it might not be exactly safe to evince too much curiosity, and he said, as he went slowly out of the yard: "I reckon that horse oughter have some water by this time. He hasn't done anything but eat ever since you went home."

"An' that's about all he did in the cellar, 'cordin' to the looks of things," Teddy replied, grimly. "Go on, an' I'll see to him."

During Ben's absence Teddy worked in one corner of the barn making ready a place where the horse might spend the night without danger of breaking through the decaying planks.

By removing boards from other portions of the building, and laying them over the weakest portion of the floor, he succeeded in making a reasonably secure stall, and by the time this had been done Ben returned.

Apparently he was not in so cheerful a frame of mind as when he left his partner, and Teddy was puzzled to understand why this should be, since he brought, in addition to a generous luncheon, the desired lantern.

"Now we can fix things in great shape," Master Marlowe said, in a tone of satisfaction, as he inspected the food with a view to ascertaining if there would be sufficient for their wants until morning. "We'll be snug as bugs in a rug, an' I ain't sure but I'm glad Miss Washburn made us stay here to look out for the horse."

"Have we got to sit up every night watchin' him?" Ben asked, with a sob that at once attracted Teddy's attention.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'."

"You act as if you'd been cryin'."

"Well, s'posen I have? It's nothin' more 'n what you did a little while ago."

"Did your folks raise a fuss?"

"Mother scolded me for spendin' my money without askin' her, an' father says I sha'n't own a share in such a horse as this. He seems to think it's a disgrace to have anything to do with him."

"That's pretty near what my father said, though he was willin' for me to keep him till I could get my money back."

"Oh, I can do as much as that; but I don't know who'd want to buy him."

"It seems a pity to let such a horse go for only five dollars, when we could make so much money by trainin' him," Teddy said, reflectively, as he patted the aged steed to prove his gentleness.

"But folks don't think he's worth anything."

"That's 'cause they haven't examined him. You won't know that horse when he's fat. If my father or yours would look him all over, same's I did, they'd sing a different tune."

"I'm 'fraid we can't get 'em to do anything of the kind. But say, we mustn't stand here talkin' when there's so much to be done. Where are we goin' to stay?"

"'Side of the horse. There's a little hay left on the mow, an' I'll pitch it down while you light the lantern."

It was a very comfortable bed which Teddy made after ten minutes' work, and by the time his labors were concluded, the night had shrouded the village in darkness.

After giving him a plentiful supply of water the boys led their prize into the dilapidated stable, and there offered him still more food by placing in front of him a quantity of the hay.

That the horse was willing to devour anything could be seen by the avidity with which he ate this last course, although he had done nothing but eat since his arrival in the village.

"You can see now that he's been 'most starved," Teddy said, as he hung the lantern where it would best illumine that portion of the barn they proposed to occupy; "and if our folks will only let us keep him a couple of weeks, he'll look slick as grease."

"We shall have to hold on to him if we can't find anybody who wants to buy a horse."

"An' we won't try very hard," Teddy replied, with an expressive wink.

The stable doors were carefully closed and locked, despite the fact that there were so many boards missing from the sides of the building that an intruder could have entered at almost any point, and then the boys settled down for the night by eating supper.

The supply of provisions was more than sufficient for all their wants, and when it became necessary to conclude the meal, because both were filled to repletion, Teddy said,

"We must try not to get sleepy, an' I s'pose the best way is to keep talkin' all the time."

"Have we got to stay awake till mornin'?"

"If we didn't, what would be the sense of stoppin' here? I s'pose Miss Washburn expects us to keep our eyes on him every minute."

"It 'll come pretty tough before daylight," Ben said, with a sigh, and then both boys relapsed into silence as they began to realize that there were trials and hardships which must come even to the owners of a valuable horse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAMOUS DOGS.

THE dogs of some famous people have become well known through story and biography. Every reader of Sir Walter Scott has heard of "Maida," whom his master described as "the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnny Armstrong's time, between the wolf and deer-greyhound, about six feet from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion." Maida was buried beside the gate at Abbotsford, where he kept watch so many years. His statue, in marble, stands over his grave, and on the base is this epitaph:

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door."

It was another dog, a bull-terrier named "Camp," over whose grave Sir Walter smoothed the sod with a sad face, afterwards excusing himself from a dinner to which he had been invited, "on account of the death of a dear old friend."

One of the most famous of pet dogs was a French poodle, "Moustache," which belonged to one of Napoleon's officers. He was not trained to military service, as dogs are now, but he took a gallant part in the engagements at Marengo and at Jena, saved several lives, detected a spy, and performed other feats. His most famous performance was at Austerlitz, where he sprang forward, seized the colors "from the very grasp of the enemy, and bore them in triumph to his fellow-soldiers." For this deed of valor Marshal Lannes publicly thanked Moustache on the field of battle, and fastened on his neck the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Charles Lamb was very fond of his dog Dash — so fond of him, in fact, that Miss Mary Lamb wrote to their friend Mr. Patmore, begging him to remove the dog, "if only out of charity; for if we keep him much longer he will be the death of Charles." Lamb soon afterwards wrote this letter:

"DEAR PATMORE,—Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? Goes he muzzled or aperto ore? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, off with him to St. Luke's.... Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up it is a sign he doesn't like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean, when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia.... You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite.... I send my love in a —— to Dash. C. LAMB."

AROUND THE WORLD ON BICYCLES.

TWO young men arrived in San Francisco the other day after a journey across Europe and Asia on bicycles. They are W. L. Sachteleben, of Alton, Illinois, and Thomas E. Allen, of Ferguson, Missouri. On May 30, 1890, they finished their course of study at Washington University, St. Louis, and on June 23d sailed from New York, landing in Liverpool on July 4th. There bicycles were purchased, and a tour was made of the British Isles and France. The Riviera route along the shores of the Mediterranean was followed, and Genoa, Rome, and Milan were visited. At Athens the first long halt was made. To Constantinople was the next jaunt, and there preparations for the invasion of Asia were begun.

"Our first exploit, of which we are a little proud," said Sachteleben, "was the scaling of Mount Ararat. We were the first Americans to reach the top. We started on July 2d, and reached the summit on July 4, 1891. There we celebrated the American holiday by waving the American flag and firing off shots from our revolvers. On our return the Governor of Bayazid gave a dinner in our honor. We rode through Persia, visiting Teheran on our way. Our journeying was along camel paths, there being no other roads.

"At Tashkand, the capital of Turkestan, we remained from November 18, 1891, to May 7, 1892, and spent a good deal of the time in studying the Russian language. The Russians are very friendly to Americans, and on this account we received many courtesies.

"Our last stopping-place in Russian territory was at Vernoe, and here the people tried to dissuade us from making the attempt to go to China; but relying on a special passport which had been given us by the Chinese Minister in London, we determined on trying to get through. After leaving Kuldja the route taken was to the border of the Gobi Desert, at Hami, and we were agreeably surprised at the character of the roads. In some places the desert has a hard bed, and this enabled the machines to make moderately good progress during the twelve days it took us to cross. Pushing on to Suchow, the western end of the great wall was reached, leading on to Lanchow. Then we proceeded to Singan Pinyang, Tai-Quen, and Powting, arriving at the last place on October 30th, whence we rode to Peking."

The young men then rode to Shanghai, and sailed across the Pacific. They say that nobody annoyed them on their long journey except the Chinese, and nothing serious happened to them in China.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE BOOTBLACK.

DURING the troubles in South America last fall, in which the United States of Colombia was involved, a dirty and ragged bootblack presented himself one day at the gate of the President's palace in Bogota. He was ordered to move on, but insisted with such ardor upon seeing the President that a messenger finally told that dignitary of the boy's request.

"Let him come in," was the order. "What do you want?" asked the President, as the bootblack entered.

"Your protection, Mr. President," answered the boy.

"And protection for whom?"

"For myself and companions."

"But I do not know you, nor do I know who your companions are, nor what protection you seek."

"Mr. President," said the boy, posing in a bold attitude, "I am a poor bootblack, and my companions are of the same calling; we shine boots and sell newspapers, and with what we earn we feed and clothe ourselves, and as far as we can assist our families. At other times the same thing has occurred as to-day, but no one has dared to make a complaint, and if there was a newspaper that would do it the facts would be denied by some official; but to-day they can't deny what is taking place."

"And what is taking place?" interrupted the great man.

"We are being taken as recruits, Mr. President."

"But, my boy, there is no recruiting going on now."

"We are not recruited for the army, Mr. President, but we are tied and carried to work on coffee plantations. Even at this moment thirty of my comrades are leaving Bogota under an escort for either Tolima or Fusagasuga."

The President made inquiries, and immediately took steps to remedy the wrong.

This story reminds one of the Boston boys who called upon General Gage during the British occupation in 1768. They were in the habit of building snow forts on the Common, and the British soldiers smashed these toy fortifications in order to tease the boys. This interview is historic.

"We come, sir," said the spokesman of the party, "to demand satisfaction."

"What!" exclaimed General Gage, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you to exhibit it?"

"Nobody sent us," replied the lad, indignantly. "We have never insulted nor injured your soldiers, but they have trodden down our snow-hills and broken the ice in our skating-pond. We complained. They called us rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. They laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed again, and we will stand it no longer."

General Gage was so pleased with the manly boys that he ordered the soldiers to cease molesting them, adding, to an officer, "The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe."



A LITTLE OLD SHAWL

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

YOU'D call it a queer thing, maybe,
  For a boy to hang on his wall,
And perhaps you think I'm a baby
  To care for that little old shawl.

But just hold on for a minute,
  Till you hear what it means to me,
And you'll say that there's something in it
  More than you seem to see.

For as long as I can remember
  And you see I am pretty tall—
About the first of November
  She'd begin to wear that shawl.

I've sat on her lap by the hour,
  With toothache and headache and all,
And there seemed a sort of a power
  In the folds of that little old shawl.

For she'd draw it quietly over
  Wherever the pain might creep,
A soft little, warm little cover,
  That would cuddle me off to sleep.

And no matter how bitter the weather,
  If the sick for her help would call,
Off they would go together—
  She and her little gray shawl,

Till I took a sort of a notion
  That it was the same to us all -
Better than pill or potion,
  The sight of that dear little shawl.

It was up in the garret I found it—
  I was hunting potato-bags—
With all sorts of old duds around it,
  In a basket of carpet rags.

I felt as mad as a hornet—
  I forgot the bags and all,
Thinking of times she'd worn it,
  That dear little old gray shawl.

Who's "she"? Why, she's my mother!
  Now if that isn't a joke
That you'd think I could mean any other,
  From the very first word I spoke!

I'm her Knight, and this is my Token—
  You've read of those grand old chaps,
Who, to keep their vows unbroken,
  Wore sleeves and things on their caps?

I've vowed upon this my banner
  Forever her Knight to be,
And to pay her back in a manner
  For all that she's done for me.

"In a manner," I say, for never
  Could I really pay for it all,
But I'll love her for ever and ever,
  And stick to that little old shawl.

A STICK OF LICORICE.

IF any boy or girl in the United States is not familiar with the appearance and taste of stick licorice, he or she lives so far away from civilization that no news of the fact has ever reached the office of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Most of the black licorice comes from Spain, where it is made from the juice of the licorice-plant, mixed with starch to prevent it from melting in hot weather.

The licorice-plant grows for the most part on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which flow through immense treeless prairies of uncultivated land. The climate of these great plains is variable. Half the year it is mild and pleasant, but for three months it is very cold, and for three months in summer hot winds sweep across the country, raising the temperature to 104 degrees for weeks at a time.

The licorice-plant is a shrub about three feet high, and grows without cultivation in situations where its roots can reach the water. The usual time of collecting is the winter, but roots are dug all the year round. At first the root is full of water, and must be allowed to dry, a process which takes nearly a year. It is then cut into small pieces—from six inches to a foot long. The good and sound pieces are kept, and the rotten ones are used for firewood. The licorice is then taken in native river boats to Bassorah, whence it is shipped in pressed bales to London, and again from there to America, where it is used in large quantities in the manufacture of tobacco.

As the valley of the Euphrates contained one of the earliest civilizations in the world, it is probable that licorice is about the oldest confection in the world, and that the taste which nearly all children like to-day was familiar to the little brown boys and girls of Babylon and Nineveh three thousand years ago.

AN EXERCISE IN PROVERBS.

A NEW ENGLAND school-ma'am obtained a situation out in Arkansas, and became so successful that she determined to give an exhibition of her pupils' progress, and invited all their parents to be present on Friday evening. The entertainment moved satisfactorily to all concerned.

"Now," said the teacher, toward the close, "I want every boy to repeat some proverb that he has heard. This is entirely impromptu," the teacher explained to the parents, "but I feel sure that the boys will do themselves credit, although they did not know in advance that they were to be called upon. Now, Johnnie, can you give an example of some old saying that you have found helped you?"

"'All is not gold that glitters,'" replied Johnnie.

"Very good. Very good indeed."

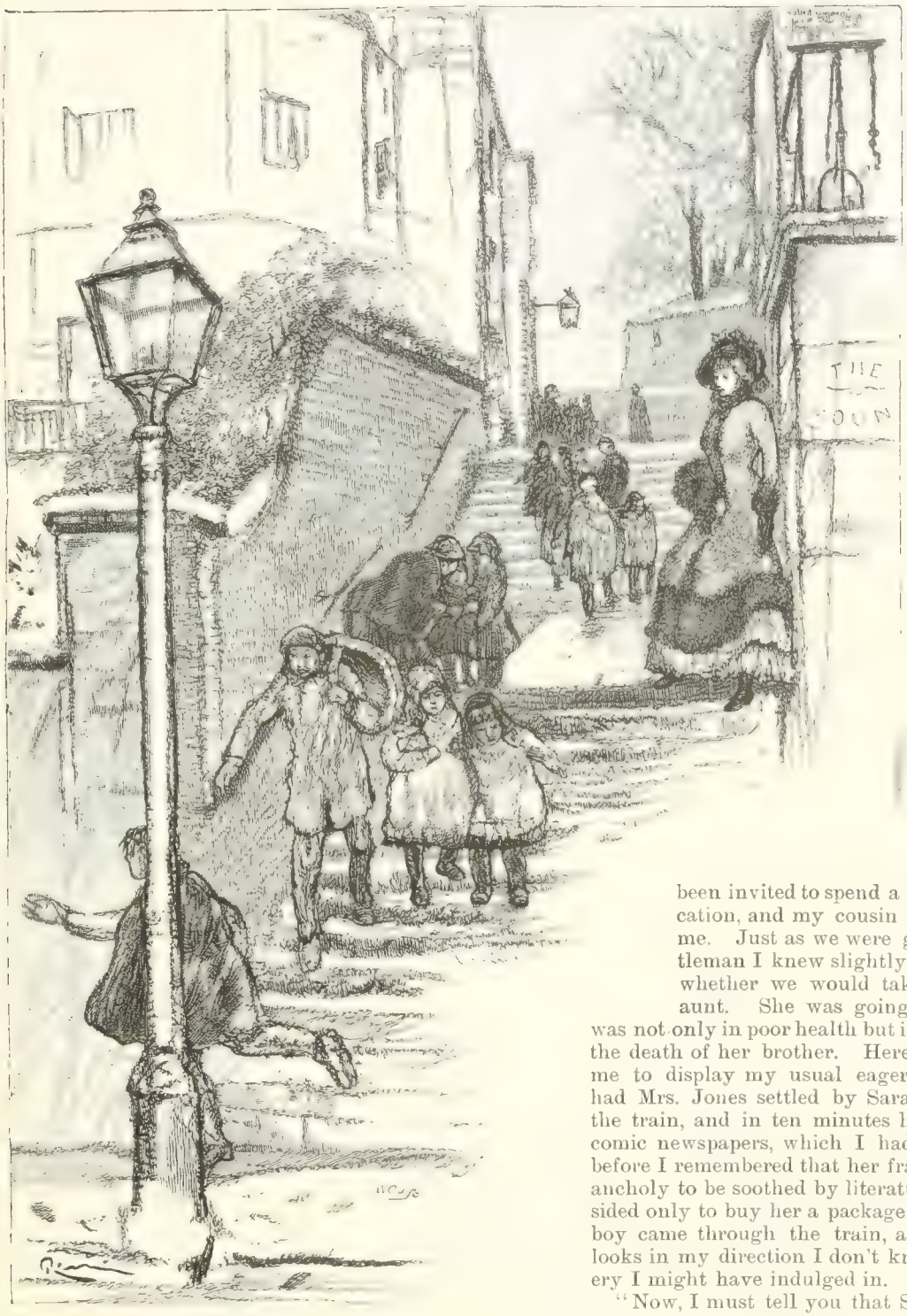
"'Be virtuous and you'll be happy,' said Jimmie.

"That's splendid. Why, you boys remind me so much of a school I once taught in Boston," responded the fair teacher.

"'The germ of ambition is the chrysalis of wisdom,'" said Willie.

And so on down the class she went, until she got to Peck Smith. He wasn't very bright, and she intended to skip him, but he seemed anxious to say something, and she asked him if he knew any old proverb. He did.

"'A stump-tailed yaller dog is the best for coons,'" announced Peck; and the joy of his relatives reached such a pitch that his father paid a year's tuition in advance before he left the schoolhouse.



MY UNCLE'S "NOSE STORY."

"OH yes," said Uncle Joe, laughing; "you boys and girls won't believe me, perhaps, but I was once painfully, horribly shy and sensitive. *Bashful!* Why, you can't imagine how I felt as a lad of sixteen or eighteen even at a church sociable, and yet for the life of me I couldn't keep quiet. I was always feverishly anxious to be paying some one attention—handing around refreshments, you know, generally managing to spill chocolate or ice-cream over some one's newest dress, and distinguishing myself variously. Oh! you don't know how much I suffered."

We all laughed, because no more self-possessed man ever existed than our uncle, and whether in his public or private life he gave one the impression of a shrewd, calm, totally unaffected nature, in every way the reverse of what he pictured himself.

Aunt Kitty looked up from her knitting with twinkling eyes.

"You ought to tell them the *nose* story," she said, smiling. "Let them judge from that whether you were bashful or not."

"Oh, yes, yes," laughed Uncle Joe. "Sure enough. That *was* an experience."

Waiting to fill his pipe, uncle settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair and began:

"Well, I was about nineteen at the time, just young enough to feel old, you know, and old enough to have known better. I was starting for a town in the western part of New York State, where I had been invited to spend a few weeks of college vacation, and my cousin Sarah was to accompany me. Just as we were going to the train a gentleman I knew slightly stepped up to us to ask whether we would take charge of his elderly aunt. She was going to the same town, but was not only in poor health but in deep affliction, owing to the death of her brother. Here was an opportunity for me to display my usual eager politeness, and I soon had Mrs. Jones settled by Sarah's side, opposite me in the train, and in ten minutes had bought half a dozen comic newspapers, which I had fairly forced upon her before I remembered that her frame of mind was too melancholy to be soothed by literature of that kind. I subsided only to buy her a package of prize candy when the boy came through the train, and but for Sarah's stern looks in my direction I don't know what other tomfoolery I might have indulged in.

"Now, I must tell you that Sarah had, and has, I am glad to say, a remarkably large nose—not an ugly one, but prominent to an extent which has often made her the target for family joking. I had given Mrs. Jones, who, by-the-way, was the most dejected-looking creature you can imagine, a brief rest, when my thoughts turned to Sarah, and knowing her timidity on some points I resolved to have a little sport in the very dark tunnel we were nearing. Accordingly I leaned back with half-closed eyes and the air of calm, for which no doubt my companions were grateful, and then no sooner were we well in the darkness than I bent forward silently, and taking Sarah's nose between my thumb and finger I tweaked and twisted it back and forth, finally giving it a little slap.

"We emerged into the daylight. Mrs. Jones seemed to glare on me. Sarah remained absolutely unmoved,

and looked out of the window near which she sat. I bore the horrible suspense for about five minutes, and contrived to write on a paper which I smuggled into her hands, '*Did any one pull your nose in the tunnel?*'

"She looked at me in blank amazement. Her expression seemed to say, 'Are you entirely crazy?' while she almost indignantly shook her head, and tossed my paper out of the window.

"I sat stonily still, if you'll believe me, for fully two minutes as the awful truth dawned upon my mind. I think my face must gradually have grown purple as I looked at Mrs. Jones, and realized what I had done. Here was a poor old lady in a time of affliction, whom I had been asked to safely escort to her home, and whose—also prominent—nose I had not only pulled, but *tweaked* in that tunnel! To sit there facing her, knowing what she must be thinking and what she would probably tell our mutual friends in B——, grew at last intolerable, and making the best excuse I could I went into the smoking-car, and did not rejoin the ladies until our journey was ended. It was, happily, dusk, and I contrived as speedily as possible to get Mrs. Jones to her cab and myself out of the way. I decided not to tell Sarah, and be the laughing-stock of our young cousins. Indeed, I resolved never to reveal to mortal what had taken place.

"About a week later, at a party, I was presented to a most charming young girl, and I would gladly have devoted my whole evening to her, but that early in our conversation she said, brightly:

"'Oh, you were my aunt's escort, the other day, from New York, Mr. Oliver. Poor Aunt Jones! She was feeling *so* unhappy.'

"That was enough. I took advantage of my first opportunity and left the house, deciding that under no circumstances would I go out in company during the week that Miss Blount, as I will call her, remained in town. I kept this resolution heroically, and also preserved my secret.

"Two years went by, and my work carried me over to London and to that delightful suburb Hampstead, where I fairly revelled in making sketches of the historic spots. Keats's seat, the Yew Walk, the Holly Mount stairs, all interested me as much as the charming landscape. The famous Heath, the wonderful, changeful country, fascinated me even though it was beyond my poor powers to reproduce. I lodged near the Mount, and day by day I made studies of the various passers up and down the well-worn stone steps, trodden by so many famous men and women of by-gone days. As the spring-time deepened, the country grew richer and more beautiful, and I could not make up my mind to leave the historic 'Vale of Health.'

"I was dreaming over an old novel one wet Sunday when I heard my landlady's step on the stairs; my door was slightly ajar, and I heard her say:

"'Oh yes, ma'am—Mrs. Jones, you said? Yes, Mrs. Jones, I can give you and the young lady *very* nice rooms.'

"Mrs. Jones! How much the name brought back!

"'And we have another American here,' continued Mrs. Bruce, cheerfully. 'A Mr. Oliver from New York.'

"'Mr. Oliver!' exclaimed a girlish voice. 'Why, aunt, I wonder if he is Sarah Oliver's cousin?'

"I knew the voice to be Miss Blount's. I made no movement until steps and voices died away. Then I arose and stole out into the wet twilight. What should I do? Brave the worst—humbly ask the old lady's pardon or silently depart? I let the night go by, the morning of the next day, and then went out for a walk, determined to settle the point before I returned. I had turned the last of the Holly Mount stairs when a voice—that of a street urchin—called me, and it was impossible not to obey his request that I should go up again, for leaning against the wall stood Miss Blount! It was she who had sent the boy after me, having seen and recognized me.

"'Oh, how *very* nice to find you here,' she said, cheerfully. 'Aunt and I are delighted with this dear old neighborhood. Won't you come in and have tea with us? You know your cousin Sarah and I are such friends.'

"I stood silent and miserable for half a moment. Then I determined to face the truth.

"'Miss Blount,' I said as calmly as I could, 'if I accept your kind invitation, I must *first* make an apology due two years ago to your aunt.'

"'Apology!' she exclaimed. 'Why, what for?'

"'What for!' I echoed; 'for nearly pulling her nose off in the tunnel the day I was her escort from New York;' and I briefly told her what had happened.

"She laughed so hard at first that she could not speak. 'Why, it *wasn't* her nose!' she finally declared. 'Sarah told me all about it! You pulled *her* nose, and just for fun she let you think it was aunt's, and she said she entirely forgot afterward to tell you the truth.'

"And, my dear young people," continued Uncle Joe, "no sunset ever looked brighter than that on the old Holly Mount stairs that evening, and you must ask your aunt Kitty to tell you just how the evening ended, for, you see, *she* was Miss Blount; but, oh! didn't I write a letter to that miserable Sarah, though!"

THE BEARS OF BERNE.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

I REMEMBER before I went that everybody said to me, "When you go to Berne, of course you will see the bears." But I never dreamed I was to see so many—a whole townful of them! I could not turn a corner, indeed, without running across them, nor go into a store without being asked to buy one or two.

The live bears were at one end of town, to be sure, shut up in a pit. We had to go over a bridge and up a stony street to find them, but before we reached there, there had been bears enough of every other kind. There were stone bears and wooden bears; bears on all the silver spoons and on all the playthings of the children; bears on spools of thread and on scissors and nut-crackers; there were bears, too, standing guard by the doorways, and bears on the flags that floated overhead. Why, even the fountains, those delightful stone fountains in the middle of the street, where all the people came to drink and fill their pitchers, even the fountains have bears in carved procession running around them. And as for the clock—the old clock on the big tower—when that strikes twelve, there are ever and ever so many other bears that appear on a platform high above the street, and have a small circus all to themselves. All the town then turns out to see them.

Fifteen minutes before noon the open paved court begins to fill. Carriages drive up and get into line—carriages with tourists in them, clergymen, school-teachers, mammas and papas with pretty foreign children; old soldiers come out from the barracks near by; shopkeepers leave their trading and stand in the doorways; the milk-carriers from the mountains, with their queer wooden wagons and pails scrubbed so clean and white—the milk-carriers stop on the corners, their big dogs, who have dragged these carts about since dark, taking this time for a nap under the wheels; everybody out on some errand with basket or bundle stops too. Nobody wants to miss the great spectacle, the spectacle of the bears and the cock and the funny old man performing their wonderful feats without a mistake or a tumble.

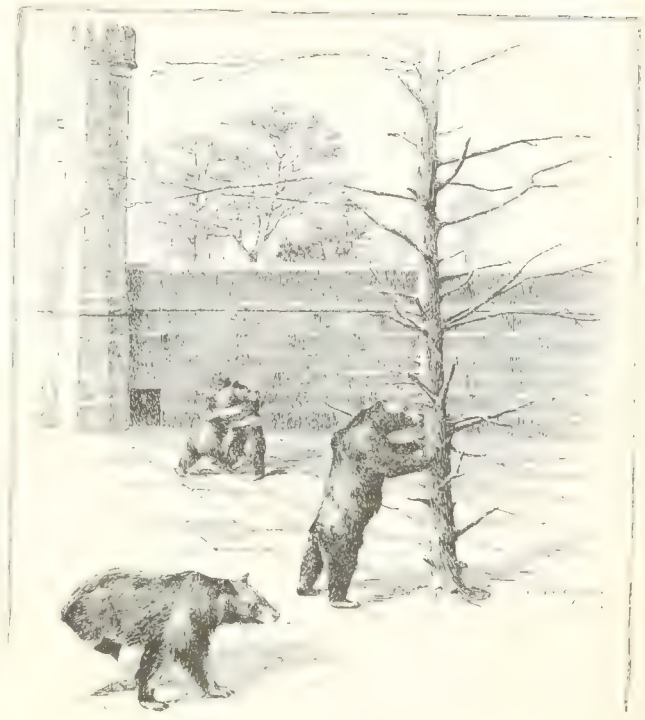
First of all the wooden cock, just three minutes before noon, appears high up on the tower flapping his wings

and crowing. Then a door opens, and the parade of the bears begins. They file past a little old man with a big beard, who is sitting silent above them. A harlequin strikes a bell to announce the hour; the cock answers him to say the time is correct, I suppose—cocks are always authorities on time. The little old man with a big beard then picks up his hour-glass, and counts the strokes of the bell by opening his mouth and raising his sceptre. And the bear, who has kept his eye on the old man all this time, nods his own head gravely whenever the lips of the other move, as if to assure the people below there has been no mistake in the counting; he has looked well after their interests. Then another man, a tremendous fellow on the very tiptop of the tower, raising his hammer, brings it down with a great loud bang on a big brass bell—a bang that can be heard in every part of Berne, and is meant to announce to all the town that he too has been on the alert, that it is now twelve o'clock, and all's well. Then the cock below, quite satisfied with everything and everybody, as cocks that strut about doing nothing are apt to be, gives another little crow, and disappears. Then all the people in the street, well content with the performance, and all the happier for their rest and fun, go off again. The carriages with the tourists drive away; the dogs get up and shake themselves, rattling the wooden wagons over the stones; the shopkeepers begin to look out for bargains; the soldiers go back to their barracks; and the bears above in their clock-tower settle themselves at something—I could not see what it was—till the time for another appearance begins.

In a different part of town, as I said, are the live bears of Berne—those you see in the pictures. They spend their days in a deep stone pit, divided by a wall, each side having a bath in it for the bears to bathe in or drink out of, as they choose. Bears are not so fastidious as we. About the stone railing running around the top of the pit were more people, and always are, than I could possibly count, all of them pressing close to the railing. I could hardly find a place among them for myself and the little girl with me. I am sure there were two hundred soldiers there in red; and there were many mammas, their babies sitting on the stone parapet before them; and there were little children in their fathers' arms. And all these people had come to see the bears, feeding them now and then with bread or carrots or cake. They do this every day of their lives.

There was an old woman not twenty feet away who sold bread and vegetables; and the bears knew just how to make the people buy nearly every loaf and green she had. They would lie flat on their backs, pounding their breasts with their paws as they cried in loud tones, but with eyes glancing in every direction to see who would throw them a bite. The soldiers seeing them would break into loud shouts, and the children would laugh with delight, and off would go somebody to buy more cakes or carrots. Then up would jump the bears, and with their paws on the walls of their pits, open their big red mouths for more. They scrambled and pushed each other for every bit that was thrown them. One would sometimes go off by himself, looking so pathetic and whining so loudly that every bit of bread or carrot, for a minute at least, would be thrown to him, till the other bears, seeing his good fortune, would rush his way.

And why are the bears so important in Berne? That is a long story, and belongs to history. Many hundreds of years ago a proud noble, wanting to build himself a city, happening one day to kill a bear in the forest, chose afterward to build this city on the very place where the bear had fallen. So that is why Berne, this quaint and beautiful old town of Switzerland, with its fascinating arcades over the streets, its fountains and hills, its cathedral and great walls, was founded high above the tumbling rushing river of Aar, just where the brilliant snow-capped peak of the Jungfrau looks down forever on it. And since that day the bears of Berne have been famous in legend and song, have been pictured everywhere—on the city's flags, its coats of arms and monuments. Every child is taught to love these creatures, and every old man and woman knows famous tales about them. Perhaps all the people think they are really the good fairies of Berne. Some animals might be, you know.



IN THE BEAR PIT AT BERNE.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC

CHAPTER XXI.

EVERY ONE EXPLAINS.

AT Bim's growl, Billy Brackett said "Be quiet, sir!" and looked up. He wondered somewhat at the number of persons advancing toward him, and was also surprised to note that, with one exception, they were all people whom he knew. He recognized Sabella and her uncle, the wharf-boat man, the printer, and even the Sheriff of Dubuque County. The only one of the group whom he had not seen before was the gentlemanly and thoroughly honest-looking young fellow upon whose shoulder the Sheriff had just laid his hand, saying,

"I want you, my boy."

"I expect I want him more than you do, Sheriff," remarked Billy Brackett, quietly, stepping forward and laying a hand on Winn's other shoulder. "You take him to be a thief, while I take him to be my nephew; and of course if he is the one, he can't be the other. Isn't your name Winn Caspar? Answer me that, you young rascal!"

"Yes," replied Winn, slowly, "that is my name. But what a stupid I have been!"

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

"You mean in allowing yourself to be carried off by the raft, and then losing it, and getting arrested, and running off with the Sheriff's skiff, and letting it go adrift with your coat in it, and shipping aboard some craft that your dear mother calls the *Mandel piece* for a cruise down the river, instead of getting along home and relieving the anxiety of your distressed parents, to say nothing of that of your aged uncle. Yes, it does seem to me that in this instance the general brilliancy of the family is somewhat clouded."

"I don't mean anything of the kind," answered Winn, stoutly. "All these things might have happened to any one, even to an uncle of your advanced years and wisdom. So I am sure I don't consider them proofs of stupidity. The only stupid thing that I am willing to acknowledge is that I didn't recognize Bim, after I'd been told there was a dog of that name here, too. That's the thing I can't get over."

"But you had never seen him!" exclaimed Billy Brackett.

"That makes no difference," was the calm reply. "I'd heard so much about him that I ought to have known him, and I can't forgive myself that I didn't."

"How about running off with my boat?" queried the Sheriff, who did not at all understand the situation.

"I didn't run off with your boat. It ran off with me first, and ran away from me afterwards. If you hadn't taken the oars out I should have rowed into Dubuque and sent some one back to the island with her. As it was, I had to go wherever she chose to take me, until she set me ashore on a tow-head, and went on down the river by herself. I'm glad of it, though, for if she hadn't, I should never have found the *Whatnot*."

"The *Whatnot!*" exclaimed Billy Brackett. "Are you living on board the *Whatnot?*"

"Yes, sir, this young gentleman is a guest on board of my boat," said Cap'n Cod, who now found his first chance to speak; "and glad as I have been to have him, it would have made me many times happier to know that he was the son of my old friend and commander. Why didn't you tell me the truth in the first place, boy?" And the veteran gazed reproachfully at Winn.

"I did tell you the truth so far as I told you anything. I didn't dare tell you any more, because I heard you say you were a friend of Sheriff Riley, and knew his skiff. So I was afraid you would have me arrested for running off with it, and in that way delay me so that I would never find the raft. Besides, I wanted to wait until I could get a letter from home to prove who I am, and I hadn't a chance to write until we got here."

"With me, the simple word of Major Caspar's son would have been stronger than all the proof in the world," said the loyal old soldier; "and though you did, as you say, tell the truth so far as you told anything, you did not tell the whole truth, as your father certainly would have done had he been in your place."

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," quoted the Sheriff, in his most official tone. "But look here, Cap'n Cod," he continued, "you haven't yet explained what you know of this young fellow, and his suspicious, or, to say the least, queer performances on the river."

"Cap'n Cod!" interrupted Winn. "Is your name Cap'n Cod?"

"It is a name that I have been known to answer to," replied the owner of the *Whatnot;* "and after my performance of last evening I don't suppose I shall ever be allowed to claim any other."

"If you had only told me all your names in the first place," said Winn, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "I should probably have done the same. I have so often heard my father speak of Cap'n Cod's goodness and honesty and bravery, that I should have been perfectly willing to trust him; though I was a bit suspicious of the Sheriff's friend, Mr. Alock Fitfield."

"It's not the Sheriff's friends you need be suspicious of, my lad, but his enemies," interrupted Mr. Riley, "and I wonder if you haven't fallen in with them already. As I now understand this case, you came down the river on a raft until you reached the island near which I found you. What became of your raft at that point?"

"That is what I would like to know," replied the boy.

"What!" cried Billy Brackett. "Do you mean to say that you don't know where the raft is?"

"No more than I know how you happen to be here instead of out in California, where I supposed you were until five minutes ago. I haven't set eyes on the *Venture*, nor found a trace of her, since the first morning out from home."

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything!" said the young engineer, with a comical tone of despair. "I thought that after finding you the discovery of the raft would follow as a matter of course; but now it begins to look farther away than ever."

"But in finding me," said Winn, "you have found some one to help you find the raft."

"You?" said the other, quizzically; "why, I was thinking of sending you home to your mother; that is, if the Sheriff here will allow you to go."

"I don't know about that," said the officer. "It seems to me that I still know very little about this young man. Who is to prove to me that he is the son of Major Caspar?"

"Oh, I can speak for that," replied Billy Brackett.

"And I suppose he is ready to vouch for you; but that won't do. You see, you are both suspicious characters, and unless some one whom I know as well as I do Cap'n Cod here can identify you, I must take you both back to Dubuque."

"Captain Cod," repeated Billy Brackett, thoughtfully. "I seem to have heard that name before. Why, yes, I have a note of introduction from Major Caspar to a Captain Cod, and I shouldn't wonder if you were the very man. Here it is now."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said the veteran, heartily, after glancing over the note thus handed to him. "It's all right, Sheriff. This is certainly the Major's handwriting, for I know it as I do my own, and I don't want any better proof that this gentleman is the person he claims to be."

"Would you be willing to go on his bond for a thousand dollars?" asked Mr. Riley.

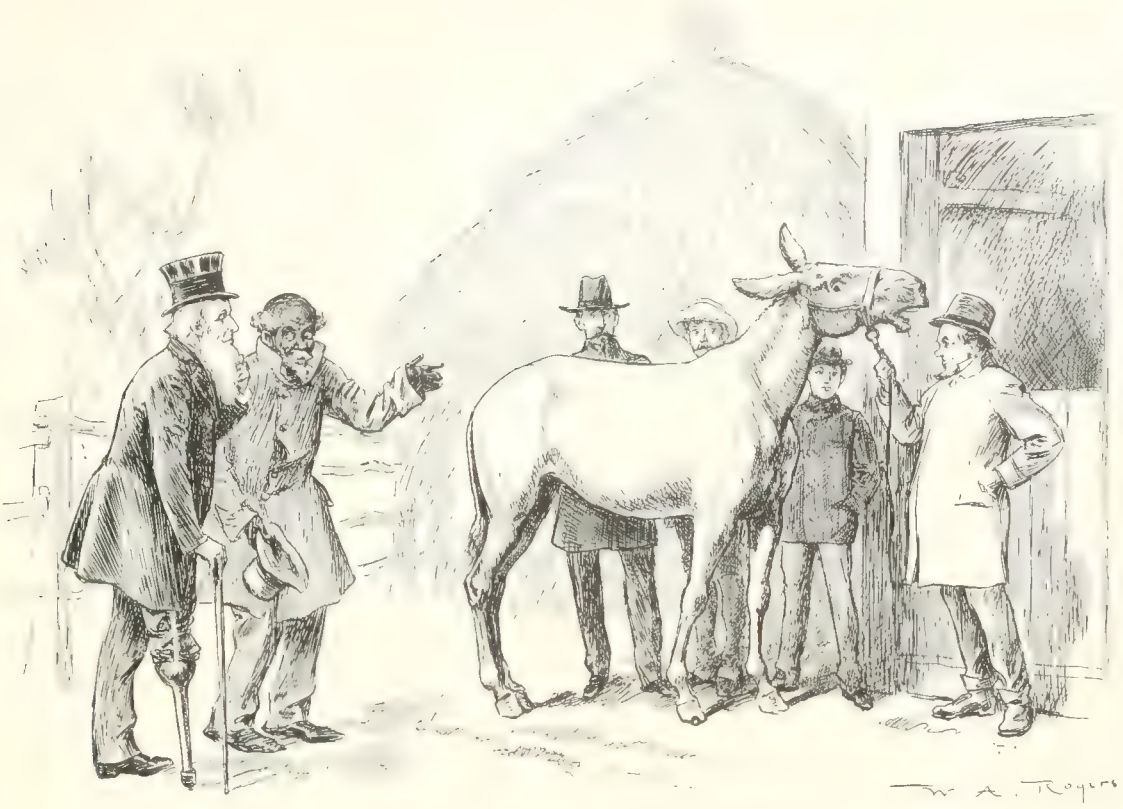
"I would, and for as much more as my own property, together with what I hold in trust for my niece, would bring," answered the old man, earnestly.

"And would you be willing that your money should be risked on any such a venture?" asked the Sheriff, turning to Sabella with a smile.

"Indeed I would," answered the little girl, promptly. "After the splendid way Mr. Brackett helped us last evening, I know whatever he says must be so."

"That will do," said Mr. Riley. "With such sureties I am well content, and am willing to make public acknowledgment that these gentlemen are what they represent themselves to be. Now, for their future guidance, I will tell them what I have not yet hinted to a living soul. It is that their raft has probably been stolen and taken down the river by the most noted gang of counterfeiters that has ever operated in this part of the country. There are three of them, and I thought I had surely run them to earth when I traced them to the island just above Dubuque. You must have seen them there, didn't you?"

"No, sir," replied Winn, to whom this question was addressed. "I only saw one man on the island. He said he was a river trader, and would help me float the



THE MULE WAS PURCHASED THAT AFTERNOON.

raft. We went to look for his partners, and when I came back, it and he were both gone. After that I did not see a soul until you came along and arrested me."

"That confirms my belief that they have appropriated your raft to their own uses," said the Sheriff; "and it is a mighty good scheme on their part too. We were watching all the steamboats, and even the trading scows, but never thought of finding them on a raft. They have probably disguised it, and themselves too, long before this, so that to trail them will be very difficult. I suppose you will try to follow them, though?"

"Certainly I shall," answered Billy Brackett, promptly. "I haven't undertaken this job only to give it up after a week's trial. As for Winn, though, I don't know but what I really ought to send him home."

"Now look here, Uncle Billy. You know you don't mean that. You know that, much as I want to see mother and Etta, I simply *must* find that raft, or, at any rate, help you do it. You couldn't send me home, either, unless you borrowed a pair of handcuffs and put me in irons. Anyway, I don't believe you'd have the heart. If I thought for a moment that you had, I'd—well, I'd disappear again, that's all."

"All right," laughed Billy Brackett. "I'm willing you should go with us if Bim is. What do you say, old dog? Speak, sir!"

And Bim spoke till the echoes rang again.

Chapter XXII.

A "MEWEL" NAMED "REWARD."

It being thus settled that the search for the raft was to be continued, the Sheriff said: "I wish I could go with you, Mr. Brackett, and see this affair through; but those fellows are beyond my hunting-ground now, and I've got important business to attend to up the river. I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll appoint you a deputy, and give you a bit of writing witnessed by a notary, as well as a badge. The paper will identify you, and state that you are engaged on government business, which entitles you to official aid wherever you may demand it. I will also give you samples of the bills those fellows are circulating. They are fives and tens, and by far the best specimens of that kind of work I have ever seen. Of course, if you don't catch them it will be all right; but if you do, perhaps you'll remember old friends when the reward is paid."

Billy Brackett thanked Mr. Riley, and accepted these friendly offers, though he afterwards remarked to Winn that as they were searching for a lost raft, and not for a gang of counterfeiters, he thought it unlikely that he should ever play the part of Sheriff.

"But you'd try for that reward, if you had the chance, wouldn't you?" asked Winn.

"No, I would not," was the prompt reply. "Man-hunting, and especially man-hunting for money, is not in my line. It is a duty that Sheriffs are obliged to perform, but, thank goodness, I am not a Sheriff."

At the conclusion of all these explanations and arrangements, the entire party adjourned to the *Whatnot*, to which Sabella had already returned, and where they were to dine, by Cap'n Cod's invitation.

What a good dinner it was, and what a merry one! How Solon, who in a speckless white apron waited at table, grinned at the praises bestowed upon his cooking! How they all chaffed each other! Winn was ironically praised for his success in losing rafts, and the Sheriff for his in capturing counterfeiters; Cap'n Cod was gravely congratulated upon the result of his efforts to entertain the public, and even Sabella was highly praised for her skilful performance on the hand-organ. With all this banter, Cap'n Cod did not lose sight of the obligation under which Billy Brackett had placed him the evening before, and so sincerely regretted that he and Winn were not to continue their voyage down the river on the *Whatnot*, that the former finally said:

"Well, sir, if you really want us to, I don't see why we shouldn't travel with you until we overhaul our raft. I am rather taken with this show business myself, and have always had a desire to appear on the stage. As for Winn, and that other young monkey, Don Blossom—"

"All right," laughed Winn. "I'd rather take the part of monkey than of mule, any day."

"Other young monkey," continued Billy Brackett, gravely, without noticing this interruption, "we'll hitch them together and exhibit them as Siamese twins. Oh, I tell you, gentlemen, we'll give a show such as never was seen on this little old river. I don't suppose this craft is as fast as some of the larger steamboats, but she can certainly overtake a raft, and we might just as well have some fun out of the trip as not."

"But she is not a steamboat," confessed Cap'n Cod.

"Not a steamboat! What is she then, and how do you propel her?"

"She is only a mule-boat, and at present, as we have no mule, we merely drift with the current."

At this Billy Brackett became thoughtful, and asked to be shown into the engine-room. He had not appreciated Winn's reference to acting the part of a mule until now; but at sight of the tread-mill, and a sudden realization of the part his nephew had taken in the performance of the preceding evening, he laughed until the tears filled his eyes, and the others laughed in sympathy.

"Oh, Winn, Winn!" he cried. "You'll be the death of me yet! I wonder if ever an uncle was blessed with such an absurd nephew before?"

"That's all right, Uncle Billy," said Winn; "but you just step in and work that tread-mill for an hour. Then see if you'll laugh. Eh, Solon?"

"No, sah. Ole Solon he don' git in dere no mo'. He gwine strike, he am, agin dish yer mewel bizness."

"Look here, Winn," said Billy Brackett, when he had recovered his gravity. "Didn't I offer a reward for your discovery?"

"To be sure you did; and I meant to claim it, too. That's what I got the printer to point out Mr. 'Brickell' for. So I'll take it now, if you please."

"That is one of the rewards I expected to earn," remarked Cap'n Cod. "And I wrote to your father for full particulars concerning your disappearance; but I don't suppose there is any chance for me now, so long as you have discovered yourself, unless you could make it convenient to get lost again."

"I was rather expecting to come in for that reward myself," said the Sheriff.

"While I," said Billy Brackett, "had about concluded that if any one was entitled to it, it was the young rascal's worthy uncle. But I'll tell you how we will settle these several claims. Solon here is almost the only one who has not applied for the reward, though I am convinced that he is as well entitled to it as any of us. Therefore I am going to pay it to him—"

At this the old negro's eyes grew wide as saucers. He had never been possessed of a hundred dollars in his life.

"On condition," continued the young engineer, "that he immediately invests it in a mule, which he shall offer to our friend Cap'n Cod as a substitute for himself and Winn in the tread-mill. I shall receive my reward by being permitted to travel on the *Whatnot* and study for the stage, while the Sheriff shall be rewarded by being allowed to name the mule."

Although they all laughed at this scheme and considered it a good joke, Billy Brackett was deeply in earnest beneath all his assumed frivolity. He realized that finding the raft and taking possession of it were no longer one and the same thing. The fact that it was in the hands of a gang of men who were at once shrewd and desperate rendered its recovery an affair requiring all the discretion and skill that he could command. For the purpose in view, a boat like the *Whatnot*, with which he could stop when and where he pleased, as well as visit places unattainable by larger craft, was much better suited than a steamboat that would only touch at certain fixed points. Then again he and Winn would be less likely to arouse the suspicion of those whom they sought if attached to Cap'n Cod's show than if they appeared to have no definite business or object in view. He calculated that by using mule-power in the daytime and drifting with the current at night the *Whatnot* could be made to reach St. Louis as soon as the raft, and still allow time for several exhibitions of the panorama on the way. From the outset he had expected to take the raft at least as far as St. Louis, and now was perfectly willing that its present crew should have the labor of navigating it to that point. Thus the plan of travelling by the *Whatnot* commended itself strongly to his judgment, besides proving highly satisfactory to all those interested in it.

Even Bim approved of it, for in addition to showing a decided appreciation of Sabella's friendship, this intelligent animal evinced a desire to become more intimately acquainted with Don Blossom, who was the first of his race he had ever encountered.

The mule selected by Solon, and guaranteed by that expert in mules to be "a turrible wukker, 'kase I sees hit in her eye," was purchased that very afternoon, and immediately introduced to the scene of his future labors.

Sheriff Riley named him "Reward." Then bidding these strangely found friends good-by, and taking his recovered property with him, he boarded an up-bound steam boat and started for home.

As there was no reason why the others should not also begin their journey at once, the *Whatnot* was got under way at the same time, and headed down the stream.

Cap'n Cod proudly occupied the pilot-house; Solon attended to the four-legged engine; Sabella was making preparations for supper; while the two who would be raftmates, provided they only had a raft, paced slowly back and forth on the upper deck, enjoying the scenery and discussing their plans.

"If we only knew how those fellows had disguised the raft, and what she looked like now!" remarked Billy Brackett.

"I'm certain that I should recognize it under any disguise," asserted Winn, positively.

"That may be, but it would simplify matters if we could have some definite description of the craft. Now we shall have to board every raft we overhaul, on some pretence or other, and make inquiries. And that reminds me that the *Whatnot* does not seem to be provided with a skiff."

"Yes, Solon said there was one on this deck, covered with canvas. That must be it there," replied Winn. As he spoke he lifted an edge of the bit of old sail that protected some bulky object from the weather, and looked beneath it. Then he uttered a cry of amazement, and tore the canvas completely off.

"It's my canoe, as sure as I'm standing here!" he shouted. "The very one that was carried off on the raft!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GAME OF BOWLS.

WHEN New York was New Amsterdam, and New Amsterdam was a straggling village at the southern end of Manhattan Island, the Dutch residents used to play at bowls on the grass near the Battery. So popular did the game become that the name Bowling Green was attached to a short New York street. Now that out-door sports claim so large a share of attention, the game has been revived in the United States, although it has never died out in England.

Only a few things are necessary besides skill in order to play a good game of bowls. A perfectly even green, like a tennis-

court in the best possible condition, is the first requisite, and the hardest to obtain, as the green should not be less in size than thirty by sixty yards. The bowls themselves should be twice as numerous as the players, and carefully made of lignum-vitæ. They are flattened spheres with unequally tapered sides, so that one side will be heavier than the other, and the bowl will roll in a curve instead of moving in a straight line. The "jack" is a small white ball of wood or earthenware at which the bowls are rolled, and the "footer" is usually a piece of matting or carpet on which the players stand when delivering the bowls.

The players are divided into "sides," five on each side being considered a good number. The object of the game is similar to quoits, and is to land as many bowls as possible near the jack. The game is made difficult by the fact that the bowls move in a curve, and cannot be sent directly at the jack. A "cast," or point, is a unit in the score, and the "set," or game, consists of as many casts as the players may agree upon.

The first player begins the game by bowling the jack, and then follows with the first bowl, which he endeavors to land as near the jack as possible. A player on the other side then delivers his first bowl, and then alternately a player from each side bowls until every player has bowled once, or the players may bowl in pairs; that is, the first player delivers his second bowl directly after a player from the opposing party has delivered his first, and then the first opponent delivers his second bowl, and both retire from the round. Bowls wrongly delivered or which roll off the field are called "dead," and should be removed from the ground.

An "end" is a complete round. A bowl delivered before the one that preceded has stopped rolling is "dead." It is also dead if touched before it stops by the player or a member of his party. If an opponent touches it before it reaches as far as the jack, the player has the privilege of placing the bowl where he pleases. If a player uses an opponent's bowl by mistake, the latter may take it up and substitute the right bowl in the place to which the wrong one had been played, or the opponent may play with the defaulting player's bowl, as he chooses.

Bowling the jack is called "setting the mark," and the jack must go at least twenty-one yards from the footer, and stop within three feet of the farther edge of the green. In case the first player does not succeed after two trials, the first opponent has an opportunity to set the mark. After an "end" the footer is removed to the position occupied by the jack, and another round is played, unless the jack has been knocked off the field, when the end is "void"; that is, neither side is entitled to score. In that case the footer is placed within three feet of the spot where the jack rolled off the grounds.

There are many other fine points about bowls which make it attractive to lovers of games of skill, but its general character may be understood from the foregoing. The game is as old as Edward II., and probably much older, and it bids fair to be liked for many years to come—to be, in short, one of those games which, without attaining very wide popularity at any time, still have merits which commend them to lovers of sport for all time.

THE seed of discontent grows fast,
It springs up in the night
To a great tree that hides the sun,
And shuts out all the light.

MUSICAL ANIMALS.

MANY animals show a fondness for music, and there are ancient stories of men who have subdued the fiercest wild beasts by soothing them with sweet sounds. Shy as the deer is, it has been known to stand and listen to the sound of the bagpipe; and a herd of twenty stags was seen following a pipe and violin, going forward while the music played, and standing still when it stopped.

Even a hare, the most timid of all creatures, came out of a wood to listen to some choristers who were singing an anthem as they sat down to rest after a long walk, and stationing herself about twenty yards off, she seemed to notice nothing but the sweet sounds which had drawn her there. Every few minutes the animal would turn the side of her head, after the fashion of a man putting his hand to his ear, as though to hear better. When the music stopped, the hare walked slowly and unwillingly toward the wood; but when she was nearly there the choristers began to repeat the anthem, and their audience turned about and travelled back much more quickly than she had started for home. She kept just about the same distance from the singers, and listened again with every sign of delight; but this was positively the last, and when the anthem was finally finished, and the hare had satisfied herself that no more sweet sounds were to be had from that quarter, she slowly crossed the field again and disappeared in the wood.

Seals, too, are said to be greatly pleased with music, and to have a very delicate sense of hearing. This fact is sometimes alluded to in ancient poetry, and Sir Walter Scott wrote,

"Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

An arctic traveller said that during the voyage to Spitzbergen, a young man who played on the violin could always collect a large and interested audience in the water, and these fur-coated music-lovers would follow the ship for miles so long as the fiddle and the bow came in contact.

Mice are decidedly musical little creatures, not only occasionally singing themselves, but displaying great enjoyment in the performances of others. One evening a gentleman who was playing on his flute saw a mouse creep out of a hole and slowly approach him. He stopped playing, and the mouse scuttled back to its hole; but when the air was repeated, the little animal appeared as before, laying itself down near the performer, and shutting its eyes in a kind of ecstasy. It fairly trembled with delight, and forgot everything else; but whenever the music ceased, which it did frequently, by way of experiment, it was the same ordinary frightened mouse, whose sole object in life was to get back to its hole.

Another mouse was even more excitable. The music this time was that of a violin, on which a plaintive air was performed for a few minutes, when a mouse appeared in the centre of the room, and seemed unable to express its ecstasy. It went through with the most remarkable manœuvres, shaking its head from side to side, and jumping about the table on which it had mounted in a sort of frenzy. The lower the music, the more excited the mouse became, and after a series of the most extraordinary antics, the little creature fell down exhausted, and died apparently of rapture.

The rattlesnake is intoxicated by soft music, but in a different way. It affects the reptile with a sort of sleepiness that causes it to stretch out on the ground at full length, and remain without sense or motion. The Indian charmers make their snakes dance to the sound of their reed instruments, and the delighted reptiles keep such perfect time with the graceful motions of their heads that the looker-on is reminded of the beautiful swan—which is far more agreeable than to think, as one sometimes does in gazing at the swaying neck of the swan, of the unpleasant curves of the serpent.

Music often proves the destruction of the snake tribe; for when a house becomes infested with these reptiles, which hide themselves in holes and crevices until such times when their society is least desired, the musicians are sent for to bring them to the surface. At the first notes of the flageolet one after another of the unwelcome lodgers glides softly out of its retreat, looking so intensely happy that it seems almost cruel to kill it. But as it is a question between snake happiness and human safety, each swaying head receives its death-stroke without hesitation.

The real musicians are the birds; and it is interesting to know that the young fledglings, in some cases at least, have regular singing lessons from the mother. A wren whose nest was in a box near a country house was watched by the family as she patiently instructed her little ones. Placing herself on one side of the opening, and in front of her pupils, she first sang her entire song very distinctly. One little flutterer opened its mouth and tried to follow her; but after a few notes its voice gave out and it lost the tune. Mamma Wren immediately took up the melody at that point, and sang it through as clearly as possible; when the youngster tried it again, and finished triumphantly.

Then the mother sang again, and another nestling followed her, breaking down as the first had done, and beginning afresh. Sometimes there were three or four failures before the tune was carried quite through; but the wren always began where the little one broke down and sang to the end. These singing lessons lasted for some time, and several of them were given every day.

OBSERVE in silence, says a wise old maxim of the South,
We've all two ears, we've all two eyes, we've each a single mouth.



AN INTERRUPTED CALL.

HE WAS RIGHT.

"I CALL that setting me a bad example," said the school-boy when his teacher told him to divide $\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{6}{7}$.

A TALENTED GOAT.

"WHERE have you been, Tommy?"

"Out in the stable giving my goat drawing lessons. I teached him how to draw a wagon."

AN INDICATION.

"I GUESS we ain't going to have any snow on Christmas," said Polly. "'Coz Santa Claus is sending all his presents through the express company."

JACK'S RESOLVE.

"I'M going to walk a lot and get great big legs," said Jack. "Then it 'll take more stuff to fill my stockings next Christmas."

HIS OBJECTION.

"Do you like stories, Wally?" asked the visitor.
"Yes. All except the end of 'em," said Wally.
"Why don't you like the end of them?"
"Because that's where they stop."

THE REASON.

"I KNOWS why bees never sit down," said Walter.
"Why, my dear?" asked his mother.
"'Cause they has pins in their coat tails, and they's afraid to."

JACK AND HIS REPORT.

"PAPA," said Jack, "when I'm bad you punish me, don't you?"
"Yes."
"Then when my report is bad, why don't you punish it?"

CAN'T BE DONE.

"SAY, Tommy," said Harry, in a whisper, "tell me, honest, now. Did you ever really and truly have *enough* pie?"

And Tommy was forced to confess that in his experience pie was a thing nobody could ever get enough of.

A GREAT GAME.

"HERE, Jack, stop. What are you putting that handkerchief into Willie's mouth for?"

"We're playing Christmas dinner. Willie's the turkey, I'm the cook, and the handkerchief is the stuffing."

WANTED TO GET IT.

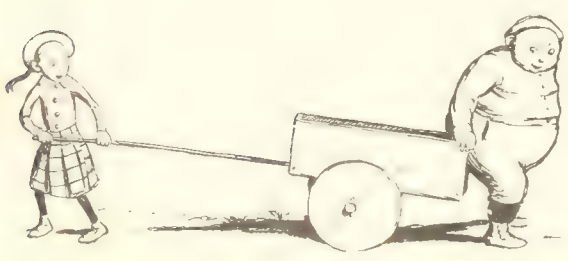
"MAMMA," said Tommy, "does sugar ever cure anybody of anything?"

"Why do you ask, my boy?"

"I thought I'd like to catch it," said Tommy.

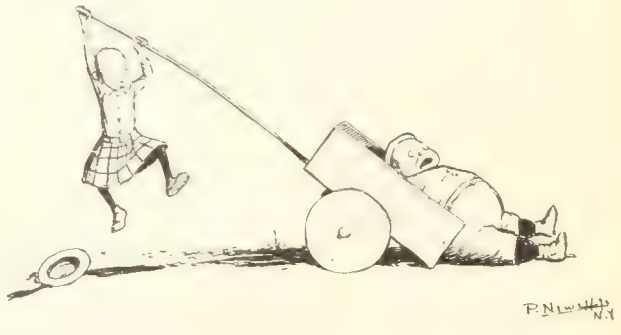
TOO MUCH FOR THE OTHER GOAT.

"PAPA," said little Robin, "I want to sell one of my goats. It's too much for my other goat to pull the wagon and me and the goat I want to sell up hill."



"HOLD ON TIGHT, GEORGIE, SO I WON'T FALL."

A HEAVY LOAD



"MA, GEORGIE'S TIPPING ME OUT OF THE WAGON!"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PICKED VIOLETS.

BY MARY SELDEN McCOBB.

ONE rises early on her birthday when one is fifteen years old, especially if there are sure to be gifts on the breakfast table. But though Patty Arbuthnot came skipping down stairs betimes, her father and mother were before her. As she opened the dining-room door, she heard the latter say:

"For our baby is almost a woman, Robert. It is time that she assumed responsibilities."

"True enough, mamsey!" cried Patty, throwing her arms about her little mother. "When a 'baby' is half a head taller than her pro-gen-i-tress, she ought to be trusted. Oh, thank you, daddy dear, for this gold pencil! And—what a queer book! Russia-leather binding? 'Cash Account'? 'Patience Arbuthnot, from her mother.' And here's poetry on the fly-leaf.

"'Violets once picked,
The sweetest showers
Can ne'er make bloom again.'"

Patty paused, with the account-book in her hand. Her father held out a crisp five-dollar bill.

"Your mother says you are to '*assume responsibilities*'—that's the phrase, I believe. We'll begin easy, daughterling."

Patty's look grew even more puzzled.

"You are henceforth to have a regular monthly allowance, Patty," said her mother. "Every woman should know the real value of money, and should be able to handle it wisely, whether she have more or less. There's no better way of discovering just how much and how little a dollar can be made to buy than to have control of a hundred cents. This five dollars which daddy will advance every month must keep you in gloves and candy and pay your horse-car fares, and if you choose to give presents they can now be really your own gifts. You are responsible to no one but yourself for this five dollars. Use your wits, girlie, and make the money do its utmost."

"Five dollars every month! Sixty dollars a year! It's a perfect fortune!" said Patty, much impressed.

"Let us hope it won't prove a *mis*-fortune," said her father, smiling. "Put all items down in your cash-book, and balance your accounts every month. If you come out square to a cent at the end of a year, with no 'sundries' to fill up gaps, I'll give you an extra five dollars."

I doubt if Patty tasted what she ate that morning. Her thoughts soared and sang far above oatmeal and omelet. She dusted the parlor as in a dream. Visions bright as the sunshine danced in her head. Five whole dollars every month! Five extra at the end of a year, if her accounts were square! Why should they not be square? What stupidity to spell the word "s-u-n-d-r-i-e-s!"



"Five dollars! I can do *this*, and *this*, and *that!*"

Before the clock struck ten, Mrs. Arbuthnot smiled as she heard the front door open and sped Patty speeding down the walk.

"That five-dollar bill is burning a hole in a certain pocket," remarked mamsey to herself. "Well, so be it. Experience is the best teacher. There will probably be several conflagrations before Patty's purse is fire-proof."

Elizabeth Niles, Patty's bosom friend, heard the good news with much sympathy.

"And the very first cent I spend shall be to treat you, Bess," cried Patty, eagerly. "Suppose we go to Pride's Corner and back on the new electric cars. Ten cents out, ten cents back. Excuse my writing it down in my cash-book. Fifteen cents apiece for ice-cream on our return."

"Dear me, how polite!" said Elizabeth, beaming.

That red electric car turned into a triumphal chariot as it sped along. The driver rang his gong in three sharp strokes, as he neared the crossings. "Five dol-lars! five dol-lars!" clanged the bell. "Five dol-lars! five dol-lars!" rattled the wheels, in a joyful rhythm.

The conductor looked respectfully amazed as the somewhat large bill was presented for two five-cent fares.

"And really four dollars ninety in change seems almost more than the original sum," said Patty, rattling her purse gleefully.

"'What I *gave* that I have,'" quoted Elizabeth; and then slipping her arm through her friend's, she proceeded to divulge a delightful plan which she had in mind for over a month.

"You see, Pat, we might start a sort of club, to be composed of girls who have regular allowances. I've hung back because you couldn't have been in it before to-day. You know papa gives me fifty cents a week. Fanny Danvers has two dollars paid fortnightly. The Bates twins have a monthly — stipend. I never could find out how much it is, they are so fearfully close-mouthed, those twins are. And there's Marcia Phillips. She's a regular story-book 'heiress,' and has what Farmer Hicks calls a *gardeen*. He's stingy with Marcia, and only pays her bills. When she's twenty-one, she's going to control her own property. I guess we can let her into the club, on account — well, because of her — *prospects*. We might call our society the G. A. C.—'Girls' Allowance Club.' And I thought, Patty, we might read a book on political economy. We could get up some views and opinions, you know. Everybody has views nowadays."

"I always did say that to possess money broadened one's horizon," said Patty, solemnly. "You start the club, Bess, and I'll buy some postal cards for the secretary to send out notices on. Suppose you run over and consult Fanny Danvers, while I go to the post-office."

That was a good way to get rid of Elizabeth after the car jaunt and the ice-cream. For Patty remembered that her crony had expressed a great desire for a certain fan which matched a new pink cashmere gown. There was to be a tea party the very next evening, and, oh, how Elizabeth's eyes would shine when she read the words, "For Bess, from Patty"!

Patty breathed a sigh of delight. "If people who own a million get fun out of it in proportion, what 'larks' they must have!" thought she.

"Two dollars?"

Patty gave a little gasp, in spite of her enthusiasm. She had not reckoned on the feathery trifle costing quite so much. But she could not resist those bewitching pink tips.

"I will economize on my gloves," she decided, and tucked the long narrow box under her arm.

Thus ran the first page in the new cash-book:

Received.	*Spent.*	
75.	Car-fare	$ 20
	Ice-creams	30
	Fan	2 00
	Gloves	1 50
	Postal cards	25

Four dollars and a quarter gone already! In less than two hours! Patty added the columns up and added them down with the same result. She read the verse on the fly-leaf of her account-book:

"Violets once picked,
The sweetest showers
Can ne'er make bloom again"

"I suppose that's metaphorical!" mused Patty.

"'Money once spent,
The strongest wish
Can ne'er get back again.'

That's the translation."

She shook her head, and her face was very sober.

"I had intended to spend something for—charity," she pondered. "I meant to make a flannel petticoat for a heathen. The material for that would wreck me—now."

She raised her eyes sadly. Directly opposite, in shining gilt letters, glittered a sign:

DAYTON & BROCK,
DRY AND FANCY GOODS.

Patty knew Mr. Brock. She had once dined at his house. A sudden inspiration seized her. She whisked into the store.

"Two yards of scarlet flannel," she demanded, briskly. "Fifty cents a yard? Very well. Please to *charge* it to me."

The clerk eyed her doubtfully. The hot blood flew into Patty's cheeks. She drew herself up, and spoke with dignity and decision.

"I have a monthly allowance. In four weeks from this date I intend to—to—to *liquidate* all my debts. Mr. Brock knows me."

"You would have supposed that that snipper-snapper of a clerk thought me penniless! But I stood firm, and he found he was not dealing with a beggar!" Thus Patty depicted the scene to her peers at the first meeting of the G. A. C.

"I should never dare to *charge* anything," said Fanny Danvers.

"That is the way real business is always done," argued Elizabeth Niles, coming promptly to her friend's defence. "We are sure to learn all about that when we get at our 'political economy.' If you never have bills and things, what's the use of interest?" she ended, vaguely.

But one of the Bates twins had opinions. "You're sure to come to grief if you run in debt," she declared, stoutly.

But Elizabeth and Patty doggedly held their ground.

Since all but seventy-five cents of Patty's capital had already vanished, she gladly welcomed the proposition that each member of the club should pay her share for the postal cards. In fact, Patty was herself requested not to contribute, as the money did not come out even if six divided the twenty-five cents between them, and that was the price of the cards. So Patty hastened to present the society with one of her own pen-handles, which was worth "more than five cents," and, with alacrity, revised her accounts. She even thought of "liquidating" her debt immediately. But as that would have left her exactly penniless, she concluded to let it stand.

"It would look so unbusinesslike to run up a bill one day and pay it the next! Besides, I need a new ribbon for my riding-whip."

It also seemed quite necessary to have a pretty bit of coral which she owned set as a "stick-pin." That cost seventy-five cents; so Patty added thirty-five cents for ribbon to her bill at Dayton & Brock's.

Then, really, it seemed very small, not to say mean, to hoard the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, which was left on hand. So, for five consecutive mornings, Patty treated herself to a glass of soda-water, and revelled in a sense of wild extravagance.

Private Orgies.	. . . . .	05 cents
" "	. . . . .	" "
" "	. . . . .	" "
" "	. . . . .	" "
" "	. . . . .	" "

That was the record in the russia-leather cash-book.

A fortune? Five dollars a fortune? How had it been possible to think such nonsense? Never before had Patty experienced so many longings. Indeed, her "horizon" had "broadened." It may be said to have become almost too extensive.

Accidentally Patty discovered that Fanny Danvers was in danger of breaking the tenth commandment, by reason of her desire for a "miser's purse," like Patty's own. The temptation to save a soul from the sin of coveting by "charging" a spool of embroidery silk was irresistible. And if steel beads did cost sixty cents more, they were certainly "worth their price," so much handsomer was the purse when they were crocheted into its intricate meshes.

"Besides, what's thirty-five cents and sixty cents when they're *charged!*" reasoned Patty.

The G. A. C. flourished bravely. The meetings were enlivening. To be sure, the idea of reading "political economy" was abandoned, as the very first chapter was voted "a dose." But the girls met to talk over numberless matters. Pickled limes being considered a spur to conversation, each in turn agreed to supply the club with that luxury. The refreshment was sometimes varied by peanuts or taffy.

Now it was that Patty regretted her solitary "orgies." She could not confess to the club that she was absolutely bankrupt. She would not ask her father for more money.

She actually lay awake at night plotting and scheming a way to buy a box of caramels or some marsh-mallows.

So it happened that Mr. Arbuthnot came in from the stable one day, looking disturbed.

"Patty," he said, "what have you been doing to Puck? He looks as if he had been driven unmercifully."

Patty winced. Puck was her own pony, and dear unto her soul. "I let Tom Barry ride him," she faltered.

She did not add that she had driven a bargain by which the said Thomas had paid fifteen cents for a two-hours' gallop, and that she had saved her reputation for generosity at the expense of Puck's slender legs.

"Oh, my precious darling!" she sobbed, clasping her pony's neck. And she did her best to make amends by embroidering "PUCK" in raised worsted letters on a fine new red blanket, which she "charged" on her bill.

The blanket was substantial, but rather plain. And (how lucky!) what should Patty see at this juncture but the advertisement of a sale of "fancy articles," including buttons, tapes, fringes, etc., "marked down to fabulously low prices"!

"Fringes?" Fringes which last week cost two dollars could now be bought for one. And since Puck's new blanket would be "simply perfect" with a fringe, common-sense (*Patty's* common-sense) declared it would be almost criminal to neglect such an opportunity. But, alas! this "sale" was not to be at Dayton & Brock's. Besides, it was to be "conducted upon cash principles."

Here Elizabeth Niles came to the rescue. Elizabeth was a frugal soul, and by some process very mysterious to Patty, had managed to actually save three whole dollars out of her own small allowance. "I'll lend you a dollar," said she, cordially.

"Patty's face brightened. "I'll pay you interest," cried she. "Twelve per cent., Bess."

It was clear sailing now. Patty's mind, being as elastic as India-rubber, rebounded, and serenity reigned.

She did wish that the G. A. C. would postpone having white badges till another month. She even went so far as to vote against "white satin cockades with silver tassels." But she was in a minority of one, and so must yield. However, ribbon and tinsel could be found at Dayton & Brock's.

On the 25th of this month Elizabeth Niles's sister was to be married; and, dear! dear! Patty's white gown had elbow sleeves, which necessitated long gloves.

"Charge them," ordered Patty, and hugged herself to think that in six days the month would end. Then would she be free from the debts which, it must be confessed, were a burden to her mind, in spite of her faculty for forgetting betweenwhiles.

In fact, the constant and rapid changes from this new fever for spending to the cold chills which followed when she suddenly realized how much precious money had vanished had kept Patty in a ferment which was far from comfortable.

"I *will* be more careful," she perpetually told herself; and then a fresh temptation would lure her into new extravagances. "But next month! Oh, next month!"

There lay her hope now.

And, lo! on the eve of that longed-for 1st, a yellow envelope came by post. It was addressed, in a strange hand, to

Miss Patience Arbuthnot,
32 Delavan Street,
City.

Patty opened it with a pleasing curiosity as to who her unknown correspondent might be. Her eye fell upon a long narrow slip of paper. Her heart gave a tremendous jump. This is what she read:

Miss P. Arbuthnot,
Bought of Dayton & Brock,
505 and 507 State Street.

Terms, Net Cash.

If terms are not correct, or if prices charged are not as bought, *notify at once*, or settle by invoice.

2 yds. Flannel	$1 00
1 yd. Ribbon	35
1 spool Embroidery Silk	35
Steel Beads	60
1 Scarlet Blanket	2 50
Black Worsted	06
3 yds. White Ribbon	51
1 Silver Tassel	40
1 pr. Gloves	2 75
	$8 52

Patty's eyes and mouth opened wider and wider. Eight dollars and fifty-two cents! Could it be possible that she owed such a sum as that? Yet every item was correct. The fact was that, like many an older person, she had, in her easy fashion, neglected to keep a strict private list of her buyings, and had not in the least realized that small sums increase to large with a rapidity which seems almost miraculous. Thirty-five cents is—nothing. But two nothings added together make a very considerable something. And when cents count up to a dollar, and one begins to "carry," it does seem as if figures were bewitched.

Eight dollars and fifty-two cents! And Patty would have only five dollars on the morrow. She had not forgotten Elizabeth's dollar. And though the "interest," even at twelve per cent., would be trifling, yet it must be reckoned.

Patty grasped the back of a chair and panted in dis-

words staid in her head save those awful syllables, "Eight dollars, fifty cents." And she had been so proud to be "trusted by her parents." To "assume responsibilities" had seemed so womanly! And here she was already over head and ears in debt. Disgraced before her schoolmates, lowered in her own eyes, proved unfit to handle money. A very miserable girl, she crept to bed, and there she turned and tossed, as wretched a little person as can be imagined.

Patty was not much given to early rising, except on Christmas, birthdays, and such festive occasions, so Mrs. Arbuthnot was surprised when a knock came on her dressing-room door long before breakfast-time, and Patty stalked into her mother's presence, pale, wide-eyed, her head thrown back, a frown on her brow. She held in her hand her russia-leather cash-book. She thrust it out, with two words, "Take it!"

"Why, Patty!" exclaimed her mother.

At the sound of a tender voice the fountains of the great deep were unsealed. Patty flung herself on her mother's neck and sobbed out all her woes. Suddenly she looked up, bewildered, indignant, for mamsey's shoulders were shaking with inextinguishable laughter.

"Why — do — you — laugh?" demanded Patty, quite fiercely.

But Mrs. Arbuthnot only laughed the harder, till she actually had to wipe the tears from her merry eyes.

"Oh, my Patty!" she was saying. "Oh, my *dear* girl! You are — you are a 'chip of the old block.' I knew you were, but I didn't believe you'd show it so quickly." And again the musical laughter rang out. "Did you know *why* I told daddy to give you that five dollars? Listen, Patty, and I'll tell you. The first three years of my married life I nearly ruined my poor husband, because I knew nothing of the real value of money, and the pennies slipped through my foolish fingers just as they have done through yours. So I determined that no daughter of mine should grow to womanhood without learning just how much and just how little a dollar was worth."

"I've found how *little* it will buy," groaned Patty. "Please take back my cash-book, mamsey. I want no more 'allowance.'"

"Take back your book? Not a bit of it!" exclaimed her mother. "You are to learn arithmetic by experience, my child. You are to find out that no one has a right to spend a single penny thoughtlessly; that to run up a bill, unless one is perfectly sure of the means to pay it promptly, is just as great a sin as to steal from a shopkeeper's money drawer."

"How did you know I had a bill, mamsey?" faltered Patty.

But the little mamma only shook her head, with a twinkle in her bright eyes.

"Keep your account-book, honey," she said. "I'll set you on your feet for this month, and the next four weeks let me advise you in your spendings. No more bills, pray. It's all very well for persons who are doing business on a large scale not to confine themselves to cash payments. But you and I will buy only as we can pay on the spot. And there's many a pleasure you must deny yourself, lassie. It's a great luxury to give one's friends presents, and to take a horse-car whenever one feels inclined. But even in little matters one must learn self-control. Take back your account-book? Let you give up your allowance? Not a bit of it."

Patty clung to her mother's hand, giving it a hard squeeze, as promptly the month's five dollars came out of the daddy's pocket.

The last time I saw her she was still wrestling over the problem of how to make two dollars do its utmost.

"One month I consult with mamsey, and the next I try to manage my own affairs," she told me, soberly. "Just as sure as I paddle my own canoe I run on a rock. It's *so* hard to *make* myself careful. And you have to be careful to be—*honest*," she added. "I'm going to keep at it until I learn to say '*no*' to myself. Future generations shall have a chance to read the following lines: 'The subject of these memoirs departed life at the advanced age of one hundred and four, having at last become convinced, by long and bitter experience, that

> 'Violets once picked,
> The sweetest showers
> Can ne'er make bloom again.'

She may not have been generous, but she was magnificently just."

And Patty gave a determined nod to her pretty head.

THE GAME OF JANKIN.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.



LITTLE people and big ones must have wanted to amuse themselves with games at the very beginning of time, and as to that fine old maxim, "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy," it must have been understood many tens of thousands of years ago.

Nobody can tell us how ancient is the game of "Odd or Even," or that other one, "Heads I win, Tails you lose." In the first case, a handful of pebbles would have answered all purposes; and in the second one, as the primitive child had no pennies to pitch, all he had to do was to select a stone or a shell, and toss it up into the air, and he won or lost according to whether the convex or concave side was upwards or downwards. Odd or Even, with many complications, is a Chinese game to-day: all the Chinese play it, and our Indians have their game of Heads or Tails, and for this they use little bits of wood, which they handle as we do jack-straws. Our Indians are great gamblers. Once at a reservation I saw a chief, playing at the game of Heads or Tails for "keeps," win the blankets, a barrel of flour, and a bit and bridle from another chief, and the game with the sticks did not take half a minute to play. Knuckle-bone belongs to the remotest past. We know that the early Greek children played it with real knuckle-bones of sheep or goats, because several very beautiful bronze and marble statues which have come down to us show children amusing themselves in this way.

It must have been the older people who first played the simple games, and the children imitated their parents. In some countries, as in China, Japan, and Burmah, grown-up people play the games our own children delight in.

An artist friend of mine, Mr. J. Turcas, who was in Japan, told me of a game the children play there, and the sketch which accompanies this article is a scene he drew in one of the side streets of Tokio.

The name of the game is Jankin, and it is something like the Italian Mora; and so you see how in two countries ten thousand miles apart the children have almost the same amusements. Jankin, like Mora, is played with the fingers, and that fact alone, that your playthings are always about your person, must indicate that it is the oldest and handiest of all games.

Jankin is the delight of Japanese boys and girls, and my friend tells me that they are the happiest young people in the world, wonderfully polite and obliging, and that he never yet saw a fight among children, nor even a loud or cross word.

Two players engage in the game. It may be a trifle more complicated than the Italian Mora, which is only a matching game, but the Japanese Jankin is by far the prettier.

There are three positions given to the fingers. When the first finger is separated from the second one, the sign is called hasami, or the scissors, or, as the original word means shears, "shears" would be the more exact translation. The newer civilization has introduced scissors into Japan, but the greater part of the people still use shears. The form of the Japanese shears the artist has drawn in the illustrated initial letter. The second position is made by holding all the fingers and the thumb straight out. This is called kami, or paper. The third and last position is known as eschi, or the stone. For this the player makes a fist.

Now as to the idea of the game. You have shears, paper, and a stone. The cutting implement conquers the paper, since it can sliver it, but the shears yield to the stone, because the stone would break the shears. But the stone cannot always have its own way. Put it in opposition to paper, and paper wraps it up, and so kami (paper) gets the mastery of eschi (the stone).

The game is carried on in this manner. At the same instant both players make the movement, and scissors wins against paper, and loses against stone, while stone is conquered by paper. You make a drawn game whenever both parties make the same signs.

For the fun of the thing I have played Jankin, and have derived much amusement from it. My little party has learnt the Japanese names for the various signs, and we sing them out with each movement, much to the amazement of our friends, who cannot imagine what we are doing. We follow the rule, which requires you to say "Jankinpau" three times before you begin, and to call the sign you make, and we insist on exacting a penalty if a mistake in Japanese is made. The penalty is a forfeit, and another forfeit if the chances of the game are against the player.

I thought I would be very smart, and so I practised it a little, so that I might get the better in Jankin of a party of grown-up people and children, who are not above amusing themselves in simple games. There was a little girl, who said, "Why not use the English words, as shears, stone, paper?" And I agreed to that, and she got the better of me very easily. "Now," said I, "we will try it in Japanese." The little woman soon learnt the three Japanese words, and I am pleased to say that she beat me in Jankin in its native language even more thoroughly than in English.

We have agreed to have, some time or other, a grand champion match game of Jankin, and if the little girl wins I am to give her a pair of Japanese clogs. She says that these clogs will be just the thing for her in the spring to clatter about in when she wants to run in the garden, and the ground is damp.

"What dear chubby little things those Japanese children must be!" she adds. "And now that I know Jankin and some Japanese, I might have a lovely time playing with them. Mamma, please lend me your pair of hasami. I want to cut a doll baby out of kami."



PLAYING JANKIN.

A GREAT SPECULATION

WHICH LED TO A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS IN A CIRCUS," "SILENT PETE," ETC.

Part III.

IT was quite natural the boys should be gloomy during the first half-hour of their vigil.

Each had unpleasant recollections of the interview so lately held with his father, and in addition to this cause for a depression of spirits was the sense of responsibility such as one might well fancy would come to the owners of a valuable animal under similar circumstances.

As the time wore on, however, the surroundings appeared to grow more cheerful.

The noise made by the horse as he munched his hay sounded almost homelike, and the rays of light cast by the lantern seemed friendly. Save for the apertures in the building, the boys would have enjoyed this "camping out"; but there were so many boards missing, that even though the doors were securely locked, they could not feel safe against intrusion.

"If we have to set up with him many nights, it will be a good idea to fix this barn," Teddy said, thoughtfully, as he pulled the hay closer around him to serve as a bar-

ricade against the wind which came in freely on the back of his head.

"It couldn't be done. More'n half the boards are gone, an' where'd we find lumber enough to close up even one side of the place?"

"Something's got to be arranged, for it won't do to have the horse stand here in a rain-storm. The water would come in on him, an' most likely he'd get cold."

"But we don't count on keepin' him here all the time."

"It must be done till we can hire another stable, an' that looks like a pretty hard job, the folks are down on him so bad."

"I ain't much of a hand at carpentring," Ben replied; for labor in any form was particularly disagreeable to him.

"There'll be a chance to get your hand in to-morrow. Father saw we had pulled some of the fence away, an' says it must be put into proper shape before noon."

"That isn't any of my business. You said she'd got to come down, an' I only did what you wanted."

"Are you goin' to back out er your share of the work?" Teddy asked in surprise, raising himself on one elbow to look sternly at his companion.

"Why shouldn't I? When you talked about buyin' the horse you allowed the whole thing was figgered out right, an' I wouldn't have gone into the business if I'd thought we'd got to skin 'round the way we've been doin' since he belonged to us."

"You haven't had any bother."

"Oh, I haven't? You weren't down at my house when I told the folks we'd bought a horse."

"No; but I had to see my father, an' will bet I got more'n my share," Teddy replied, emphatically.

This rather unpleasant conversation was interrupted by a noise from the outside which caused the boys to gaze at each other in fear, and the white horse even stopped eating as he raised his head inquiringly.

In the daytime either of the boys would have laughed at the idea that there might be anything in or around Washburn's barn to cause them alarm; but now night had come, the case seemed different, and both were decidedly frightened, until a familiar voice was heard saying,

"There they are, asleep, I reckon."

"It's Bud Hayes, an' I'll bet Sim Bowser is with him," Teddy said, in a tone of relief, and an instant later the visitors entered the barn.

"We've been lookin' all 'round the town for you," Bud said as he went where he could inspect the horse. "What set you out to buy this plug?"

"You'd better look a little closer before you call him names," Teddy replied, indignantly. "Some fellers don't know anything about a horse, an' never 'll learn."

"I reckon you're pretty well posted," Bud said, sarcastically.

"P'rhaps so. I've been keepin' my eyes open a good while, listenin' while Amos an' Enoch Grant was talkin', an' I made up my mind to buy this feller when Uncle Jack got ready to let him go."

"What d'yer count on doin' with him?"

"We'll run a express at first, an' then train him for a circus-horse," Teddy replied, in a matter-of-fact tone, much as if there was no doubt in his mind regarding the possibility of doing exactly as he had said.

"Goin' into the circus business, eh?" And a shade of envy was apparent in Sim's tone.

"We thought some of it."

"Got a cart or harness yet?" Bud asked.

"No; there's plenty of time for those things. You see we didn't buy the horse till this noon, an' have got to fix up a stable first of all."

"That shed of father's down on the meadow would be a good place for him."

"You're right, Bud. Can we use it?"

"I dun no' yet. You see, I was some thinkin' of buyin' a hoss myself, an' then I'd want it."

In the excitement caused by the belief that the vexed question of a stable had been settled, Teddy rose to his feet, and now stood gazing at Master Hayes in surprise.

"You buy a horse?" he repeated.

"Why not? I reckon it wouldn't be very hard for Sim an' me to raise the money if we tried."

"Well, I s'pose you could; but I don't see what you want to do with one."

"P'rhaps we might be thinkin' 'bout goin' into the circus business too," Bud replied, and then began to examine the aged steed more critically. "I'm afraid this feller's legs ain't small enough to do much jumpin' in a ring."

"I'll squeeze them down jest as soon as I have the time."

"How many oats do you give him?"

"He hasn't had any yet. You see Ben an' me have got to earn some money before we can buy much. It took all we had to make up the five dollars."

"There's no mistake but that he oughter have oats," Bud said, with an ominous shake of the head. "It don't take long to spoil the best hoss that ever walked if he ain't fed right."

Ben looked alarmed, and even Teddy was a trifle disconcerted, as he replied, impatiently,

"I told you we'd got to wait till the money was earned before he could have anything but grass."

"Then you oughter shin 'round mighty lively," and Bud gazed pityingly at the aged animal, as if expecting each instant to see him fall because of lack of grain. He walked slowly around him twice, and then added, with an assumption of carelessness, "Why not sell out half of him, an' there'd be money enough to get all he needed."

"Do you know of anybody who wants to buy him?" Ben asked, quickly, hoping it might be possible for him to dispose of a property which had already caused him considerable sorrow.

"Sim an' I might go into the speculation if we could get a share right; but I'm 'fraid you fellers paid more'n he's worth."

"That shows you don't know very much 'bout horses," Teddy cried. "Jest look at him, an' then see how big a figger five dollars cuts alongside of what he'll be when he's fat."

"Yes, there's considerable in that," Bud replied, reflectively, as if he had just seen some good points in the animal which had previously remained undiscovered. "Still, there's allers a big risk in hossflesh, you know, for nobody can ever tell when somethin's goin' to happen to 'em."

"Have you got the money to buy him if we could make a trade?" Ben asked, fearful lest the conversation should drift away from the subject he was most anxious to hear discussed.

"Sim an' me kinder 'lowed we'd be willin' to take half of him, if you fellers thought it was too much trouble to own the whole, and we've got enough to do that. A hoss is a sight of care, an' it costs a good deal to keep him in shape. Of course, it wouldn't 'mount to so very much if there was four in the speculation. Besides, if I should be one of the owners, we could keep him in father's shed."

This last argument in favor of his purchasing an interest in the aged animal was the strongest Bud could have made, and Teddy looked inquiringly at his partner as he asked,

"What do you think about it, Ben?"

"I'm willin' to sell half of my share for a dollar 'n' a quarter."

"But that's the same price you paid!" Bud cried, as if in surprise.

"Of course it is. D'yer think we'd sell for any less after fillin' him up with almost everything this afternoon?"

"It don't seem as if we oughter give quite so much," Bud replied, slowly; and Teddy cried, impatiently:

"That would be a great way to do business, wouldn't it? We got a big bargain, an' it's mighty lucky for you fellers if we let you into it without chargin' any profit."

"I don't know about that; but I won't say we ain't willin' to pay the price. Come outside a minute, Sim, an' we'll make up our minds what to do."

Master Bowser obeyed by stepping through one of the apertures in the side of the barn, and when Bud had followed him Ben whispered to his partner:

"I think we'd better sell half the horse, Teddy, an' then if there's any more of this watchin' to be done, they can help. Besides, we'll have a stable without runnin' all over the country to get it."

"I'm agreed to let 'em in, but they mustn't think we'll take less 'n we paid."

"Of course not."

The conversation was interrupted by the re-entrance of the proposed purchasers. They had remained outside only a few seconds, and Bud's private interview with Sim seemed nothing more than an attempt to convince the owners of the horse that he was not really very eager to make a trade.

"We'll give you fellers a dollar apiece," he said, examining the animal once more. "If you wasn't kinder chums of ours I ain't sure as we'd offer so much, 'cause there's no knowin' how he'll turn out."

"It's got to be a dollar twenty-five or nothin'," Teddy replied, in a tone of determination.

Bud walked around the horse once more, held a brief whispered consultation with Sim, and then, crouching by the lantern, counted out two dollars and fifty cents.

"Here's your stuff," he said, pushing the money toward Teddy. "Sim put in half, an' you fellers can divide it up to suit yourselves. Now each of us owns a quarter of the hoss, eh?"

Not until Teddy had given Ben his share did he make any reply, and then it was to say:

"Yes, each feller owns the same. Now, if you think he oughter have oats, we'll take up a collection."

"P'rhaps it 'll be jest as well to wait awhile. Come to look him over agin, I've kinder made up my mind that he can stand it on grass quite a spell. You see we need a wagon an' harness, an' what money is raised oughter go towards payin' for them."

It seemed strange to Teddy that Bud should have changed his mind so suddenly; but he made no comment upon the fact because there were more important matters occupying his attention.

"When can we take the horse up to your father's shed?" he asked.

"The first thing in the mornin'."

"Ben an' me have got to mend a fence before we do anything else; but if you fellers help us we'll be ready to go pretty early."

Before binding himself to assist in the labor Bud insisted on knowing exactly how much was to be done, and after learning that the task was not likely to be either long or difficult, promised to do his share.

"Now can't you fellers stay here with us to-night? It won't seem so lonesome if there's a crowd."

This was exactly what Bud and Sim were eager to do, and the former at once set about pitching down more hay from the loft in order to increase the size of the bed.

It was yet early in the evening when the preparations for the night were completed, and then the four partners began laying plans for the future.

It was definitely decided, and with but little discussion, that the horse should be educated for a circus life.

It seemed to his owners that more money could be made in such a manner than by running an express wagon; but they agreed to do the latter work for the purpose of increasing the capital necessary to train the animal thoroughly in case any good opportunities offered.

"We won't drive him all over the country for nothin'," Bud said, decidedly. "If folks want us to carry stuff they must pay a good big price. There ain't so many teams 'round here but that we can charge pretty high."

In order to guard against a possible accident Mrs. Washburn had insisted that the boys should remain with the horse until morning.

Doubtless she supposed at least one of them would be on watch during the hours of darkness, otherwise this precaution was useless; but even when the number of the party had been doubled her object was not gained.

After deciding in what manner the aged steed could best bring in a large income, the boys discussed plans for converting the shed on the meadow into a stable, and when this was concluded, one by one yielded to the desire for sleep.

The white horse munched the musty hay as he watched his new owners, and the night passed without mishap to the occupants of Mrs. Washburn's barn.

When the first rays of the rising sun found their way through the many apertures of the building, Bud Hayes aroused his companions, and from that moment showed he did not intend to be a silent partner in the horse business.

He directed that the old fellow should be turned into the stable-yard, where was an abundance of grass to satisfy all his wants, and when it had been done, said, peremptorily:

"Now every feller must go home an' get his breakfast. Then we'll meet at Teddy's house an' fix the fence. Afterwards we can go out to the meadow, an' take the hoss with us."

Teddy was disposed to feel aggrieved because Master Hayes assumed such a dictatorial tone. He had conceived the idea of buying the horse, carried it into successful execution, and even suffered in the cause, therefore it was but natural he should consider himself entitled to the position of head of the firm.

Teddy was, fortunately, not quick-tempered, and instead of making any disagreeable remarks, he followed Bud's lead, thinking soft words would serve his purpose better until the fence had been repaired.

"D'yer s'pose it's safe to leave him here alone?" Sim asked, as the animal began his breakfast eagerly, regardless of the fact that he had been eating industriously during the entire night.

"Of course it is," Bud replied. "I know more 'bout hosses than all the rest of you fellers put together, so you needn't be afraid to do jest as I say."

"It don't seem as if he'd want to get away from a place where the grass is so thick," Teddy suggested, meekly.

"Of course he won't. Now all hands must get home, so's to have breakfast over as soon as possible, an' them as can had better raise some grub to carry out to the meadow, 'cause we may want to stay there till night."

The partners separated, each to go his own way, and an hour later they met again in Mr. Marlowe's orchard.

The originators of the scheme did not appear to be as cheerful as those who had come into the firm later, and Ben whispered to Teddy,

"Did your father say anything this mornin'?"

"A good deal, an' I begin to wish I hadn't started the thing."

"So do I," was the honest confession, and thus was established a yet firmer bond of sympathy between the two who were soon to be through their love for horses.

Bud Hayes may have encroached upon Teddy's rights when he took upon himself the position of head of the firm, but he certainly made a very efficient manager.

He at once assumed charge of the fence-repairing brigade, and under his leadership the work was well and quickly done, considering all the disadvantages, so far as lack of tools was concerned, under which they labored.

Two hours from the time the first blow had been struck the task was completed, and Bud, said in a tone of satisfaction:

"It's better than before you pulled it down, Teddy, an' I'm sure your father won't kick when he sees the job. Now who's brought grub for dinner?"

Himself and Sim were the only partners who had attended to this important duty.

Matters were not so pleasant at Ben's home as to give him courage to ask for a lunch, and Teddy was in doubt regarding the wisdom of broaching such a matter to his mother, until Bud said, quite sharply,

"Us two didn't bring enough for four, an' you'll have to see what can be done."

Very unwillingly Teddy went into the house; but he emerged a few moments later looking decidedly pleased.

"It's all right," he cried, holding up a capacious basket. "This is pretty nigh full, an' mother says if I want to I can stay out on the meadow until the mornin'."

"Then let's get right along. Sim, us fellows will go to Washburn's barn, an' you skin 'round for some nails an' a hammer," Bud said, authoritatively, as he borrowed Mr. Marlowe's saw without the formality of asking the owner's consent.

Sim was always ready to obey the slightest order coming from Bud, whom he considered a paragon of wisdom, therefore he started for home at full speed, while the remainder of the party walked rapidly toward the Washburn stable.

Not until they were directly in front of the bars was it possible to gain a full view of the yard where the aged horse had been left, owing to the numerous buildings, and then, to the dismay of all, the animal was nowhere to be seen.

"What *has* become of him?" Ben asked, with quivering lip, for now there was a possibility of his having been stolen, the horse rapidly increased in value in Master Tucker's mind.

Teddy leaped over the bars, and walked from one end of the yard to the other, as if thinking the animal might be concealed among the weeds; but Bud directed his attention to the outside.

"Crickey! Now we *are* in a scrape!" he cried, a few seconds later, pointing toward Deacon Ladd's patch of early pease. "How *do* you s'pose he got over there?"

"It won't pay to spend much time tryin' to find that out," Teddy cried, as he ran in the direction of the truant. "There'll be a terrible row if we don't get him away before the deacon comes."

This was exactly what they did not succeed in doing.

It so chanced that Mrs. Ladd wanted green pease that morning, and the deacon was walking slowly through the patch gathering them at the very moment the boys discovered the horse's whereabouts.

Although the old gentleman was obliged to wear glasses at times, his eyes were sufficiently good to permit of his seeing the white horse as quickly as the partners did, and he entirely forgot that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."



"IT'S BUD HAYES," TEDDY SAID.

"Hi, there, you boys!" he shouted, in an angry voice; "whose horse is that?"

During fully an instant no one replied; each looked at the other in fear, and then, as the question was repeated, Ben cried, in the thinnest and shrillest of voices,

"All three of us fellers own him, deacon."

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, I'll put him in the pound, and show you little rascals that you can't turn things like him loose in a respectable neighborhood!"

"If he does that our jig is up!" Bud whispered, in alarm. "We shall have to pay for all the pease he's ate, an' I'm thinkin' it'll be a mighty big bill."

"Can't we get the old fellow out before the deacon catches him?" Teddy asked, nervously, fearing that the deacon would put his threat into execution.

"S'posen we try it; but we must make b'lieve we're only goin' to pen him in one corner."

"Here!" the deacon cried, sharply, as Bud began to clamber over the fence, "I'll take care of him, an' you needn't trouble yourselves. You boys shall have a lesson that won't be forgotten very soon."

"But we wanter help catch him before he does any more mischief," Bud replied, innocently. "There'll be enough for us to pay as it is, an' we're bound to stop this thing as soon as possible."

The deacon would probably have insisted that the boys keep off his land, if at that moment the old horse had not started at a really respectable gallop through the most flourishing part of the garden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NORTH FRONT OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE. [illegible]

THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

LIKE every other civilized nation, the United States provides a house of becoming size and grandeur for its chief officer to live in, and the residence of the President is officially known as the Executive Mansion. But that is a long name and hard to pronounce, and for this reason, and because of its white walls, it is generally called the White House. It was originally yellowish-white on the outside, being built of sandstone, but when the British had possession of Washington in 1814, and burned this and nearly all the other public buildings, it was so blackened with fire and smoke that when it was repaired its walls were painted white, and so it became the White House. It has since been painted so many times that in some places the white paint upon its walls is nearly a quarter of an inch thick.

The White House is by no means the finest residence in the United States, but still it is the house that most Americans would rather live in than any other. It is not at all improbable that one or more of the present readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE may within a few years be called to live in this Home of the Presidents, and it is important that they should know what their accommodations will be when they arrive in Washington.

Whatever the house may lack in size and elegance is more than compensated for by its historical associations. Every one of our Presidents has lived in it except George Washington. The White House was not built when Washington was President, but he assisted in laying its corner-stone in 1792, and it was nearly finished when he died in 1799. In its lofty rooms have been enacted some of the greatest scenes in American history. It may some day become too small for the accommodation of our Presidents; but the house in which Abraham Lincoln wrote the immortal proclamation that freed millions of slaves is a house that the American people can never part with.

When the White House was built, Washington was hardly large enough to be called a village. But the spot where the beautiful city now stands had already been selected for the capital of the new nation, and every year the city has grown and improved, until it is now one of the handsomest capitals in the world. A residence for the President was one of the first things necessary, and it was decided to build it after the plan of the home of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin. Seven years and $300,000 were spent in building it, and in 1800 President John Adams moved into it. On New-year's day, 1801, he gave his first reception in it, and this was its formal opening to the public. When the British soldiers entered it in 1814 they found a lunch standing ready on the table, which the occupants had left in their haste to escape. The soldiers took care to eat the lunch before they set fire to the building, so that much was saved from utter waste.

The repairs after the fire of 1814 cost more than $300,000, and the stables and conservatory that were added cost nearly $75,000. The building and its contents remained almost unaltered until 1881, when President Arthur had the whole place renovated and repaired, and this took so much money that the total cost of the building as it is at present has been about $1,700,000. The White House furnishes a curious illustration of how the ideas of a people expand as the nation grows richer. People say now that this house is not nearly large enough or fine enough for the President of this great nation; but when it was built it was thought to be extravagantly large and costly, and only fifty years ago one of the Washington newspapers said, "Let the residence of the President be transferred to a more modest mansion, and the only wonder would soon be how we could so long



THE "RED ROOM" IN THE WHITE HOUSE. [illegible]

have tolerated the Palace of the President." And this was before $1,000,000 had been spent in improving it.

The White House stands in what are called "the Executive Grounds," a park of about eighty acres, lying between Fifteenth and Seventeenth streets, West, and B Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The front looks toward Pennsylvania Avenue, on the other side of which is the United States Treasury building. Between the house and the avenue is a fine broad lawn, dotted with grand old forest trees, and all around the front is a high iron fence, with several wide gates. But these gates nearly always stand open, for privacy is one of the things that the President is deprived of. The building is only two stories high; but it stands upon sloping ground, so that the basement under it is on a level with the lawn in the rear. It is severely plain, the only ornament in front being a great portico, which, supported on eight heavy stone columns, covers several windows of both stories. In the rear there is a semicircular balcony, also with large columns, directly opposite the portico. The illustration will give a better idea of the appearance of the building than it is possible to give in words.

"How big is it?" is the most natural question. It is 175 feet across the front, and 86 feet deep. You will get a better idea of this by comparing it with the size of the house that you live in yourself. One hundred and seventy-five feet is as wide as seven ordinary city houses; but everything about the place is in keeping, and it does not look large. Going under the great *porte cochère*, or high front porch, the visitor reaches the front door, where between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon he need not even stop to ring the bell. Between those hours certain parts of the house are always open to the public; and an attendant sees the visitor coming, and opens the door for him. The most insignificant person in the country can walk in there and send his card to the President of the United States, just as if he were calling upon you or me. Most of the people who go in merely wish to see the building; but occasionally—at long, long intervals—some importunate man goes in to ask the President to appoint him to an office. We must not pass the front door without looking at the big bronze knobs and bell-handle, for there are none like them in this country. They were made especially for the White House, and each is as large as a baseball, with a screaming American eagle cut in the face of it.

Immediately inside the front doors is the vestibule with its mosaic floor—a room so large that, as they say in Washington, "you could turn a load of hay in it." This is separated at the back from the grand corridor by a wall or screen made of the finest glass mosaic, full of colored glass and cut crystal that at night shines like the walls of an enchanted palace. The ordinary visitor sees the vestibule, but he does not see the grand corridor, which belongs to the private part of the house, and is open to the public only when there is a reception.

The celebrated East Room (every boy and girl must have heard of the great East Room in the White House) is the largest parlor in the country, and one of the most elegant. It is reached by turning to the left from the vestibule, and crossing a small hallway. This room is 80 feet long and 40 feet wide, and it takes more than 400 yards of carpet to cover its floor. This depends very much, as you will probably say, upon the width of the carpet. The ceiling, like all the White House ceilings on the first floor, is about 20 feet high. Its walls are covered with silver and gilt, and in each of them are set eight great mirrors, each as big as the tops of two billiard-tables. The feet sink in the soft carpet. Historic paintings hang upon the walls. Each of the chandeliers is made of 6000 pieces of Bohemian cut glass, and each cost $5000. The furniture is covered with satin. This is a room to see and remember.

From the hallway between the vestibule and the East Room there rises a stairway. This stairway leads to an anteroom above, and the anteroom opens into a corridor so wide that it is really a large room. Behind that first door is the President; behind the second is his Private Secretary. On the other side of the corridor are offices where other secretaries and type-writers and telegraph operators are at work. Opening from the anteroom is the cabinet-room. Do you want to know how those official rooms are furnished? Upon my word I could not tell you, for I was thinking of something else while I sat there. I saw a telegraph operator rush across the corridor to tell President Lincoln that the first gun had been fired at Fort Sumter. I saw little Tad Lincoln playing marbles on the floor, while his father and the secretaries sat in the cabinet-room, with white faces and moist eyes, reading the disastrous news from Bull Run, uncertain whether we were a nation or not. I saw General Jackson, too, smoking his corn-cob pipe, and all the history of this country laid bare in that corridor. It is not a place where one thinks of the furniture.

"I took Mr. ——, of New York, in to see the President the other day," said the Senator who was with me, "and he sat down in one of the arm-chairs. 'Well,' said he, 'the last time I was in this room Senator Gray brought me in, and Andrew Jackson was President. The President came in with his old cob pipe in his mouth and his hands full of papers. "Hello, Gray!" said he. The Senator introduced me, and the President said he was glad to see me. "Draw up to the fire, boys," said he; "I'm busy now, but I'll be through in a few minutes."'"

These few "official" rooms that we have seen upstairs, and the vestibule, the East Room, and the Green, Blue, and Red rooms down-stairs, are the only parts of the White House that are open to visitors. All to the right of the front door as you go in is private, kept for the use of the President and his family. It is President Harrison and his private secretary, Mr. Elijah Halford, that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE must thank for what I can tell them of the other parts of the White House, for without their invitation no one can go in.

The state dining-hall is in the right-hand corner, in the rear, and here all the great state dinners are given. It is a fine sight to see one of these state banquets, with the Chinese Minister in his silk robes, and the Turkish Minister in his jewels, and all the foreign ambassadors in their gorgeous uniforms, and the President in just such a black suit as you and I wear (provided you are a boy) at a progressive euchre party. The President's private dining-room is at the front, between the big pantry, which is at the corner, and the little waiting-room where visitors are taken. It is in this private dining-room that Master Benjamin Harrison McKee, aged five and a half, and Miss Mary Lodge McKee,* aged four, eat three hearty meals every day. There is an elevator to take them upstairs when they have finished, or they can go up the private stairway between the state and the private dining-rooms. Upstairs they find the great library at the rear, with the cabinet-room on one side and the President's bedroom on the other. The President's bedroom is exactly the size of his office and the cabinet-room, and is very handsomely furnished. Next to the President's bedroom and in the corner of the house are two large rooms whose doors are closed. You all know why they are closed. They are "the suite of the lady of the mansion." A private corridor between the front and back rooms upstairs is handsomely furnished as a sitting-room. In the front of the second story there are three bedrooms separated by halls. It is in the middle one of these that the children of the White House sleep.

Down in the basement are all the working parts of the

* Portraits of these grandchildren of President Harrison were given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for November 1, 1892.

house. The only basement room that the President's family can use is the billiard-room in the corner, so that there are only nine rooms in all that the President and his family can really call their own. This gives them hardly room enough to invite one of the neighbors in to spend a night with them. The conservatories cover almost half an acre of ground, and two men are kept constantly busy in them. For a state banquet or a reception the whole house is decorated with flowers. There is often, on such occasions, a floral piece in the centre of the table that is made of 8000 or 10,000 flowers. Every state dinner requires at least 1000 roses, and in the course of a winter more than 6000 sprays of lilies-of-the-valley are used.

There are some odd things about the White House. The attic is stored full of old furniture, for each new President has his own ideas about the furnishing. If the President does not care, his wife is sure to desire some changes, and she has only to give the order. Every President's wife buys a new outfit of linen for the White House. She selects the finest that can be had, and the government pays the bill. The government also pays for the lighting and heating, supports the conservatories, and supplies as many servants as the President can use. Including the President's salary, the cost of maintaining the White House is about $100,000 a year. Every month the President receives a Treasury warrant for his month's salary, like any other officer of the government. He is not at liberty to go across the street and help himself out of the national Treasury, as we would wish to be if we lived in the White House.

The great drawback to life in the White House is the publicity of it. Even a President would like to live in private sometimes, but he cannot. "If you and I," said my senatorial guide, "had to live as much in public as the President does, we should consider it a great hardship. His yard is a public park. His house is a public office, open to everybody. If he should take the liberty to lock his doors occasionally, he would be sure to offend some statesman from Arizona or Alaska, who would heap columns of abuse upon him in the newspapers."

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC

CHAPTER XXIII.

REWARD RUNS AWAY WITH THE PANORAMA.

THERE was not the slightest doubt that the canoe, covered by a bit of canvas, which had rested all this time on the upper deck of the *Whatnot* was the very one whose loss had grieved Winn almost as much as that of the raft itself. If he had needed proof other than his certain knowledge of the little craft, it was at hand; for, as he pointed out to Billy Brackett, there were his initials, rudely cut with a jack-knife, just inside the gunwale. How well he remembered carving them, one sunny afternoon, when he and Ella were drifting down the creek! Yes, indeed, it was his canoe fast enough, but how came it there? There was but one way to obtain an answer, and in another minute Cap'n Cod was being plied with eager questions as to when, where, and how he came into possession of the dugout.

"That canoe?" he questioned slowly, looking from one to the other, and wondering at their eagerness. "Why, I bought it off a raft just before leaving Dubuque. You see, I didn't have any skiff, and didn't feel that I could afford to buy one. So I was calculating to build one after we'd got started. Then a raft came along, and the fellows on it must have been awfully hard up, for they offered to sell their canoe so cheap that I just had to take it. Two dollars was all I gave for it; and though it isn't exactly "

"But what sort of a raft was it?" anxiously interrupted Winn.

"Just an ordinary timber raft with a shanty and a tent on it, and "

"You mean three shanties, don't you?"

"No; one shanty and a tent. I took particular notice, because as there were only three men aboard, I wondered why the shanty, which looked to be real roomy, wasn't enough."

"Three men!" exclaimed Billy Brackett—"a big man, a middle-sized man, and a little man, like the bears in the story-book. Why, Winn, that's our raft, and I've been aboard it twice within the last four days."

"You have! Where? How? Why didn't you tell me? Where is it now?"

"Oh, I have been aboard it here and there. Didn't mention it because I haven't been acquainted with you long enough to post you in every detail of my previous history, and now that raft is somewhere down the river, between here and St. Louis." Then changing his bantering tone, the young engineer gave a full explanation of how he happened to board the *Venture* twice, and when he finished, Winn said: "But you haven't mentioned the wheat. Didn't you notice it?"

"Wheat! Oh yes. I do remember your father saying he had put some wheat aboard as a speculation; but I didn't see anything of any wheat, nor was there any place where it could have been concealed."

"Then they must have thrown it overboard, as I was afraid they had, and there was a thousand dollars' worth of it too."

"Whew! Was there as much as that?" said Billy Brackett, thoughtfully. "So those rascals first stole it, and then threw it away, and now there is a thousand dollars reward offered for information that will lead to their capture. I declare, Winn, circumstances do sometimes alter cases."

"Indeed they do, and I think we ought to accept that reward, for father's sake. I know I feel as if I owed him at least a thousand dollars."

"Did you ever cook a rabbit before you caught it, Winn?"

"Of course not. How absurd! Oh, I see what you mean, but I don't think it's the same thing at all. We can't help finding the raft, now that we know where it is, and just what it looks like."

Billy Brackett only laughed at this, and then, in obedience to Sabella's call, they went down to supper. The engine was stopped that it also might be fed, and for an hour the *Whatnot* was allowed to drift with only Solon on deck. Then Reward was again set to work, and until ten o'clock the unique craft spun merrily down stream. From that hour the engine was allowed to rest until morning; and while they drifted, the crew divided the watches of the night between them, Cap'n Cod and Winn taking one, and Billy Brackett with Solon for company the other.

At midnight Sabella had a lunch ready for the watch just coming below, as well as for the one about to turn out, and there, wrapped warmly in a blanket, she sat for an hour on the upper deck with Cap'n Cod and Winn, fascinated by the novelty of drifting down the great river at night. The lights that twinkled here and there along the shores earlier in the evening had disappeared,

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

and the whole world seemed asleep. The brooding stillness was only broken by the distant hooting of owls, or the musical complainings of the swift waters as they chafed impatiently against some snag, reef, or bar.

They talked in hushed voices, and Sabella related how the man from whom her uncle had purchased Winn's canoe had told her that she reminded him of his own little daughter, who lived so far away that she didn't even know where her father was.

"He loves her dearly, though," added Sabella. "I know from the way he talked about her; but I can't think what he meant when he said I ought to be very grateful because I didn't have any father, and that it would be much better for his little girl if she hadn't one either."

"I suppose he meant because he is such a bad man," suggested Winn.

"I don't believe he is a bad man," protested Sabella. "If he was, he just wouldn't talk the way he did."

"But he stole our raft, and he is a counterfeiter, and there's a reward offered for him."

"How do you know? Only yesterday some people thought you had stolen a boat, and were a counterfeiter, and there were two rewards offered for you," laughed Sabella. "So perhaps this man isn't any worse than you were. Anyhow, I'm going to like him for his little girl's sake, until I find out that he is really a bad man."

"I wonder if it could have been Mr. Gilder?" thought Winn, as he remembered how that gentleman had won his confidence. Then he entertained Cap'n Cod and Sabella by relating the incident of his warm reception to the first and only one of the "river-traders" whom he had met.

By noon of the next day they reached the point at which Billy Brackett had last seen the raft, and they knew that here their search for it must begin in earnest. For five days more they swept on down the mighty river at the rate of nearly a hundred miles a day. They no longer ran at night, for fear of passing the raft in the darkness, but from sunrise to sunset they hurried southward with all possible speed. They made inquiry at every town and ferry landing; they scanned critically every raft they passed, and boarded several that appeared to be about the size of the *Venture*, though none of them showed a tent in addition to its shanty. During every minute of daylight either Billy Brackett or Winn watched the river from the upper deck, but at the end of five days they had not discovered the slightest trace of the missing raft.

Cap'n Cod became so interested in the chase that he would willingly have kept it up by night as well as by day, without stopping to give exhibitions anywhere; but this Billy Brackett would not allow.

"We are certainly travelling faster than they," he argued, "even if they are not making any stops, which is improbable, considering the nature of their business. So we must overtake them sooner or later, and we can't afford the risk of missing them by running at night. Besides, this is a show-boat, and not a police patrol boat. Its reputation must be sustained, and though we don't take time enough at any one place to advertise, and so attract a crowd, we can at least pay expenses."

So the panorama was exhibited every evening, and Billy Brackett, acting as lecturer, pointed out the beauties of the "composite" paintings, in his own witty, happy-go-lucky way, to such audiences as could be collected.

At one of these exhibitions, given at Alton, only twenty miles from St. Louis, and just above the point where the clear waters of the Mississippi disappear in the turbid flood of the great Missouri, an incident occurred that, while only regarded as amusing at the time, was productive of most important results to our friends. At Billy Brackett's suggestion, Don Blossom, dressed to represent the lecturer, had been trained to slip slyly on the stage after the panorama was well under way. Provided with a bit of stick, he would walk behind the lecturer, and gravely point at the picture in exact imitation of the other's movements. For a minute or so Billy Brackett would continue his remarks as though nothing unusual were happening. At length, when he had allowed sufficient time to elapse for an audience to fully appreciate the situation, he would turn as though to learn the cause of their uproarious mirth, discover the monkey, and chase him from the stage with every sign of anger.

In rehearsal, this act had been done to perfection; but the first time Don Blossom heard the storm of cheers, yells, and laughter, with which his appearance was greeted by a genuine river audience, he became so terrified, that without waiting to be driven from the stage he fled from it. Darting behind the scenes and on through the living-room, he finally took refuge in the darkest corner of the engine-room, where Reward was drowsily working his tread-mill. The monkey was so frightened, that a moment later, when Sabella went to find him, he sprang away from her, and with a prodigious leap landed squarely on Reward's head, where, chattering and screaming, he clung desperately to the long ears.

The next instant a frantic mule was performing the almost impossible feat of running away on a tread-mill. At the same time, to Billy Brackett's dismay and to the astonishment of his audience, the several pictures of the panorama were flitting by in a bewildering stream of color, the effect of which was kaleidoscopic and amazing.

This was Don Blossom's first and last appearance on the stage in public, for he was so thoroughly frightened, that after being rescued from his unhappy position, nothing could induce him to enter either the exhibition hall or the engine-room again. An hour later he managed to evade the watchfulness of his young mistress, slip from the boat, and scamper away through the darkness. His absence was not discovered until the next morning, and at first it was supposed that he was in hiding somewhere on board. When a thorough search failed to produce the little rascal, all except Sabella declared he would never be found, and they must proceed down the river without him. Against this decision the little girl, who had become deeply attached to her pet, protested so earnestly that Cap'n Cod finally agreed to devote an hour to searching the town and making inquiries for the lost monkey. In order to make the search as thorough as possible, he, Billy Brackett, Winn, and Solon went ashore and started in different directions, leaving Sabella alone on the *Whatnot*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WINN DISCOVERS HIS LONG-LOST RAFT.

THE morning was gray and chill. The low-hanging clouds were charged with moisture, and a thick fog hung above the river. Sabella was so filled with anxiety concerning the fate of Don Blossom that she was unable to settle down to any of the light domestic duties with which she generally occupied her mornings. She wandered restlessly from door to window, with the vague hope that her missing pet might be somewhere in sight. If the weather had not been so unpleasant, she would have started out on a private search for him in the immediate vicinity of the landing. All at once, as she was gazing from the window of her own little room on the upper deck at the dreary-looking houses of the river-front, and as far as she could see up the one muddy street that came within her range of vision, she heard shouting and laughter, and saw a group of persons approaching the boat.

For a few minutes she could not make out who they were, or what they were doing. Then she saw that the

one taller than the others was a man, and that he was surrounded by a group of boys. Several of them ran backwards in front of him, and all of them seemed greatly excited over something that he bore in his arms. It was a red bundle that squirmed and struggled as though it was alive. Sabella looked for a moment longer, then she darted down the short flight of steps leading to the living-room, and flung open the outer door.

"It's Don Blossom! It's my own dear, sweet Don Blossom!" she cried, almost snatching the trembling little animal from the man's arms in her eagerness.

The man stepped inside, and closed the door to shut out the boys, who, after lingering a few minutes, gradually dispersed.



WITH A PRODIGIOUS LEAP HE LANDED SQUARELY ON REWARD'S HEAD.

"Oh, you dear monkey! How could you run away? You naughty, naughty Don Blossom! Was he cold and wet and hungry and frightened? But he's safe now, and he shall have his breakfast directly; so he shall, the dear blessed!"

While Sabella was so much engrossed with her pet as to be unmindful of all else, the man who had restored him to her stood just within the doorway, and watched her, with an amused smile.

"So he is your monkey, is he? I thought he must be when I first saw him," he said at length.

"Yes, indeed, he is; and I have been feeling *so* badly at losing him. But where did you find him, and how did you know he was mine?" Here the little girl looked for the first time into the stranger's face. "Why, you are the very same one—"

"Yes," he replied, quietly, "I am the very same one whom you reminded of his own little girl, and who has thought of you very often since. I didn't know that you had reached this place or I should have come to see you before. I found this monkey a little while ago in possession of some boys who were teasing him, and thought I recognized him as soon as I saw him. I became certain he was yours when some of the boys said they had seen him on a show-boat last evening, and that, after they had had some fun with him, they were going to bring him down here and claim a reward. As I wanted the pleasure of bringing him back to you myself, I bought him of them, and here he is."

"Then you are not a bad man, as Winn said, but a very good one, as I told him, and now I can prove it!" exclaimed Sabella, with a note of joyous triumph in her voice. "I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you, and I only wish I could see your little girl to tell her what a splendid father she has."

"Who is Winn? And what makes him think I am a bad man?" inquired the stranger, curiously.

"Oh, he's a boy, a big boy, that has lost a raft that we are helping him find, and he thinks you stole it. So he says you are a bad man; but I know you are not, and you wouldn't do such a mean thing as to steal a boy's raft, would you?"

"Well, no," hesitated the stranger, greatly taken aback by this unexpected disclosure and abrupt question. "No, of course not," he added, recovering himself. "I wouldn't steal a raft, or anything else, from a boy, though I might occasionally borrow a thing that I needed very much. But where is this Winn boy now? and where is your uncle?"

"They have gone out to find Don Blossom, and Mr. Brackett and Solon have gone too, but they'll all be back directly, and then you can tell them that you only borrowed Winn's raft, and where you have left it. Oh, I am so glad it was you that found Don Blossom!"

"Who is Mr. Brackett?" inquired the stranger, glancing uneasily out of the window.

"Mr. Brackett? Why, he is Winn's uncle, though you wouldn't think he was an uncle, or any older than Winn, he is so funny, and he is helping find the raft. But you'll see him in a few minutes, for they said they'd only be gone an hour."

"I think I'll go and find them, and tell them they needn't hunt any longer for the monkey," said the stranger, hurriedly.

Then, before Sabella could remonstrate, he had bent down and kissed her, saying, "Good-by, and God bless you, little one," opened the door, and was gone.

"Seems to me that is very foolish, when he might have seen them by just waiting a few minutes," said Sabella to herself, as she pulled off Don Blossom's gay but soaked and mud-bespattered coat. "Now perhaps he will miss them after all."

The stranger had hardly disappeared before Solon returned to the boat, grumbling at the weather, the mud, and, above all, at the rheumatism that forbade him to remain out in the wet any longer.

"Hit hain't no use, honey," he said, as he opened the door, "dat ar Don monkey gone fur good an' all dish yer time. Yo' nebber see him no mo'. Wha wha-whar yo fin' him? He ben yeah all de time, while ole Solon

ben' er trapsin' fro de mud, an' er huntin', an' er hunt in'?"

"No, indeed, he hasn't!" cried Sabella, laughing merrily, as she held Don Blossom up to the astonished gaze of the old negro. "He has just come home." Then she explained at length how her pet had been brought back to her by such a good kind man.

"Well, of dat ar ain't a beater!" ejaculated Solon. "I's mighty glad de lil rase'l is foun', anyway, 'kase now we kin be gittin' outen dish yer rheumatizy place. I'll go an' hitch up dat mewel, so to hab him ready to start when de Cap'n come."

Upon leaving the *Whatnot*, Cap'n Cod had turned to the left, or up along the river-front of the town; Billy Brackett had plunged directly into its business portion, intending to keep on until he reached the hills beyond, on which stood the better class of residences; and Winn had turned to the right.

The young engineer, closely followed by Bim, walked for several blocks without seeing or hearing anything of the runaway monkey. Suddenly, with a low growl, Bim started across the street. His master was just in time to see a man spring into the open doorway of a store, and slam the door to as the dog leaped furiously against it.

The glimpse he caught of the man's face was like a lightning flash, but it was enough. He knew him to be the raftsman who had kicked Bim, and whom he had rescued from the dog's teeth at Mandrake, more than a week before. "He is one of those scoundrels who stole the *Venture*, and if I can only trace him I will find the raft," thought the young man, as he dashed across the street after Bim.

Seizing the dog's collar, and bidding him be quiet, he opened the door of the store, and stepped inside. There was no one to be seen, save the proprietor and two or three startled-looking clerks.

"Where is he?" demanded Billy Brackett, hurriedly. "The man, I mean, who ran in here just now!"

"That dog ought to be killed, and if you don't take him out of here at once I'll call the police," said the proprietor of the store, indignantly. "It's an outrage to allow such brutes to run at large."

"That's the reason I'm holding him," said Billy Brackett; "but where is the man?"

"I don't know; but I hope he has gone for his gun, and will know how to use it too. If he don't, I—"

The young engineer did not wait to hear more, for at that moment he spied a back door standing partly open. That was where his man had gone, and without paying any further attention to the irate shopkeeper, he dashed out through it with Bim at his heels.

Winn searched high and low, with the utmost faithfulness, until he reached the outskirts of the town, but without finding a trace of the missing Don Blossom. There was a growth of timber lining the river-bank, just beyond the houses, and the boy ventured a little way into this, arguing that a monkey would naturally take to trees. It was so wet and dripping in the timber that he only remained there a few minutes; but as he turned to retrace his steps, his attention was directed by a new object of interest.

He was on a bank of the river, beside which was moored a raft. It was a timber raft, with a single large shanty, that had a strangely familiar look, standing amidship.

"It isn't the *Venture*, of course," thought Winn; "but I'll just step aboard and inquire if they have seen anything of a raft with a shanty and a tent on it. It will save us some time when we get started down the river again."

So thinking, the boy stepped lightly aboard. His footfalls were deadened by the wet, so that he gained the forward end of the shanty without attracting attention. The door was closed, and Winn was startled to note how very familiar that gable end of the building looked. He raised his hand to knock at the door, when suddenly it was flung open, and a harsh voice asked, "What do you want? and what are you doing here, young man?"

As Winn was about to reply his glance penetrated the interior of the shanty, and for an instant he stood speechless

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"PIN-MONEY."

"HERE is your pin-money, Maud," said Uncle Hugh, as he handed his niece a bright silver dollar.

"Thank you, uncle; I was just wishing for some spare change," and Maud's eyes fairly beamed as she took the offered money.

"Uncle Hugh, when you give me money to spend just as I please, why do you always call it 'pin-money'?" Maud asked.

"Well, my dear, I will tell you the origin of the term 'pin money.' Pins were introduced into England by Catharine, first wife of Henry VIII. They were not, however, the well-known small-pointed instruments such as we use, but were made of gold, silver, ivory, and brass, many of them weighing as much as six or eight ounces. Such pins as those were worn in the hair and used on different parts of the clothing to fasten folds or drapery, and were quite ornamental. Thus, you see, the first pins were much more useful to ladies than gentlemen. The Spanish manufacturers were permitted to sell their pins only during the Christmas holidays, and in that way gentlemen began to give the ladies of their respective families money at Christmas-time with which to buy pins. At first they were very expensive, costing as much as we now have to pay for a valuable piece of jewelry. However, after pins had become common and cheap, gentlemen continued the practice of giving their wives, daughters, and sisters money to buy pins; in that way the term 'pin-money' originated, and it is now applied to an allowance made to a lady to buy any small articles she may need or desire."

"I am glad you told me all about it, uncle," said Maud; "and I thank you very much."

THE LITTLE PATCH OF SNOW.

IT is a pleasant sunshiny winter's day, and occasionally I hear a blue-jay in the cedars. The temperature is mild and balmy, and it seems like winter masquerading as May. As I walk along the road I notice two boys, one sled, and one dog, at the top of a slight hill, just in front of the house in which the boys evidently live. The mild weather has melted all the snow. No, not all, for just at the feet of the two happy boys there is a long narrow patch of white that looks like a map of Italy. Down this narrow strip of snow the boys coast in boundless glee, their cheeks and noses as red as apples. And their merry shouts do not cease when the sled glides off the snow, and is so suddenly stopped by the grass that they are almost shot off it. It is not a very long slide; but then the shorter the slide down, the shorter the walk up again.

It seems incredible that so fine a time may be had out of so short a slide. When those boys grow to manhood, they will probably want their slide a mountain long, and a steam elevator to take them to the top. But now the slide is sufficiently long, for when they have traversed it a dozen times, they have covered the distance of an ordinary hill. And the little dog is very happy too. He runs beside the sled as it dashes along, with his ears erect, barking in the fulness of his joy. And in endeavoring to make as sudden a stop as that of the sled when it comes in contact with the dull gray grass, he sometimes loses his equilibrium, and rolls head over heels. And when he regains his feet he runs back after the boys as if he thinks they are trying to escape from him. I walk on secretly envying the boys and the dog the perfect happiness that gilds the flying minutes of their sport.

In a little while I come back, and still I see the two boys. They are standing at the top of the hill, with long sad faces. At their feet sits the dog, with sparkling eyes, ready at a moment's notice for anything in the way of excitement. And there he sits impatiently awaiting some movement on the part of the boys, who look upon the little patch of snow, and then at each other, in dismay. And I suddenly discover the cause of their

long woful countenances, for when they try to place the sled upon the little patch of snow, I learn that the sun has melted it until it is so narrow that the runners of the sled bestride it, and rest upon the grass, and that is the end of their coasting till it snows again.

ONE KIND OF SKATER.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

THERE is always one boy in the party who goes
To the skating pond brimming with glee,
And the rails on the bonfire he playfully throws,
And he puts on his skates fancy free.

But he never strikes out with a shout of delight,
For he lingers around in the sun,
And dances before the flames rosy and bright,
While he shivers and thinks it is fun.

Though the cold in his hands and his ears ne'er abates,
And his tears into icicles form,
He's so glad that for naught would he doff his club skates,
And go home to the stove to get warm.

OYSTERS.

"PAPA," asked Gertie, leaning back in her chair, "may I have some more oysters, please?"

"I think, Gertrude," said Mr. May, "that two helpings of broiled oysters are about enough for one little girl's supper."

"I want some more, too," said Jack.

"I don't believe that just one more apiece will hurt the children," chimed in Mrs. May. "I had them broiled, because they are so much more healthful that way than fried."

"Well, then," returned their father, "if you children can tell me what oysters are, you may have just one more apiece."

"They're fish, aren't they?" asked Gertie.

"No, of course not," answered Jack. "Fishes have fins and tails, and oysters haven't anything but shells and stomachs, so they're not fish, they're just—oysters."

"That hardly answers the question," said Mr. May, with a smile; "but they are not fish."

"Oh, I know now what they are," announced Gertie. "The teacher told us about them the other day. They're mol-l—wait a minute—they're mollusks."

"Susan," said Mr. May, "you may bring Miss Gertrude's plate. Now, Mr. Jack's. I don't think, Jack, you deserve any, but if your mamma thinks you will not wake up in the night and howl, you may have just one more. Gertrude, suppose you tell us all you know about mollusks."

"I don't know anything about them," replied Gertie.

"Then your answer was no better than Jack's. He said that oysters are oysters, and you, that oysters are mollusks, but you don't know what mollusks are. I think we had better have a natural history class of two after supper."

"Mayn't I be included?" asked the children's mother.

"If you will promise to sit up straight and pay attention, I think you may join our class; mayn't she, children?"

"Of course you may," laughed Jack and Gertrude.

So, after supper, when the Mays were seated about the library fire, the evening's chat turned on oysters. The children learned that an oyster is a mollusk, and that a mollusk is a soft, boneless little animal, mostly stomach, that lives in a shell, and spends most or all of its time under water. It has no eyes nor ears, and its sense of touch is not very acute. Most mollusks have no means of locomotion except to float with the current when they are very young, although clams by opening and closing their shells are popularly believed to walk slowly along sandy bottoms. What is perfectly certain is that not only clams burrow in sand, but that another kind of small mollusk bores into rocks and even destroys them."

"Drill holes into the rocks?" inquired Jack in surprise, when he heard that.

"Yes," replied Mr. May.

"I should think they'd wear themselves out," said Jack.

"They don't drill very fast," returned his father, "and they keep adding to their shells all the time, just as you and Gertrude add to your bones when you grow. But," he continued, "it seems to me we are getting off the subject of oysters. Did you know that oysters grow in beds, just as strawberries and turnips do?"

"They don't have roots, do they?" timidly asked Gertie.

"No," returned Mr. May; "and the beds are under water."

"Pooh! I knew that," said Jack. "I should think, Gertie, after you had just been helped three times you'd know that oysters didn't have roots."

"Never mind that, Jack," continued Mr. May, "perhaps as you know so much more about oysters than your sister, you can tell us how many baby oysters are produced in a year from the eggs of one mother oyster."

"Six," guessed Jack.

"Two million," replied his father.

"W-whew-w!" whistled the astonished boy. "I shouldn't think there'd be any room in the ocean for anything except oysters, at that rate."

"So there wouldn't," replied his father, "if all the baby oysters grew up. As it is, a large share of the limestone rocks of the world are made of the shells of mollusks. Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, has calculated that the descendants of a single oyster, if they all lived and grew, would in ten years form a mass as large as the earth."

"It makes me feel creepy to think of it," admitted Gertie. "Suppose they should take a start and grow faster than the oystermen could catch them!"

"Gertrude will want four helpings next time as a matter of self-defense," said Gertie's mother.

"Ah!" replied Mr. May, "the poor little helpless oyster has too many enemies besides the oystermen to shoulder us out of house and home. In the first place, the whole two million newly born oysters could be crowded into a cubic inch of space. They are swept here and there by ocean currents, and only a few ever cling to a bit of rock or water-logged timber, and begin to grow. As soon as these little fellows are large enough to be seen by the sharp eyes of hungry ocean-dwellers, they are eaten by the hundred thousand. The starfish, which really is not a fish at all, is as fond of oysters as Jack here, and its appetite is even less easily satisfied; so that out of the two million that might possibly have lived, probably not a hundred, possibly not a dozen, live to end their days in a stew or on a broiling iron. So the oyster's enemies could tell why it is that, although enough oysters are born into the world to crowd out everything else if they grew up, yet oyster-beds give out, and oysters are sometimes more scarce than persons who like them wish they were."

"How long does it take a baby oyster to grow up?" inquired Gertie.

"Four years," replied Mr. May. "At the age of a year an oyster is nearly as large as a silver quarter of a dollar, and thereafter as he grows he adds a layer of shell every year. Oysters have been found turned to stone that were nearly a thousand years old when they died, as the layers in their shells proved. Therefore, they couldn't have been very good eating even in those old days when nobody was very particular about the flavor of what he ate, so long as there was a great deal of it."

"There is one thing you have forgotten about oysters," said Mrs. May, "and that is the most valuable and beautiful thing they produce."

"I know," shouted Gertie, "pearls!"

"Yes, that's right," said her mother.

"How do the oysters make 'em?" asked Jack.

"Does anybody know?" inquired Mrs. May.

"No," said Mr. May, "except that it is supposed the oyster gets a grain of sand into his tender body, or is injured in some way, and the pearl gradually grows around the injury. How this is done is not known, exactly. Very few oysters make pearls, but as they are very beautiful and valuable, large numbers of divers are engaged in hunting for them, and the results are about as uncertain and as tempting as digging for diamonds. What is that noise?"

"It's the clock," said Mrs. May, quickly. "It's half past eight. We all know what that means."

"Oh! mother," begged Gertie, "let me stay up until nine."

"No," replied Mrs. May, "half past eight is your bed-time, and you have been indulged enough for one evening. Kiss your papa good-night. Come, children."



ROOSTER. "Well? What is it?"
POODLE. "Will you kindly lend me your comb?"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

CARLISLE. "Mamma, here comes the train-boy: now won't you buy me some mixed candy?"

MAMMA. "You said that if I would take you on the cars you wouldn't ask for any mixed candy."

CARLISLE. "Then get me some that isn't mixed."

ON AN UP GRADE.

MRS. MORRISON. "This up-hill travelling is very tiresome, isn't it, Henry?"

HENRY. "Yes, mamma; and it makes the locomotive very tired."

MRS. MORRISON. "How do you know, my son?"

HENRY. "Why, because I can tell by the way it puffs and blows that it is all out of breath."

HAD 'EM TWICE AT ONCE.

"I HAD the mumps twice," said little Ab.

"You can't have mumps twice," retorted Bob.

"Well, I had. I had 'em twice all at once — once this side, and once the other," said Ab, triumphantly.

THE COOK'S STORY.

THE lady of the house had just given the Irish cook a cloak, and the old woman was highly pleased.

"Sure," she said, as she put the cloak over her shoulders, "I'll be like the Mayor of Limerick."

Her mistress was sure some good story was forth-coming, so she asked what she meant.

And the story the cook told ran in this wise:

Once upon a time the people of Limerick built a bridge, and as soon as the bridge was built they decided to elect a Mayor for the city. But try as they might, they could not agree upon any person to fill the position. After much discussion and wrangling they decided that the first man who crossed the bridge was to be the Mayor. So they went down to the bridge, and there met a peddler who had just crossed. The poor man was at once seized upon, cheered by the people, and dressed in the robes of the Mayor. At this juncture the peddler's wife came along.

"Oho, Patrick," she cried, "what does this mean?"

"Sure, Ellen," was the answer of the new Mayor, "I don't know anything — I don't know who I am meself."

"And so," said the cook, finishing, "I won't know meself in me new cloak."

MAURICE'S REASON.

MAMMA. "Why do you always run when sent to the post office?"

MAURICE. "Because it takes so long to go when I walk that it tires me all out."

CATCHING UP.

"How old are you, Jack?"

"Seven."

"My! You are getting to be quite a man."

"Yes. I'll soon be older than my papa. Two years ago he was six times as old as me, and now he isn't much more than four times as old."

A NEW YORK BOY'S IDEA.

WARREN. "Where is this stamp from with an obelisk on it?"

HERBERT. "I don't know; I guess it must be from Central Park."

A NICE WAY.

DOROTHY. "I've got a French nurse, now."

EDITH. "How do you understand what she tells you?"

DOROTHY. "I just guess at what she says, and do what I want to."

NO OBSTRUCTIONS.

TEACHER. "There are miles and miles of desert in the world that are absolutely useless."

ARTHUR. "Oh no, not that. Just think what elegant places they would be to fly a kite."

WHAT FUN!

HENRY. "Does your mother lock you in the closet when you are naughty?"

TOM. "No; but I wish she did. The only closet in the house is where everything good is stored."

A VALUABLE INSTRUMENT.

BERTIE. "Mamma, may I play on the piano for a little while?"

MAMMA. "No, indeed; why don't you play on your beautiful new drum?"

BERTIE. "Because it's so pretty I'm afraid I might break it or get it out of tune."

A FRESH-AIR BOY.

EDWARD. "Mamma, may I go out now?"

MAMMA. "No, not yet, the mud is half a foot deep."

EDWARD. "I know it is, but I only want to walk up and down on top of the fence."



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

"SEE ME KNOCK THE HAT OFF THE CHINAMAN."

"AN IS IT A HATHEN YEZ CALLS ME? GET OUT FR THIS OR I'LL HAVE THE BOYS OUT YE LOCKED OOP."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

HIRAM DORKY'S BERG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a cold and cheerless morning. The wind piped icily out of the northwest, sending clouds of dust swirling off the well-beaten road that ran near the beach. The sky was nearly overcast with big leaden-colored tufted clouds with white edges, between which here and there the blue sky showed in gloomy rifts. The sea was of a dull leaden tint, and under the lee of the shore it was smooth. Far out, however, sharp-cornered waves could be seen against the distant horizon, and the two or three schooners in sight were boiling along in great smothers of foam under double-reefed mainsails, single-reefed foresails, and small jibs. Henry and his little brother were looking with interest at the sea, when they saw the Old Sailor approaching.

"Mornin'," he said. "Fine blowin' weather."

"Yes," said Henry; "it does blow, and it's cold, too."

"It generally are cold in winter," said the Old Sailor, laughing one of his silent laughs. "Mebbe you've noticed that."

Henry laughed, and admitted that he had.

"But s'posin'," said the Old Sailor, "I was to go fur to ask you w'y it were cold, wot 'd you say?"

"It's cold because it's winter," said Henry.

"An' w'y is't winter?"

"Because the sun has gone south, and it's summer below the equator."

"Werry good, too," commented the Old Sailor; "you'll be a man some day, sure. S'posin' now I was to go fur to ask you w'ich way were the wind, wot 'd you say?"

"I'd say about northwest."

"Not so werry bad, 'cos it's nor'west an' by west." The Old Sailor was silent for a minute, and then he continued, "S'posin' I was to go fur to say to you has your mother any hot coffee, wot 'd you say?"



"I'd say yes."

"An' s'posin' I was to say would she give some to an Old Sailor purwidin' as how he'd tell her two boys a yarn?"

"Of course she would. Come right along."

And they led the Old Sailor to their home, where he was soon seated in a corner by a roaring fire, drinking the hot coffee. He looked thoughtfully at the blaze in front of him, shook his head, set down the empty cup, and said:

"It were in the winter o' 1849 that I were shut up in a hospitual with some kind o' a disconcertion o' my pussonal health, o' w'ich the name I are forgetful. Howsumever, w'en I got out I were so tired o' bein' shut up that I'd 'a' shipped fur Bendigo in a flour sieve. Wot I did ship in were the bark *Molly Prism*, bound from New York fur Iceland fur a cargo o' ice."

"Why, I never heard of a ship's going to Iceland for ice," exclaimed Henry.

"Waal, you hear o' 't now," said the Old Sailor, gravely. "The ice crop here were a failer, an' w'ere should you go fur ice 'ceptin' to the land o' 't? But that 'ain't got nothin' to do with the yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you. The *Molly Prism* were a reg'lar old trap, she were. The only good p'int she had were that she didn't have rats. 'Cos why?—no rat 'd be such a fool as to go to sea in her. How she ever got so fur away from the Romer Beacon as latitude 70° are more'n I kin rightly explain, 'ceptin' that we had bath-tub weather all the time. We passed out by Sandy Hook Light-ship with a fair an' gentle sou'west breeze, an' we carried that with us almost up to Georges Bank. Then it veered to the west'rd, an' give us a good sailin' breeze fur nigh on to forty-eight hours, so that the bloomin' old hooker made nine knots an hour, w'ich fur her were lightnin' speed.

"Waal," continued the Old Sailor, after a moment of silent reflection, "this here fine weather couldn't last forever, 'cos fine weather never do. So one day the Cap'n comes on deck an' sees a awful lot o' copper-colored clouds in the s'utheast, an' says he to the mate, says he, 'How's yer byrometer?' An' the mate says to him, says he, 'It's werry wobbly, sir,' says he, just like that. 'Then,' says the Cap'n to him, says he, 'We're a-goin' fur to have a gale o' wind, an' nawthin' else, right out o' the s'utheast; so stand by an' get the cloth off her.' So we wos all turned to a-gettin' in sail, an' at the same time it fell a dead calm, an' the sea looked like molasses turned green, 'cos it were so slick and smooth. The swell come in from the s'utheast soon after, an' fur eight hours we wallowed an' rolled, till I actially thort as how the masts 'd snap off close to the deck. W'y, some o' the youngsters wot hadn' been to sea more'n ten or twelve year was seasick. Then the wind come in, an', Lord bless you, how it did blow! In about two hours there were a awful sea runnin', an' it didn' get no better. Contrairiwise, it growed wusser an' wusser, till I thort that there old *Molly Prism* were a-goin' to roll over an' over an' over like a ball.

"Waal, I knowed the *Molly Prism* wouldn't stand it werry long. She were a-creakin' an' a-groanin' like an old man wi' the lumbager. After about six hours o' the gale there were a big crash, an' she bruk in two right in the middle. We all cried out in our fright, but cryin' out didn' do no good. The next minute the two halves o' the bark went all to pieces, an' we was scattered around on the howlin' sea. I had the good luck to be throwed by a wave agin the mainmast. There were lots o' riggin' hangin' to 't, so I clumb up an' made myself fast. I never seen nawthin' more o' the rest o' that ship's company, though I heern tell that some on 'em was picked up by a whaler an' carried to Upernavik. But that weren't my luck. I jest drifted an' drifted an' drifted fur I dunno how long. I were pretty nigh froze to death, an' were so hungry I chewed the tarred rope on the masts. After a while I got kind o' faint, an' didn' seem to know nawthin' much, till I were sort o' waked up by the mast poundin' agin somethin'. An' wot d'ye s'pose the mast were bumpin' agin?"

"What?"

"A iceberg about two hundred feet high." The Old Sailor paused for a moment and shook his head. "I didn' seem to think werry much o' the company I'd met, 'cos the sides o' the berg was straight up an' down, an' the ice were hard enough to smash my mast all to splinters. But, as I were lookin' around a-wonderin' wot I could do, all on a sudden I spies a beautiful flight o' steps cut in the side o' the berg."

"What? Steps!" exclaimed the boys.

"That's wot I'm a-tellin' of," said the Old Sailor.

"Well," asked Henry, "what did you do?"

"Wot did I do? W'en a gen'leman is in fifteen hundred fathom o' ice-water, hangin' to a spar, an' he bumps up agin a flight o' steps, wot does he do? He goes up 'em, says I, an' that's wot I done. It seemed a long way up, too, but I furgot all about that w'en I got to the top."

"Why?" asked the boys.

"'Cos I seen a little house o' snow on top o' the berg, an' a Esquimau dog run out an' barked at me."

The boys were now breathless with astonishment, as the Old Sailor continued:

"As soon as the dog barked, a head popped up out o' the top o' the house and says, 'Hallo! How d'ye do?' Blow me fur pickels ef I warn't knocked clean silly to hear that there Esquimau talk United States. I stood there without a word to say, but he had lots. 'W'ere ye from, an' w'ere ye boun'?' says he to me, says he. 'I'm from the wreck o' the *Molly Prism*, an' I'm boun' to git ashore sommers,' says I to him, says I, just like that. 'I might 'a' knowed you,' says he to me. 'Come up an' shake han's, an' don't mind the dorg, 'cos he 'ain't got no teeth.' 'Wot!' says I, 'are it you?' An' he allowed that it were."

"Who? who?" cried the boys.

"My second cousin, Hiram Dorky, wot went to sea two years arter I did."

"And how did he come to be there?"

"That's wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you. Hiram took me in an' sets me down at the table, fur he were just at breakfast, an' he thort I must be hungry, w'ich were gospel truth. 'Wot 'll ye have?' says he; 'there's fish, feesh, an' fishes.' 'Not much wariety,' says I, 'about this, as the ole woman said w'en she were seasick.' 'It's wot I has three times a day,' says Hiram, ''ceptin' once in a w'ile, w'en I gets a stray bird aboard o' my berg.' 'Is this your berg?' says I. 'Course,' says he. 'Oh,' says I, 'I didn' know but you mought 'a' stole it out o' some gen'leman's back yard!' 'Waal,' says he, 'not edzackly; and yit putty nigh.' So then he ups an' tells me. Hiram were with a whaler, and she got shut in the ice away up in Baffin's Bay. Hiram an' another feller went on a foragin' expedition, an' they fotched up in a Esquimau camp on the foot o' a glacier. They staid there several days; an' Hiram's pard went out seal-huntin' one day, an' never come back. Hiram got so fond o' Esquimaux that he settled down in their camp, an' lived there two years. One night he was woke up by a loud crash an' heard yells. He ran out, but it were darker'n pitch, an' he couldn't see nothin'. He hollered, but nobody answered. He waited fur a while, and then started to go to his neighbor's house. Then he found wot he took to be a new crack in the ice. He were afraid to move any more, so he went back to his house an' waited for daylight, w'ich came along about three weeks arter. An' then he diskivered that he were floatin' in the open sea on a berg. The crash had been w'en the berg bruk off'n the glacier. An' he'd been floatin' fur six weeks w'en he met me travellin' the same way."

"And what did you do?"

"Now we come to the sad part o' this here tale," said the Old Sailor, shaking his head and gazing mournfully into the fire. "That there berg, as nigh as I kin reckon, had drifted around, an' had at last got into the southerly current wot sets down from the pole. She begin to drift to the south'ard, an' the weather begin to get milder. Hiram he sweat and puffed, an' got whiter every day.

"'Tain't no use,' says he to me, says he, one day; 'I can't stand this heat.' You see, he'd been a-livin' in a cold country so long. Waal, to make the story short, we got down into the roarin' forties byme-by, an' our berg run aground on the Gran' Banks o' Newfoundland. An' one day, w'en it were dead calm an' hotter'n blue blazes, Hiram keeled over sunstruck. Waal, I were all alone on the berg, 'ceptin' fur the dorg; an' the next day the heat druv him mad, an' he jumped into the sea an' swum out o' sight. I thort I'd go crazy up there on that berg in the next week, but somehow I didn't. One night I were walkin' around on my lawn made o' green ice - w'en I spied the lights o' a steamer. It were a werry thick night, an' I saw by the way she were a-headin' that she were a-goin' to run bang into my berg. So I run down the steps an' begin to holler: 'Keep off! Keep off there! Ef you smash my berg I'll sue you.' W'en they got close enough they heard me, an' they put their helm hard a-starboard an' sheered off. Then they stopped the engines, and the skipper guv me a hail. 'Who are you?' says he. 'I'm a sailor man,' says I, 'an' I'm aground.' 'Waal,' says he, 'hold on a minute an' I'll send a boat fur you.' 'Much obleeged,' says I to him, says I, just like that. An' so he sends a boat fur me, an' putty soon I were aboard the tank-steamer *Isles o' Greece*, from Christiana fur Boston. An' wot d'ye think?"

"What?" breathlessly asked the boys.

"I'd been a-walkin' on ice so long I couldn't stand up on a wooden deck, an' I fell down an' bruk my arm."

And they all gazed gravely into the fire.



"POOH!" EXCLAIMED THE GODMOTHER. "THAT'S NO BED FOR A PRINCESS."

THE PEASE IN THE PRINCESS'S PILLOW.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

THEY called her the Princess because her dear, pure little face, and her fine-spun golden hair, and her true blue eyes told that she was of the blood royal, and also because they were two foolish young people who lived with their little child up three of the most rickety flights of stairs, in two tiny rooms, in the shabbiest tenement, in the poorest quarter of New York city where any decent people can be found.

The King, her father, had been a writer once upon a time; the brightest and the best that the world had ever seen, the Queen-mother thought. But now he lay all day on the lounge in the tiny sitting-room, and coughed in a distressing way; and the Queen-mother labored up and down the long flights of stairs, carrying bundles of coarse garments, and the sewing-machine worked like a tread-mill from morning to night. The Princess grew paler and punier day by day, because the close air of the tenement quarter was not good for her, and there was no yard for her to romp in, and no dirt to make into mud pies; and who ever knew a real Princess of the blood royal who could thrive without making mud pies?

Yet no one would have suspected the sorry condition of affairs at the court from the appearance of the Queen and the Princess when they entered the presence of the Queen's godmother one wintry day, whither they had been summoned by the old lady for the first time since her goddaughter's marriage, at which she had been very wroth. The Queen-mother wore an old cloth dress that had outlasted silks and satins, and which she had made over with great skill, so that it might have passed for a Paris gown, and her neat little bonnet was fashioned out of a scrap of the same cloth, with a bit of velvet from another old dress puffed about the brim. Her gloves and her shoes she kept out of sight as far as possible. And the Princess wore a dainty dress of white cashmere made of her mother's wedding dress, and embroidered in gold thread that matched her hair; and no one would ever have guessed that her tiny kid boots had been bought with the money paid for the last dozen pairs of overalls that the Queen-mother had sat up until midnight to finish.

There were a number of guests in the old lady's drawing-room, and they were looking over the treasures in her gem cabinet, which she never wearied of showing. But when she saw the mother and child she closed the last drawer with a click, and came across the floor to meet them.

"Such a time as I've had trying to find you. You seem to have quite dropped out of the world. Nobody had the least idea where you were. That's the reason I sent my letter to the general delivery. But tell me your number now, before I forget it."

"No. 14 Hampton Place," said the young Queen-mother, in a low voice.

"Eh? What? Never heard of the street before."

But one of the guests had, and a young man of the company put up his eye-glass, and stared at the poor little Queen-mother through it.

"High-sounding names they give the streets in these new suburbs," sniffed the old lady. "You're looking well. Love in a cottage agrees with you."

The bright flush on the Queen-mother's face came from carrying the Princess four blocks through the slush and

snow, to avoid paying a double car fare; but she nodded brightly, and assured her godmother that she was happy and contented with her lot. Then the old lady turned her attention to the child.

"And what is your name, little girl?"

Now it happened that the Princess had a name, like other people, and that the name was precisely the same as that by which the dear cross godmother had been called when she herself was a child. But this name had been spoken so seldom that it had almost slipped the memory of the tiny sovereign.

"I'm a Princess," she said, simply.

"A Princess?" said the young man with the eye-glass. "A Princess? Oho! And do you sit on a golden throne, and feast on pearls dissolved in wine and peacocks' brains, and have people's heads cut off for dessert?"

The Queen-mother was about to speak and screen her sensitive child from further ridicule, but the blood royal can defend itself. The Princess made the famous speech of her life. "There are all kinds of Princesses, and some have crowns and thorns, and some haven't any," she said. "But all—all of them, my father and mother told me, are always happy and kind to those around them, and never do anything mean or low. I never had any one's head cut off, but if I ever should, *I know whose head would come off first.*"

The young man with the eye-glass retired amid a storm of laughter.

"Bless my soul, Elizabeth, what are you making of this child?" cried the old godmother.

"It is only some of her father's nonsense," said the young mother, flushed and embarrassed, and drawing the little girl nearer to her. "She never plays with other children, and being so much alone with us, she talks and acts beyond her years."

"'Beyond her years,' I should say. No man ever gave that impertinent Van Winkle such a quietus. I couldn't have done it better myself." And the old woman chuckled and shook every time she looked at Van Winkle that day.

"About your husband, Elizabeth. I hear he has resigned his position on the *Bugle*."

"Yes, he has resigned," repeated the young wife. Not for the world would she have told of the racking cough and the barren rooms in the top of the old building, the heavy burdens that sickness and misfortune had laid on her slight shoulders.

"I don't want to meddle with your affairs, Elizabeth," said the old lady, eying her suspiciously, "but I've seen something of the world. Don't go to teaching music or anything of that kind, to earn pin-money. It doesn't do to let a man think his wife and family have anything to depend on besides himself. Nothing spoils 'em quicker. Men are not what they used to be. They're a lazy lot nowadays."

Tears welled up in the eyes of the wife, as she thought of her fallen hero, and that last splendid effort he had made, for the sake of wife and child, when he had fallen at his desk at midnight with the crimson life-tide gushing from his mouth. But she had not gone there to cry out. She parried every question that might have betrayed their poverty and the straits to which they were driven.

The Princess was the only person there who was not in the least afraid of the old godmother, who, to tell the truth, was looked upon as a sort of ogress by most of those who knew her. The child climbed into her lap, and peeped under the old lady's spectacles, and stroked her wig, and answered all her questions, and laughed merrily over the jests the old woman was pleased to make at the expense of her royal majesty, and listened with great eagerness to the old-fashioned fairy tales she told her. It was while she held the child that the queer old godmother said in her odd quick way to the mother, "What does she sleep on?"

"On the mattress in her crib," replied the mother, wondering what all this fine company would think if they could see the clumsy painted bed that her husband and she had fashioned for the baby.

"On a mattress? Pooh!" exclaimed the godmother. "That's no bed for a Princess. Princesses should sleep on down; the finest and softest that ever grew on a white duck's breast. And if there is so much as a feather as long as your little finger in the bed of a Princess, or a seed of the wild mustard, the Princess can't sleep until it is taken out. Did you ever hear the story of the Princess and the pea?" she asked the child.

"No, never," said the little one.

"Your education is very much neglected for a Princess," said the old lady, gravely. And forthwith she related the story of the little lost Princess, who proved her royal descent by discovering the pea in her feather bed.

"I can't provide you with a bed of down," said the godmother, as the Queen-mother and her little daughter started to go. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll give you my down pillow, the one I have tucked in the hollow of my back on the days when it aches so I can't get about. You shall have it when I'm through with it. It won't be long, Elizabeth. The doctor says I'm liable to drop off any day now," and she put one hand to her heart with a meaning look, while something glistened in her dim eyes as she saw the look of sorrow that sprang to her goddaughter's face.

"Wait! It's snowing. I'll call the carriage, Elizabeth," she cried, as a gust of snow blew through the vestibule and into the hall door as it was opened.

"On no account, godmother. My coach-and-four are waiting on the corner;" and the Queen-mother caught the Princess in her strong young arms, and ran lightly down the steps.

A week later the old godmother died, and no one mourned her more truly than the young pair and the child who lived in Hampton Place.

Fully a month later a handsome carriage drew up in Hampton Place, and the coachman, very much dismayed, parried the attentions of a crowd of street urchins, while an important-looking elderly gentleman bustled through the uncarpeted hallway and up the stairs of No. 14, carrying a bulky parcel.

"It's hardly worth the scramble I've had to reach here," he said to the Queen-mother, as she opened the parcel and recognized the faded brocade cover of the down pillow, a recollection of her childhood days.

"She directed that I should deliver it in person," explained the executor of the old lady's will. "Very eccentric old woman. But dead people's wishes must be respected." And he bowed himself out, trying hard not to see or show her that he saw the bare discomfort of the room she had thrown open.

When he had gone, the Queen-mother sat down with the Princess in her lap, and talked to her of the aged woman who had been so kind to her in her girlhood, and of the strange, odd ways in which she always loved to disguise her loving acts, until the Princess began to think of her as a delightful old fairy, and would not have been in the least surprised to see a band of Brownies hop out of the pillow, or a wonderful bird with golden plumage that should sing such a song as never bird sang before. And when she went to bed that night, it was with a certainty of wonderful dreams on an enchanted pillow. But that very night the child awoke with a cry, and complained of a sharp pain in her head, and that was the beginning of a new season of anxiety for the overtaxed young mother.

For things were going from bad to worse, as they are apt to do with the poor who once are started on the down-

ward path. The winter was a long and severe one, and the bills for fuel cut short the allowance for bread and meat. The Queen no longer had any pretty dress to wear on the street; and the pretty white dress with the gold embroidery that had adorned the Princess, along with the father's best clothes, and all their books and every little ornament that had helped to make the mean home bright and cheerful, had been sold. The father coughed harder, and the Princess was put to bed early, for the fire was never kept up after sundown, and the wee girl tossed and fretted on her down pillow until the mother's stiffening fingers made her lay her work aside, when the baby crawled into bed with her and sank into sweet slumber on her arm.



THE ROOM LOOKED AS IF A SNOW-STORM HAD SOMEHOW FOUND ITS WAY INTO IT

There came a day when the King's cough was more distressing than usual. The sewing-machine slacked speed and stopped, while his consort listened. The Princess, poring over a tattered picture-book, listened too, and looking up into the mother's eyes, was surprised and grieved to see them full of tears. Then the mother flung down the coarse garment she was sewing upon, took one step across the room (it was such a very small and narrow room), and, kneeling by her husband's side, cried as though her heart were breaking.

"Oh, Harold, how can I bear to see you going like this, when the doctor says that one year in the country, where the air is mild and you could live out-of-doors, would make you a well man!"

Of course, when she spoke of the doctor, she meant the court physician, a very wise but gruff old man, who did not always take into account the state of the coffers of his royal patients when giving his prescriptions.

"Only a little money—so little money—would do it, and I must look on and see you die because this paltry sum is lacking. Oh, money! money! money! I don't wonder that people go mad about it, when it means life, health, and comfort, and all the best that goes to make our happiness on earth."

He tried to tell her that true happiness was not to be bought with money, that the love they bore each other and their child was a wealth beyond measure, that her sympathy and loving care were doing more for him than all the money in the world could do, unaided by them. And by-and-by she stole back to the machine, and tried to sing while she sewed; while he coughed harder, because the effort of speaking so much had been beyond his strength.

But the Princess had learned a lesson. Money was what was needed to make the King strong and well again, and to bring back the smile to her mother's face.

She went to bed that night with her head full of money-making schemes, a sordid little financier, who could think of nothing but gold. The mother was oppressed with anxiety as she heard the little one tossing restlessly about. Suddenly she heard a sharp exclamation, and looked around to see the Princess sitting up in her bed, her eyes shining, and the down pillow in her arms.

"I know why I can't sleep. There are pease in the pillow."

"Nonsense, little woman! People never put pease in pillows. They fill them with feathers and down from the breasts of birds."

"But there are in this one. I can feel 'em."

"You've been dreaming, baby girl," said the mother, smiling, remembering the funny old tale the godmother had told for the amusement of the Princess. But she rose from the machine, and tossed up the pillow, which was stuffed so full that it was almost as solid as an air cushion. She pinched it and felt of it with her fingers, but could detect nothing, no hard substance in it, although she thought there was a crackle of something stiff in the lining.

"It feels as if there might be a bit of paper in the lining. Some day mother will rip it open and take it out. Now be a good girl and go to sleep," she said, pressing a kiss on the baby lips.

It was that very night that the Princess thought of selling the down pillow.

"It's got a lovely cover, and it belonged to a rich lady, and it must have cost lots of money," she said to herself. "But if the people feel the pease in it"—she wagged her head with a look that told of the trouble that was sure to come if she should sell a down pillow that was sown with pease.

She bided her chance, and late that afternoon, when the Queen-mother went out to carry back the dozen shirts she had been making, and the King slept on the lounge, the Princess, who was as apt at mischief as any common child, found her mother's scissors, and pulling the pillow out of her crib, began her search for the pease.

Half an hour later the Queen-mother opened the door upon a most astonishing sight. The room looked as if a snow-storm had somehow found its way into it. Carpet,

chairs, table, were covered with down, and the air was filled with floating filaments. Upon the sofa the King was struggling to an upright position, looking like a man who had gone to sleep in a snow drift. The Princess herself looked like some rare and wonderful type of bird, whose snow-white plumage was but just beginning to grow. In her hand she held something that shimmered and glowed in the gathering dusk.

"The pease!" she cried, joyfully, stretching out her hand. "But they're fairy pease, all pretty and shining."

The Queen caught the Princess in her arms, and bore her to the fading light at the window.

"Oh, Harold, they're jewels, godmother's gems, a handful of the stones she used to keep in her cabinet! Diamonds and emeralds and rubies, and a great sapphire—more than enough to keep us in comfort all our lives. And we'll start for California to-morrow, and live in an orange grove, and you'll get strong and well, and—oh!"

And what do you think that the Queen did in this wonderful moment? Did she laugh or cry or faint away, like the heroine in the play? I am sorry to say that a bit of down had found its way into her delicate nostril, and—she sneezed. But when they had opened the window, and succeeded in getting enough of the down out of the room to leave them breathing-space, they found a piece of paper on the floor, closely written, in the godmother's delicate old-fashioned hand. It was dated the day before she died, and ran as follows:

"My dear Elizabeth,—Did you think my eyes were too old to see the darns in your gloves, and the cracks in your shoes, and the pinched faces you and the Princess wore? I drove into Hampton Place the very next day, and I'd have paid you a call, but my old legs were too weak to climb the stairs of your palace. And I've found out all about the sick husband, and the little hands that are striving to keep the wolf from the door. Your child will have my legacy soon, and she'll find the pease in a hurry, or I'm no judge of Princesses. God bless and keep you, dear, and restore your good husband to health, and preserve your little child, and in happier years don't forget your cross old godmother."

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

Author of "Canoemates," "Campmates," "Dory Mates," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RAFT AND THE SHOW-BOAT CHANGE CREWS.

It must be remembered that while Winn would have recognized Mr. Gilder, he had not seen the other "river traders," Plater and Grimshaw. Of these two, the former had not set eyes on the lad whose raft they had stolen; but the latter had caught a glimpse of him, and now, as he noted Winn's startled glance into the interior of the shanty, it flashed into his mind who this intrusive boy was.

The "river traders" had not really expected Winn to follow them. They imagined that after he escaped from the island, which they hoped he would not do for several days, he would be glad enough to make the best of his way home. Still, they had taken the precaution of disguising the *Venture* by throwing the wheat overboard, tearing down the buildings in which it had been stowed, and erecting a tent in place of one of them. As they were well provided with various changes of wigs and beards, they felt quite safe until Billy Brackett boarded the raft for the second time, and made inquiries for one having three shanties. Then they realized that a search was being made for them, or, at least, for the craft from which they were operating.

They felt somewhat easier when one of their number, detailed to watch the movements of their unwelcome visitor, returned and reported that he had gone back up the river. Still, they thought it well to again alter the appearance of the raft by removing the tent, and so lengthening the shanty as to materially change its aspect. They also allowed the raft to drift night and day for nearly five hundred miles without a pause. Then, again feeling safe from pursuit, they tied up just below the city of Alton, Illinois, and prepared to resume their dishonest business.

Their plan of operations was to purchase goods wherever they stopped, but always in such small quantities that for the bills they tendered in payment they received a certain amount of good money in change. A little farther along they would offer the goods thus accumulated so cheaply that they readily disposed of them.

In this wicked scheme of cheating and stealing, Plater and Grimshaw felt no scruples nor regrets; but with Mr. Gilder, more especially after his meeting with Sabella, the case was different. He was a man of gentlemanly instincts, and was a skilful engraver, who had worked in the Government Printing-office at Washington for several years. There he was extravagant, got into debt, yielded to the temptation to make a fortune easily, and became a counterfeiter. The present undertaking was his first experience in that line of wickedness, and he was already heartily sick of it.

When he met Sabella, it flashed across him for the first time that his own little girl, far away in an Eastern city, was the daughter of a criminal, and from that moment he was a changed man. Through the long days and longer nights, as the raft drifted down the great river, these thoughts were ever with him: "What will she say when she finds it out? How will she act? Will she ever kiss me, or even speak to me again? I have made her very name a disgrace. What shall I do to wipe it out? What shall I do?"

His companions noticed his strange mood, and jeered at him, but failed to change it. Finally they became suspicious, and held secret consultations as to how they should rid themselves of him. They finally determined to accomplish this in some way at St. Louis, and so matters stood when they made their stop at Alton. Here they intended remaining until they had transacted a satisfactory amount of business. Thus, on the foggy morning following Don Blossom's escape from the *Whatnot*, Messrs Gilder and Plater had gone into the town to familiarize themselves with its localities, while Grimshaw was left to look out for the raft. Now Winn Caspar had accidentally discovered it, and recognized it as the *Venture*.

He did not know the man standing in the doorway and looking so curiously at him, nor did he suppose himself known by the other. So, with a great effort, he strove to conceal the tumult of his feelings, and to appear natural and self-possessed. He answered the man's curt inquiry regarding his business there by saying, in as pleasant a tone as he could command, that he was searching for a lost monkey, which he thought might have taken to the timber beside which this raft was moored. "You startled me by throwing open your door so suddenly just as I was about to knock," he continued; "but you haven't seen anything of a stray monkey this morning, have you?"

"Not until this moment," answered the man, surlily, "and I don't want to see any more of him. Good-day." With this he slammed the door in the boy's face.

To say that Mr. Grimshaw was rendered uneasy and apprehensive by this sudden appearance of one whom he supposed to be hundreds of miles away, and who was also

* Begun in Harper's Young People No. 679.

the very person he was most anxious to avoid, would by no means express his feelings. He was so terrified and unnerved that for a moment he thought of leaving the raft to its fate, and making good his own escape while he had time. Then he wondered if it would not be better to cast it loose and drift away through the fog to some new hiding-place. It would never do to go without his partners, though; for, in the first place, he could not manage the raft alone, and in the second there was no knowing what Gilder would do if he thought himself deserted and perhaps betrayed. No, he must find his associates without delay, and warn them of this unexpected danger. He wondered if the boy were alone. Perhaps he had friends in hiding near by, to whom he had gone to report. In that case his own safety demanded that he discover them before they reached the raft. The boy had already disappeared in the timber, and there was no time to be lost in following him.

Thus reasoning, Grimshaw left the shanty, locking its door behind him as he did so, and springing ashore, hastened up the trail, along which Winn had disappeared a few seconds before. It took him about three minutes to reach the far edge of the timber and outskirts of the town. Here several streets began, and as he could not follow them all, he was brought to a halt. Which way should he go now? He had seen nothing of the boy, whom he certainly ought to have overtaken before this, nor of any other person. Could he have passed them? Where should he look for Gilder and Plater? Would it not be better, after all, to await their return on the raft?

These thoughts occupied less than a minute, and so impatient was the man to regain the raft he had just left that inside of two minutes more he again stood on the river-bank. He had been gone barely five minutes, and in that time he had not seen a human being. Now he could not see the raft. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. He could see a few rods of water, but beyond that the fog was impenetrable. He shouted, but there was no answer. Perhaps this was not the place. He ran a little way up the shore, and then as far in the opposite direction, but without success. Then he returned to his starting-point, and found the end of a rope. It was attached to a tree, and had been cut. It was a bit of the line that had held the raft, and the raft was gone.

At first the realization of this loss rendered him speechless. Then he began to rave and revile his own carelessness. After a few minutes devoted to this he again started up the trail. He was determined to procure some craft and start in instant pursuit of the raft. He would go in company with his partners if he ran across them, but alone if he did not. Before he reached the far edge of the timber he met Plater running and breathless.

"Get back to the raft," shouted the new-comer. "They're after us."

"They've got us," was the bitter answer. "At least they've got the raft, and we must hunt some boat in which to follow them at once."

A few words more explained the situation, and, angry as he was, Plater did not stop to waste time in idle reproaches just then. He only said,

"It's that sneak Gilder's doings, I'll bet my pile."

Grimshaw agreed to this, and as they hurried along they both thought of their partner as floating down the river on the raft in company with their enemies and glorying over their discomfiture.

"We'll get even with him, though," growled Plater.

"Yes, we *will*," snarled Grimshaw.

And then they met the object of their anger hurrying away from the levee which they were approaching.

"Where are you fellows going?" he cried, and then, in a lower tone, he added: "We've got to get out of here in a hurry, for they are in this very town and looking for us. I've just come from their boat."

"Who have they left aboard?" asked Grimshaw.

"Only a child," was the answer.

"Let us take a look at it, then, so we will know it as well as you the next time we see it."

So Mr. Gilder went back to point out the *Whatnot* to his companions, and when they sprang aboard and began to cast off the lines that held it to the levee he followed them, with a vague idea of protecting Sabella.

The next moment, Solon, who had just finished hitching up Reward, was startled by the ringing of the engine-room bell. It was the signal to go ahead. Thinking that the others must have returned and were ready to start, he obeyed it. Thus the *Whatnot*, in full possession of the "river traders," moved slowly out into the stream, and again started in pursuit of the raft she had followed for so long.

Chapter XXVI.

A DISASTROUS COLLISION.

The running off with that boat from the water-front of a city in broad daylight was a bold thing to do. But these men were accustomed to taking desperate risks, and had done many more reckless things than this. It was enough that this boat had been used in their pursuit, and that by taking it they might delay this pursuit until they should recover the raft and make good their escape. Besides, it happened to be the only available boat lying at the levee just then, and they would have taken it even though they had been obliged to use force to gain its possession, so eager were they to recapture the *Venture*.

This was the reasoning of two of the "river traders"; while the third sprang aboard because the others did, and without stopping to reason. Grimshaw made his way at once to the pilot-house, where Mr. Gilder followed him, in order to learn his plans. Plater walked aft, and through the engine-room window saw that the mule was already in his tread-mill, where Solon had just completed his harnessing. Without alarming the negro by making his presence known, the big man stole away, and gaining the pilot-house, rang the engine-room bell that meant "Go ahead."

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Gilder, as he followed Grimshaw into the pilot-house. "Are you crazy that you are going off with this boat and leaving the raft behind? Or do you mean to run in to where it is, take our stuff aboard, and continue the cruise in this craft? Because if you do, you can count me out. This is too conspicuous a boat for my use. Why, man, she'll be spotted by the police inside of twenty-four hours!"

"I expect it's about time we counted you out, anyway," answered the other, gruffly. "Plater and I have about made up our minds that you are playing a double game, and had some hand in the disappearance of the raft."

"The disappearance of the raft?" exclaimed the other, blankly. "What do you mean? How did the raft disappear? And when did it disappear? And where were you, whom we left to look after it? If you have lost that raft you'll answer to me for my share in it, and I'll see that you make it good too, you sneaking—"

"Come, come, Gilder! Simmer down!" interrupted Plater, who had entered the pilot-house in time to hear these angry words. "This isn't the time nor place for us to quarrel. We've too much at stake. The raft has gone, and we are after it. That's all Grim and I know."

The interchange of high words that followed had almost led to blows, when Mr. Gilder suddenly became silent, and stepped quickly to the pilot-house door. He had just caught sight of Sabella holding Don Blossom in her arms, and staring through the open doorway with an expression of frightened bewilderment. She had ex-



"THE RAFT HAS GONE, AND WE ARE AFTER IT."

pected to find her uncle and Billy Brackett and Winn, and had hastened to announce the joyful news of Don Blossom's safety.

Now as Mr. Gilder led her aft and down into the living-room, he strove to banish that frightened look by gentle words and reassuring promises.

"But where is my uncle Aleck? And where are Mr. Brackett and Winn? I can't find them anywhere. Solon said they were in the pilot-house."

"They are on the raft, and we are going to find them," was the answer.

"Oh, I'm so glad they've got the raft again! And I'm glad you gave it back to them, too. Now, Winn can't say you are a bad man any longer. But you've only borrowed the *Whatnot* for a little while, haven't you?"

"Yes, only for a little while."

"I don't think those others are very nice-looking men, and I was awfully afraid until I saw you. Then I knew it must be all right."

"It is all right, little one, and there is nothing for you to be afraid of. No harm shall come to you so long as I am here, and I promise to see you safe with your friends again before leaving you."

"Of course I feel safe now," answered Sabella, promptly. "I have, ever since I found out it was you who had borrowed the *Whatnot*. For a minute, though, I was afraid those disagreeable—" Here the child hesitated. She did not want to hurt her new friend's feelings. "I mean," she added, hastily, "that those other gentlemen had stolen it. And I will make believe I am your own little girl, for I haven't any papa, and only one uncle."

"My name is Gresham, William Gresham, but my little girl calls me 'Papa Billy.'"

"Then we'll make a bargain," exclaimed Sabella, joyfully. "That's the very name of Winn's uncle; and if I make believe you are my uncle, I shall have an Uncle Billy as well as he. I think that's better, too, because you know a girl couldn't have but one own papa, but she might have a hundred uncles if she wanted. So we'll make that a bargain, and I'll give you a kiss if you like."

With the kiss of the innocent child warm on his lips, William Gresham returned to the upper deck. His heart was very tender at that moment, and though he did not express any resolve in words, he knew that a black page of his life had just been closed, never to be reopened.

With all their senses alert and strained, the "river traders" kept on for two hours without discovering a trace of the raft. Then they knew they must have passed it, and so headed the *Whatnot* up stream again, hoping to meet it. Now they barely held their own, without making any progress, for they knew the raft would drift in the channel with the strongest current, and therefore that where the water ran swiftest they must await its coming.

Solon, fully occupied with his duties as engineer and with preparations for dinner, paid little heed to Sabella when she looked in at the galley door to inform him that her uncle Billy said everything was all right.

"I specs so, honey, I specs so, an' of co'se hit's all right ef yo' unc' Billy say so. Him a mighty knowin' young gen'l'man, dat ar Unc' Billy am, fo' shuah."

As the day advanced, there were occasional rifts in the fog, and in one of these Mr. Gilder, as we will still call him, caught a momentary glimpse of the raft. It was drifting at some distance to the right of them, and in a few moments would be again out of sight. His first impulse was to announce this discovery to his companions, and his second was to remain silent. He acted upon the second, and was almost doubtful if he had really seen the raft at all, so quickly did it again disappear. Suddenly there came a sound of blows, as though some one were chopping wood on board the raft.

There was an exciting shout from the pilot-house, the steering-wheel was put hard over, and the boat began to swing slowly at right angles to the current. She was headed in the direction of the raft, and Mr. Gilder knew that, owing to those ill-timed blows, it had been discovered. Yes. Now he could see it again. There it was, not a hundred yards away, and the *Whatnot* was headed so as to intercept it as it came down. What should he do? He could stop the machinery, and so give the raft a chance to drift past and again disappear in the mist. For Sabella's sake he would make the attempt.

He had already started for the lower deck, when his steps were arrested by a second shout from the pilot-house, and another sound that smote on his ear like a death-knell. It was the hoarse note of a deep-toned whistle apparently at his side. There was a jangling of bells, a wild yelling, the roar of escaping steam, and then the dim form of a great up-river packet loomed above the little craft on which he stood like some awful fog monster intent upon its destruction.

The man stood at the head of the steps leading down into the living-room, where Sabella, unconscious of the impending peril, was singing a quaint old hymn as she set the table for dinner. He had heard his mother sing that hymn when he was a boy at home. So long ago, and so far away. A second more and this sweet young life would be blotted out, and the little body, crushed beyond recognition, would be buried deep beneath the waters of the great river, while he would be safe on the lower deck of that steamboat. He could easily spring to it from the upper deck of the *Whatnot*, as he saw Plater and Grimshaw were about to do.

"I promise to see you safe with your friends again." That was what he had said, and it was to that child he had said it. In another instant the man had entered the living-room, seized Sabella in his powerful arms, and had gained the outer door on the side furthest from the steamboat.

Then came the shock. There was a moment of horrible grinding, crashing, and splintering, a mad surging of brown waters, and then the little show-boat passed beneath the monster that had crushed out its life. It was gone as utterly as the flame of a candle extinguished by a puff of wind, and the great river was its grave, as it has been of thousands of other craft, and will be of thousands yet unbuilt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT WE SHALL SEE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

I.—THE EXPOSITION CITY.

THERE may be reasons why some of my readers cannot go to see the World's Fair at Chicago, but if any of them stay away because they have heard that it is not to be worth going to they will be very sorry afterward. I know some persons who say they will not go because they have seen world's fairs in Paris and Vienna, and they are sure Chicago cannot have a fair as good as those they have seen. That might be true if Chicago was going to hold this fair, but our Columbian Exposition is the work of the United States, and the skill and taste and wealth and enterprise of the whole people are going to be shown there. More than that, the whole world is more interested in this fair than in any that was ever gotten up before.



THE GRAND COURT, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Chicago is only the place where the great fair is to be held. The fair itself is the work of all of our cities and States and people. The architects and artists and managers who have designed and put up the buildings, and who are collecting all the wonders that will be shown there, are men and women from every part of the Union. That is so true that no matter where you live, if it is in this country, somebody in the same county with you is helping to make our great fair a success. I have visited Chicago so frequently since the work on the World's Fair was started, and have watched and heard about the fair so much, that I feel able to write an account of what we all shall see when we go there next summer.

But, first, I want to tell about the Exposition city—Chicago. I am glad the great show is to be given there, because it is one of the most interesting and important cities in the world. And I am sure that after we have all visited the Exposition and come away we shall look back and say to ourselves that Chicago was almost as well worth seeing as the World's Fair, and that we are glad we saw it. Every American who goes there will be more proud of his country, and every foreigner will have more respect for us just on account of the fair being held in Chicago. To be sure, New York is bigger and finer than Chicago, but it is not so wonderful. It is more than two hundred years old. It has had time to be a great city, whereas Chicago is really only about forty years old. There was no such place when Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck were already full-grown men, and were active in public life.

The instant you leave the railroad train in Chicago you are in a hubbub—the greatest whirl and uproar that you can imagine. Cabs are dashing about, the sidewalks are crowded, the street cars run in regular trains of two or three or four cars each, the gongs on the cars keep up a furious ringing, and, altogether, you fancy the place must be bigger than London or New York—for certainly it is noisier than both those cities together. The real reason is that all the railroads have their depots close together, and that crowds the business into a small district. Presently you begin to notice the big office buildings. No one ever saw anything like them anywhere else. You have to put your head far back to see the tops of some of them, and where there are many of them together they actually darken the streets so that the people in the lower stories have to burn gas in the daytime, and the sunlight does not reach the ground as it ought to do. The greatest of these buildings is 302 feet high. The roof is enclosed with glass sides, so that you may go up there and look down upon the city without feeling the cold, or the wind, or the rain when it is storming. That building is the Masonic Temple, and it is twenty-three stories high. I can remember when the steeple of Trinity Church, in New York city, was one of the wonders of the country, but that steeple could be moved through this tall building without touching the roof.

Four thousand persons work in one of these Chicago buildings, and that is as many people as live in the famous town of Long Branch in New Jersey. Eighteen thousand or twenty thousand persons go into one of these buildings to call on the tenants on every week-day. Very swift elevators, made like cages, of open iron-work are used to carry the people up and down in these great towering houses, and those elevators are so swift that they go from cellar to roof in less than a minute—indeed, some of them will rise at the rate of 150 feet a minute. After you have had a ride in one of these cars you will know how a baseball would feel were it thrown high in air, that is, if a ball had any feelings.

The city faces beautiful Lake Michigan, and the lake is like an ocean, except that it has no billows forever breaking on its shore, and no salty smell coming from it. The people send the ships up a little river that runs through the city, so as to keep the lake front as beautiful as nature made it. On this lake front are some of the parks, and one of these is Jackson Park, where the World's Fair will be held. These parks are very beautiful, especially Lincoln Park. In that park there is a great bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln standing in front of a chair, and every evening the little children linger near it and watch it, because they believe the statue sits down in the chair when it grows dark every night. The wild animals, the queer things that are made out of flowers, the great stable of the Park Department's horses, which everybody may walk through—these are sights that no one who visits Chicago should miss.

All the drinking-water for the city comes from the lake. A tunnel has been dug far out, and then opened under the water, so that it pours into the pipes under the streets. Any one can sail out to the mouth of this tunnel, where the keeper lives almost alone on a sort of an island. In the winter he cannot come ashore for days at a time, and the people send him flowers and books, and good things to eat. In the summer people go to his island to fish, and they line the wooden breakwater that reaches into the lake. No other American city has so many fishermen as Chicago. Even women by the hundred, and little girls besides, are fond of that sport on the lake front. There, sticking up on a wharf half a mile out, is a great boat called the *Argo*. It is just like a boat, but it is actually a club-house where the rich men go in the summer to keep cool.

One street in Chicago dives under the river, and you may ride along in the street cars, knowing all the time that the ships and steamboats are floating over your head, while you are in a great tunnel all whitewashed and clean and brilliantly lighted by electricity. Perhaps you will see how the policemen arrest wicked people while you are there. Instead of dragging them through the streets, a wagon dashes up to where a policeman has caught an offender, the man is hustled into the wagon, where six or eight policemen are sitting, and away goes the vehicle back to the police station. That is a great improvement upon the old way of dragging men along, and so making a public disturbance. But I cannot begin to tell all that you will see. The city has 1,200,000 inhabitants, and you can imagine the hundreds of miles of broad noble streets that the houses are on. You can fancy the huge hotels, the museums, picture-galleries, churches, theatres, and tremendous shops which so many persons must support.

In my next article we will make believe that the World's Fair is open, and that we are going there ahead of all the world to see it.

WE'VE each a book of spotless leaves, we've each a pencil too;
The book is all our future lives, the pencil, what we do.

CARPENTRY FOR BOYS.

BY CHARLES E. DOANE.

IF a boy intends to do good carpenter-work he must first learn the rudiments of carpentry. No work can be properly put together unless it is planed and cut in a proper manner. The first thing for a boy to learn in carpentry is to rip with a rip-saw to a line. In ripping lumber with a rip-saw the strips should be ripped out a quarter of an inch wider than they are intended to be when finished. In ripping, hold the saw in one hand, incline the inside edge slightly toward the further end of the board, holding the side of the saw as plumb as possible. This will be hard to do at first, as the handle will naturally incline too much to the right. Do not force the saw, but have a steady even stroke. It will be difficult at first to keep the saw in the line. It can be guided to the line by twisting the handle with the wrist one way or the other.

When roughly cutting off stuff with your coarse saw before it has been "dressed," always cut it about an inch longer than it will be when the work is finished. You will then have something to cut on when you come to square it up and cut it off accurately with your fine saw.

To "line out" lumber for ripping hold your rule in the left hand, with your left forefinger the distance back from the end of the rule that you wish to rip the strip, place the point of your pencil at the end of the rule, and draw the line from end to end of board, using the forefinger of the left hand as a gauge to guide the rule. Of course, if the edge of the board is very crooked, as in Fig. 1, you will have to draw lines by a straight-edge, or strike a chalk line from end to end of the board, and then measure in the distance required, and draw or strike parallel lines. In using a chalk line, fasten one end with a brad to a mark at one end of the board, then chalk the twine, draw it tight, holding it down to the mark at the other end of the board with one hand, then draw it square up with the other hand, and let it snap down quickly.

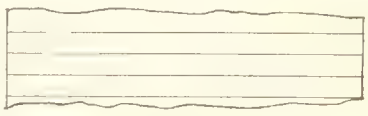


Fig. 1

In "jointing" the edge of a board use the jack-plane first to take off the rough edge, and if the edge of the board be quite crooked plane the rounding places partly out with the jack-plane. Use the trying-square often to see that you are keeping the edge square from the face of the strip. Do not let the plane twist around, but keep the whole length of the plane on the edge of and about parallel with the board. Shove the plane with the right arm, and guide it with the left hand. Next use the fore-plane, stopping often to sight along the edge of the board with one eye while the other is kept closed; where a lump or high part is seen, there use the fore-plane until you can make a shaving the entire length of the board, and until you can see that the edge is straight from one end to the other. Do not hold your face up against the end of the board while sighting, but back from the end several inches.

When one edge is straight, which is called the face edge, the board or strip is brought to a parallel width by first gauging with your gauge from the straight-edge, and then using your jack-plane until you have planed down to the gauge mark; then use the fore-plane until the mark is taken out, but be sure to stop planing as soon as the gauge mark disappears.

Nearly all lumber is now planed on both sides when it comes from the lumber-yards, but as mill-planed lumber is not smooth enough for fine work, the smoothing-plane is used by hand to make it still smoother. In using the smoothing-plane make long steady strokes, as short strokes

will make the face of the board lumpy. The cap of the smoothing-plane should be set within one-thirty-second of an inch of the edge of the plane-bit. The closer you have the cap down the smoother the plane will cut against the grain. Always plane with the grain of the wood when possible.

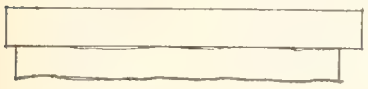


FIG. 2

It will be well to have a straight-edge made by a skilful carpenter to use when you are beginning to learn to joint the edge of a board straight. You can then keep trying this as you joint your piece, and it will show at once, as you place the two edge to edge (as shown in Fig. 2), where the edge needs planing to make it straight.

The smoothing-plane should be ground nearly square, only slightly rounded off at the corners, as in Fig. 3, then it will make a wide shaving, and will not show the strokes of the plane. The jack-plane bit should be quite rounding from corner to corner, as in Fig. 4; and the fore-plane, like the smoothing-plane, only very slightly rounding. In setting the caps on the plane-irons, the jack-plane bit should be allowed to project a full eighth of an inch beyond the cap, and the fore-plane bit about one-sixteenth of an inch. I would advise boys not to attempt to do work with the cheaply made tools which are sometimes sold for their use. If you have only a few tools let them be first-class, and by noted makers.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

It may be well to mention here the tools a boy will need for ordinary carpenter-work. He will need a hammer, a rip-saw with about five teeth to the inch, a fine crosscut-saw with eleven teeth to the inch, and a coarse crosscut-saw with seven teeth to the inch. The fine saw should be twenty-two inches long. He should have an eighth inch, quarter inch, three-quarter inch, and one and a half inch chisel, a jack-plane, fore-plane, and smoothing-plane, rabbet-plane, three-sixteenth and quarter-inch bead-planes, pilister-plane, a pair of compasses, steel square, try-square, bevel, screw-driver and brad-awl, brace-and-bits, level, a two-foot rule, two small gauges, a panel gauge, a moving plow with bits, and compass saw.

When the surface of a board, or a strip to be used, has been smoothed and one edge jointed straight, a mark should be put on the face and the face edge before the board is brought to a width, as you will see further on that it is always necessary when "laying out" stuff to know which is the face edge. The edge first jointed is the face edge, and the face is the best side of the piece.

The coarse crosscut-saw is used for sawing timber and all kinds of rough sawing, but when it is necessary to cut to a fine line and make a close-fitting joint, the fine crosscut-saw is used. In sawing stuff to a length, if a pencil mark has been made in squaring off your work, you should not saw right in the line, but just the thickness of your saw outside, or rather right up to the line.

But a more proper way to lay out work is to mark with the point of a knife instead of a pencil. When you saw your work to a knife-cut the joints will be more perfect when you come to join your work together; and then, too, in laying out work, you can measure very accurately by using the point of your knife in marking. It is difficult at first to saw to a knife-cut. The saw must not be run right in the cut, but the thickness of the saw just far enough outside to split the cut, otherwise your work will be sawed too long or too short, and also an imperfect joint will be made.

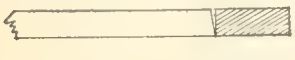


FIG. 5.

In cutting off ends that are to be joined to other parts of the work, it is best, instead of cutting exactly square from the face of the piece, to cut slightly "under" from the face, thus being sure to show a tight joint on the face of your work. If you attempt to cut exactly square you may make what is called a "standing" cut, and thus make an open joint (as in Fig. 5) on the face. To cut under, turn the saw over slightly to the right while cutting. Do not cut under much, as in Fig. 6, but only enough to make the joint tight, as in Fig. 7. You can follow the knife-cut best with the saw by laying the piece of work flat on the bench, or rather on a bench-hook, while cutting. Commence to cut by starting in with the point of the saw on the further edge, gradually letting the heel of your saw drop down in the line until the saw touches across the entire piece.

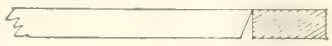


FIG. 6.

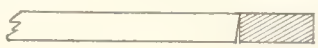


FIG. 7.

As you will often have to use a mitre-box in your work for cutting mouldings, I will now explain how to make one. Of course you will make the size of the box suitable for the width and thickness of the moulding or strip that you intend to cut.

We will say, for instance, that we need a mitre-box three inches wide by two and a half inches deep, inside measurement, and we will make it eighteen inches long. First, for the bottom of the box, rip out a piece of one and a quarter inch pine the proper width to "dress up" three inches wide, now carefully joint one edge and bring it to a width, taking great care to make the edges of this strip perfectly square, otherwise your mitre-box will not be square when it is nailed together. Now make the side pieces of seven-eighth inch pine, three and three-quarter inches wide, then nail the sides to the edges of the bottom with six-penny nails, being careful to keep the bottom edge of the sides flush with the bottom. Now place the wood part of your trying-square along the side of the box with the blade of the square across the top, and with the point of your knife draw a line across the top edges. As the outside width of your box is four and three-quarter inches, measure this distance along the edge of the side from your knife mark, and square from this another line across; now make square lines down the sides of the box from these points, then draw lines across the top, on an angle, from one corner to the other, as in Fig. 8, now take your fine crosscut-saw, and placing it across the top of the box on the marks made on an angle, carefully cut down through these lines to the inside bottom of the box, and you have a box that will cut a true mitre; also make a square cut across the box for cutting square ends on mouldings. Fig. 9 shows a side view of the box, and Fig. 10 is an end or sectional view.

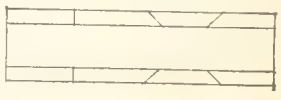


FIG. 8.

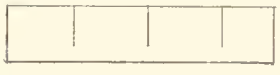


FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

AN OLD SETTLER.

GEOLOGISTS agree that many thousands of years ago — they do not agree on the number of thousands — great ice fields, like immense glaciers, moved slowly out of the north over a large part of the United States and Europe. These glaciers were so thick that they have left on the top of the White Mountains bowlders which they had carried hundreds of miles, and they had much to do with shaping the hills and valleys of

New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. The marks made by these glaciers as they ground and crushed their way over the rocks are still plainly visible in many places, and it is easy to trace the huge bowlders they carried northward to regions where such stone occurs in large quantities.

Those were days of great things, and among the huge creatures that roamed about in the region of the advancing glacier was the *Elephas Americanus*, or American elephant. Part of the skeleton of one of these animals has just been unearthed at Carl Junction, Missouri, and sent to the Washington University. These bones show this animal to have been from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and fifteen feet tall. It fed on trees and bushes, and a wagon-load of pine branches and cones would have made a light supper for this monster. Its molar teeth had grinding surfaces nine by four inches in size, and its tusks were nine feet long. Coarse long hair covered the big fellow from head to toes, and a drove of such animals must have been an imposing sight, even in the presence of the mighty glaciers.

In a cave in France has been found, scratched on a bit of ivory tusk, a rude picture of one of these prehistoric mammoths. This picture is supposed to be the oldest known, and was made by some man or boy who was more clever than his fellows, but who lived in a cave, ate raw meat, and wore scanty clothing made from the untanned skins of wild beasts which the filthy and savage men of those far-off times killed with clubs and stones. It may be, therefore, that human beings saw the living animal, pieces of whose skeleton were dug the other day from beneath twenty feet of soil out in Missouri.

A GREAT SPECULATION

WHICH LED TO A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS IN A CIRCUS," "SILENT PETE," ETC.

Part IV.

IT was now a case of allowing the owners of the animal to assist in the capture, or of seeing the vegetables in which he had taken so much pride destroyed; and, much against his inclination, the deacon permitted the boys to scale the fence.

"I want to catch him!" the old gentleman cried, angrily. "It doesn't make any difference how much you help me, he's got to go to the pound!"

"We'll send him up toward the deacon's house," Bud whispered to Teddy. "The gate is open, and it won't be much of a job to keep him in a gallop by usin' plenty of stones."

While the deacon ran one way to head the horse off, the boys kept directly behind their property, and by skilful stone-throwing, succeeded in sending him between the rows of pease at full speed.

"Don't let him get out!" the angry owner of the garden shouted, and an instant later the horse darted through the gate to the highway.

"That's exactly what you little rascals were trying to do all the time!" and the deacon shook his fist in impotent rage. "But you needn't think it'll be possible to escape paying for the destruction of this property. I know every one of you, and your fathers shall settle the bill as sure 's my name is Ezra Ladd."

"An' he'll do just what he threatens," Bud said to Teddy, as they ran up the road in pursuit of the horse. "I reckon we've got ourselves into a scrape, for I don't know how it 'll ever be possible to pay for the pease."

"It seems as if that horse was bound to keep me in a fuss all the time," and Teddy was on the verge of crying through anxiety and vexation. "I wish I'd never seen him!"

"There's no use talkin' like that now. We've got into the row, an' must crawl out the best we know how. Let's try to corner the horse in the alders, an' lead him through Chick's common to father's meadow."

"The deacon will be out there after him."

"I reckon that's a fact," and Bud halted in dismay. "S'posin' we take him into the woods till the thing is fixed up somehow?"

Any scheme seemed better than facing the deacon while he was in such an angry mood, and the boys continued to urge their property on until he was concealed in the friendly shelter of Merrill's grove.

"We've got our work cut out for this day," Bud said, as he wiped the perspiration from his face, and fanned himself with a hat which had lost the greater portion of its brim. "Say! Where's the grub?"

"In Washburn's barn-yard, I reckon. There's where I left mine," and Teddy threw himself down beside a log within a few yards of the aged steed, who was cropping the rank herbage eagerly.

"Then somebody must go after it right away. I've got to shinny 'round an' see how we can fix things to quiet the deacon, so I can't 'tend to it."

"Let Ben do that, an' I'll stay here with the horse," Teddy said. "If father should see me, an' know what's been done, he'd make me stay at home."

The two had not been absent more than ten minutes when Sim arrived with the hammer and nails.

"Yes, I know all about it," he said, interrupting Teddy, as he was beginning to tell the story of the mishap. "Heard the whole yarn at the village; the deacon's down to Haley's store goin' on awful, an' says he'll have us arrested. I shouldn't wonder if he would, for he thought a mighty big lot of that pea patch."

"What do the rest of the folks say?"

"Your father advised him to shoot the horse, or else sell him to pay for the damage. I reckon you'll ketch it hot when you go home."

Ben returned half an hour later with the baskets of food, but had no additional information to impart. Fearing lest he should meet his father, he had not ventured any nearer the village than Mrs. Washburn's barn, and, having secured the provisions, retraced his steps with all possible speed.

"If we've *got* to have a hoss, we'd better make some arrangements for stayin' out of town while we own him," he said, petulantly. "It's been nothin' but a row ever since we bought that rack of bones, an' I wish Jack Douglass had him stuck under his black nose."

"There's no use gettin' down to the heel over this thing," Teddy said, in what he intended should be a cheerful tone, but the future looked so dark that he could not divest his voice of a certain tone of sadness. "I reckon it 'll come out right after a while."

"P'rhaps it will," Ben replied, with what sounded suspiciously like a sob; "but what er we goin' to do while it's bein' straightened? If I go home now, I'm pretty certain of gettin' a whippin', an' if I try to sneak over to grandfather's, the deacon will have me arrested. I 'spect he's layin' for us mighty sharp."

"He'll have hard work to find us here," Sim suggested.

"That may be; but who wants to stay in the woods all the rest of his life?"

"Now don't bother so much!" Teddy cried, impatiently, for Ben's forebodings had a most depressing effect upon his own spirits. "Bud is down to the village fixin' things, an' when he gets back we'll be all right."

Sim, who was always disposed to let matters take their natural course without any attempt on his part to interfere, had begun building a camp of boughs, and in reply to Teddy's question why he was spending his time in "such a foolish manner," replied, "If things are so hot in the village that we've got to stay out here two or three weeks, something like this will come in mighty handy, and if Bud straightens matters, I've only kept my hands busy, which, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin', is a

good deal better than groanin' over what can't be cured, as you an' Ben are doin'."

Until this moment Teddy had looked upon Master Bowser as a boy who could not boast of a particularly brilliant intellect, but now his opinion was changed. He did not join in the labor, however, and Sim worked alone, while Ben alternately moaned over his ill fortune and scolded because he had been induced to purchase the horse.

Two long hours elapsed before Bud returned, and the expression on his face told that he had not been successful in his mission.

"There's no gettin' out of the fact that we're in a nice mess," he said, mournfully. "The deacon says at least three dollars' worth of pease have been destroyed, an' he's bound to make us pay for them."

"How can he if we haven't a cent?" Teddy asked, angrily.

"You an' Ben have got a dollar 'n' a quarter apiece, an' I s'pose Sim an' me could scare up the other fifty cents when it come to a pinch," Bud replied, moodily.

"Then we'd be puttin' in almost twice as much as you, an' the horse would stand us eight dollars!" Teddy cried, springing to his feet excitedly.

"Well, what of that? The thing must be settled somehow, an' us two fellows haven't as much money as you."

"I'll pay my share of the deacon's bill, but no more, Bud Hayes."

"An' I won't put out a cent, no matter what happens," Ben added, sulkily. "Father says I've got to sell the old hoss, an' I don't b'lieve he 'mounts to very much, anyway. We can't run an express till we earn money enough to buy a wagon an' harness, an' what's the use of tryin' to learn him circus tricks before we know whether folks would want to buy him after he could perform?"

"But we've got to settle with the deacon, somehow," Bud replied. "Your father is mighty cross about it, an' Teddy's asked me if I knew where he was."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said you were goin' over to the meadow to patch up the shed, so's we could keep the horse there; and he told me to tell you not to come back to the house so long as you owned any part of old whitey."

"But how am I goin' to sell him?" Teddy asked, in despair. "Do you want to buy my share, Bud?"

"Not much. In the first place, I haven't the money to pay for him; an' then, again, how could I settle with the deacon? If I hadn't made the trade with you fellers last night I'd have my cash in my pocket, an' that's where I wish it was this minute. I don't see why you an' Ben didn't talk with your fathers before startin' in such a foolish business."

"Did you say anything to your folks?" Teddy asked, petulantly.

"No, for after you fellers owned him I s'posed it was all right."

"I'd never thought of buyin' the old rack of bones if it hadn't been for Teddy," Ben whined. "He just the same as made me go into the scheme; 'lowed he knew where he could keep the horse, an' all that kind of talk."

Fortunately, Teddy checked the angry reply that rose to his lips, but only after the greatest effort, and then plunged into the thickest portion of the grove, that he might be alone with his sorrow and remorse. He realized that he had deceived Ben to a certain extent when the animal was purchased; but Bud could make no such complaint, and he entirely lost sight of his own fault while thinking of the injustice done him by the new partner.

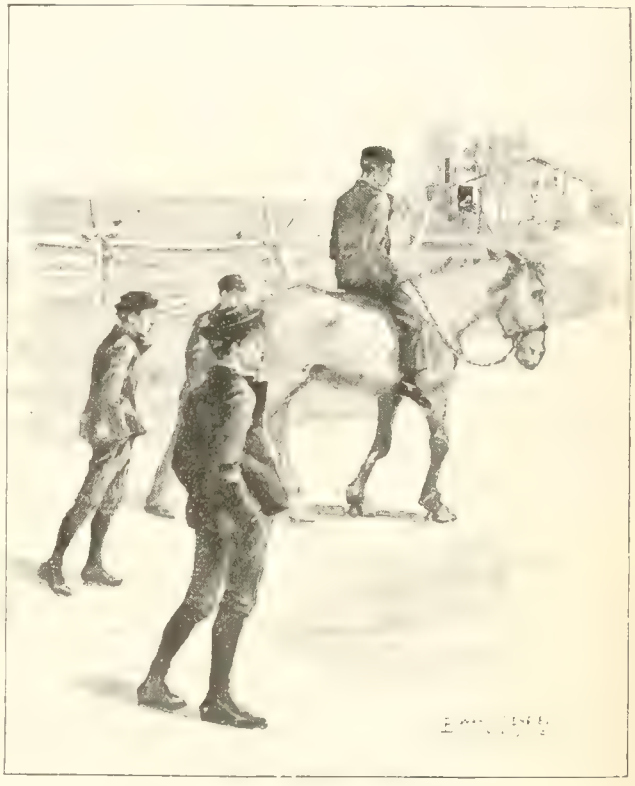
Not until noon was the party reunited, and then the boys made a silent and unsatisfactory meal from the contents of the lunch-baskets. The food cheered them in a certain degree, and when hunger had been satisfied matters did not look so desperate.

"We've got to decide on somethin'," Teddy said, when it was no longer possible for him to eat any more. "Of course we can't stay here forever."

"But we'll have to keep out of sight till we can settle with the deacon," Bud suggested.

"I'd rather lose the whole of my dollar 'n' a quarter than try to go on this way," Ben said, mournfully. "Besides, I can't show up at home till I've sold out my share. Will either of you fellows give me half what I paid?"

"I'm willin' to give my whole interest in the old beast



A MOURNFUL PROCESSION.

away rather than have things run like this," Teddy replied; "an' if you three fellows pay the deacon, I'll step down an' say nothin' 'bout the money I've put in. I don't b'lieve he'll make any great shakes of a circus horse anyhow."

No one took advantage of this tempting offer.

"We've done ourselves out of Fourth of July money, an' have got more to pay; but there's no use makin' such a fuss about it," Sim said, philosophically. "I own as much as the rest of you fellows, an' will have to come up with my share of the deacon's bill; but I must earn it first, an' the question is whether he'll wait."

"I don't b'lieve he will, 'cordin' to the way he talked when I saw him," Bud replied. "Look here, fellows, there's no use my sayin' I'll pay my share of the pea money, for it comes to 'most a dollar, an' I couldn't rake that much together in a month. Don't you s'pose Uncle Jack will buy the horse back? He hasn't even been harnessed, an' has had plenty to eat."

Strange as it may seem, neither of the other partners had thought of that way out of their difficulties, but now that Budd suggested it, all were eager to learn what might be done.

"Let's go over there this very minute, an' take the old rack of bones with us," Teddy cried. "If we could get him off er our hands, I'd feel like a different fellow."

"It 'll be a case of losin' pretty nigh all we put in it, for I don't s'pose Uncle Jack will give us more'n four dollars, an' we'll have to pay the deacon three of that," Bud suggested.

"I don't care if we lose every cent, providin' we can get out o' the scrape."

"Come on, then, an' I'll have the satisfaction of ridin' the only hoss I ever owned once, if no more."

Bud leaped on the back of the aged steed, and headed a mournful procession through the grove to the old darky's home. Uncle Jack was seated on the threshold of his cabin playing the same tune the boys heard while the supposedly valuable animal was being led away, and he paid no attention to the new-comers until they halted in front of him. Then, continuing to move the bow back and forth across the strings gently, the old fellow greeted his visitors.

"Mawnin', chillun, mawnin'. Goodness me, but you hab begun ter fat de ole hoss up, fur a fac'! I 'clar' it don' seem pussible dat ar' animile could er growed so fas' in one night."

"If apples, potatoes, and green pease, to say nothing of hay an' grass, could do anything, he oughter be fat as a porpoise by this time," Teddy said, grimly. "We haven't asked him to do anything but eat, an' he's been willin' enough to do that. See here, Uncle Jack, our ownin' this horse has kicked up an awful fuss, an' we want you to buy him back."

"Now you's foolin', fur suah, honey."

"Not a bit of it. We've got into a scrape, an' the only way out is to sell him."

Then Teddy told of the damage done the deacon's pease, and the amount it would be necessary to pay in order to settle the matter.

"You s'prise me, I 'clar' you s'prise me!" the old man said, in well-counterfeited astonishment. "I nebber knowed dat ar' hoss ter cut up dat way afore. It des seems ter me like you chillun mus' er been puttin' mischief inter his head."

"How could we do anything of the kind?" Bud asked, impatiently. "He saw the pease, and went after 'em. Now the deacon is after us, an' we've got to sell out."

"It des seems ter me as if you chillun had been puttin' dat ar hoss up to tricks," the old man repeated, paying no attention to Bud's remark. "Wha' you's been er-doin' ter him? Looks like he's bin drove mos' ter def."

"We haven't had a harness on him, because we didn't have any, an' all he's done has been to eat," Teddy interrupted.

"It des looks like he'd bin drove mos' ter def. Dat ain' de same kin' ob a hoss I done sol' you."

"Now you're talkin' foolishly," Teddy cried, impatiently. "If the deacon comes along this way you'll soon know whether it's the same horse or not. What will you give us for him?"

"How's a ole man like me gwine ter keep a hoss when de winter comes? Tell me dat, honey."

"You got through last season with him, an' from the way you talked when we bought him, he's worth a good deal more'n we paid."

"Dat might er bin yeste'day, honey; but des look at de po' beas' now."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He acts like he's done gone used out. I nebber seen him so 'scouraged afore."

"Now that's nonsense, Uncle Jack, an' you know it. It isn't five minutes since you was surprised at seein' him so fat."

"Dat was erfore I'd got er good look at him, honey. Now he's sad in de eye, same's ef he didn't hab a bite ter eat sence Crismus."

"What will you give us for him?" Bud asked, his patience being rapidly exhausted by the old darky's talk, and a fear in his heart that the deacon might come up the road before the aged steed changed owners again.

"I don' see my way ter buy hosses dis year," the old man replied, with an emphatic shake of the head, and then, as if believing the matter was finally settled, he began to fiddle vigorously.

The boys were discouraged.

"Give us four dollars, an' you may have him," Teddy cried, eager now to dispose of the property which a few hours previous had seemed so valuable.

"I don' 'low he's wuf dat much, honey."

"But we gave you five for him yesterday."

"Dat am a fac'; but I don' 'member de aige ob dat animile sence I sol' him, an' he's mighty ole. I 'low he like to die any day now."

"Then you don't want him at any price?" Bud cried, seizing the halter as if to lead the horse away.

"I didn' say, chillun, dat I wouldn' hab him ef he cum at my figger; but I's a po' ole man, an' carn' 'ford ter pay much fur sich luxuries as a hoss. Now ef yer wants two dollars fur dat skelinton, take off de halter, an' yer uncle Jack is boun' ter han' de money ober."

"But we gave you five, and have yet to pay the deacon three dollars for what pease he ate."

"It's a dreffu! mistake ter feed er ole hoss like dat on green pease at dis time ob de year. Grass is good enuf fur him, an' it's er mighty sight cheaper."

"Of course it is," Bud said, impatiently. "You don't s'pose we wanted him to have the pease, do you? If two dollars is all you'll give we may as well drag him away, for his hide an' bones are worth three."

"Only des two fifty, honey. I done fin' dat out when I wanted ter 'spose ob him las' year."

"Well, will you give us that much?"

"I s'pose I's boun' ter; but it am hard ter make dis yere kin' ob a trade whar dere's no show ob a profit."

"You'd be gettin' all he's worth simply for allowing us a chance to feed him, if he comes back at that price; but I don't know whether the other fellows will be ready to part with him at sich a low figure."

"I'll take anything; but would like enough to square up with the deacon," Ben said, quickly, and Teddy added, emphatically,

"My quarter of the old horse goes at the offer, an' I shall be mighty lucky to get him off my hands."

Since all were of the same opinion the halter was removed from the animal's neck, the money paid by Uncle Jack, and the speculators who had gone into business without first counting the cost, went toward the town to make some kind of a bargain with the deacon for the damage done his garden.

"Well," Teddy said, in a tone of relief, when they were where it was no longer possible to hear the old darky's violin, "we have got out of the scrape at last, and, now, if every feller will come up with twelve cents, I'll give fourteen, an' that 'll pay the deacon."

"Yes, we're out o' the scrape, an' I'd never got in it if it hadn't been for you," Ben said, with a sigh. "The next time you think there's a big chance to make money, don't come where I am."

"I reckon I've had enough of horse trades," Bud added, as he counted out twelve cents from his small hoard. "A dollar 'n' thirty-seven cents for the chance to set up with an old plug one night is comin' it a little too rich for my blood."

Sim made no comment as he contributed his share toward satisfying the deacon's demands, but there was an expression on his face which told that he had permanently retired from speculations in horses.

Perhaps Teddy received full value for his money, inasmuch as he had learned that which he promised himself should never be forgotten.

THE END.

TO ROBIN IN JANUARY.

BY DORA READ GOODALE

LISTEN, little Robin, how the wind blows shrill!
Snap! go the branches of the beeches on the hill;
Stiff and cold is the wold, and you stay among us still,
Little Robin!

Vanished are your comrades low and high, low and high;
Like a cloud of arrow-heads I saw them in the sky;
Rosy is the South-land where they sing, where they fly,
Little Robin!

Whither would you wander, tiny heart, tiny feet?
Is the waste to your taste with the tempest and the sleet?
Were you lost in the frost when the storm began to beat,
Little Robin?

Tell me, little Robin, what it is you can do.
Why, the owl learns to prowl, eating fur and feathers too,
And the mole has a hole and a better home than you,
Little Robin.

The loon is on the lake, he can swim, he can dive,
While the mink finds a chink where he keeps himself alive,
And the bee has a tree full of honey like a hive,
Little Robin.

Larders full to bursting, and not a crumb to spare!
Crow and jay know the way if the bittersweet is bare!
Hardy fellow hunting, he could forage anywhere,
Little Robin!

Robin, little Robin, come or go as you will,
And whistle to the farmers if the wind blows shrill;
Such a merry look as yours will find a welcome still,
Little Robin.

NOT SUCH GEESE, AFTER ALL.

A PERSON quite devoid of common-sense is sometimes called "a perfect goose," and the bird has always been considered a particularly uninteresting and stupid creature, to be tolerated only when roasted and stuffed with onions. There are stories, however, of some geese which show that this is quite a mistake, and that a goose may be quite as intelligent as many animals which rank higher.

A Scotch goose once made friendly advances to a dog that, probably because of a bad temper, was kept chained most of the time; and although the dog would never permit any of the other poultry to approach him, his manner to the goose was quite affectionate. Being sufficiently encouraged, she made him frequent visits in his kennel, and even made her nest in the straw, and laid her eggs there. This went on until some one noticed and reported the strange friendship, when the family went to examine into the state of affairs. But the dog objected strongly to their meddling with the eggs that had been left in his care, and it was only after some trouble that they were found under the straw in a cozy heap of down and feathers. Not the least interesting part of it was to see the dog go into his box in the most careful way for fear of injuring the eggs, and it never seemed to occur to him that the goose was an intruder.

Geese, too, can tell their own eggs from others that are very much like them. A goose that was sitting on several eggs was supplied by the dairymaid with an equal number of duck's eggs because she thought that so large a bird ought to be able to hatch a larger brood than her own. But the next morning the girl found all the duck eggs on the ground; they had been taken out of the nest and placed there without breaking. She put them back again, but it was of no use; the goose would have nothing to do with them, and deposited them on the ground as before. Fearing lest she should leave the nest in disgust, the dairymaid did not dare to persevere with the duck eggs, and Madam Goose came off triumphant from the contest.

A still more remarkable goose was one that took an old blind woman to church and brought her back again. This was in Germany, where geese are made much of. This particular goose, which was probably a pet, would take hold of the old woman's dress with its bill, and lead her to her seat. Then the faithful attendant would go into the church-yard and graze until the service was ended, when it took the old woman in charge again, and conveyed her safely home. The family said, when remonstrated with for trusting an old blind woman so far out of sight, that they had no fear for her safety when the gander was with her.

A very affectionate goose was so devoted to its master, an ancient Roman philosopher, that it followed him about like a dog, and would not leave him, unless forced to do so, during the whole twenty-four hours. It looked rather odd to see so wise a man attended on the street by a goose, but follow him it would, and if shut up anywhere it always managed to get out and appear when it was least wanted. Finally, however, the philosopher, who, like the rest of his countrymen, was very superstitious, began to think that the gods had sent him his strange attendant; and when the goose died, he honored it with a handsome funeral, as though it had been a valued friend.

Some one who appreciated geese wrote, in the days of feather beds and quill-pens: "Of all the birds in the air, and all the beasts in the field, and all the fishes in the sea, and all the creatures of inferior kind who pass their lives wholly or in part, according to the different stages of their existence, in air, earth, or water, what creature has produced directly the most effect upon mankind? That which you, reader, will deserve to be called if you do not, after a moment's consideration, answer the question rightly — 'The Goose.'"

SOME WONDERFUL HUNTING STORIES.

THE tales that are told by sportsmen after they have returned from the pursuit of game are often almost too wonderful to be true, and yet it is difficult when listening to the good fellows who narrate them to believe that there is any intention on the hunters' part to deceive.

One of the most marvellous stories of the hunting-field of late comes from Paris, and is as follows: A hunter, a resident of a small town in the south of France, who had spent a considerable part of the day in an unsuccessful quest for game, and had discharged his shot-gun many times without result, caught sight, on his way home, of a superb pigeon well up in an oak-tree which grew on a very steep hill-side. The hunter's gun was charged with powder, but he was entirely out of shot. In this emergency, and resolving firmly that he would have the pigeon, he sat down on the ground, took out his pocket-knife, and with it pulled several nails out of the soles of his shoe. With these he loaded his gun. The pigeon sat in his place. The hunter aimed, fired, and the pigeon was nailed to a branch of the oak-tree with the shoe-nails. The hunter was almost in despair, seeing the game fastened apparently beyond his reach. But he climbed the tree, ascended with difficulty to the place where the pigeon hung, and had just taken the bird off, when he lost his footing and fell through the air.

As chance would have it, the hunter landed in the midst of a hare's nest. He began to roll rapidly down the steep and slippery hill-side; but before he did so he seized a large hare firmly by the hind legs. Then rolling forward, he slid plump into a covey of partridges, and striking about him with the hare, he succeeded in killing nine of these admirable birds.

He then picked himself up, and took himself homeward with his pigeon, his hare, and his partridges, well satisfied with the results of his day's sport.

This is almost as wonderful, really, as that old, old story of Baron Munchausen, who, when hunting for deer upon one occasion, encountered a magnificent animal, but, like the Frenchman above, found himself without shot. Speedily gathering together a handful of cherry stones, he loaded his gun with them, and fired at the deer, hitting him squarely between the eyes, not killing him, however. The deer managed to escape, but some time later the Baron encountered him again, and was surprised to see a beautiful cherry-tree growing out of the animal's forehead, covered with blossoms and fruit. It is suspected that the Baron Munchausen story is not true, but the other is claimed to be so, although we may all have our private opinion on the subject.

BISMARCK AND THE WITNESS.

A STORY is told of Prince Bismarck to the effect that when he was a young man and a court reporter his ready wit once saved him from serious trouble. He was questioning an important witness, and became very angry at a sarcastic retort. "If you are not more respectful," he exclaimed at last, "I shall kick you out of the room."

"Young man," said the judge, interrupting the proceedings, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and that if there is any kicking to be done the court will do it."

"Aha! you see?" said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me the court will kick you out of the room; so be very careful — very careful, sir!"



"WHY, LOTTIE, AREN'T YOU GOING TO KISS UNCLE JACK GOOD-BY?"
"I DON'T LIKE TO KISS UNCLE JACK; HE'S GOT SPLINTERS IN HIS FACE."

AS AN EXCUSE.

WILL. "I wish I had a tame monkey."

PAPA. "Why?"

WILL. "Then I wouldn't get blamed for everything that is broken."

A LITTLE PLOTTER.

MAY. "I lost my old doll last week, and papa got me a nice new one."

NANNIE. "Oh, how nice! I guess I'll lose mine, and tell papa all about it."

"IF the world is round," said Martin, doubtfully, "I don't see why we can't sit on a sled and slide all the way 'round it without stopping."

A YOUNG SAGE.

"WHY are Chinamen so yellow?" asked May.

"Why," said her older brother in wise tones, "that's so they can tell what they are, 'cause all Chinamen are yellow."

"I WOULDN'T like to be a fish in winter," said Karl, after a moment's thought, "'cause the water's covered with ice, and they can't tell whether it's day or night, and don't know when meal-time comes."

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

COURTNEY. "Papa, will you give me five cents to buy some candy with?"

PAPA. "No, indeed; candy is ruinous to the teeth."

COURTNEY. "Then I will not buy candy; give me five cents and I'll buy an orange."

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

"I HOPE you will learn more this year than you did last," remarked the teacher.

"That 'll be hard," said Francis, "'cause last year had one more day than this."

GOING BACKWARDS.

"MARTIN," asked his father, severely, "have you been a good boy?"

"I have been—yes—sir," answered Martin; "yesterday and Sunday."

PLACING THE BLAME.

"WAS that you making such a noise outside this morning?" asked his mother.

"No, 'm," responded the small boy. "Barlow and I were tryin' to see who could holler the loudest, and Barlow beat me."

A TALKING TOOTH.

AT dinner, one day, baby Mary hearing the slight noise that was going on in her mouth while chewing sweet-potato, said,

"Papa, dis old potato is talking to my toof."

"What does it say, darling?" asked papa.

"Potato say, let me go, old toof; old toof say, won't do it."

A FAMILY ELECTION.

THE morning after the Presidential election, little Munro rushed into the house calling out in great excitement,

"Mamma, do you know that Mr. Cleveland, his wife, and baby have been elected!"

A SOFT ANSWER.

SAID the wise man, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A lady who believed in this precept said to her four-year-old Nellie, who is somewhat quick-tempered, "If one of your playmates speaks rudely to you, return a soft answer."

"Soft?"

"Yes. Now run along and play; mamma is busy."

The child went out on the lawn, where a neighbor's boy was mending a kite. She accidentally broke the kite still more, whereby the boy was made angry.

"I don't like you; you're a horrid thing!" he said.

Little Nellie's eyes flashed, and she was about to reply with a very unkind remark, when suddenly recalling her mother's advice about a soft answer, she looked the boy right in the eye and said meekly and slowly, "*Mush.*"

HIS PREFERENCE.

MAMMA. "Whom do you love best in the world, Harold, your father or me?"

HAROLD. "My new kitten."



THOSE MYSTERIOUS HEADS.

BOBBING ALONG ON THE SNOW THEY PRESENTED A WEIRD AND, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THEIR PLEASANT EXPRESSIONS, ALARMING SPECTACLE.

THE SPECTACLE WAS DISPELLED, HOWEVER, WHEN THE VIEW WAS FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

LARAMIE.

BY MARY SELDEN McCOBB.

Part I.

"SUCH a beauty! Oh, *such* a beauty!" cried Dorcas. The great stag-hound looked up into her face, as if he returned the compliment, for he was a thorough-bred, and knew a good article when he saw it. He also wagged his tail, not flippantly, like a mongrel, but majestically and solemnly, as became one of his lofty pedigree.

Major Van Pelt smiled contentedly:

"I'm glad you like him, Cousin Docco. I've been on the lookout for him ever since I heard that your ambition soared above a pug or a poodle. I stumbled on him at Fort Laramie, and brought him the first hundred miles across my saddle-bow. If you ever become reduced in circumstances, I'll buy him back again, at an hour's notice, and give you the one hundred and fifty dollars you paid for him."

"Sell him! What are you thinking of, Van! He's the apple of mine eye already. A pug or a poodle, indeed! How sweet a person of my size would look leading round one of those ridiculous creatures. No. This magnificent fellow shall be my escort. I can go anywhere, with him for a protector. I shall name him Laramie, for the fort. Has



he a name already? 'Taps'? Absurd! He shall be Laramie. Norah," she called down the dumb-waiter, "broil two extra chops for—Laramie's luncheon. I almost said for *Major* Laramie," she ended, with a happy little chuckle.

Laramie understood the joke, as he understood every word his new mistress spoke. He had evidently "taken" to her, as she had to him. It was a case of love at first sight.

That very afternoon Dorcas went out to buy a warm woolly rug for the new kennel.

The shortest path to the shops lay through the common. The wind was high, and swept with cutting chill across the open space. But Dorcas's fur cape was warm, and her muff, held now to one cheek, now to the other, kept her ears from freezing. No one being in sight, she broke into a run, stamping her feet briskly. Laramie careered about her in high glee, barking cheerfully in the clear crisp air.

The two were in a fine frolic, when suddenly from behind a tree stepped a boy. Quick as a flash Laramie sped toward him. He was not a well-dressed boy. Laramie despised rags. He made a dash for the lad, ran furiously against his legs, and tumbled him unceremoniously heels over head. Then, with a contemptuous bark, off he bounded, as who should say,

"That's all I have to do with *you*, ragamuffin!"

"Larrie! Larrie!" called Dorcas, reprovingly. She came hastily to the boy's side.

"Down, sir! Down!" she ordered, as the hound prepared for a fresh onslaught.

The boy had scrambled to his feet. He did not seem to take his overthrow amiss. Probably he was used to rough handling. But there was a look of pain about his eyes, and he was very pale. He shivered in the cold blast, and though he had an old scarf tied round his neck, his coat was threadbare, and Dorcas saw that underneath he wore a mere apology for a shirt.

"Where do you live?" she questioned him.

"Cat Alley," said the boy, meekly.

"Where's that?"

"Down to the North End."

"Dear me! dear me!" exclaimed Dorcas; "something must be done about you!"

She stood meditating, her muff warding off the wind; Laramie, by her side, gazed into her face, as if he could suggest more than one plan, if he had ever condescended to learn that silly language—English. The boy, half dazed, his cap in hand, watched the two.

"Something must be done," repeated Dorcas, and then all of a sudden something *was* done, for the boy collapsed—sank prone on the snow in a dead faint.

Here was a pretty state of things! Dorcas was bewildered; Laramie sniffed at the prostrate form, and set up a dismal howl.

At that moment a policeman appeared at the extreme end of the mall. Dorcas pointed wildly.

"Go for him!" she exclaimed, not half knowing what she said.

But Laramie took in the situation in a twinkling.

He shot across the common like an arrow from an Indian's bow. He reached No. 3 on his beat, gave two sharp barks, then turned back toward Dorcas, and yelped again.

The policeman was as intelligent as the dog, and that is saying a great deal. He spied the trouble in the distance, and hastened along, billy in hand.

"Is he dead?" Dorcas asked, in much distress.

Mr. Knowles's strong arms lifted the boy, and laid him on a neighboring bench. Dorcas began to chafe his cold dirty hands, drawing off her mousquetaire gloves, and giving the warmth of her fair soft palms to the half-frozen flesh.

The lad opened his eyes. As he caught sight of No. 3's buttons a look of terror came into his face.

"I ain't a-doing nothin'," he gasped. "'Twarn't my fault."

"Nobody's going to harm you," said the policeman, gently. "Lor! the chap's half starved, that's the matter with *him!*"

Dorcas stood upright. "My house is yonder," she said, pointing. "Will you carry the boy there? I owe him one good meal, to pay for my dog's knocking him down."

"Your ma might not like—" began the policeman, suggestively, but Dorcas cut him short.

"I have no mother. My father's gone West on business. There's only myself and my aunt, and she's tremendous on charity."

That being the case, Mr. Knowles had no objection to offer. He lifted the boy, whereupon the little fellow proceeded to faint again, and lay limp and helpless on No. 3's blue shoulder.

Dorcas groaned. "Hurry! hurry!" she entreated. "What's the matter with that left arm? See how strangely it dangles!"

"Broke, I guess. He must have fallen on it somehow, and it snapped. I've seen them brittle-boned folks."

He walked so quickly that Dorcas could hardly keep pace with him. Laramie circled round, giving alternate barks and howls.

Up the brown-stone steps the small procession moved. Dorcas opened the house door.

"Bring him in here." She led the way into the reception-room. "Lay him there." She pointed to a plush sofa. "Lay him there!" she repeated, as the policeman hesitated.

The boy's head sank into the satin pillow.

"Aunt Bli! Rosa!" called Dorcas.

A small lady in black silk appeared, followed by a white-capped maid.

"Water, ammonia, Rosa," ordered Dorcas.

The waitress vanished and speedily returned.

Aunt Bli's hands were busy about the lad; Aunt Bli's wise brain discerned the trouble.

"His arm is fractured," she said, compassionately. "Rosa, go for Dr. Elaine. Meantime the child must have some broth."

The ammonia had brought consciousness, and when the hot soup had been swallowed, the boy sat up.

"I'll be goin'," he said, brokenly.

"Not a bit of it," answered Dorcas. "Tell me your name."

"Giuseppe Toccati," said the boy. Then a fierce gleam came into his eyes. "He needn't call me an *I*-tal-i-an! I was born in America, and I'm translated. It's only in the circus they called me Giuseppe. I'm Joe Tucker, and don't you forgit it. And that Dabney fellow needn't fling it in my face that my mother was a bare-back rider! She's quit now. *His* mother couldn't jump through six hoops and a drum, not if she sat up nights to practise!" He sank back exhausted by this burst of fury.

"'That Dabney fellow?'" repeated Dorcas.

"He's a swell," panted Joe. "Lives on Lafayette Avenue. His pals call him Bert."

How this boy had run across Herbert Dabney was more than Dorcas could divine. But solemn as was the present occasion, she broke into a peal of laughter at the thought of the elegant and dignified Mrs. Dabney trying to leap through a drum. She would as soon have fancied George Washington turning somersaults across an elephant's back, in company with a circus clown.

"Dr. Elaine," announced Rosa.

There was a quick greeting, and then Dr. Elaine was no longer the fresh, rosy-cheeked young woman, but the wise physician examining the injured arm.

Joe bore the pain without wincing, but as soon as the splints held the broken bones steady he announced, "I'm goin' home this moment. My mother she's got the nerves turrible, and she'll be scared."

No persuasions could keep him. He staggered out at the door.

"I just can't *stand* it!" exclaimed Dorcas. "Dr. Elaine, you must go with me, if you have forty perishing patients. He says he lives in 'Cat Alley,' and that's in no directory. Our only way is to dog this child's footsteps. Come, doctor dear."

She whisked Dr. Elaine down the steps, and the two hotly pursued Joe's retreating form. Laramie followed in the rear. As they approached Cat Alley his look grew more and more contemptuous. He began to growl in an undertone. When at last Joe paused at the foot of some rickety steps, Laramie's teeth gleamed ominously. But Dorcas's hand was on his collar, and he was too well bred not to obey orders.

"So that's what your son means by your having 'nerves,'" said Dr. Elaine, when, in broken English, the frail little woman told her symptoms.

It seems that La Signora Toccati, alias Mrs. Tucker, had jumped once too often through a drum, and instead of alighting on the back of her galloping steed, had landed on the top of her own head upon the tanned bark of the arena.

This had brought on brain-fever, which in turn had produced "nerves."

La signora had been obliged to retire from her profession, and now Joe earned a scanty living for her and himself by blacking boots and running on errands.

"Lucky 'twas my arm what broke and not my leg. I can run just the same. And I can black boots with one hand if the gents will only hold stiddy," said Joe, pluckily. "I ain't going to do that Dabney fellow's shoes again," he added. "If I had oranges or peanuts to sell I could do splendid," he went on, encouraged by Dorcas's look of interest. "I can add and substract first rate. I went to school till *she* took sick, and I finished up the 'rithmetic and was goin' into algerberry."

"Dear me," admired Dorcas, and her hand instinctively went to her purse. Then she said, "Dear me," in a different tone, for twenty-five cents was the sum total in her pocket. "Papa left me two hundred dollars for 'sundries,'" she explained to Dr. Elaine. "But I spent one hundred and fifty at one fell swoop to buy Laramie. As for the other fifty—well, I put down the 'items.'"

Dr. Elaine laughed. "Perhaps it's as well," she said. "It's not wise to invest rashly in peanuts. But we must keep an eye on la signora and Giuseppe, and find out what we can do for them."

"At any rate Giuseppe shall have our family errands," declared Dorcas.

So every morning Joe came to the Bellamys' house. Laramie eyed him at first with suspicion, but gradually his feelings toward the interloper changed. He did not love Joe, but he grew to respect him. Dorcas gave her "page" a new suit of clothes, which Laramie inspected.

"You look more decent," decided his dogship; but jealousy entered his canine soul. Of course he must admit Dorcas's right of choice in servants, but this multiplying attendants was pure nonsense.

If, perforce, Laramie must tolerate the new-comer, he took no pleasure in his company. So whenever Joe appeared, Laramie vanished. He slouched up stairs and slunk under Dorcas's bed. There he staid in sulky silence till his rival had gone. Then with alacrity and obtrusive cheerfulness Laramie bounded into his mistress's presence, kissed her hands with effusion, and gave a series of barks, which said as plain as words:

"Here we are again. Two is company, three's a crowd."

So the days passed by. Letters from Mr. Bellamy told his daughter that the Western business had proved more complicated than had been expected. His return must be delayed a month or more.

That grieved Dorcas, but she had no time to be really lonely. Such a delightful scheme was on foot. Some of the young people had hired a small hall, and were fitting it up for a series of entertainments—tableaux, little plays, amateur concerts, etc.

All the mothers and fathers smiled on the project, giving advice and assistance. The girls and boys were to make their own scenery. With pretty wall-papers and inexpensive hangings they could work wonders. Many were the merry evenings spent at work in the rooms of "The Thursday Club."

There were to be six entertainments during the winter. Committees consisting of three boys and three girls each were appointed to arrange the amusement for each evening. Friends and relatives would gladly pay twenty five cents apiece for the privilege of being audience. This would cover expenses. Dorcas was on the committee whose "show" should come in the first week of February.

She had hardly begun her preparations when the first series of tableaux was the order of the day. But since she was to be unusually busy later, she was not pressed into service.

"But I will lend you a valuable member of my family," she generously volunteered.

So on the very first rising of the drop-curtain there was a spirited living picture of "Life on the Plains." Red-shirted emigrants, blue-coated United States soldiers, and much-bepainted Indians filled the stage. But the principal character was a majestic stag-hound, standing motionless with fixed eyes and high-raised head, the "observed of all observers." And they called the tableau "Laramie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR ARCTIC HOME.*

BY R. E. PEARY, LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY.

IT was the latter part of July, and the mild yet beautiful landscape about McCormick Bay lay soft and dreamy in weather such as only the brilliant glowing arctic summer can produce. The sun was just rising from the lowest part of its nearly horizontal course above the tops of the ice-capped northern cliffs. The dark brown and red cliffs on the south shore of the bay shimmered in the yellow light. Down every valley ran the silver ribbon of a murmuring brook, a deer or two browsed leisurely, and flocks of snow-buntings twittered and chirped over the moss-carpeted, flower-besprinkled slopes between the shore and the cliffs, while millions of little auks kept the air alive with their querulous cries and the rapid beat of their whirring wings.

All was warmth and light and exuberant life. Only the surface of the bay was still held in the icy fetters of the long winter night. Even it, however, was soon to be free. A broad river of gleaming water ran close to the shore, every glistening berg floated in an open lake in which sported seals, narwhals, and schools of white whales, and narrow lanes of water ran in every direction through the rotten ice, cutting it into great floes which floated slowly back and forth with the tide. You would never believe that the glowing summer scene was thirty miles farther north than the place where the unfortunate *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice.

* This is a true account of the building of the house in which Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary and the rest of their party spent a year in North Greenland. It was the most comfortable house, probably, that ever an arctic expedition lived in.—ED.

Suddenly a strange apparition came into view around the cape which terminated the line of red cliffs. This apparition floated higher out of the water than the ice cakes, and was black. A great black cloud trailed from it, and it moved slowly through the rotten ice. It was the steamer *Kite*, bearing a little party in search of an arctic home. Never before had such an apparition appeared in McCormick Bay, though perhaps the great rocks on top of the cliffs three hundred years ago, when their eyes were younger and stronger, might have seen the glint of Baffin's sail as he lay at anchor that 4th of July off "Hakluyts Isle," and they might have seen the ships of Kane and Hayes beating northward, far out under the western sun.

Slowly and steadily the *Kite* steamed on until well up the bay, when she stopped, and two boats were lowered and pulled off, one for the south shore and one for the north. The snow-buntings, the deer, and the little auks went on with their various occupations undisturbed, but the white whales, affrighted by the appearance of such a monster black fish, had disappeared. As soon as the boats landed, their occupants scattered in every direction, and covered the ground, searching for a house site, and when they had seen the entire shore they returned to the *Kite* to report. It was not such an easy thing to select the place for the house, because there were so many things to be provided for, and then the one with whom the decision rested was obliged to see with the eyes of others, as he lay in the cabin a prisoner with a broken leg.

The house must not be too far from the shore; it must be where no landslide nor falling rocks from the cliffs could crush it, where the torrents from the melting snow of early summer could not sweep it away, and yet it should be sheltered from the furious blasts of winter, and be so placed as to get all the sunlight possible. Finally, a little knoll between two brooks, about a hundred feet from the shore, was selected. The soft earth of this little grass-and-flower-covered eminence gave an opportunity to set the house level with but very little digging,



OUR ARCTIC HOME IN SUMMER.

while the slope in every direction insured dryness, and the slight elevation gave a good outlook over the bay. The only objection to the location was that the cliffs to the south would shut off the sun early in spring and late in autumn, but this could not be helped.

After every one had had a good sleep, the boats again went ashore, carrying pickaxes and shovels, and in a day the excavation for the house had been completed. Then came the putting up of the frames. These had been cut and fitted while the *Kite* was fast in the ice of Melville Bay, on her way up, and now they had only to be nailed together and erected. The construction of the little house had been the subject of a great deal of thought and study, the great objects being to have it as light and yet as strong and warm as possible. The general theory of its construction was to make it a series of light tight shells, enclosing several air spaces between the innermost and outermost coverings. The frames were made of six boards, 10 inches wide by 1¼-inches thick. They rested upon three plank sills, and were spaced three feet apart lengthwise of the house. Boards similar to the bottom board of the frames were placed upon the plank sills, half-way between each two frames, and these with the bottom boards of the frames formed the floor joists, spaced 18 inches apart.

Then the floor was laid of 1¼-inch yellow pine boards three inches wide, tongued and grooved, and solidly blind-nailed to every floor joist. Next came the roof and sides. First, heavy two-ply tarred paper was laid in horizontal courses entirely around the house, against the outside of the studs from the ground to the ridge, each course overlapping the one below, like weather-boarding, and nailed to each stud. Then over this was nailed the outside boarding of one-inch boards, tongued and grooved. When this boarding was finished, all the horizontal laps of the tarred paper were tacked to it (from the inside, of course), to make wind-tight joints. Then three-ply paper was put on outside of the boarding, in vertical strips running from the ground up the wall, over the roof, and down the other side to the ground again. On the ends the strips ran from the ground to the edge of the roof. Each of these strips lapped the others about two inches, and laths nailed continuously from ground to ground over these laps made wind and rain tight joints. This completed the outer shell of the little house. Then came the lining of the interior. First, thick sheets of paste-board known as trunk boards, three feet wide by four feet long and a quarter of an inch thick, were nailed against the inside of the studs, on the sides, and overhead, until the entire house was cased in.

Now, if you have followed me closely you will see that the house consisted of two shells, the outer composed of two thicknesses of tarred paper and an inch of closely fitted boards, and the inner composed of thick trunk boards. Between these two shells was an air space varying in thickness from ten inches at the sides to over three feet in the centre of the triangular place just under the ridge. Now, as air is known to be a good non-conductor, if the air in this space could be prisoned effectively, it would form the most simple, cheap, and effective blanket. So all the joints in the card-board were carefully pasted over with wide strips of heavy brown paper, and made perfectly air-tight.

This formed an effectual barrier to the wind and cold, but did not present a very inviting appearance, and the next thing was to line our nest. This was done with blankets. All along the angles of the interior, both horizontal and vertical, narrow strips of 1¼-inch boards were nailed, and then on the inner faces of these were tacked heavy red Indian blankets with black borders. This made the interior as warm and cozy in appearance as could be desired, and at the same time added another air space 1¼ inches thick to our defences against old Boreas. The house was now in shape to withstand all the buffeting of summer or even autumn weather, but it was inadequate to protect us from the indescribable fury of the midwinter storms and temperatures of half a hundred degrees below zero.

To enable it to stand these sieges, a draft was made upon the moss patches and the numerous stones lying about, and with these materials, helped out with some empty pork and beef barrels, a thick close wall was built entirely around the house, its inner face four feet away from the sides of the house. When this wall had been built up till its top was everywhere about four and a half feet below the roof of the house, it was levelled off, and all the wooden boxes of provisions, with their covers removed and the opened sides facing inward, piled in regular courses, like blocks of stone, upon it.

All provisions, such as tea, coffee, sugar, flour, cornmeal, etc., that could be damaged by moisture, had been packed in water-tight rectangular tins holding twenty-five pounds each, and two of these tins were packed in a substantial wooden case. Thus all the boxes were of practically the same size, and they therefore lent themselves very gracefully to this style of construction. The boxes raised the wall some two feet higher, and then a canvas roof was stretched from the top of the wall to the side of the house, forming a covered corridor four feet wide round the house. This arrangement of the boxes enabled them to serve the double purpose of protection and storehouse, and greatly economized room, while at the same time it allowed as free access to everything as if it was in an open cupboard.

The house itself was now finished, and there was nothing more to be done outside until the snow should come and enable us to add its warm white blanket to our covering. There was still a good deal to be done in the fitting and furnishing of the interior.

The inside of the house, which was now twenty-one feet long by twelve feet wide and seven and one-half feet high, was first divided into two rooms, one large and one small, by a six-inch partition. Then came the question of the best arrangement for the stove. This has always been a difficult matter—how to place the stove so as to make its heat most effective, and in particular how to compel it to heat the layer of air close to the floor, the temperature of which in arctic houses has always been below the freezing-point, while that in the upper part of the room has been at or perhaps above 90°; and last, but most important, how to arrange the stove and pipe so that there could be no possible chance of setting the little house on fire. Think of the horror of having one's house and provisions burned, and being driven out into the deadly cold of the arctic winter night to perish in the snow! To meet all these requirements the stove was placed in the large room, at the middle of the partition dividing the two rooms, and instead of placing it on the floor, as is usual, a large square hole was cut in the floor, and the sides of the hole from the floor down to the ground beneath boxed up and covered with zinc. The bottom of this hole was then covered with gravel from the beach, and the stove with the legs removed lowered into it. By this arrangement the ash-pan and the bottom of the fire-pot were below the floor level, and there was no trouble with cold floor. The partition back of the stove was protected by heavy tin, and in front of this, between the tin and the stove, several copper wires were stretched, on which wet boots, stockings, mittens, etc., were dried.

From the top of the stove the stove-pipe was carried up to within a foot of the ceiling, then along overhead to the end of the house. But instead of carrying the pipe through the wall of the house, where it might come in contact with wood, and where there would always be the possible danger of a fire originating, a pane of glass was taken out of each of the double windows near the upper corner, and their places supplied by sheets of tin through which holes just the size of the pipe had been cut. Through these holes the pipe was carried, and then continued several feet away from the side of the house. When this was completed neither stove nor pipe touched wood anywhere in its course, and the entire distance from the ash-pan to the outer end of the pipe could be seen at a glance by any one in the room.

The ventilation of the rooms was effected by an eight by ten inch wooden shaft in each, extending from the ceiling up through the triangular air space under the roof to the ridge of the house. Here they were covered with a board having five 2½-inch auger-holes bored in it. These holes were open all the time, and through them escaped all the moisture and bad air of the rooms. In low temperatures the condensation from the warm air escaping through them was like thick white smoke.



THE HOUSE IN WINTER.

Across one end of the small room a double bunk was made from the remains of the house lumber, and on one side of the large room four single bunks in two tiers were put up. Then a table and a number of chairs were made, and with help of some boxes of books the house was furnished. By this time the snow had come, and soon, with the aid of two busy snow-shovels and a snow-knife or two, the wall all round was heavily banked with snow, the canvas roof of the corridor and the flat portions of the main roof covered a foot deep with the same, then with blocks and slabs of hard snow a thick wall was built to protect the gable, and with more blocks and slabs a long, narrow, low snow entrance to the corridor was built, and the fortress to resist the fiercest sieges of King Winter was complete.

PRINCE KIKUCHI.

BY L. J. VANCE.

"DO tell me another one of those pretty stories, uncle." The pleader was a boy of twelve, with bright eyes and intelligent face: the authority, an ex-consul to Japan, who loved him like a father.

"I used to hear," he answered, "many quaint stories similar to our nursery tales."

"Just one more, uncle."

"Well, I will give you a story that may be found in those little paper books which lie about upon the mats of every Japanese house where there are children. When I have finished, you shall tell me the lesson to be learned from the story.

"There was once a poor sandal-maker, who lived in the low quarter of the city of Yeddo. His son Kikuchi was dissatisfied with his hard lot. He was always complaining of his own poverty and misery; and he loved and was loved by the pretty Taki, and that alone made life worth living. One day he said

to her, 'I wish I could be a Prince, wear fine clothes, have plenty to eat and nothing to do, and you my Princess.'

"'I would rather have you as you are,' said the sweet-tempered Taki, who didn't mind Kikuchi's grumblings, they were so common.

"But the god Inari happened to hear this wish, and he decided to give Kikuchi a good chance. So that night, when the young man was sleeping soundly, his head resting on his dirty pillow, and his body covered by coarse cotton quilts, he appeared to him, and said: 'You want to be a Prince? Very well; you shall try it for a week.'

"Kikuchi rubbed his eyes and awoke. Lo and behold! he was in a luxuriously furnished room. His pillow was of camphor wood, with a roll of the best bamboo paper tied upon it; his quilts were of the softest silk.

"'Well,' said Kikuchi, 'this is too good to be true. I suppose it is time to get up.'

"Just at that moment a servant entered and approached him, kneeling, with a tray of sweetmeats; and after Kikuchi had swallowed them all greedily, the servant retired as he came, kneeling.

"Then another servant came with a suit of embroidered silk, having stiff card-board wings, and adorned with huge white crests of oak leaves.

"'If Taki could only see me now,' thought Kikuchi, 'wouldn't she open her big brown eyes! As I am a full-fledged Prince, I suppose I must act like one, and so I'll look dignified.'

"Nevertheless, the new Prince felt uncomfortable in his fine suit, and after a while he wanted to take off those card-board wings, which bothered him.

"And now an elderly man, who said he was his guardian, appeared, and informed him that the master of Chinese was ready to give him his morning lesson. Kikuchi spent two long weary hours trying to understand the Chinese parts of speech, but it was hard work. After the lesson in Chinese came the music teacher, and after the music lesson, the singing master.

"The different lessons now being over, Kikuchi was ready to take off his heavy suit of clothes and rest, when his guardian informed him that the mid-day meal would soon be served. Then a servant brought him a fresh suit of clothes, and helped him to undress and dress again. Kikuchi went to the place where the repast was spread, and the nobles and ladies of the court, gorgeously arrayed, made obeisance as he appeared. Every one spoke in whispers or low tones, and altogether it was a solemn affair. Once or twice Kikuchi made witty remarks, as he thought, but he caught the scolding eye and heavy frown of his guardian, and after that he held his tongue. Few of the ladies were pretty, and none could compare with his Taki. 'If Taki were dressed in such silks,' thought Kikuchi, 'she would outshine them all.'

"The new Prince did not enjoy his dinner one bit, and, besides, the victuals tasted strange. He would have liked a dish of stewed eels, such as he could get at home, better than the meats and stuffs disguised with strange sauces. The meal lasted about two hours, and Kikuchi was glad when it was over.

"'Now I can have the rest of the day to myself, and for pleasure,' said Kikuchi.

"But no. His guardian came and told him that many important matters awaited his attention. There were disputes to be settled, petitioners to be received, tenants of his estates to be heard, and so forth.

"'If I am a Prince,' thought Kikuchi, 'I suppose I must attend to these things.' And for two long hours he sat patiently, though ill at ease, listening to claims, disputes, begging of favors, items of revenue, and a hundred other matters about which he knew or cared very little.

"When at length the last suitor had departed, Kikuchi was half asleep with fatigue, and would have retired to his beautiful bed-chamber, but his guardian told him that he must have exercise after so much quiet, and now the fencing master was brought in. The tired Prince unwillingly put on a heavy suit of cham armor, and for an hour had to attack and defend, to parry and lunge and dance about until he was too weak to stand.

"After a short rest, the hour of the evening meal was announced. Kikuchi was obliged to put on another suit of clothes, and to sit down to an entertainment twice as dull and as long as the mid-day one.

"'Surely this will end my duties for the day.' But no. His guardian came just before the dinner was over, and reminded him that a fair was to be held in the quarter, and that the ladies and nobles who held the fair would feel slighted if the Prince did not honor the opening night with his presence.

"'Besides,' said his guardian — how he hated that guardian! — 'your betrothed, the Princess O Hana, goes there.'

"'My what?' inquired Kikuchi.

"The guardian only looked grim, and walked out of the room.

"'Here is a pretty kettle of fish,' exclaimed Kikuchi. 'I am not going to give Taki up for any O Hana. They can't make me marry her. However, I may as well see what O Hana is like.' And so, forgetting his fatigue, and eager to see the Princess, Kikuchi opened the fair.

"He was both surprised and pleased at the appearance of O Hana, who was really a very charming young woman. The more Kikuchi saw of her, the more he was fascinated by her manner and taken by her wit.

"At an early hour of the morning Kikuchi retired to his bed, thoroughly worn out and disgusted. He had worked harder than ever he had for his poor father. He found that acting the Prince wasn't such an easy task after all. Then his guardian — would he ever get rid of him? Then Taki—would she forget him? O Hana — what about her? Truly Kikuchi was in a confused state of mind. He did not know what to do. If Taki could only talk like O Hana!

"And so the week dragged along. On the evening of the sixth day the god Inari appeared. 'Well,' said he, 'what do you want me to do? Do you wish to return to poverty and to Taki, or are you satisfied to be a Prince and to marry O Hana?'

"Now these very questions Kikuchi had been asking himself for days and days, and it was only after a long and severe struggle with his feelings and his love that he at last made up his mind."

"What did Kikuchi do, uncle?"

"I can't say, Leslie. I think the story leaves off just here; but whether it does or not, it conveys a lesson."

"Yes, uncle; I suppose the god Inari meant to cure Kikuchi of grumbling and discontent. But I wish you could remember whether he was satisfied to remain a Prince and marry O Hana, or whether he remained true to the pretty Taki."

JUST IN TIME.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.

BY DAVID KER.

"DOWN, Friday — down, sir! That's enough for one spell, I'm sure. I can't be running about with you all day, you know; and if *you* don't want to rest, *I* do!"

The companion addressed as "Friday" by Arthur Woodville was a small, lean, wiry-looking dog—as black as its renowned Caribbean namesake, and bearing plain marks of recent ill-usage — which was leaping and barking around its young master on a sunny green slope beneath the shadow of a mighty cliff in the Central Pyrenees.

While on their way southward through France, Arthur and his uncle had halted at a small town not far to the north of Bordeaux, and the boy's attention had been attracted by the performance of a troupe of dancing dogs in the queer little old-fashioned market-place, and he took special notice of one poor half-starved beast, which, having evidently been just added to the band, was still rather slow and awkward with the tricks required of it, and received an incessant shower of merciless blows from its hard-hearted master.

Woodville's warm English heart rose against this cruelty, and he lost no time in redeeming the ill-used dog from bondage, at the cost of all his available pocket-money; for the knavish showman, as cunning as he was cruel, took care to make the best bargain he could out of the boy's generous impulse.

Having secured his new pet, the first thing that our hero had to do, of course, was to give him a name; and as the day happened to be a Friday, Arthur was at once reminded of the famous captive whom his chosen hero had saved on that day from *his* tormentors, and named him "Friday" on the spot.

The dog and its new master soon became inseparable, and under the boy's kinder training it quickly picked up many accomplishments which blows and hunger had failed to instil into it. When they got to the Pyrenees, the day was hardly long enough for the constant rambles which they took together along the mountain-side, leaping torrents, scaling cliffs, dashing at full speed down steep slopes, and making the grim old rocks echo with the laughter of the one and the barking of the other, while the sober French peasants watched their antics with mingled wonder and amusement.

Finding his master not inclined for more play, Friday did a

little extra barking and frolicking on his own account, and then getting tired in his turn, lay down beside the boy in the cool shadow cast by the great rock overhead. But all at once the dog gave a low growl, lifted its head, snuffed the air uneasily for a moment, and then sprang up and began to bark furiously, as if scenting the coming of a foe.

And sure enough a foe *was* coming, but a foe that would never be dangerous any more.

A sturdy peasant had just come out upon the slope through the mouth of a dark narrow glen that led downward from the higher mountains, carrying over his shoulders a long brownish-gray bundle, which, as he came nearer, was seen to be the carcass of a huge gaunt wolf. The monster's wide-open eyes still had a cruel and menacing glare, and the swaying of the head as it hung downward showed all the sharp yellow fangs that had worried many a helpless lamb and tender kid, ere a blow of brave Pierre Tarraut's trusty axe put an end to the four-footed brigand's misdeeds at once and forever.

This was a sight that did not come in Arthur Woodville's way every day, and the boy scrambled to his feet, and ran to look at the dead monster, which Pierre held proudly up for his inspection. But his excitement was nothing to that of the dog, which, evidently recognizing the slain wolf as its natural enemy, flew fiercely at the dangling body, jumped and snapped at it with might and main, and kept up a furious barking even after Tarraut and his burden were out of sight, till it was forced to cease from sheer lack of breath.

After this, dog and boy remained quite still for nearly a quarter of an hour, a thing very rare with both of them. But all at once Friday again began to show signs of excitement, and even of uneasiness. More than once it started, raised its head quickly, and bent forward as if listening intently to some distant sound; and at length it sprang to its feet, and began racing up to its young master, and then darting away again, as if inviting him to follow it.

"Keep still, can't you?" yawned Arthur, who, what with the heat of the day, and with his own fatigue, had all but dozed off to sleep.

But so far from keeping still, the dog redoubled its efforts, venturing at last to pull its master's clothes with its teeth; and then, finding even this in vain, it suddenly snatched his cap from his head, and ran away with it.

Now the cap was a new and very jaunty French one which Arthur had bought only a few days before, and the threatened loss of it was more than the boy could stand. Up he jumped in a trice, and shouting angrily at the dog, darted after it as fast as his feet could carry him.

It was very lucky for him that he did so, little as he knew it at the time. Hardly had he got half-way along the slope when there came a dull, ominous rumble far overhead like the roll of heavy wheels; a harsh grating noise was heard, followed by a deafening crash; a whirl of dust filled the whole air like smoke from a discharge of cannon; and when the dust cleared away, Arthur looked back and saw the spot on which he had just been lying buried many feet deep under a mighty mass of earth, gravel, and fallen rocks.

"*Voilà un chien de beaucoup d'esprit!*" (that's a dog with plenty of intellect), said the landlord of the little village inn at which our travellers were staying, when Arthur told his adventure that night. And every one else who heard the tale was quite of the same opinion.

AN ARTIST, A PUMA, AND SOME BEARS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

TO many persons who do not happen to know better, an artist is a slim-legged, long-haired, melancholy person who always wears a velvet jacket, an enormous necktie with flying ends, and a wide slouch-hat. Whether such fantastic fellows ever existed among painters I do not know, but it is certain that the artist nowadays is, or appears to be, very much like other professional gentlemen, and rather enjoys being known as an expert in something besides his art.

Two artists were encamped one summer upon the shore of a lovely lake on the western slope of Long's Peak, called Grand Lake. The fishing there was capital—thousands of large trout, easily caught, thronged the cold clear waters; and in the intervals of their sketching these campers were accustomed to fish a great deal, and to save alive the larger part of what they caught in creels or cages made of slats of wood, anchored in the edge of the lake.

One night, as they lay in their tent near the shore, they heard animals of some kind prowling about and splashing in the water. But the wind was blowing pretty hard, making the pines rattle and groan, so that the suspicious sounds were not very distinct; and concluding that a couple of their burros (donkeys) were poking about the camp, as they are very likely to do, the tired fellows turned over and went to sleep.

You may imagine their disgust next morning to find that two grizzly-bears had wandered down from the cañon, torn their fish-boxes to pieces, and let free all the trout their big paws and jaws were unable to capture. Bears are very fond of fish, so this foray was not surprising; but the trout were gone just the same.

One of these artists now lives in New York, and his pictures of wild beasts, such as the elk, panther, bears, and so on, have been praised very highly by the critics for their lifelike vigor. This is not to be wondered at, since for many years he has been accustomed to wander about the remotest parts of Colorado, often quite alone and sometimes in midwinter, trusting to his rifle for both food and protection, in order to study these animals in their wild haunts, and make his pictures so lifelike and true, that we shall feel that we have been encamped among the snowy peaks and shady dells of their backgrounds.

On one occasion this young gentleman was camped, late in the autumn, away over on the western slope of the Rockies, in northern Colorado, with no settlement or even a wagon-road within many miles. He had two or three mules, on one of which he rode, while upon the others he packed his bacon, flour, and "canned goods," his ammunition, and his roll of bedding.

Finding in a secluded valley, favorable for hunting, a small log cabin, put up, nobody knows when, by some wandering hunter or ore prospector, he decided to make it his home for two or three months. The cabin had no chimney, but there was a fireplace in the middle of the earthen floor, over which a hole in the roof let out the smoke; nor was there any window or door, but that didn't matter.

So he stowed in one corner his provisions and ammunition and sketching materials, put up in another a bed of springy poles, hung a piece of gunny-sacking across the doorway to make the interior seem snug, and soon made himself at home and contented.

He rambled about, sketched and painted, hunted and fished for a month or more, and nothing happened to disturb either him or his little terrier Peggy. He killed a bear or two, shot two or three antelopes and mountain-sheep, and found the deer so plentiful that he had killed and hung up in the quaking-asp trees near by no less than twenty carcasses to furnish him meat when the deep snows should prevent his going abroad to hunt.

One day my friend discovered that he had fired his last cartridge; but he was busy on a picture, and did not like to go to the distant railway station to get more until he had finished that subject. Now that very afternoon—it always happens so in stories, but here it came about in very truth—he was in his cabin cooking his early supper, when the growling of Peggy and a slight noise outside attracted his attention. The cabin was set into the side hill, like many another in those mountains, and the logs on that up-hill side of the house were poorly chinked, so that when Mr. Proctor looked in that direction he could plainly see the feet of a puma, or mountain-lion, slowly marching past, as though the beast were trying to find some place to look in.

Remember that there was no door better than a dan-

glass curtain of old sacking, no window out of which he could climb if the puma insisted upon sharing his fireside, not a single cartridge for his rifle, and a great hungry cat, nearly as big and ferocious as a Bengal tiger, was sneaking about just outside the logs.

"How did you feel?" I asked him.

"Feel? I was scared stiff."

"What did you do?" was my second question.

"I got the axe, and stood behind the curtain waiting for the brute to poke his nose in. I heard him creep around to the front, and come whining to the very door-sill. I thought Peggy would die of fright. But the puma refrained from crawling under the curtain, and presently slunk away. I suppose he smelled me, and was afraid to venture. He is a cautious, not to say cowardly, brute; and, besides, he didn't know that my Winchester rifle was not loaded."

"Pleasant situation in which to spend the night," I remarked. "Did you sleep at all?"

"Oh yes. I built a bright fire, and knowing that it would keep him away, I slept as comfortably as usual."

"Did you see him again?"

"Yes; or at any rate, I *heard* him next day, and was worse scared than before, for he actually nosed at the curtain where I was waiting with my axe. And that night he frightened my poor mules so badly that they ran so far away it took me all the next day to catch them."

"Why in the world didn't you go and get some ammunition?" I inquired.



A GREAT HUNGRY CAT, NEARLY AS BIG AND FEROCIOUS AS A BENGAL TIGER.

"Well, that would have cost me a two days' ride—one out to the railroad and one back; and I hated to spend the time before I had finished my picture, because the weather was liable to change. However, by searching through my goods, I at last found one single cartridge, and putting it into my rifle, I went outside as evening came on, and waited in hope of seeing the brute. I felt sure he was in some brush close to the cabin, but I couldn't see him, and didn't dare go and beat him out, with only one poor cartridge in my gun. At last I grabbed Peggy by the scruff of the neck, and flung her as far as I could into the shadows of the thicket as a bait to draw the puma out; but it was no use, and the way that unhappy dog cut for home the instant her feet touched the ground was laughable."

"Would have made a dog laugh," I suggested.

"Yes, another dog. Peggy couldn't see the joke. Well, next day I had to hunt up the mules and go to the railroad, picture or no picture, for the lion was becoming a nuisance; but when I came back, he had disappeared after spoiling a couple of my deer carcasses."

It was on one of these lonely journeys—perhaps this very one—that my friend witnessed a curious bit of bear life, which interested me greatly.

He was leading his animals down a rough trail on one side of a narrow gulch, when he caught sight, on the opposite side of the cañon, of a large black bear, accompanied by a small cub.

The distance was long, but dropping on one knee, and calculating the range as well as possible, he sent a rifle-ball flying across the gulch. The old bear spun round as if she had stepped on a top, uttered a loud roar, and after a savage snap with her teeth at her side, where the ball seemed to have struck her, reared up on her hind legs, and gazed all around, showing that she was not seriously wounded, whereupon two more cubs appeared upon the scene.

Then, as if she had caught sight of the enemy, she dropped down on all fours, and hitting one of the cubs a cuff, started it up a big pine-tree. This exposed her excellently for a second shot, but the artist lowered his gun and waited to see what she meant to do.

The cub scrambled a little way up the tree, and was followed by a second one, the mother growling at it, and shoving it along.

The third cub, however, objected decidedly to climbing that old pine, and the anxious mother, rearing up, put both paws against its little haunches and fairly *boosted* it, in spite of its unwillingness, as far as she could reach. Meanwhile the second one had come down, but "caught it" in consequence. Mother Bruin lifted her big paws, fairly spanked that foolish youngster till he howled lustily, and roughly boosted him as she had his brother, until all three were curled up in the crotches of the lower limbs.

Then, and not until then, when she had looked out as well as she could for the safety of her babies, and had evidently admonished them to keep quiet, did she seek safety for herself by hiding in the bushes. I hope she was not so severely wounded as to suffer a great deal before she recovered.



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER ROBES.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 250.]

FREAKS OF THE COLD.

THIS present winter is really unusual in many respects, and the people who most regret it live in the Southern States. In places in Virginia the mercury registered 10° below zero, and on the borders of Tennessee and North Carolina it went 4° lower than in Virginia. The folks who live in the Northwest are used to severe cold, and expect more or less of a winter, but it is doubtful if they like it when the mercury gets so low that there are no degrees to mark it, and then to have the mercury freeze, as it is reported to have done, must certainly be trying. It is stated by an eminent authority that if one touches a piece of iron exposed to a temperature of 40° below zero the sensation is the same as when one touches a red-hot iron. Now nobody wants to wander about with the mercury at 40° below, neither do they want to handle red-hot irons to know how it feels, and so compare sensations, so it is just as well to receive the statement of the eminent authority without trying experiments. It may be some slight consolation, however, to the people who are freezing in Florida, for it is below 32° down there, to know that in times past there have been much colder winters.

As far back as 402 the Euxine Sea was frozen over for twenty days, and how cold it was over here then no one knows. But just imagine the distress of the poor inhabitants, who had no thermometers to tell them that it was really as cold as they thought it was. What the old historians say must be accepted with a certain amount of faith, but what is one going to do when it is stated that the two seas at Constantinople were frozen a hundred miles from shore, and gives the period of the frost from October, 763, to February, 764. At any rate you can't dispute the record to-day, and must believe what you can of it. The Emperor Constantine Copronymus, who governed the Eastern Empire at that time, must have longed for a palace in Africa.

In 1035, states a record, a frost in England on mid-summer day is said to have destroyed the fruits of the earth; but that phrase, "is said to have," disarms all criticism, and one need not believe it if he does not care to. Twenty-eight years later, however, the Thames was frozen for fourteen weeks, and in 1407 all the small birds in England are said to have perished from the cold. This last record is truly pitiful, and the cold must have been most severe. The birds in Florida can take comfort, however, for it was then a great deal lower than the freezing-point. For six weeks in 1323 persons could travel on the ice of the Baltic Sea, and in 1402 it was frozen from Pomerania to Denmark. Again people could ride on horseback across the sea from Sweden to Denmark in 1460, and it is stated that they really did so. England used to have very hard luck in having all her birds frozen by the cold, for in the winter of 1683–4 they nearly all perished, while great oak-trees were split, and eleven inches of ice covered the Thames. A citizen of London writes that that year "the people kept trades on the Thames as in a fair. About forty coaches daily plied on the Thames as on dry land." Another fair was held on the river in 1715–16, and again in 1740, when it lasted nine weeks, and all sorts of diversions were held on the ice, while coaches drove all about. This last occurred in what is known as the "hard winter," probably marking a period to the people of that day as "the blizzard" does to present New-Yorkers.

Charles X. of Sweden was undoubtedly brave, but there must have been a cold winter in 1658 when he was bold enough to march his whole army across the ice from Holstein to Denmark over the Little Belt. One hundred and ninety years previous to this exploit it was intensely cold in Flanders, and wine was distributed, presumably to the poor. But the people didn't have to carry pitchers or jars; a basket was sufficient, for the wine had to be cut by hatchets when it was passed around. Flanders had a repetition of this weather in 1544, when the wine again froze in solid lumps; and as such an occurrence happened in no other place, we are led to judge that the Flanders wine might have been of a particular kind.

The people of Vienna had a very hard time of it just two hundred and two years ago, for it was then so frigid that the wolves in the surrounding country were rendered desperate, and entering the city attacked both cattle and men. The harbor of New York was frozen over in 1780, and teams crossed from the city to Staten Island, a distance of six miles. This state of things is not liable to be repeated this year, however, although there has been enough ice in the bay to hold the boats as in a vise. It is said that in 1849 the cold was so intense in Norway that people lost their breath when exposed to the atmosphere, and when one comes to think about such a sad condition of affairs it is truly horrible. We may be thankful that we live in a more temperate zone, for no such thing is recorded as having happened over here.

The cold, however, has its compensations. There are sleighing and skating, and Jack Frost touches up Niagara with his magical finger, and builds such wondrous castles and statues of ice, that once seen they are never forgotten. The spray rising from the great cataract freezes as it falls, and soon a wall of curious carved ice wellnigh veils the water, and takes on so many strange shapes that Jack is acknowledged to be a great artist.

COMMON SENSE ATHLETICS FOR BOYS.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

BEFORE everything else there is one thing you must never do, and that is to "train." I suppose the youngster naturally wishes, as much as possible, to follow in the footsteps of his big brother, and the desire to be looked upon as an "athlete" who trains and goes his paces is quickly understood by those who have not forgotten their own boyhood. But if boys will consider for a moment that they are like a growing plant, easily dwarfed and readily misshapened under thoughtless or misdirected pressure, they will realize how much harm can be done by unduly straining their muscles, and by calling on the heart for more work than it is prepared to perform. Parents and teachers who countenance elaborate athletics in young boys are doing the greatest harm imaginable, and when it comes to permitting boys actually to go into training for any game, I can only add that such persons are utterly unfitted for the guardianship of growing lads.



It seems curious that with the advance we have made in the last few years in scientific athletics, there should still be cause for writing so strongly on a subject that ought to be covered by the common-sense of mature men, and yet I am constantly hearing of tug-of-war teams composed of boys fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age, and right here in our own city I can point to school football elevens that last season went into regular training. It has been a custom, too, in several schools to permit a course of more or less severe training as preparation for track athletic events. The tug-of-war is so tremendous a strain on the system, that in the last year or two the game has fallen into disuse at nearly all athletic contests among young men, while the colleges have dropped it entirely. That undeveloped boys should be allowed for a moment to have anything to do with such a health-sapping game seems, therefore, incomprehensible. I believe the tug-of-war has been abandoned by the best schools in New York, and it should be cast into outer darkness all over the country.



As for general training for athletic events, it is very

nearly as great a mistake, and I am addressing myself to boys sixteen years of age and under, though, of course, my remarks will apply with equal force to many boys of seventeen, eighteen, and even nineteen, who are unusually backward in their physical development. Growing boys should not expect nor make any attempt to get their muscles "hard." It would be directly against all laws of nature if they were so. The main idea in athletic work is to keep the skin clean, and get inside your veins and arteries pure blood, and plenty of it. The only training you must think of doing is with your stomach. Keep it in good condition by eating plenty of wholesome food, and you will find yourself equal to whatever exercise you are inclined to do. Care of the stomach, and an amount of athletic work which stops short of tiring the boys out, are all the training that should be permitted school teams of any description.



To eat his meals at the same hour every day and to do no munching between meals are sufficient to make the boy who follows the rule honestly, superior, at least in "condition," to the one who does not. For the rest, any kind of out-door athletic work that is not too severe, as, for example, running, jumping, and hurdling, will gradually build him up, and increase his muscles as rapidly as his strength will permit.

By running I mean cross-country running, or what approaches it as nearly as possible. Running short distances at top speed is not only undesirable for the growing lad, but it is decidedly injurious. Sprinting one or two hundred yards is bad enough, but when it comes to training a boy at a quarter or half mile, which is, in fact, a prolonged sprint, the harm he receives is likely to be very considerable and lasting.



If boys are inclined to become sprinters, the best and safest procedure is for them to confine their efforts to simple "starting," not running out more than forty to fifty yards at the utmost, until they have gained something of their growth and strength, and they will find they have fitted themselves for greater efforts by the best possible means. After all, starting is everything in sprinting nowadays; the speed is more or less natural, but skill in getting off the mark is acquired.

In my opinion it is a great mistake to put a boy under sixteen in the gymnasium for the conventional course of instruction. Not one gymnasium instructor in fifty adapts himself to the individual requirements of his pupils; and even were he to do so, the lad will not reap one-half the benefit from following the usual routine of pulleys, weights, etc., that he will by romping about out-of-doors. Give him a little sensible light dumbbell work for ten or fifteen minutes when he first gets out of bed in the morning, and then keep him out in the open air for just as much time as he can spare from his studies, which at this age should not occupy much of his time out of school hours.

I have noticed a growing tendency to permit children to sit up much later than is good for them, the natural result being a too prevalent fondness for the bed in the morning. If a boy wants to keep himself in prime condition, to grow up strong and vigorous, let him get up in the morning long enough before breakfast to have first ten minutes of brisk work with a pair of light wooden dumbbells, then his cold bath, and afterwards a sharp walk of fifteen minutes. Any boy who will follow this plan will discover before many weeks that he is easily superior to his classmates in almost any athletic work he undertakes, while headaches and other ills too common to growing lads will be unknown to him.

I have spoken especially of a cold bath, because it is very essential in building up a vigorous body. I do not mean an absolutely cold plunge, just as the water comes out of the pipes or well in the winter. It should have the chill taken off for the first dip, and as the boy grows older he may be able to let in the cold water direct from the pipe after he has once got into the tub. But I do not believe in a plunge into the icy cold water directly after rising. I never do it myself, and I have been taking cold-water baths many years; so long, in fact, that I should feel out of sorts, I am sure, if I missed one. I advise a big sponge applied quickly and thoroughly, and then rubbing with good bath towels afterwards. The rub is quite as beneficial as the bath; indeed, without it the value of the plunge is greatly lessened. Rub your skin until it glows, and you will be astonished when you start out for your fifteen minutes' walk how warm and active you feel.



There is a vast difference in methods of walking too. If you will watch from your window the passing men and boys for ten or fifteen minutes, you will the better understand what I mean. Many will slouch along with head stuck forward like a turtle's, shoulders rounded, and the leg swung lazily from the hip; or maybe they will scurry along at an awkward gait, resembling nothing so much as that of a cow. Once or twice, as you watch, you will see a man actually walking as it was intended that man should walk. His head is erect upon his shoulders, and instead of swinging the leg from the hip and coming down on the heel, he steps out, feeling the ground with the ball of his foot and working every muscle in his leg. That is the way you must walk, otherwise you will reap no benefit whatever from the exercise. Every time you put your feet down *feel* the ground with the ball of one foot, giving a little push as you bring forward the other foot, and you will find you are bringing the muscles of the calf as well as those of the thigh into play. The more walking of the right sort you get, the better for you. Walk to your school in the morning, and back again in the afternoon; and do not in cold weather, unless so ordered by the doctor, bundle up your throat. Half the sore throats come from wrapping them up until they are overheated, and then exposed to "cool off." Bear in mind in all your athletic work that you will not catch cold, no matter how warm you get, so long as you keep in action; but the moment you stop put on your sweater, or, better still, your bath robe, which will protect your legs as well.



The best plan of all is not to stop until you have finished your work, and then take your shower-bath and your rub down, and get into your clothes as quickly as possible. Observe this golden rule in your athletic exercise—never do your work slovenly, keep up your head *invariably*, and hold yourself together and in form. If you do not, you will not only lose half the benefit but

miss entirely one of the chief charms of a well-drilled body, viz., grace. It is the perfect mastery of all the muscles which brings grace.

During the summer and autumn there is no need whatever of any boy doing in-door work. Even if he is not a member of a football eleven or baseball nine, there is abundant opportunity for him to play at both games; and there are tennis and swimming and riding and bicycling, though he must do no racing in this last until he is a couple of years older. Any one of these, according to his opportunity, is excellent for him; and should it so happen that he can enjoy none of them, he can certainly romp about in the sunshine and air, which is better than any in-door work he might be inclined to do. Always wear supporters no matter what game you are playing.



When winter comes, and out-door sport has ceased, the average boy, especially if he lives in the city, makes the great mistake of stopping his exercise, and thereby losing all the benefit of his summer outing. On the other hand it is quite as grave a mistake to go in for an extensive course of gymnastic work. No matter how elaborate the system or the apparatus, there are just so many sets of muscles, and the simplest and most direct method of exercising them is the best. The illustrations here given comprise a few simple movements that I have found after considerable experience to be of the greatest benefit. They act directly on the muscles intended to work, and may be practised at home or in the gymnasium, and with light wooden dumbbells (not to exceed three pounds) or wands. I believe in movements that expand the walls of the chest and strengthen the lungs, for it is here we store the power of the human machine. Do not go in for pulley-weight work. What you want is quick light work; and stop when your muscles begin to get tired. Go from one movement to the next without stopping, and when you have worked for twenty minutes continuously, go immediately to the bath-room, and lose no time getting into your clothes after the bath. As you gain strength you can vary your work a little by swinging on the rings, passing the medicine ball or a football, or a little chest work on the upright bars; but make no attempt at lifting or any other heavy work, just to show how smart you are, and keep off the rowing-machine until you have had a couple of seasons out-door work. Some boxing or fencing lessons will be beneficial in teaching you how to carry yourself, but no wrestling for sixteen-year-old boys.



As a rule boys need restraining rather than urging, and that is why I do not favor gymnasium work, unless careful supervision is assured.

A DOG'S GESTURES.

MIKE, although very ignorant, went out among the farmers to canvass for a book entitled *Language of the Lower Animals*. In the chapter on dogs is this statement: "For a dog to turn on his back is well understood among dogs as a gesture of surrender. If two strange dogs meet on the street, and one shows fight, if the other turns on his back he will not, as a rule, be molested."

Mike depended upon this idea to sell the book. When near Farmer Hayne's gate, Mike suddenly stopped, dropping his book and turning pale. A big dog, with shaggy head and glaring eyes, stood showing his teeth. Flight was useless. A low savage growl came from the dog, and Mike, falling to the ground and turning on his back, said, gently,

"Yez knows the sign o' surrender, sor."

The dog was called away by Farmer Hayne, but Mike still thinks he was saved by the idea in his book.

A GOPHER MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

BY GORHAM SILVA.

A WESTERN product, the gopher, is a species of ground-squirrel; his coat, more gray in shade than the lively little chipmonk of our Northern forests, is correspondingly striped with black and white along its back. The eyes, as with all burrowing quadrupeds, are small, the lids thin almost to transparency; but the jowl formation is very peculiar. Partitioned from the mouth on either side is a membraneous sac, into which he deposits the excavated earth when boring. These pockets filled, the gopher turns around and darts back to the entrance to the hole, and, cocking his ears, listens. Assured that no enemy is nigh, the wary little rodent lifts his head straight in the air, and with a sharp whiff and a whirl of his body, empties these pockets, the dust-cloud settling in a granulated circle around the hole, rising, according to the gopher's industry, from eight to fourteen inches. This singular convenience for carrying away the bored earth renders the gopher the most troublesome small animal the Western farmer has to contend against. He is a great nuisance, being particularly destructive to cereals, and often doing serious damage to the crops, as I experienced last year on my Dakota farm.

Quite a little distance from my house is a fertile oak opening in which I planted a large field with corn, and being occupied with other matters, I neglected to look after it until late in June. What was my surprise and vexation upon going with my hired man to the opening to find not a spear of corn visible, and the entire field literally honeycombed with gopher burrows!

"Peter, this must be attended to," I said. "What shall be done?"

"There is but one way to get rid of them," he answered. "Drown them out."

"That seems cruel."

"It's a great job," he said, "but you have got it to do, and replant, or you won't get even fodder off from it, and it is the best soil on the place."

So one morning we set about the extermination of the troublesome pests. Loading a stone-boat with barrels of water, the oxen drew it to the opening, where with buckets we began deluging a spot where the burrows were thickest. We had scarcely emptied a barrel when an old mother gopher poked her head out of the water, with a gasp. For a second the frightened animal swayed her head from side to side, then with a turn that spattered the water about, she threw up her heels and dived into the hole. Shortly after she reappeared, with a young gopher a day old in her mouth. Struggling toward me, she dropped her blind burden at my feet and lifted her eyes to mine beseechingly. In their helpless expression there was something very appealing. Only a moment did the half-drowned creature regard me. She then turned, and again dived down into the burrow, to shortly return with a second baby gopher. This she laid by the first, and, as before, the brave little mother lifted her imploring eyes to mine, this time swaying her head and giving out an entreating whine. Then she nosed together the little gophers, and dragged herself, weak and halting, back to the rescue of the remainder of her young.

Interested, I stood anxiously awaiting her return. The water quivered.

"There she is coming," I said. Then a little claw reached up and feebly grabbed at the rim of the hole. "She is there; she will be up directly." But the little claw slid from the wet earth, and with one last frantic clutch in the air sank out of sight.

Again the water stirred, broke into bubbles. "Come on, brave little mother," I cried; "you deserve to live with all your family." But no, the water grew smooth; the gopher came not again. The poor little mother had been drowned in her brave effort to save her young. Could a human mother do more?

There was something so pathetic in this insignificant animal's sacrifice of life to the maternal instinct that I had no heart to further prosecute the extermination of the colony. "Peter," I called to the man, "let the gophers have the field; we will do no more drowning."

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IS THIS OUR RAFT OR NOT?

SO anxious was Winn Caspar for the recovery of the raft lost through his carelessness and over-confidence in his own ability, that having found it again, he could not bear to lose sight of it, even though he had no idea of how he might regain its possession. Therefore, as he stepped ashore after his rebuff by Grimshaw, he only went so far up the trail through the timber as to be concealed from the man's view. Then he darted into the undergrowth and crept back to the river-bank. He reached it just in time to see Grimshaw lock the door of the shanty, leave the raft, and start up the trail that he himself had taken but a minute before.

How long would the man be gone? Was there any one left on the raft? These were the questions that came into the boy's mind. There was no sign of life on the *Venture*, and by running a short distance up the trail Winn became convinced that the man had gone at least as far as the edge of the timber. Would he ever again have so good a chance of recovering his father's property? Besides, what a fine thing it would be for him to recapture the raft alone, without the aid of Billy Brackett or any one else. This latter thought decided the boy, and caused him to hastily retrace his steps.



THE RESCUE OF SABELLA.

Never had Winn been so excited! As he sprang aboard the raft and tried to cast off its fastenings he momentarily expected to hear a shout from the bank or a gruff demand from the interior of the shanty as to what he was about. Perhaps the summons would take the form of a pistol-shot, for men who would steal a raft and destroy a thousand dollars' worth of wheat would not be likely to hesitate at anything. At this last thought Winn seemed to feel the deadly sting of a bullet, and in his nervousness only made more intricate the knot he was trying to untie. At length he whipped out his jack-knife and cut the rope.

Now to head the raft out into the stream. He picked up a long set-pole, thrust one end into the bank, braced himself, and began to push. Oh, how he strained and panted! How the veins stood out on his forehead! Still the great mass of timber seemed immovable. Again and again he tried, and at length felt a slight yield. A more desperate effort than before, and he could take a step; then another, and another, until he had walked half the length of the pole. The head of the raft was swinging off, at first so slowly that the motion was almost imperceptible, then faster, until finally it felt the full force of the current. Now for one more effort! If he could only work her out from the bank and into the friendly shelter of the fog without discovery, he would feel safe even from pistol-shots. For ten minutes Winn labored as never before in all his life. But the minutes seemed hours, and he felt that he might as well attempt to push away the bank itself as the mass of timber on which he stood. Suddenly he heard that which he expected and dreaded, a shout, so loud that it seemed to be uttered on the raft. The set-pole fell from his nerveless grasp as he looked up, fully expecting to gaze into the black muzzle of a pistol.

At first he saw—nothing. He must be turned around. No; the view of the opposite direction was equally blank. Then, for an instant, he caught a glimpse of shadowy tree-tops just dissolving into formless mist. The blessed fog had folded its protecting arms about him, and he was safe.

Hurrah! he was once more in undisputed possession of the raft, and once more floating on it down the great river.

Wildly happy, the exhausted boy flung himself down on the wet planks, and yielded to pleasant reflections. It was only twenty miles to St. Louis. The current was carrying him at the rate of five miles an hour, so that he ought to reach the city soon after noon. There he would hail some steamboat or tug, and get it to tow his raft to a safe mooring-place. Then he would telegraph to both his father and his uncle Billy. After that he would engage some stout man to help guard the raft until his friends arrived. Or perhaps he would buy a revolver and guard it himself, and when his father and Uncle Billy came along, he would challenge them before allowing them to step on board. Yes, that would be the scheme, and the boy became very proud of himself as he thought of the praises in store for him.

At length Winn rose from his moist resting-place, and began to examine his surroundings. How strange the raft looked, to be sure. He wouldn't have believed its appearance could have been so altered, and now wondered that he had ever recognized it. In fact, the only feature that seemed at all familiar, as he studied it, was the forward gable end of the shanty. But somehow the building itself appeared much longer than when he last saw it. Still, there was that interior. He had seen the partition, with its door leading into his own little room, and he never heard of a raft shanty with a partition in it until this one was built. He must have another look at that interior.

The locked door baffled him. It was of such solid construction, and its lock was so well made, that it resisted all his efforts to force it. The windows were provided with heavy wooden shutters that were fastened on the inside. For an hour Winn busied himself with vain efforts to effect an entrance. At the end of that time he was discouraged. He was also uneasy. He had heard steamboats pass him, but could see nothing of them on

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

account of the fog. The last one passed very close. The next might run him down. How he wished the raft were safely tied to some bank or levee. It was awful to be thus blindly drifting, right in the track of steamboats. The fog hung so low over the water that their pilots were lifted well above it, and could see the landmarks by which they were guided. They could also see other steamboats; but such things as scows and rafts had no business to be moving at such a time. They were supposed to be snugly tied up, and consequently no pilot would be on the lookout for them. Winn knew this as well as any one, and the knowledge did not tend to reassure him.

If he only had some one with him to help work the heavy sweeps by which the raft's course might be directed, or even to advise him what to do. It was dreadful to be alone. What a foolish thing he had done, after all, in attempting to manage this affair by himself. If he had only gone back for Billy Brackett. But his boyish pride in his own ability had again overcome his judgment, and now he must abide by the consequences.

"I only hope, if I do get run down and killed, they will find out who I am," thought the poor boy. "It would be horrid to disappear and have folks say I was a coward, who had run away for fear father would be angry with me for losing his raft. As if *my* father would ever do anything to make me afraid of him! And mother! How badly she would feel if I should disappear without ever giving her the comfort of knowing I was dead. There is Etta, too, and the very last time I saw her I was ugly to her. Oh dear! I wish—well, I wish, for one thing, that I could get inside that shanty, and out of this miserable drizzle. I wonder if I can't pick the lock?"

Full of this new idea, Winn obtained a bit of stiff wire from the handle of a lantern that stood outside the shanty. This he bent as well as he could into the rude form of a key, and thus equipped, he worked patiently at the lock for another hour. At length he threw away the useless implement in disgust.

"I was never cut out for a burglar, that's certain!" he exclaimed. "There's one thing I can do, though, and I will, too. I can smash down the door, and get inside that way."

An axe lay beside a pile of wood near the forward end of the raft; and armed with this, the boy began to rain vigorous blows upon the stout door. Before these it quickly yielded, and he thus gained the interior.

Once inside, he gazed about him blankly. Nothing looked familiar; nothing was as he had expected to find it. There was the partition, with a door in it, to be sure, and there was the small room beyond the main one; but there was also another partition, and another door beyond this. There had been but two rooms in the *Venture's* shanty, while here were three. Then again the shanty that he had helped to build was only boarded up on the outside, while the interior had been left unveiled, with the frame exposed. The interior on which he now gazed was wholly veiled, so as to make the walls of double thickness, and conceal every bit of the framing.

The perplexed boy noted these details at a glance; and as he stood staring blankly about him, the uncomfortable suspicion began to force itself into his mind that perhaps this was not the *Venture*, after all.

"If I have run off with some one else's raft, I declare I shall just *want* to disappear!" he exclaimed to himself. "I do believe I shall be too ashamed ever to go home again. Oh dear! There is another steamboat."

The notes of a deep-voiced whistle, evidently near at hand, caused the boy to hasten outside. He could see a huge confused mass dimly looming out of the fog ahead, and a little to one side of him. At the same moment he heard the wild jangling of bells, the terrified shoutings, and then the awful crash that denoted a collision. A big up-bound steamboat had run down and sunk a smaller boat of some kind. That much he could see, and he was filled with horror at the nearness and magnitude of the disaster.

He had heard agonized screams, and knew that lives had been sacrificed. One shrill cry that came to his ears with startling distinctness sounded as though uttered by a woman or a girl, and Winn shuddered at the thought of her fate.

The raft was drifting rapidly away from the scene of the catastrophe, and the dimly discerned steamboat was just disappearing from his view, when the boy thought he heard a gurgling cry from the water. Could some bold swimmer have escaped? He bent his head to the water's edge and listened. Again he heard the cry. And this time it seemed nearer. Some human being was struggling in the river. Now, if ever, was the time for his promptest action, and with Winn thought and action went hand in hand.

In another moment he was in the skiff belonging to the raft, and pulling with all the strength of his stout young arms in the direction of the cries.

Chapter XXVIII.

THE RESCUE OF SABELLA.

Strongly as Winn pulled, the cries grew very faint and almost inaudible during the few seconds that elapsed before he discovered the struggling forms from which they proceeded. A glance over his shoulder showed him a man swimming with one arm, while the other supported a child—apparently a girl.

With a final powerful stroke the skiff shot alongside the drowning figures, the oars were jerked in, and Winn, leaning over the side, seized the girl's arm. At the same moment the man grasped the gunwale of the skiff. It was no slight task for Winn to get the girl into the boat, for she was unconscious, and formed a dead weight, that was made heavier by her soaked clothing. He finally succeeded; and as he laid the limp form in the bottom of the skiff and took his first good look at her face, he uttered a cry of amazement, and doubted the evidence of his senses. How was it possible that Sabella could be there, and in such a predicament? Could the boat that had just been run into be the *Whatnot*? If so, who was this man? He turned to look, and to help him into the skiff; but to his horror, the man had disappeared.

William Gresham had redeemed his promise with his life. From a cruel wound, made by a splintered timber, he had bled so freely that his fast-failing strength was barely able to hold Sabella's head above the surface until Winn came to her rescue. He recognized the boy, and as the little girl was lifted from his arms, he closed his eyes with the peaceful expression of one who is weary and would sleep. Then his grasp of the skiff relaxed, and without a struggle he slipped across the invisible line dividing time from eternity. The hurrying waters closed about him as gently as a mother's arms, and who shall say that in his death the man had not atoned for his life, or that in the tawny flood of the great river his sin was not washed away as though it had never been?

As for Winn, he was overwhelmed and stunned. It was so sudden, so terrible, and so pitiful. At one moment the man was there, and in the next he was gone without a sound. In vain did the boy look over both sides of the skiff and over its stern in the hope that the man might still be clinging to it. Only the swift-flowing waters met his gaze, and seemed to mock at his efforts to wrest their secret.

The man was gone; there was no doubt of that; and now came the harrowing question, who was he? Winn had not seen his face. It could not have been the owner of the *Whatnot*, because, with his wooden leg, he could not swim. It was not Solon, for the head had been that

of a white man. Could it have been his mother's only brother, his uncle Billy, the brave, merry young fellow who was to have been his raftmate? Winn had already learned to love as well as to admire Billy Brackett, though how much he had not known, until now that he believed him to be gone out of his life forever.

He tried to believe that it was some one else, but in vain. The girl whom he had just rescued was certainly Sabella, so of course the boat that he had seen crushed like an egg-shell must have been the *Whatnot*. Oh, if he had only been a little closer, or if the fog had not been so thick! The boat was almost certain to have been the *Whatnot*, though, and in that case the brave swimmer who had missed safety by a hair's-breadth must have been —

Here a moan diverted Winn's attention from his own unhappiness, and caused him to spring to the side of the little girl. She opened her eyes and looked at him. "Oh, Sabella," he cried, "tell me who saved you? Was it Mr. Brackett—my uncle Billy, you know?"

"My uncle Billy," she murmured faintly; then she again closed her eyes wearily, and seemed to sleep.

"It was he, then; it was he!" And Winn, breaking down, sobbed aloud. "And all my fault that he came on this trip! My fault! my fault!" he repeated over and over again.

At length he became conscious of the selfishness of thus giving way to his feelings while Sabella was still in such urgent need of his aid.

"I must get her to the raft at once!" he exclaimed, starting up and looking about him. But there was no raft, nor was there any steamboat. There was nothing but the skiff with themselves in it, a small circle of brown water, and the fog.

The boy took off his coat, folded it, and put it under Sabella's head. Then he sat beside her, and rubbed her cold hands. He knew of nothing else that he could do for her, and so he waited—waited for the fog to lift or for help to come.

At length he began to hear sounds from every direction, the sound of whistles, bells, and hundreds of other noises. He must have reached St. Louis, and it would never do to drift past it. Besides, the danger of being run down was now greater than ever. So the boy took to his oars, and began to pull in the direction from which the loudest sound of whistles appeared to come.

Suddenly he was hailed. "Look out dar, boss!"

"Hold on!" shouted Winn. "I am in trouble, and will give you a dollar to pilot me ashore."

A skiff came alongside. It contained but a single occupant, a negro, who appeared nearly as old as Solon. He listened with open-mouthed wonder to the boy's hurriedly told story, and not only expressed a ready sympathy, but promised to have "de young gen'l'man an' der lilly lady lamb on de sho' in free minutes. Ole Clod, him know de way. De frog can't fool him on desh yer ribber."

With renewed hope Winn followed closely behind his dusky pilot, and in another minute caught sight of the welcome land. It was East St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the river, at that time a great railroad terminus, and Clod's little cabin stood at the edge of high-water mark; for he was a boatman, and gained his living from the river.

"Now, young marse, you mus' come up to my house, whar my ole 'oman fixin' de lilly gal all right in no time." So saying, the negro lifted Sabella in his strong arms and started toward his cabin, to which Winn was only too glad to follow him. The boy had never felt so utterly helpless and forlorn.

He no longer thought of taking matters into his own hands, but was thankful to accept even the humble guidance of this negro. Not only was Clod strong, willing, and possessed of a shrewd knowledge gained by rough experience, but his "ole 'oman," Aunt Viney, was accounted the best all-round nurse of the neighborhood. Within five minutes Sabella was nestled in the snowy centre of a huge bed, with Aunt Viney crooning over her like a brooding tenderness, and rapidly restoring the color to the child's pallid cheeks.

At the same time Winn was sitting by the kitchen stove in a cloud of steam from his own wet clothing. Clod's interest and wonder at the boy's story were shown by uplifted hands, rolling eyes, and such ejaculations as "How yo' talk, chile!" "Well, I nebber!" "Dat's so, bress de Lawd!" "Ef dat ar ain't de beatenest!"

At length Aunt Viney tiptoed heavily into the kitchen with the joyful announcement that Sabella, fully restored to consciousness, was sleeping naturally and quietly.

"When she wakin she be all right an' hungry, de honey lamb! An' I reckin dis young gen'l'man hungry now, an' ef he ain't he orter be, fer eatin' am de bestes t'ing in de worl' when yo' is in trouble," she added, as she bustled about, making preparations for a simple meal.

Winn did not think he could eat a mouthful, so full was he of grief and trouble, but on making the attempt, merely to gratify the kindly soul, found that he not only could but did dispose of as hearty a meal of bread and milk, coffee, bacon, and sweet-potatoes, as any he had ever eaten in his life. Not only that, but as his faintness from hunger disappeared, his hopefulness returned, and by the time he had finished eating fully half of his troubles had vanished. He was still overwhelmed with grief at the supposed loss of his brave young uncle, but he had already resolved upon a plan of action, and felt better for having done so. He would send a telegram to his father hinting at the great sorrow that had overtaken them, and asking him to come on at once. Then he would notify the police of the collision, with its probable loss of at least three lives, and ask them to keep a watch for the bodies. He would also tell them of the lost raft.

After great searching, Clod finally produced an old pen, some very thick ink, and a few sheets of paper quite yellow with age. Then he watched with respectful admiration the writing of the telegram, for penmanship was an art he had never acquired. He offered to take the message to the telegraph office while Winn was preparing a statement for the police, and as he was evidently anxious to be of service, the boy allowed him to do so.

The nearest telegraph office was in the railway station, and as Clod approached it he found himself involved in the crowd of passengers just brought in by a newly arrived train from the North. He dodged here and there among them, but finally, in escaping a truck-load of baggage, he stumbled over the chain by which a gentleman was leading a dog, and plumped full into the arms of a white-headed negro who was close behind it.

"Scuse me, sah," began poor Clod, most politely. Then he stared, stammered, tried to speak, but only choked in the effort, and threw his arms about the neck of the old negro, laughing and sobbing in the same breath.

"Doesn't yo' know me, Solon?" he gasped. "Doesn't yo' know yer own br'er Clod? Doesn't yo' 'member de ole plantashun 'way down in Louisiana, befo' de wah, an' Clod? yo' own br'er Clod?"

Then Solon recognized his only brother, long mourned as dead, and the two old men embraced, and wept, and held each other off at arm's-length to get a better look at the other's changed but still familiar face. The hurrying passengers smiled at this spectacle at once so ridiculous and so pathetic, but good-naturedly made way for the old men, while Bim, sharing the general excitement, barked and danced about, until his chain was entangled with the legs of at least half a dozen persons at once.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"Suspenders? Ironclad. Never give out. I wear a pair myself. Try 'em."



Taken at his word.

THE CANARY'S REPLY.

"Were you an expensive bird or a cheap one?" asked the cage of the canary.

And then the canary answered "Cheep!"

TURN ABOUT.

"Every time you spill anything on the table-cloth you must give me a cent," said Frank's mother.

"And do I get a cent every time I don't spill?" asked Frank, anxiously.

HIS METHOD.

Mamma. "Why do you linger so long over your pie, Douglas?"

Douglas. "Because you said I couldn't have another piece, and I want to make this piece about two hours long, if possible."

A SMART MAN.

"Does your father know much?" asked George.

"Yes, indeed," retorted Harry. "He knows every time I've been naughty during the day."

NOT THE SAME.

Auntie. "Did you ever read 'The Ugly Duckling'?"

Cabo. "No'm; but I've eaten 'em."

AT THE ZOO.

Mortimer. "Isn't that elephant too small for his skin?"

Mamma. "I don't know. Why do you think so?"

Mortimer. "Why, because his skin bags at the knees."

HIS REFLECTION.

"Mamma," said Jamie, mysteriously, "did I ever have a little brother that fell into the well?"

"No," said his mamma. "Why?"

"Why, I looked into the well this morning, and there was a little fellow down there looked just like me."

THE NEEDLE AND THE PIN.

"I think it's too bad we needles haven't any noses," said the needle to the pin.

"What do you want noses for?" asked the pin.

"Why, to hang glasses on, in case our eyes got weak," said the needle.

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

Courtney. "Can I get up to-day, mamma?"

Mamma. "No, Courtney, you are not well enough to get up to-day."

Courtney. "Then am I well enough to have the St. Bernard pup come up and romp on the bed with me?"

BOB'S WISH.

Bob was sledding. "Oh dear!" he sighed, as he pulled his sled up the steep hill, "I wish I owned a tame earthquake to turn this hill upside down for me whenever I wanted it to."



Venus and Mars.



A Madonna Group.



Harlequin and Columbine.



A Baby Elephant resting.

MODELLING IN SNOW.

Last winter, during the severe weather in Brussels, some of the sculptors of the city amused themselves by practising their art in the public parks, and though the material in which they worked was of the most destructible nature, so long as the cold weather lasted the public was the gainer by several fantastic groups of real artistic merit, four of which are shown above.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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MR. GLADSTONE AND ONE OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN.—[See Page 258.]

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS HOME.

ALL the world knows of Mr. Gladstone, Premier of England, who has just passed his eighty-third year, having been born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809. Mr. Gladstone is called by his friends and admirers the "Grand Old Man," and he has fairly won his title in many ways. That he is a man of good judgment as readers will certainly agree, for he has spoken in high praise of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. He was sent to the famous school of Eton when a boy, and graduated in 1831 at Christ Church, Oxford, taking a double first class, which means that he took the highest honors both in classics and mathematics.

The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, M. P., P. C., to give him his full name and titles, is the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone. In 1834, when only twenty-five years old, Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament, ever since which he has been a member of the House of Commons. He was twice Prime Minister in 1868, and remained in power six years. Last summer he took the office for the fourth time, and now the sturdy old man of eighty-three is at the head of England's cabinet.



OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE.

Mr. Gladstone lives in Hawarden Castle, which means "the hill fort on the projecting ridge." That at least was the meaning of the original British name, *Y Garthddin*, which in Saxon became *Haordine*, and in Welsh, *Penarlag*. But there are two castles of that name, and Mr. Gladstone occupies the modern one, which is only a hundred and forty years old at the most. The old and new, however, face each other—one, a massive ruin occupied by bats and owls and memories of the past, and the other the residence of England's Premier. William the Conqueror, when he came to England, found the old castle occupied by Edwin of Mercia, and its history goes back to the first or second Edward. Mr. Gladstone, however, does not keep this historical ruin to himself, but admits anybody to the park. He only requests visitors, says a writer, to keep to the gravel walks, and refrain from writing their names on the walls of the old castle.

When relieved from the affairs of state, Mr. Gladstone finds no pleasure so great as his home life at Hawarden. There his family are gathered together, and the great man romps and plays with his grandchildren as though he never knew what it was to be blamed for everything that went wrong in all Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. Gladstone is a wonderful scholar, a busy writer and speaker, but the little Gladstone children know him best as a good, kind grandfather who is fond of fun. He, too, would prefer to enjoy their company rather than to be surrounded by England's great men at an all-night session of Parliament. His other recreations are walking, and—this is really very funny—chopping down trees. Our great George Washington, according to tradition, had a like fondness in his youth, but by the time he became President he had probably outgrown such fancies. Mr. Gladstone, however, is an expert woodman, and though he doesn't destroy valuable cherry-trees, he goes out with his axe and takes the keenest pleasure in felling trees in Hawarden Park. A visitor to the castle one day noticed an axe behind the door in the great hall, where it had been left by the statesman after one of his chopping expeditions. A curious ornament for such a place, it seems. It may be out of compliment to the boy George Washington and his hatchet that the "Grand Old Man" prefers to use an American axe.

There are few men that have such a memory as that which Mr. Gladstone is said to possess. It has been stated that he can go at once to his library, and amid the 10,000 books there find in a moment the volume he desires. As for quotations from the classics, he knows just where they are to be found, and any number of other wonderful things are related of him.

It is a truly great thing to be a scholar of this advanced age, it is fame to be a Premier of England, and pleasant to be the "Grand Old Man" of his country. But far more impressive do these honors seem when we think of him as a loving man and father, and see him with his little grandchild on his knee.

A QUEER BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE Old Sailor was sitting on the end of the pier, gazing out to sea according to his custom. The two boys were approaching him, burning with a desire to hear one more of his wonderful stories. He was unaware of their approach, and was lost in contemplation of the beautiful scene spread out before him. There was a good whole sail breeze from the south, and vessels bound in were making the water fly around their bows in clouds of smokelike spray. High, wall-sided, three-masted schooners were marching along wing and wing, looking as proud and stiff as militia colonels on review, while a little farther out a magnificent four-masted ship, with double tops and skysails, was gliding on with the easy dignity of an old major-general of regulars watching the volunteers. The vessels bound to the southward, on the other hand, were all on a taut bow-line, some on the port and some on the starboard tack, but all heeled far over, and fussing through the choppy seas at a great pace. Far out on the sharply outlined horizon a four-masted Havana steamer was cutting her way through the foaming ridges at a good fourteen-knot gait. Half-way between her and the shore was the most interesting sight of all—the North Atlantic squadron of the navy, or a part of it, moving majestically along at ten knots an hour toward New York. The *Philadelphia*, rolling uneasily as is her wont, was at the head of the fleet, flying the Admiral's flag; the stanch and threatening *Atlanta* followed; then came the picturesque monitor *Miantonomoh;* and last of all the trim dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. It was upon this handsome fleet that the Old Sailor's gaze was fastened when the boys went up and bade him good-morning.

"Good-mornin' to you, my lads," he said. "An' wot might you s'pose that to be?" He pointed at the sailing ship.

"A four-masted ship," answered both boys.

"An' w'en a ship has four masts instead o' three, w'ich is accordin' to nature, wot d' ye call the last mast o' the four?"

"Jigger."

"Werry good, too. An' wot d' ye call that out yonder?" He pointed to the steamer.

"Why," said Henry, "that's a steamer, of course."

"Of course, says you. But where d' ye s'pose she might be bound?"

"Charleston?"

"Savannah?"

"Not so werry good," said the Old Sailor, after indulging in one of his quiet laughs. "That's guessin', an' guessin' ain't knowin'. That steamer are bound fur Havana, an' she ain't bound fur nowhere else."

"But how can you tell that?" asked Henry.

"I knows it by her build. She's a Morgan liner, an' that means she are bound fur Havana. But I 'ain't said nothin' yet about the most important wessels wot is under our observation." So saying, the Old Sailor gravely turned his back on the boys, who gazed wonderingly over the animated waters.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Henry. "There are war-ships."

"Werry good, too, says you," said the Old Sailor, bestowing a glance of approval on his young friend. "Them is war-ships. How might you know that?"

"I can tell them from the pictures I've seen in HARPER'S WEEKLY," said Henry.

"W'ich goes fur to show that picture papers is some good. Now could you tell the names o' them ships?"

"I know one," answered Henry. "The little flat one with two turrets and one short mast is the *Miantonomoh*."

"Werry good, too, says you. An' the other ones is the *Philadelphia*, the *Atlanta*, an' the *Vesuvius*. Them 'ere wessels has set me a-thinkin' about old times, because they's so different from the sort of wessels wot we had in the war."

"Were you ever a sailor on a war-ship?"

"My son, I were. There ain't no kind o' hooker trayversin' the great deep wot I 'ain't served on somehow an' somewhere."

"Did you ever fire a cannon?"

"Yes, an' also the cannoneer. An' I've been in fights, too; but none o' 'em warn't nothin' alongside o' the fun we had with blockade-runners."

"What are they?"

"Waal, you see it's like this. A seaport town depends putty largely on wessels fur its supplies. Now durin' the war a fleet o' United States wessels would lie off the harbor o' a Confederate town, an' stop every craft wot tried to git in or out. The blockade-runners was fast steamers wot made it their business to slip through the fleet an' git in with supplies. D'ye see?"

"Yes," answered Henry. "It must have been mighty dangerous work."

"Waal, generally it were. 'Cos w'y, no matter how keerful they might be about paintin' their ships lead-color an' runnin' in on thick nights, sometimes we was bound to see 'em, an' then the way we'd let loose on to 'em with our great guns was a sight fur blind mice. I tell you they must 'a' been mighty plucky fellers to run in through sich fire as we give 'em sometimes; but they done it, they did—that is, they all done it 'ceptin' one, an' he run the blockade by stayin' outside."

"Oh, how was that?" asked Henry.

"Waal, the incidents o' this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you took place in the summer o' 1863, w'en a blockadin' fleet o' no less'n thirty Union wessels was a-lyin' at anchor outside o' Charleston. I war a-sarvin' aboard the *George Washington*, which the same she war a old-fashioned, brig-rigged side-wheeler, an' carried six eight-inch Dahlgren guns. We was a-layin' on the outside o' the whole fleet, 'cos we was considered werry fast, an' it were our business fur to chase any wessel wot got past the rest o' the fleet comin' out. One afternoon I war on lookout at the mast-head an' I sees a light thin smoke away down on the southern horizon. So I sings out, 'Steamer, ho!' An' the ossifer o' the deck says he to me, says he, 'W'ere away?' 'Three points off the port bow,' says I to him, says I, just like that. 'Keep your eye on her,' says he. An' that's wot I war a-doin' of all the time; but I didn't say nothin' 'ceptin', 'Aye, aye, sir,' 'cos it aren't considered perlite to say werry much to the ossifer of the deck. This 'ere steamer she come right along, an' soon I made her out to be a fast side-wheeler, but she weren't painted no lead-color. The ossifer o' the deck called the Cap'n, an' he ordered the crew to quarters."

"What is that?" asked Henry.

"W'en you go to quarters, you get everything ready fur to fight," continued the Old Sailor. "But, bless me, if this 'ere steamer didn't stop just out o' range an' lay a-rollin' on the swell. Then we got a signal from the commandin' ossifer o' our squadron to chase her. You see there warn't no doubt now but she war a blockade-runner, but we couldn't see wot she meant by runnin' right up to us in daytime. Waal, we hove up the anchor an' started, but, bless you! she just run away from us. But that warn't the wust on't. W'en we turned around to come back, so did she, keepin' out o' range all the time. We turned around an' chased her again, but as soon as we started back so did she. Waal, would you believe it, we kept that up till dark; an' then there she war a-lyin' just out o' range o' the whole fleet."

The Old Sailor looked around the horizon, indulged in a quiet laugh, and went on thus:

"By order o' the squadron commander all lookouts were doubled, an' we stood by to give that there wessel rats if she tried to run in. But w'en the day broke there she war a-lyin' in the same spot. We got up the *George Washington's* anchor an' gave chase. Bless you, it were the same business all over again. She'd run away, an' come back w'en we did; an' at nightfall the next night there she war still. The next night war a clear moonlight one, an' we knowed she couldn't get in. Still we watched close. About two bells in the fust watch, w'ich the same that is 9 P.M., I seed a queer-lookin' craft comin' out. It war low and flat, an' didn't have no masts nor no smoke-stack. All the same it war a-goin' along at a ten-knot gait. I tell you wot, boys, it give us sailor-men the shivers, fur it looked edzackly like a ghost of a wrecked ship; an' that's wot we thought it war. 'No good o' firin' at that thing,' said Pete Martin; 'our shots 'd go through them sides an' never hit nothin' at all.' All the same, the Captain give orders to let her have it, and we opened fire."

"Did you hit her?"

"Hit your grandmother's sneeze!" exclaimed the Old Sailor. "No, we didn't hit her. Pete Martin vowed he saw one ball go straight through her, and it looked like a ball goin' through a cloud o' smoke. She went right on an' fetched up alongside o' the curious steamer. There she staid all night, an' we could see 'em lowerin' away stuff off the steamer into this 'ere canal-boat-looking craft. The Captain said we'd sink her sure as she tried to run in. Toward mornin' she started at the liveliest kind o' a gait. Every one o' our wessels in range o' her opened up, an' there war noise enough to scare a boiler-maker. One shot struck the water about a cable's length ahead o' the queer craft. Then there rose up a big boilin' cloud o' spray right where the shot struck, an' the next thing we knowed that 'ere craft jumped forward at a seventeen-knot gait, an' jist fairly flew into the harbor. Pete Martin says he to me, says he, 'They've got old Davy Jones hitched to her with a tow-rope and he's a-pullin' of her.' An' blow me fur pickles if it didn't look as if Pete war right!"

"The next mornin'," continued the Old Sailor, "the strange steamer went away, but in a week she came back, an' the same fun begins all over again. On the second day, while we was a-watchin' the strange steamer, we seed a whale. It was a curious thing that a whale should be around there, an' Pete Martin says he to me, says he, 'That whale smells a thrasher.'"

"What is that?" asked Henry.

"It are a kind o' shark," answered the Old Sailor, "wot

figgers ov Lunshun' with his tail. I didn't say nothin', but just kept watchin'. That night we was ordered to man the boat's an' try to board the ghost-boat when it war returnin' from the strange steamer. Sure enough it came out, rushin' along in the same old spooky sort of a way, without no noise an' no sign o' steam or sail. There come putty nigh bein' a mutiny among the crew o' the *George Washington*, 'cos we didn't want to board no sich wessel, but the ossifers was determined, an' so we stood by. While we was a-waitin' I heerd the whale blow, an' sure enough there he war, not more'n fifty yards away from us, lyin' quiet on the sea. Putty soon the ghost-boat started fur home, an' we got our cutlasses an' rewolwers ready fur business. An' now comes the funny part."

The Old Sailor paused a moment while the boys waited anxiously to hear the rest of his yarn.

"Jest as the ghost-boat war bearin' down on us," he continued, "I seed that whale give himself a shake an' go down. Then all on a suddent, about a cable's length ahead o' the ghost-boat, there began the liveliest sort o' a scrimmage. The sea boiled an' the whale come a-shootin' out half his length. The next second another fish shot into the air an' come down on the water with the report o' a cannon. Flop, flop, bang, swash, swizzle! My, my! You never seed such a row! An' the ghost-boat come to a dead stop! Bang, bang! went the whale an' the other fish fur about five minutes! 'Give way!' yells the ossifers. But bless you, not a sailor-man could move. We was all flabbergasted. Waal, the rumpus came to an end, an' wot do you think we seed?"

"What?"

"That there whale was deader 'n a door-nail, an' right alongside o' him war layin' a thrasher, w'ich the same war deader than another door-nail. 'By the great horn spoon!' says Pete Martin, just like that, 'they had that thrasher towin' that ghost-boat, an' it ain't no ghost-boat at all.' An' in less 'n two minutes we was aboard the queer craft, an' she war ours. Her Cap'n war a-sittin' flat on the deck a-cryin' as if his heart 'd break. 'Oh dear, oh dear!' says he, 'my thrasher is dead! my thrasher is dead! An' I loved him like he war my own child, w'ich the same he war, seein' that I brought him up myself from the egg, an' taught him to fetch an' carry, an' to tow boats, an' to run the blockade. An' now he's gone, an' I sha'n't never be able to swindle the Yankees no more. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!'

"An' that," said the Old Sailor, rising, with a very grave face, "are the end o' this yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you, an' also of the thrasher wot run the blockade an' met a whale wot war out o' his latitood."

A WARNING voice is telling you the moments go—how quick! Perhaps you do not heed it, for its language says, tick, tick.

THE BIRTH OF GREAT CITIES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

II.—HELENA, MONTANA.

THE story of the founding of Helena, the capital of the great new State of Montana, is a tale quite by itself—different from those which describe the beginnings of our other cities. It is not a story of how ships found a harbor, or of how Indian traders set up a palisaded factory at the crossing of several trails; it is a story of miners' wanderings, of miners' luck, and of buried gold.

Montana lay for a long time out of the slender path of the earliest travel toward the Pacific coast. The hardy men of the great Canadian trading company journeyed along a trail that ran north from Lake Superior to where Winnipeg is now, and then to the fort that has grown into Calgary, in Alberta (just north of the Montana border), and thus to the Rocky Mountains, the Columbia River, and the Pacific coast. Tardier than these employés of the great Hudson Bay Company, which kept urging them along, were the men of John Jacob Astor's trading company and the venturesome French woodsmen from St. Louis. They trapped, hunted, and traded throughout the region around Montana, and frequently penetrated it, but had no trail across it. Their principal way of crossing the wilderness, so little known and swept by savage bands, was by the Platte River route, through Nebraska and Wyoming, to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and so on to the Pacific. Montana lay to the northward—a sealed book, or, as we know now, an unopened chest of treasure.

It was by way of the Missouri River and its downward-reaching feeder, the Yellowstone River, that Montana came at last to be travelled, and when, sixty years ago, the first rude steamboat stirred those muddy waters, the traders had for years been carrying their furs and other gains down those streams and out of Montana. It is safe to say that the fearless Catholic missionaries were among the very first white men to visit the Treasure State, and at about the same time the half-breeds and French Canadians from the north began to drop down from the Hudson Bay trails into the new territory. Our brave explorers, Captains Lewis and Clarke, crossed Montana in 1804–1806; Captain Ezekiel Williams, of St. Louis, entered it in 1807; the Wilson P. Hunt party followed in 1810; and in 1832–1836 Captain Bonneville made a trip that gave the world still more knowledge of the land. The steamboat that led all others went there in 1832. Missoula, now a thriving town beyond the Rockies, was the first settlement, and was established by Catholic missionaries in 1841.

During the time of our war of the rebellion gold-mining led a host of hopeful miners into the Territory. Alder Gulch, in southwestern Montana, had been a busy mining place, but the gold gave out, and there was what they call a "stampede" or rush from there to some new mines in the Kootenai country, in the north. When that ceased to "pan out," or to pay for the trouble of working it, one party of a few men retraced their steps toward Alder Gulch. They were in no hurry. They had plenty of provisions, and while they were in the Rocky Mountains they found more game than they had ever seen. White-tailed deer were especially abundant.



HELENA IN ITS EARLY DAYS.

They killed what they wanted for food, but they were not hunters. They were miners, and they looked at every rock and at the dirt beside every stream for signs of the bright gold that they were anxious to find.

They reported afterwards that the scenery was most beautiful, but I am sure they would have thought better of it if down at their feet they had seen the ore glistening or the nuggets shining. They dug holes wherever they could -those little holes which travellers see on every hand in a mining country, and which look as if some boring animals that can eat through rocks had lived there. But they found no gold.



HELENA AS IT IS.

At last, according to a local historian, they grew quite discouraged. "We will go to that little gulch on the Prickly Pear River," said they. "If we don't find 'pay' there, we will streak it straight for camp. That little gulch is our last chance." Pay dirt is what they meant by finding "pay," and "pay dirt" means dirt with enough of gold in it to pay for washing and sifting it. They went to the little gulch, or narrow place worn out by water, and they dug holes and "washed" the earth that they took out, letting the dirt flow off with the water, while the stones and gravel remained. They found some nuggets of gold, smooth pellets (though I have seen some as big as my hand) that looked as if they had been squeezed out of cracks in the rocks, and washed down the streams by the current. They dug other holes from the bed of the gulch up its sides to the top, and as it all "prospected," or revealed the presence of gold, they knew that they had hit upon a new mining place, and settled down to work.

As it had been their last chance, they named the place "Last Chance Gulch," and that was the first name and the beginning of the beautiful and bustling capital of Montana. This was in 1864. By ways which seem almost mysterious, the news of such a "find" or discovery travels far and quickly, so that very soon miners came trooping into Last Chance Gulch in considerable numbers. Every man "claimed"—that is to say each one chose and staked out—a place to mine, and this little gully in the wilderness, where the white-tailed deer had abounded, became a busy settlement of tents and log huts. And now we shall see how order and system were established, and the first rude but very necessary laws or rules were made.

The miners who were then in the gulch had naturally but unintentionally created the nucleus or beginning of a town. In a row, or a double row, at the bottom of the gap in the hills they had put up some rude log cabins, one or two of which are yet to be seen, almost hidden among great piles of masonry such as even New York would deem large and handsome buildings. Of course the general store-keeper, with his stock of food and mining tools, set up a log shop. The tavern-keeper built a log boarding-house, and there quickly came a music hall and dance-house, and, I think, a theatre. Gamblers also built houses, for whenever money comes so easily men are found who will throw it away, and other men gather to get it for as little return as possible. Thus there quickly came to be a village of very clumsy log houses, inhabited by rough men in tall boots and flannel shirts, and with unshaven faces. These villagers met on July 20, 1864, and adopted the following regulations: "That the gulch be named Last Chance Gulch, and the district in which the discovery is made be named Rattlesnake District, to extend down three miles and up to the mouth of the cañon, and across from summit to summit; that mining claims in the district extend for 200 feet up and down the gulch, and from summit to summit; that no person be allowed to hold more than one claim by pre-emption and one by purchase, except as regards discovery claims; that the discovery party shall have the prior right to the use of the gulch water; that claims when pre-empted shall be staked and recorded."

The place continued to grow, gold fell in every pan that was used there, and in October, 1864, there was a meeting in George Wood's cabin to arrange for laying out a town and giving it a name. These were some of the names the rough miners suggested that the prospective city be called, "Punkinville, Squashtown, Tomahawk, and Tomah." A Mr. John Somerville suggested that a good name would be St. Helena. The general taste was divided between Helena (a shortening of St. Helena) and Tomah, an abbreviation of Tomahawk. Helena won the votes. In the name Saint Helena the accent is on the second syllable of the last word, but in the course of years the name of the place has come to be called Hélena, by everybody.

It is said that one miner had been to the island of St. Helena, and thought Last Chance Gulch looked like a part of that island. Then, again, it is said that Helena was the name of a daughter of a miner who attended the meeting, or of the wife of such a miner. But the best story is that John Somerville said, in a speech that he made, "I belong to the best country in the world, lived in the best State in it, in the best county in that State, and in the best town in that county, and, by the Eternal, this place shall bear the name of that town—Helena." He was a tall, hardy, jovial frontiersman from Minnesota, who had taken his wife with him to share his rough life as a miner.

Thus was born the city of Helena, 4100 feet above the sea-level, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and on the edge of a valley called after the Prickly Pear River, a tributary to the Missouri. It is now the capital of the State, and is said to include more millionaires than any city of its size in the world. It was "placer" or loose gold that was found there, and many millions of dollars' worth were washed out of the gulch. Even to-day, when a street is laid out or a cellar dug, the people find gold in the dirt.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BIM BRINGS ABOUT A JOYFUL MEETING.

EVEN with Bim's aid, Billy Brackett failed to find the man who had escaped him in Alton by running through the store and out of its back door. The young engineer was convinced that he was one of those who had stolen the raft, and it was certainly very trying to recover the trail, as he had just done, only to lose it again immediately. So loath was he to abandon the search that it was very nearly noon before he did so, and retraced his steps to the river. As he approached the place where the *Whatnot* had been moored, he was surprised not to see the boat, and turned toward a group of men, all of whom seemed to be talking at once, to make inquiries. At that moment the group opened, and from it Cap'n Cod came hastily stumping in his direction.

"Where is the *Whatnot?*" asked Billy Brackett.

"That's what I want to know," replied the other, excitedly. "And where have you been all this time? I have been here, and in a state of mind, for more than an hour, not knowing what to do. Some of these men say they saw three fellows go off with the boat soon after we left here, and of course I thought they must be you, Winn, and Solon; but I couldn't understand it at all. Now that you are here, I understand it still less. Where is Winn?" Here the old man paused, quite out of breath, but still questioning his companion with anxious eyes.

"I haven't seen anything of Winn since we all left the boat," replied Billy Brackett, who could hardly comprehend the startling information just given him. "Do you mean to say that the *Whatnot* has been stolen? Great Scott! I wonder if those fellows can have had a hand in it?"

"What fellows?"

Then Billy Brackett told of his fleeting glimpse of Plater, and of his consequent belief that the raft and all three of the "river traders" must be in that vicinity.

"There's a raft, with three men aboard it, who call themselves 'river traders,' moored at the edge of that timber, just below the city," volunteered one of the bystanders, who had overheard the young man's remarks.

"Will you go with me and point it out?" asked Billy Brackett.

"Yes, I don't mind, seeing that this weather makes a bit of slack time," replied the man.

So requesting Cap'n Cod to wait there until his return, and promising to be back as quickly as possible, the young engineer and his guide, followed by several curiosity-seekers, started in search of the raft. It is needless to say that they failed to find it, though another hour elapsed before Billy Brackett returned. He was disappointed, but was possessed of a theory.

"I believe Winn has found that raft," he said to Cap'n Cod, as they sat together in the small hotel to which they had repaired for a consultation and dinner. "But he probably discovered it just as those fellows, alarmed at meeting me, were putting off for another run down the river. Then he hurried back here, and not finding us, took the responsibility of starting after them in the *Whatnot*, hoping in that way to keep them in sight. It was a crazy performance, though just such a one as that boy would undertake. He is a splendid fellow, with the one conspicuous failing of believing that he knows what to do under any circumstances just a little better than any one else. So he has persuaded Solon that it is their duty to keep that raft in sight until it is tied up again, and then he'll telegraph to us. It is more than likely that the raft will stop at St. Louis, in which case they must be nearly there by this time, and we ought to hear from Winn very soon. That is my theory, and now I'll run up to the telegraph office and see if a despatch has come."

There was no message for any one named Brackett, and so, after leaving word to have anything that came for him sent to the hotel, the young man hastened back. An up-river steamboat had just made fast to the levee, and the two anxious men went down to see if her pilot had seen anything of the *Whatnot*. As they approached they saw by her splintered bows that she had been in a collision. Others had noticed this also, and already a crowd of people was gathered about her gang-plank to learn the news. Forcing a way through for himself and Cap'n Cod, Billy Brackett boarded the boat, and went directly to the Captain's room.

The Captain was inclined to be ugly and uncommunicative; but, with a happy thought, Billy Brackett displayed the badge with which Sheriff Riley had provided him. At sight of it the man at once expressed his readiness to impart all the information they might require.

Yes, he had been in collision with a trading-scow, but there were no lives lost, and the damage had already been satisfactorily settled. It happened a couple of miles above St. Louis, and the fog was so thick that she was not seen until they were right on her. She was crossing the channel, and they struck her amidship, sinking her almost instantly.

Her name? Why, according to this paper, it was the *Whatnot*. Queer sort of a name, and she looked to be a queer sort of craft.

At this Billy Brackett's face grew very pale, while poor Cap'n Cod sank into a chair and groaned.

"No lives lost, you say? What then became of the people who were on board that trading-scow?"

"There were only three," answered the Captain—"her owner, a Mr. Caspar, a deck hand, and the cook, a black fellow. The first two saved themselves by leaping aboard this boat just as she struck, and we picked the nigger up in the skiff that we immediately lowered to look for survivors."

"You say the owner was a Mr. Caspar?"

"Yes, here is the name signed to this paper, you see. Though we were in no way to blame, they might have sued for heavy damages and bothered us considerably. So when her owner offered to compromise and waive all claims for three hundred dollars, I thought it was the cheapest way out of the scrape, and took him up. I had this paper prepared by a lawyer who is on board, and witnessed before a notary, so that it is all square and ship-shape. See, here is Mr. Caspar's signature."

Sure enough, there at the bottom of the paper exhibited by the Captain was the name "Winn Caspar" written clearly and boldly. It certainly looked like Winn's signature.

Billy Brackett was staggered. What could it all mean? Something was evidently wrong; but what it was he could not determine.

"Where is this Mr. Caspar now?" he asked.

"Went ashore the moment we touched here," was the reply. "Said he must hurry back to St. Louis. Took his man with him."

"Was he a young fellow; a mere boy, in fact?"

"Oh, bless you, no! He was past middle age. Small, thin man, with a smooth face, and the other was a big man with a beard."

"And what became of the cook, the negro, whom you rescued?"

"He's down below somewhere, getting dry. I told the mate to look after him."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

"But where is my niece Sabella? The little girl that was on board the *Whatnot*," asked Cap'n Cod, with a pitiful quaver in his voice.

"Little girl?" repeated the steamboat Captain, in surprise. "There wasn't any girl on board. This is the first mention I have heard of any such person, and Mr. Caspar would surely have spoken of her if she had existed. What are you men driving at, anyway?"

With a forced calmness, and ignoring this question, Billy Brackett asked if they might see the rescued negro.

"Certainly, I've no objections. Only you'll have to be spry about it, for I'm going to pull out of here inside of a couple of minutes. I only stopped to land Mr. Caspar."

They found Solon just getting into his dried clothing, and the faithful fellow's face lighted as he saw them. There was, however, a reproachful tone in his voice as he exclaimed, "T'ank de Lawd, yo' is safe, Marse Cap'n, an' Marse Brack. Ole Solon feelin' mighty bad when yo' ain't comin' to see him, an' Marse Winn too. But dese yeah folk ain't tellin' me nuffin of Missy Sabel. She gettin' saved same as de res' of us, ain't she? Say de good word, Marse Cap'n, an' don't tell de ole man dat honey lamb done got drownded. Don't tell him dat ar?"

There was no time for explanations then, so they hurried Solon ashore and up to the hotel. There his replies to their questions, and his questions in turn, only served to deepen the mystery in which the fate of the *Whatnot's* passengers had become involved. He could not be persuaded that they had not been on board at the time of the accident. Sabella had been talking to him of what her "Uncle Billy" had just told her only a few minutes before it occurred. He was also positive that Winn had been on board the ill-fated craft. He was certain that Reward died at his post of duty, though of Don Blossom's fate he knew nothing. How he himself had escaped he could not explain, for he remembered nothing after the shock of the collision.

"It is evident," said Billy Brackett at length, "that we must get to St. Louis as quickly as possible, and strive to unravel this mystery there."

As Bim was forced to ride in the baggage-car, and his master declined to leave him, both Cap'n Cod and Solon rode there as well, otherwise they might have discovered the two "river-traders," Grimshaw and Plater, who were also on the train. Bim did discover them on the platform at East St. Louis, and he was in the act of springing toward Mr. Plater, when the old negro Clod stumbled over his chain and into Solon's arms.

In his joyful excitement at this wonderful meeting with the brother whom he had never expected to see again, Clod allowed a slip of paper to fall unheeded to the ground, and Billy Brackett picked it up. He glanced carelessly at it, and then his shout of amazement as he saw written on it the name "Winn Caspar" startled not only his companions, but every one on the station platform.

Two minutes later four excited men, accompanied by a white bull-dog straining at his chain and barking as joyfully as though he understood the whole situation, were hurrying with all speed in the direction of Clod's cabin on the river-bank.

Chapter XXX.

In Clod's Cabin.

Aunt Viney heard Bim's joyful voice, and glancing anxiously toward the door of the room in which Sabella lay, she muttered: "Drat dat ar dorg! He sholy wake missy wif he barkin'."

The barking did waken Sabella, and as she lifted her head to listen, she whispered wonderingly to herself: "It's Bim! It's dear old Bim. I know his voice."

Winn, bending wearily over the statement he was preparing for the police, heard the barking, and looked up with a startled expression on his troubled face. "If I didn't know that it couldn't be, I should say that was Bim's bark. Poor old dog!" he thought.

The next instant he sprang to his feet with a cry. Could the dead come to life? Could the drowned be resurrected? Could the handsome, smiling, eager figure in the doorway be that of the young uncle whose untimely death he had so truly mourned? A quick step, a joyful shout, and the two were face to face, with hand clasped in hand.

"It has been a terrible lesson, Uncle Billy, but I think I have learned it," said Winn.

"Thank God, my dear boy, that the experience has been gained so cheaply; for I feared it had cost you your life."

"But where is my little one, my Sabella?" asked Cap'n Cod, anxiously. "They told me she was here."

"Here I am, Uncle Aleck," came the dear voice from the inner room. Then there was another glad reunion of those who had thought never again to meet in this life; while the old man counted as nothing the loss of all he had possessed, so long as this child was left to him.

When Aunt Viney was told who Solon was, she made him a deep courtesy, and then, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she began to sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below.
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Before she finished the first line they were all singing with her, and never did this grand old hymn of thanksgiving find a more fervent utterance.

After comparative quiet had been restored, though every one was still talking at once, the questions arose: Who saved Sabella? Was any one drowned? If so, who was it? Did Winn bring the *Whatnot* down the river? If not, how did he reach the scene of the catastrophe? How did the boy's signature happen to be attached to the paper in possession of the steamboat Captain? These and a dozen other questions were asked in a breath, and then all began to answer them at once.

The most interesting stories, and those throwing the most light on the situation, were Winn's and Sabella's. At first they were all puzzled to know who Mr. Gresham could have been. Then Sabella said: "Why, don't you know, Uncle Aleck? He was the one who sold you the canoe, and the one Winn said was a bad man. He brought Don Blossom back, and I told him all about Mr. Brackett and Winn and the raft and everything, and he was so glad he started right off to find them. Then he came back with two other men, and said you were all on the raft, and they borrowed the *Whatnot* to go and find you with. He was one of the very nicest and kindest and best men I ever knew, and was going to be my 'Uncle Billy,' so I could have one as well as Winn, and now he's drowned, and—"

Here the little girl began to sob bitterly, while Billy Brackett and Cap'n Cod looked at each other, and almost simultaneously pronounced the name, "Gilder."

They did not speak it very loud, for the last splendid act of the man's life had won for him the right to an unstained name. Hereafter they would only remember him as William Gresham the hero.

Thus was cleared up most of the mystery, but what was to be done next? Where was the raft, and was it the *Venture* or not? At one moment Winn was certain that it was, while the next found him again doubtful.

At length it was decided that Solon should remain with his brother for the present, while the others should go to a hotel in the city across the river. From there Billy Brackett would telegraph to the authorities of towns

further down, asking them to watch for an abandoned raft, and if they found it to hold it until he could go on and prove ownership. The raft being described as belonging to a Major Caspar, Winn's name was signed to all these despatches, in order to prevent confusion.

From the hotel Billy Brackett also thought it best to telegraph Major Caspar of their safe arrival in St. Louis, though, as they had not yet recovered the raft, it would be unnecessary for him to come on, and a promise to write full particulars at once. In the Major's absence from home this despatch was opened by Mrs. Caspar, who had been growing very anxious of late concerning the voyagers on the great river. The moment she read it she sat down and wrote another despatch to her husband, who was in Chicago. It was:

"Raftmates in St. Louis. Southern Hotel. Please join them immediately."

Major Caspar could not start for St. Louis the next day, but he did so on the following morning, and late that same evening he walked into the office of the Southern Hotel. He was beginning to make inquiries at the desk, when his hand was seized and violently shaken. Turning quickly, he at once recognized his faithful old army friend Cap'n Cod, and gave him a cordial greeting.

"But where are the others?" he inquired at length.

"Gone down the river an hour ago, by the Short Line," was the unexpected reply. "You see, we only got word this evening that an abandoned raft, answering our description, had just been picked up near Cairo, and Mr. Brackett thought it best that he and Winn should go on at once to identify it. It was also decided that Sabella and I should remain here until we heard from them, because it might not be the *Venture*, you know, and then I'm not sure that we want to go any further down the river, anyway. You see, since losing the *Whatnot*, I've rather lost interest—"

"Losing the *Whatnot*!" interrupted the Major. "What do you mean?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" Then they sat down, and the old man related all that had happened to the *Whatnot* and her passengers since leaving Dubuque.

When the recital was ended, the Major drew a long breath, and exclaimed: "I must return to Caspar's Mill at once, and I want you and your niece to go with me. With my recently increased business, I need just such a man as you to look after my home interests, while my daughter Etta needs just such a girl as your Sabella is described to be for a companion."

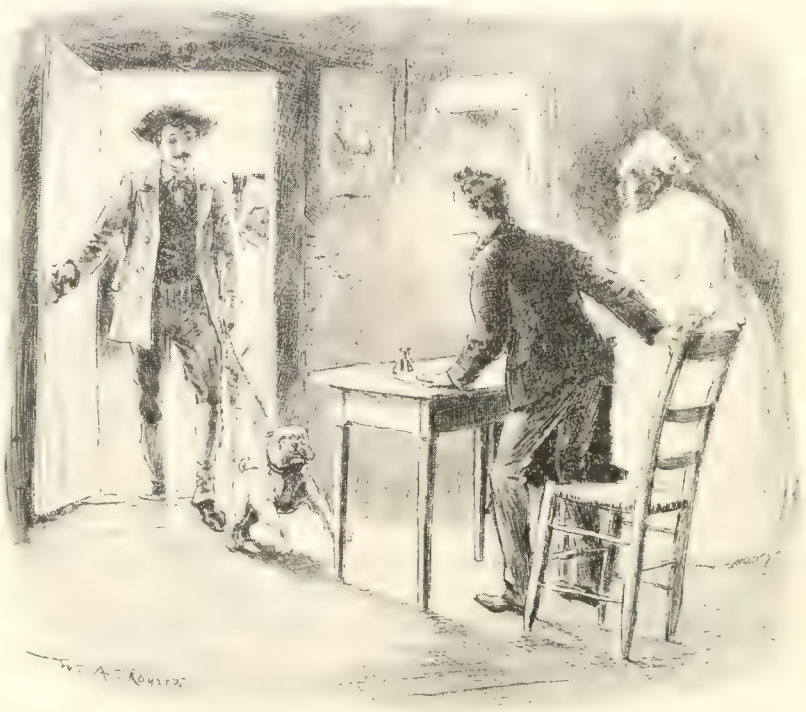
The Major sent a despatch to the address in Cairo left by Billy Brackett, directing that young man to dispose of the raft as he thought best, to take care of Winn, come home as soon as they could, and telling of his plans for Cap'n Cod and Sabella. He also telegraphed to Mrs. Caspar that he should be at home the next day but one, bringing strangers with him.

She, of course, thought he meant the "raftmates," as she had called Winn and Billy Brackett from the first, and was amazed to see an old man and a young girl in the carriage with her husband as it drove up to the house.

In the mean time Billy Brackett and Winn reached Cairo early in the morning, and after breakfast at a hotel, they called on the City Marshal, who had sent the despatch relating to the raft. To their surprise, he received them coldly, and informed them that Mr. Caspar had already been there, had expressed his willingness to pay a hundred dollars reward for the recovery of his raft, and had just gone down to take possession of it.

This was an astounding bit of information, and Winn was about to let his rapidly rising indignation break forth, when Billy Brackett restrained him, and asked, mildly, if the Marshal had any objections to their looking at the raft simply to gratify their curiosity.

"Oh no. You can look at her as much as you like, and you will find her just around the point there, in possession of the two young men who picked her up—that is, if they haven't already turned her over to her rightful owner."



THE NEXT INSTANT HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH A CRY.

They found the raft without much difficulty, and walked on board. Just then the broken door of the shanty opened, and two young fellows, hardly older than Winn, stepped out. As they did so, one of them turned and said, politely:

"Well, good-by, and a pleasant voyage to you, Mr. Caspar."

Then they both faced the new-comers. Such an expression of blank amazement as flashed over their faces Winn thought he had never seen. For an instant they stood spellbound. Then there was a yell of recognition, or rather a chorus of yells from both sides:

"Billy Brackett, as I'm a sinner! Whoop! Hooray for the Baldheads and the Second Division!"

"Billy Brackett, or his ghost!"

"Glen Eddy! Grip, old man! How? When? Where? Why?

"'Oi, gimminy crack, come hold me tight.
It makes me laugh and shout.
It fills my heart with gay delight
When—'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKATING ON GRAVESEND BAY, NEW YORK, DURING THE SEVERE WEATHER.—Drawn by William H. Lawrence

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

I.—ITS DESIRABILITY AND DIFFICULTY.—WHAT IS SUCCESS?

BOYS, have you ever thought of the time when you will have to leave the parental nest—the home endeared to you by so many delights and the provision made for all your needs—and win a living with your own hands? In a few years more, which will slip by more quickly than you dream of, the days of boyhood will have passed, the spring-time of life will have ended, and the summer will be setting in.

Life is often called a journey; and if we so regard it, you are travellers who will speedily bid adieu to the scenes now familiar to you, and enter upon a new and unknown region, where there may be much to delight the eye and ear, but where also there will be rugged defiles to pass, amid whose cliffs and thickets lurks the wild beast that is ready to spring upon his victim, and where there are sandy and waterless deserts, without a green spot, a tree, or a flower to brighten the painful journey.

Life, again, has been called a voyage; and if we so view it, you are mariners who will soon take a farewell look at the shores of your native land, and enter upon a long and sometimes perilous voyage. It is a voyage which you will often make on sunny seas, in perhaps, as William Wirt once said to the students of Rutger's College, "a Cleopatra's barge, with zephyrs only to fan and sweet perfumes to breathe around you," but during which you may sometimes have to double Cape Horn in the winter season, when your strength and seamanship will be tested to the uttermost to outride the storms and escape the breakers by which so many noble vessels have been wrecked. Let me add that the route which you will sail over will be one which no other man has ever sailed over before you; like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, you will be "the first that ever burst into that silent sea." It is to point out some of the dangers of the voyage—the sunken reefs, the dangerous straits, the icebergs, and the stormy capes that may be your ruin—and to show how you may escape them, that I address you in these papers.

Here let me say that I have great respect for the successful voyagers, in spite of the sneers to which they are sometimes subjected. Some years ago, in the days of the Hudsons and Fisks, it was the fashion to revile success as an imposture. To honor those who had won it was regarded as flunkyism. But such views cannot prevail long. That riches or worldly distinction may be won too dearly, that they are a positive loss instead of gain when attained by the sacrifice of self-respect, conscience, or honor, is most true; but to win them by legitimate means is not only justifiable, but meritorious. In the great majority of cases it is not selfishness chiefly which spurs a man on and bids him "spurn delights and live laborious days" to win success, but regard for others as well as for himself—for his wife and children, or for the father and mother who have reared him, and perhaps made sacrifices for his sake. If he has been liberally educated, he is anxious to wreak the power he feels within him upon some high course of professional action; to justify to himself and others the propriety of his long, solitary labors, by showing an abundance of valuable fruits from them; or, again, to vindicate his own conscious superiority against the neglect of society.

Even when the motive for exertion is selfish, it is not generally selfishness of the baser kind—that he may outshine other men, or roll in luxury. Success to most men means a tight house, clothing for all weathers, an abundance of nutritious food, the best medical attendance, newspapers and magazines, a good seat in the concert-hall or lecture-room, in church, and in the steam-cars, the ability to rest when weary in body or mind, and, above all, personal independence and self-respect. To a well-educated man success means a great deal more. It means books, pictures, and music; intercourse with clever, cultivated, and well-bred people; the privilege of resting in summer, and of travelling in his own and foreign lands; in short, the indulgence of the intellectual tastes which an advanced civilization creates and fosters, but which can be gratified only by those who are born rich, or who win riches by the pursuit of their callings. Because success to-day means so much more than ever before, because life with it is rich in possibilities, it was never before so dazzling and desirable, never so earnestly coveted and striven for, as now.

On the other hand, never before was success, especially high success, so hard to win. Never before in the world's history since "Adam delved and Eve span" was competition in every calling and pursuit so fierce and intense as to-day; never did success, except in a very moderate degree, exact for its attainment such a union of bodily and mental qualities—of alertness, activity, enterprise, prudence, persistence, daring, and decision—as in this last decade of the nineteenth century. The stern Darwinian law of plants and brute animals—the survival of the fiercest and the strongest, and therefore the fittest—has become the law of human beings as well. The wretched weakling falls out of the ranks, retires from the race, or perishes by the road-side; and so by this winnowing process the number of athletes is limited to a few, and there is clear space for the combatants.

The Bible story of the pool of Bethesda, where a throng of needy creatures waited and wished, and strove to step in, but the foremost only was the happy man, where the tardy competitor complained, "While I am coming, another steppeth down before me," depicts the struggle for the blessings of life to-day. Every pool that contains the good things of life is surrounded by an eager, elbowing, hustling crowd. In the great cities large business houses with millions of capital are underbuying and underselling the small ones, and absorbing their trade, till their proprietors are forced to give up in despair, and become clerks for the monopolists, or go into bankruptcy. If a vacant place, even an ill-paid place in a shop, bank, or government office, is advertised in the newspapers, there are hundreds of applications for it by the very next post. Only one can have it, and the lucky man is not always the most competent, but often only the promptest, most energetic, and most self-asserting. From all the rest goes up the complaining cry, "While I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

Even those who are crowned victors in life's race attain the prizes only after a long and exhausting struggle. Men can go no longer at one leap, or with a hop, step, skip, and jump rise to a high position. The world, as Emerson says, is no longer clay, but iron, in the hands of its workers, and beginners in life have to hammer out a place for themselves by ceaseless and rugged blows. "The race of life," says Carlyle, "has become intense; the runners are treading upon each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings!" Depend upon it, therefore, that the men who have fought their way to the front, becoming rich, powerful, or influential in spite of "those twin gaolers of the human heart, low birth and a narrow fortune," must have had many sterling qualities, even if alloyed sometimes with a considerable tincture of what the Romans called "forehead," and the moderns call "cheek." Mere quackery or charlatanism could never have won enduring success. On the other hand, those who have failed to get on have generally done so not because they have despised the prizes of ambition as baubles not worth the effort, but from laziness, or self-indulgence, or that cowardice which, while it covets the rewards of success, shrinks from the struggles and self-denial by which they are won.

But what *is* success in life, and who is the successful man? Is it not he who sets out in life with the determination to accomplish a certain object, concentrates all his energies upon its attainment, and attains it, no matter what else befalls him? If, then, I strive to be rich, like the late Jay Gould, and win riches, am I less successful because at last, like him, I am afflicted with bad health, which cuts short my days and prevents me from enjoying my riches? Am I less successful as a lawyer or a banker because my wife is a vixen, or my children are spendthrifts? Most certainly not. Yet many persons would seem to think I am. Why, asks a great Roman satirist, do you wish for wealth, which ruined Seneca; or for eloquence, which caused Demosthenes and Cicero to be assassinated; or to be a great general like Hannibal, who was defeated at last, and killed himself in exile? But did not each of these men win the very thing he aspired to win? Why, then, judge of his career by its last days, as if its character depended mainly on its catastrophe? Why regard a man's life as successful if it end triumphantly, and as a failure if it end disastrously? If a man lives seventy years, does his seventieth year contain more or less than one-seventieth part of his life, and can it affect the success or failure of that life to more than just that extent?

If Hannibal and Napoleon sought to be great generals, and became such, were they less successful because they finally met with reverses in war and died ingloriously? Was General Grant an unsuccessful man because he died of a very painful disease? Was William Pitt, who aspired to be and became the leading statesman and Parliamentary orator of Great Britain, unsuccessful because his efforts to crush the hydra-headed power of Napoleon were defeated by the victory at Austerlitz and he sunk under the blow? If he won the highest station in the kingdom—was First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—did he not obtain the object of his wishes, albeit he died of a broken heart? Because, again, the object of a man's life pursuit does not satisfy him when gained, because

"The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm on being caught,"

is his success less positive? Is not success one thing, and happiness another?

LARAMIE.

BY MARY SELDEN McCOBB

Part II.

WHEN January had fairly begun, Dorcas was busy enough.

"Our entertainment is to consist of 'Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works,' Aunt Bli," announced Dorcas. "And I'm to be the 'one and only Mrs. Jarley, the Pride of the Nobility and the Pet of Royalty.' Do you remember those enormous bonnets which Great-grandmother Quincy wore in the days of her youth? Can I have them to wear? And there's that excruciating blue mantle covered with impossible red flowers, and that exquisite embroidered shoulder-cape, and the lace mitts. They're all packed away in our attic."

Aunt Bli was fully as eager as Dorcas. The two rummaged the great cedar chests, and came down laden with spoils in the line of old-fashioned raiment and jewelry.

But in the midst of her preparations, Dorcas made chances to visit Mrs. Tucker. Laramie always walked by her side when she went to the North End. He did not approve of these pilgrimages, but if no heed were paid to his manifest objections, he would do his duty doggedly.

"'What fools these mortals be!'" thought Laramie, unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, as do many who count themselves more intelligent than a dog.

Dr. Elaine went with Dorcas on her kind errand.

"But how can La Signora grow better with such surroundings?" questioned Dr. Elaine, with the little frown which always came when she was worried. "She ought to have the most careful nursing. She won't go to the city hospital. And, indeed, there's no quiet corner there for her. She ought not to be in a ward with other patients, but in a retired room, where she could have perfect stillness. There's St. Ursula's Hospital. But the cheapest room costs ten dollars a week."



MRS. JARLEY.

"How long ought she to stay there?" questioned Dorcas.

Dr. Elaine smiled sadly. "If she were a rich woman, and could afford the luxury of a 'delicate nervous organization,' I should say a year at least. As it is, three months might do a world of good. But ten dollars a week, and extras which would count, that would require as much as a hundred and fifty dollars. It's not to be thought of."

At this moment Laramie walked out of the room, with his nose in the air. Dorcas followed him, thinking. Her brain was working hard, and not alone with the nonsense that she was spinning for the "Jarley" show.

She was vexed with Signora Toccati for being ill. She was irritated at her poverty. And underneath all her annoyance, her heart ached with sympathy.

"For goodness' sake, Joe, why do you persist in looking so pale?" she said, sharply, to her errand-boy, when she saw his sunken cheeks and the black circles round his eyes. Then she led him gently to the kitchen table, and stood over him coaxing him to eat "one mouthful more" of the cold turkey.

"How's your mother to-day?" she demanded, giving him a shake.

"She had consider'ble of a bad night," admitted Joe, meekly. "We're all right, though," he instantly added.

"Could you board with the woman who lives opposite you, if your mother were absent awhile?" asked Dorcas.

"I suppose I could shift along," said Joe. "But there, we can't afford to go to horsepitals, miss. It's as much as I can do to pay the rent and feed us. My arm's first rate now," he ended, holding out his scrawny wrist, and contemplating its prominent bones with satisfaction. "I can heft things as well as ever, and do pretty big jobs," he remarked.

Feeling that she had not greatly helped herself by her conversation, Dorcas sat down to make her Mrs. Jarley's cap. She trimmed it profusely with red and yellow ribbons and a bunch of purple violets. Laramie superintended, his nose on his mistress's shoulder.

Dorcas would not omit her visits to Cat Alley, though they perturbed her spirit more and more. The din and squalor of the court were exasperating. One might as well expect a rose to bloom in the desert of Sahara as Mrs. Tucker to grow strong with such environment. For two weeks more she fought a losing battle with her own heart.

"Yes, Joe, you may be at the hall, and so see the wax-work, and I shall know there is some one on hand if I need him," she told Giuseppe one morning.

Then she turned away and went slowly into the drawing-room. On the rug, in front of the blazing fire, lay

the superb stag-hound. He raised his head and looked at Dorcas with his beautiful human eyes. She fell on her knees beside him and took his head in both her hands.

"Oh, my beauty! Oh, my precious!" she cried. Then pressing her cheek against his silken ear, she whispered: "Is a human being of more value than a dog? Tell me that. Oh, *tell* me truly!"

Laramie gave a low whimper. He cuddled closer to her side. Two great tears fell from Dorcas's eyes.

"There are plenty of people who might help me, but I don't know who they are," reasoned Dorcas, explaining herself to the hound. "I did speak to Mrs. Dabney, and she asked me if Joe and his mother were '*worthy* poor.' I'm sure I couldn't tell. I wish Mrs. Tucker hadn't ridden in the ring. Besides, I know my friends would think it was pampering La Signora to put her in a first-class hospital. The President of the Loving Helpers wrote a paper on 'The Danger of Coddling Paupers.' Dr. Elaine can't help me, for she's gone away to nurse her grandfather. Laramie! Laramie!"

Again that heart-breaking whimper from the hound.

Two days longer Dorcas argued with herself. The third day she set her teeth, took up her pen, and wrote a carefully worded letter to Major Van Pelt:

"Circumstances prevent my keeping Laramie. You said that you would gladly buy him back, and pay me the one hundred and fifty dollars. Do not think me unmindful of the pains you have taken for me."

Determined as she was, it almost took her breath away when a telegram came that very evening—"Have ordered Jones to bring Laramie to New York."

The morning's mail brought Major Van Pelt's check, "payable to the order of Dorcas Bellamy."

Jones was on hand before breakfast. There was one supreme moment. With both arms round Laramie's neck, Dorcas wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed. Then she turned away from those pleading, reproachful eyes. The front door closed.

"It seems as if there had been a funeral," sobbed Dorcas, and Aunt Bli wept in concert.

That very afternoon the two walked to St. Ursula's Hospital.

"Why did you not write to your father?" questioned Aunt Bli, just as if it were not too late. "He would have sent you money."

"No, no," said Dorcas, resolutely. "I knew papa had been worried over those Dakota lands. He's given me every cent he could afford. Now, Aunt Bli, please never speak of Laramie to me. I can bear it all, but I *can't* talk about it."

Far from regretting what she had done, Dorcas threw her whole heart into engaging a room in the hospital for La Signora. Her irritation vanished, and a genuine affection sprang up toward the helpless, suffering little woman.

"'Since you are dear-bought, I will love you dear!'" she said, and this time Shakespeare was quoted wittingly.

Wrapped in Dorcas's fur cape, holding tightly to Dorcas's tender hand, Mrs. Tucker was safely brought to her new quarters.

They placed the frail creature in bed. She gazed into Dorcas's face with eyes as brown and as confiding as Laramie's own.

"This room is chock full of—*rest*. Now I shall get well," she whispered.

The eventful night of the wax-works at last came. Dorcas tripped down the stairs, arrayed in Great grandmother Quincy's gown, with its full skirt. Over her shoulders hung the mantle. On her head was perched an enormous gray watered silk bonnet, gay with feathers and flowers. Her cap and a huge crimson satin bonnet had been sent to the hall. She found there all the "wax figgers." Boys and girls in every sort of costume, round red spots in their cheeks, and more or less of white powder on their brows and chins, gave quite a waxen look to their faces.

The first scene went off amid much applause. A number of historical figures were exhibited. "Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh." Mrs. Jarley read quotations from the historian *A. Fraud* in regard to Elizabeth's "tricks and manners." "She was the daughter of Henry the Eighth, you remember. The person who founded the Woman's Exchange."

"Madame Roland!—when, at the tender age of six years, she waved aside her doll, exclaiming, 'The square of a rectangular circle is equal to the hypothenuse of a right-angled parallelopipedon calculated by logarithms. If that be treason, make the most of it. Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'"

The second "Chamber" was announced as "Miscellaneous, containing special American celebrities, chief among whom is the cowboy as discovered in his native jungle. He is usually a college graduate, who, after some misunderstanding on the part of his paternal relative, has fled to the untrammelled confines of the billowing prairie. He is fierce as a lion to the buffalo and the commercial traveller, but tender as a woman to his maiden aunt, and cherishes the rabbit, antelope, and other wild-fowl in his manly bosom."

Chamber third was "Classical." Juno, Minerva, Venus, Paris, Achilles, Hector, and Andromache in armor and in drapery delighted the audience.

"And this is Cornelia, blessing her jewels. I will repeat," said Mrs. Jarley, "relative to this group, one of Macaulay's 'Lies of Ancient Rome':

"A ditch was opened in old Rome,
A chasm deep and wide.
And all the lictors licked their rods,
And staggered to its side.

"'Say, who shall close the opening?'
The Tarquins backward tripped;
And all the little Skippios
Kept up their name and skipped.

"Then out spake Caius Gracchus:
'My kingdom for a horse!
If I can't shut the yawning gulf,
I'll tumble in, of course.'

"And so he did. He stumbled in,
The earth closed with a groan,
And Julius Cæsar marched across
To storm the Church of Rome.

"Old Father Tiber burst his banks,
And rolled with sullen growl;
While vestal virgins in a row
Thanked Jove for that brave soul!"

Mrs. Jarley paused to control her emotion, when suddenly there was a crackling sound, a sharp red light, a scream from Juno, and a shriek from Andromache.

The pink hangings of the stage were in a blaze.

There was confusion on every hand. Paris and Hector, in their armor of silver paper, stood helpless before the flames. Men from the audience leaped on the stage. Women fainted. In the general terror some one turned out the gas.

Dorcas felt her hand seized. "This way, this way!" a voice exclaimed. "It's me, miss. Joe. I know where the door is. Come!"

He dragged her after him, down the stage steps. The smoke was blinding—stifling.

"I can't breathe!" gasped Dorcas.

"Come! come!" urged Joe.

He ran to a window; thrust his elbow through the glass. A rush of air reached the two.

"Come! come! don't wait! The door is opposite!"

Through the blackness the two groped their way. Then Dorcas felt her senses leaving her. She gave a faint

cry, and sank to the floor. The next thing she knew was that she was in her own room, and when she tried to raise herself, found that her body refused to obey her will. Aunt Bli was bending over her. And—who was that, standing by the bed?

"Why, papa!" she tried to say, and found she had no voice. Then, with a tremendous effort, she managed to articulate, "Where's Joe?"

Up over the foot-board popped a face with wild eyes.

"Here I be!" said Joe, and then he gave a sort of anguished howl. "We thought you was dead, miss," he cried, and sank on the floor.

"You were hurt at the fire, dear," explained Aunt Bli. "But you would have been killed had not Joe managed to drag you from the building. You have been unconscious for four days. Your father came as fast as steam could bring him."

It was more than a week before Dorcas was really herself. Then a month of helplessness was before her; but she lay at peace, her father sitting by the hour near his rescued treasure.

"Oh, my infinitely precious child!" Dorcas once heard him whisper. Just then there was a quick, sharp bark outside her door.

"Why! what!" exclaimed Dorcas.

Her father smiled. "I thought you might need a companion, while Aunt Bli and I were at dinner," he said.

In a flash two gray paws were on the bed, and two great brown eyes gazed into Dorcas's own. Then the staghound turned away, lay down on the floor, and actually cried aloud for joy. Dorcas cried too.

"Dear papa!" she sobbed, "you've bought him back!"

When the two were alone, Dorcas and her dog told each other all about it.

"He says I am 'infinitely precious'! How much is 'infinitely'? Ah! it's certainly as much as—a hundred and fifty dollars. Laramie! My Laramie!"

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER.

MANY readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have few opportunities to skate, because the winters where they live are not cold enough to form large expanses of thick ice. Yet skating is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of all sports. For several years the skating season has been very brief even in the northern United States, but this winter almost every lake and stream in the Middle and Northern States has been a natural rink. In most cases the opportunity has been seized, and young people have learned or resumed a sport which has been popular for many centuries.

In northern Europe skating is a feature of winter life, and in Holland, where the highways are canals, everybody skates—to and from business, for pleasure, with or without burdens—in short, under all conditions of work and play. It is rather remarkable, therefore, that the champion skater of the world is an American, and not a Russian, or a Dutchman, or a German, or a Swede.

Four years ago, in the number for March 12, 1889, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE printed an account of "A World's Champion on Skates." We said then: "For so young a lad, Joseph Donoghue has appropriated to himself a great deal of fame that older persons would be proud to secure. He is only just eighteen years old, and he may fairly be called the champion long-distance skater of the world. He is a native of Newburg on the Hudson, where his father has a great reputation as a maker of 'spoon-blade' oars. From his earliest childhood the river has been Joe's highway at all seasons."

In the winter of 1889 young Donoghue went abroad, when he defeated the best skaters in Europe for distances greater than a mile, and came back with the world's record of 16 minutes 45 seconds over a 5-mile course.

This winter Donoghue has performed even more wonderful feats. On January 26th, at Stamford, Connecticut, he skated 100 miles in a race in which he had practically no competitors, so far did he outdistance them all. He covered the 100 miles in the astonishing time of 7 hours, 11 minutes, $38\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, the best previous record being



JOSEPH F DONOGHUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WOOD, NEW YORK.

11 hours, 37 minutes, and 45 seconds. Not only was the record for 100 miles broken, but so were all the world's records from 17 miles up. His 17-mile record is 1 hour, 2 minutes, and 33 seconds, or one second better than any previous record. From that distance on to the end of the race he gradually gained over the performances of other great skaters, until at 50 miles he established the record of 3 hours, 15 minutes, and $59\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, which was 57 minutes and $36\frac{3}{5}$ seconds better than had ever been done before.

This gain was gradually increased as Donoghue sped on, until he reached the 100-mile mark so far ahead of everybody else who has ever covered that distance on skates that he is looked upon as a world's marvel.

Too many records have been broken, however, in all departments of athletics for any champion to rest on his victories, in the belief that a better man than he will not appear to contest the championship. Young Donoghue has just broken eighty-three records that have stood the test of fourteen years. Yet it does not seem improbable



JOSEPH F. DONOGHUE'S SKATE.

that he may improve his own record. He evidently did not do his best during the last miles of his course. After his splendid performance he sprinted around the half-mile track just to show that he was not tired, and the last eight miles were skated after colliding with a small boy, falling, cutting his lip, and injuring his knee.

In commenting on the championship races of four years ago, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE said, "The speed-skater of ten years hence may despise skates of the pattern by which Donoghue has won his victories, as much as the oarsman of to-day, with his sliding-seat, pities his predecessor of twenty years ago, with his fixed seat and comparatively short reach." This prediction has been fulfilled, as may be seen by a comparison of the picture of Donoghue's skate, printed on this page, with those in common use. The skates of the champion are eighteen inches long, and when he was breaking records at Stamford his stride was twenty feet.

AN IRISH CAT.

BY EVA LOVETT

THERE are some things about this story which I do not fully understand, but I know that the cat in the story is an Irish cat. It was an old Irish woman who told me about it, and she said that the old man who owned the cat was "from the door at home," and that he was an Irishman, so, of course, the cat must have been an Irish cat.

This Irish cat was very fond of eating candles. Why she preferred candles to other articles of food is one of the things I do not know, but the old Irish woman said that she did. If candles were obtainable the cat refused to eat anything else. Neither rats nor mice, cream nor fish, nor any of the usual dainties in which a cat's heart delights, possessed any charms for this cat if she could find a luscious candle about. She would chew down a thick candle greedily, wash her face afterward, and then sit blinking her eyes and purring contentedly, as much as to say, "What can life offer me better than this?"

But her peculiar appetite was a source of great trouble to the old Irishman. Naturally he was always short of candles. He would lay in a good stock of candles, say half a dozen or so, put them carefully away, and when he went to get a candle to eat his supper or read his paper by, the candles had all disappeared; not one could he find. It did not matter how secure he might think the place, whether it was behind the stove or on a high shelf, in the garret or in the cellar; he could not use any spot in the house in which to hide his candles where that cat would not discover them. She seemed to possess a remarkable scent for candles.

The old man began to despair of getting ahead of that cat concerning a hiding-place for his candles. What he suffered from the inconvenience of never having a candle was dreadful. The old woman told me that he frequently was obliged to go out after dark and buy one candle, and keep it burning beside him all the while, lest the cat should make a sudden spring upon it when his back was turned.

At last the old Irishman grew desperate. "I'll get the better of that cat," said he, "or I'll break her neck!" This seemed unkind of the old man, but as he made the remark to himself, it did not appear to trouble the cat.

So one day the old man went out and bought a pound of candles. Just how many go to a pound in Ireland I can't say, but he took the whole pound and tied it up securely together; then he fastened a long rope to the package, and hung it up to the middle of the roof, and just over his bed.

"There!" said he; "now if that cat can get thim candles, she'll be a smarther cat than I think she is!"

Then the old man went to bed in the dark, having forgotten to keep out a candle to light himself by. He lay down with a chuckle at his own smartness, and was soon peacefully asleep.

What happened while he was asleep the old Irish woman does not know, but she said that in the night he was wakened by a strange voice singing a strange tune—probably an Irish melody. He listened a few moments. Then he sat up in bed, and by the moonlight, which shone through his window, he saw a strange sight. The bundle of candles which had hung over his bed the night before was *gone*, but where they had been, from the end of the rope, hung the cat. Suspended from the roof, she was swinging backward and forward—to and fro, and fro and to. And as she swung, she was softly singing to herself:

"Oft in the stilly night,
When slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

After that, I believe, the old man "gave it up." Whether he only gave up burning candles, and used oil lamps, or lighted his cabin by electricity, or whether he did without any artificial light at all, and simply bought the cat all the candles she could eat, I do not know. All the old Irish woman could tell me was that after that the old man "gave it up."

But I *would* like to know why the cat sang,

"Oft in the stilly night."

I have often wondered what was the reason of that.

HOW JULES MONTIER FOUGHT THE BEAR.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

ONE cold winter morning three Canadian trappers (*coureurs des bois*), by name Jules Montier, Pierre Laflamme, and Félice Rabedeau, started from the camp of their party to go to a pond which lay close by in the woods, and was said by the Indians to be full of trout. The camp had grown tired of pemmican and beaver meat, so these three men were sent out to try to catch fish. They carried the necessary tackle, and an axe to cut holes through the thick ice on the pond. Their rifles were left behind; they were expected to attend strictly to the fishing.

Till late in this winter the ground had been almost bare; but within a few days the snow had come, and now it lay deep on the moss and dead leaves that covered the ground, and hung in glittering masses on the branches of the evergreens. The three men wore snow-shoes, and, being raised by these, their heads were likely to strike the evergreen boughs and bring down a shower of snow. Pierre and Félice stooped and avoided the boughs; but this was not so easy for the other one. Jules Montier stood six feet four in his moccasins.

When the pond was reached, Pierre and Félice at

once cut holes in the ice and began to fish; but Jules walked on to a little bay formed by the mouth of a brook. He had not been there very long when he caught several large trout. However, he found it stupid work fishing there by himself, so he set his line and went back to where the others were to see what success they were having.

While he was talking with them a black bear came to the shore of the little bay where he had been fishing. The bear scented the trout that had been left lying on the ice, and, going to them, it swallowed them down without further ceremony. Then it turned and went off into the forest.

Pierre and Félice began to laugh. "Look at that big fellow!" cried Pierre. "He dares to take the fish of even strong Jules Montier! He is your master, Jules—he makes you catch fish for him!"

When Jules tried to speak he almost choked, he was so angry. "I'll kill that bear!" he muttered. "Yes, with my naked hands! He'll learn who is master! I'll bring back his skin and show it to you—and frighten you with it, you little laughing Pierre Laflamme!"

Then he bent down and tightened the thongs of his snow-shoes. When Jules was in good humor his face, like his tall straight figure, was pleasant to look at. He was dark and keen-eyed, with a mass of coarse curling black hair, on which his red knitted cap sat jauntily; he had no beard, and his nose was short and hooked. But when Jules was angry his face was not pleasant to look at. It was said he had Algonquin blood in his veins, and at such a time the savage showed plainly in his features.

Now when he stood upright, and they could see his face, Pierre and Félice stopped laughing. Jules strode over the snow-covered ice toward where the bear had climbed up the shore and disappeared in the woods.

It was easy to see where the animal had gone, and Jules hurried after, having no doubt of overtaking it in time. The bear seemed to know it was being followed, it made such long leaps in the snow. This was late in the season for a bear to be abroad, but Jules remembered having heard that sometimes an old he-bear will roam about nearly all winter, provided there is not too much snow.

The track of the bear led through varied scenes—through stretches of swamp land where the cedar grew, and the ground was soft with moss in summer, and doubly soft now when the cushion of moss was covered by another cushion of snow, through hard-wood groves where each beech and maple twig was gray and bare, save that there hung from it a pendant of ice that sparkled in the sun with an iridescent light; it led over rocky knolls, windswept and rough, where the trees were dwarfed and there was none of the solemn hush which fills the deep woods in winter.

By swamp and grove and hill, Jules Montier rushed after, never slackening the swiftness of his stride, leaping over the logs and stumps and piles of brush that were in the way, his eyes intent and watchful. The evergreen twigs switched and beat his face, and showers of snow, that felt grateful to his hot skin, fell from the disturbed branches. His blood leaped in his veins, and every muscle was tense; his thoughts were busy wondering how he should kill the bear. Should he strangle it, or break its neck? He must kill it with his naked hands. Then he bethought him that he might not be overtaking it, and he rushed on with no time even for thought.

It was a bitterly cold day, but he tore off his jacket and flung it away, and pulled his shirt open at the neck where the swollen veins stood out on the swarthy skin. His black curls were warm and moist, and clung to his forehead.

Of a sudden—in a place where the trees were slender spruce or giant shaggy hemlock—he came upon the bear. He shouted with joy, and sprang forward. The great animal turned and looked at him, and was seized with a panic of fear. It tried desperately to escape, making headlong plunges through the snow, but in vain. Jules Montier dashed along at its side, and, bending down, he slapped its broad shaggy haunches with his open hand, as if urging it to run faster. Then he took off his red cap and whipped the bear in the face till it blinked and whimpered.

"I wish Pierre could see us now!" he shouted, laughing. "Oh, you poor bear! What good does it do you to be so big that you must be king of all bears?"

Perhaps the bear felt this taunt, or perhaps it got the courage of desperation; it stopped, and, raising itself on its hind feet, confronted him. And Jules stopped too, and they stood there in the solitude of the great hemlocks and looked at each other. Jules realized what a huge animal it was; it was bigger than any bear he had ever seen or heard of. It was all glossy black, save its face, which was as gray as that of an old bearded man.

"Now, my friend," cried Jules, "we will fight!"

He tore off his snow-shoes, snapping the thongs of moose sinew as if they had been thread; then he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, like a farmer when he goes into the fields to mow grass, and flinging his cap into its face as a gage of battle, he closed with the bear. He caught it with one arm around the neck, and with the other hand he tried to strangle it, gripping its throat with his strong fingers. The bear did not flinch, and grasped Jules around the body; and though Jules had ribs like steel, he felt that the great beast was slowly crushing him in its embrace. In a moment it must strangle, for it was gasping now, but its hold of him did not relax. Mustering all his strength, Jules tore himself away and staggered back in the snow. The bear did not offer to follow; it stood still, breathing hard, and watching him.

After a little, Jules Montier again flung himself upon the bear. This time he seized it under the jaw and tried to break its neck, for Jules had the strength of two men in his hands and arms. But again, as they struggled over the snow, the bear hugged him; and Jules, to save himself, had to break away. Again the bear was ready for a truce. Once more they grappled; but the strength of both was gone, and Jules saw that they could now hurt each other, no more than can two trappers who come to a trading-post and drink so much brandy, that they grow foolish and roll together in the snow, while their friends look on and laugh.

Again Jules broke away, and reeled back, and had to lean against a spruce trunk to steady himself. His shirt was ripped by the bear's claws and his flesh torn.

As he leaned there against the tree, Jules, faint, breathless, and almost sightless, knew that he had found something alive that he could not overcome with his hands. There was a strange hush in the forest, as if the trees and rocks and bushes were intent in watching him, and Jules felt somehow that they were hostile to him, because the bear was more one of them than he was.

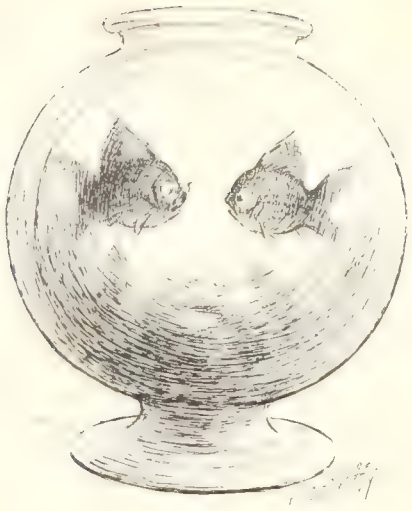
The bear stood on all fours, motionless, its breath coming in sobs and gulps, and it looked at him with a grave respect in its eyes—as Jules thought. It seemed to realize that they were equal.

"Yes, bear," gasped Jules, "you are as strong as I am. Pardon me for slapping you."

The bear seemed to bow its head in assent, solemnly.

Then Jules tied on his snow-shoes as well as he could, and turned and took his back track; but now his stride was unsteady, and he had to go around every little log that lay in the way. He was hardly able to drag himself back to the trapping camp.

After this Jules Montier was no longer the proudest *coureur des bois* along the Ottawa. He knew there was something alive in the woods as strong as he.



DID NOT AGREE WITH HIS OBSERVATION

MASTER TINNY (*to companion*). "MY GEOGRAPHY SAYS THAT THE EARTH IS A GLOBE, AND THAT WE LIVE ON ITS SURFACE; BUT MY OBSERVATION LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT WE LIVE IN THE INSIDE."

JUST THE SAME.

MAMMA. "I judge from your red face that you must have had a very hard time walking to the drug store against the cold wind."

WHITNEY. "Yes, it was very hard work walking to the store against the wind, but then it was twice as easy walking home with it, so it was the same thing in the end."

NO WAY TO KNOW THEM.

"WELL, Robbie," said Robbie's uncle, "do you know your letters yet?"

"No," said Robbie. "I haven't got any letters. Nobody ever writes to me."

A POOR SCHOLAR.

VISITOR. "Are you good at multiplication?"

WALTER. "No, 'm. I always forget whether six times four or four times six is the most."

"I WISH baby could walk," sighed Sammy, "and then they wouldn't think that all the muddy tracks in the house were mine."

HOW HE FELT.

"HOWDY do?" cried the sidewalk to the weather-vane on the church steeple. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Way up!" replied the weather-vane.

A NEW WAY TO MEASURE.

PAPA. "How long is that hill where you coast?"

WARREN. "About three seconds down and ten minutes up."

AN EXPLANATION.

"WHY do you always make such a noise when you shut the front door?" asked mamma.

"So that you will know I haven't left it open," explained Freddy.

INCREASING THE NOISE.

JENNIE. "Why don't you learn how to play on the piano?"

KITTIE. "I guess mamma thinks I make noise enough now about the house."

THE OGRE'S PROBLEMS.

IT came, I cannot tell you why—
Perhaps 'twas purely Fancy's trick,
Maybe an overdose of pie,
Perhaps too much arithmetic.

'Twas very strange, but suddenly
I stood beside an ogre grim,
Who put these problems unto me,
And bade me quickly answer him.

Supposing 15 happy hens
Should equal 2 dyspeptic frogs,
Then what's the need of silver pens
For literary pollywogs?

If 18 snakes with twisted tails
Should swallow 30 pewter spoons,
How many paper water-pails
Would make a pair of pantaloons?

Take 60 sows of any size,
And add them to a kitchen sink;
Now work the problem out in flies,
And write the answer down in ink.

If 16 sickly guinea pigs
Made 30 meals for 40 men,
How many powdered periwigs
Were ever worn askew, and when?

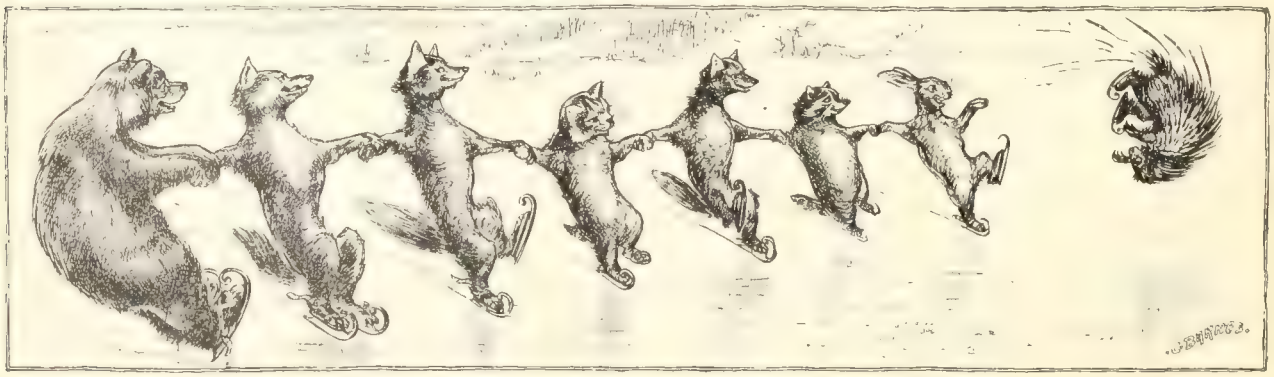
Two men start out to walk a mile,
And each man bears a bale of hay;
Now why are turnips all the style,
And why aren't lobsters made of clay?

If 25 and 9 and 3
Made altogether 52,
Then who would eat a jamboree
When he can get an oyster stew?

Supposing 18 tons of lead
Should weigh as much as you or me,
Does that prove Adam's whiskers red
Because he never went to sea?

And when I missed, alas, my fate!
The bare remembrance makes me shrink.
The ogre made me eat a slate,
And wash it down with purple ink.

GEORGE H. WESTLEY.



"SNAP THE WHIP"—GETTING RID OF UNDESIRABLE COMPANY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

POLLY'S VALENTINE.

BY NORA PERRY.

I.

POLLY was seven years old before she knew anything about valentines. This may seem very strange to most girls, for most girls have heard all about Valentine's day by the time they are three or four, and have had no end of fun sending and receiving these friendly favors. But Polly didn't know a thing about them until she was seven. I'll tell you why. Polly was one of a number of children who lived in an Orphans' Home, and Polly herself was the youngest of the orphans.

One morning as she looked out of the window she saw the postman suddenly surrounded by a whole flock of little girls, and heard one of them say, "Oh, *haven't* you got a valentine for me?" And then the whole flock cried, "And for me? and for me?" And the postman laughed good-naturedly, and looking through his pack of letters, took out two or three quite big square envelopes, and handed them to one and another of the clamorous little crowd.

Polly hearing and seeing all this wondered what a valentine could be. She did not ask anybody the question, however, just then, but when the postman came around at noon, and she saw the same scene repeated, her curiosity could not be restrained any longer, and she started off to find Jane McClane, for Jane was fourteen years old and knew everything, Polly thought.

Jane was in the linen-room mending a sheet when Polly found her, and being rather lonesome was quite willing to enter into conversation with any one who came along. But Polly's question made her open her eyes with surprise.

"A valentine?" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say, Polly, you never heard of a valentine before?"

"No, never," answered Polly, feeling very small and ignorant.

"Well, to be sure," said Jane, "you're very little, and ain't 'round much, but I *should* have thought you'd have heard *somebody* say something about valentines before this; but you ain't much for listening and asking, I know."

"No," echoed Polly, "but I'm listening now."

Jane laughed. "Yes, I see you are. Well, a valentine is just a piece of poetry, with a picture to it, that anybody sends to a person on Valentine's day."

"What's Valentine's day?"

"Why, it's the day you send valentines, to be sure; the 14th of February."

"Is it like Christmas? Was Valentine very good, and is it his birthday, as Christmas is Christ's birthday?"

(*Continued on page 276.*)



THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

II.—THE QUEST FOR A NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO THE ORIENT.

THE story of accidental discoveries of great importance made by persons who had other objects in view would be one of the most interesting chapters in the history of human progress. While prosecuting a fruitless search for the imaginary philosopher's stone, the alchemists of the Middle Ages chanced upon many valuable processes and compounds in chemistry; and in equally vain endeavors to solve the problem of perpetual motion ingenious inventors have worked out no small number of practicable mechanical devices. As the readers of this periodical were not long ago reminded, it was when sailing westward to find a shorter route to that marvellous Zipangu of which Marco Polo had heard at the court of Kublai-Khan, that Christopher Columbus found the continent of America barring his way, and was fain to discover it instead.

Control of trade with the Orient has from the remotest antiquity been coveted by Western nations as a prime source of wealth. Mercantile communities engaged in carrying Eastern freight invariably prospered, and the greatest cities of ancient times owed much of their splendor to the rich traffic. Alexander the Great, Tamerlane, Mohammed, Caliph Omar, and other great military rulers, had keen eyes for the commerce of the golden East; and when Mecca, the Holy City, was at the height of its glory, the bright chintzes and snowy muslins of Bengal, the brilliant shawls of Cashmere, the savory spices of Malabar, the flashing diamonds of Golconda, the iridescent pearls of Kilcare, and the gauzy silks of China made the merchants' booths places of sore temptation for the pious pilgrims.

Then the discovery of a path to India by the Cape of Good Hope changed the course of trade between Europe and Asia. The golden tide now swept the shores of Spain and Portugal, and those kingdoms suddenly rose out of their obscurity into commercial importance, vying in opulence, political weight, and maritime enterprise with the proudest nations of the day.

But the navigators of those times had little liking for the stormy passage around the Cape whose pacific name was so inconsistent with the treatment usually meted out to them there, and they came to the conviction that across the untracked waters of the Atlantic lay the shortest and best way to the riches of the East. All the earlier expeditions of discovery from Europe to the shores of the Western Continent had their origin in this idea. It was while hunting for an all-sea route to China that John Cabot discovered the coast of Newfoundland and the mouth of the St. Lawrence in the reign of Henry VII., and from his day down to the year 1854, when Captain McClure, while achieving the feat, also proved beyond a peradventure the utter uselessness of the passage for commercial purposes, the belief in such a highway and the determination to discover it led to the loss of many precious lives, and the expenditure on the part of Great Britain alone of over one million pounds sterling.

The list of those who, under the banner of England, imitated the example of John Cabot is a long and inspiring one. Sebastian, his son, followed in 1498. Then came Master Robert Thorne, of Bristol (1527); Master Hore (1536), and Master Michael Lok (1545), of London—men who knew "cosmographie" and the "weighty and substantial reasons for a discovery even to the north pole." Next we have more familiar names: Frobisher (1576), Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1583), James Davis (1585), the ill-fated Henry Hudson (1607), Sir Thomas Button (1612), Baffin and Bylot (1615), Fox and James (1631), and so on, a glorious muster-roll of heroes of the quarter-deck, whose memories have been perpetuated by their names being given to the bays they entered, the straits they passed through, or the capes they sighted.

Bearing in mind how miserable were the craft they sailed in, compared with the modern specimens of marine architecture, and how imperfect was their equipment, the achievements of these dauntless searchers into the mystery of the sullen North call for our warmest admiration. Now breaking through the icy fetters which fain would bind them fast, then being chained by them in seemingly hopeless captivity; at one time big with hope of having hit upon the passage, only to be beaten back by the terrific storms and irresistible berg-laden currents that held guard over it—these men never faltered in their faith, never despaired of final success.

Among those who won high places in the honor list of arctic explorers by their daring and persistence in striving to penetrate the fastnesses of the Frost King were Sir John Ross, Sir Edward Parry, Captain Buchan, and Sir George Back. But the hero above all others without question was Sir John Franklin, one of the noblest navigators that ever faced the terrors of the deep.

Born in 1786, with an innate longing for the sea, Franklin, whose parents wanted him to be a clergyman, was sent to Lisbon on a small merchant ship when a mere boy in the hope of curing him of his romantic notions. But the experience had precisely the contrary effect. He returned home more than ever charmed with a sailor's life, and nothing else would satisfy him than an appointment in the navy. Yielding to his earnest entreaties, his friends procured this for him, and at the age of fourteen he had the pleasure of pacing the quarter-deck of the fine sixty-four *Polyphemus*.

His life on board ship had no lack of exciting incident from the start, as he was one of those who helped Lord Nelson to win the great naval battle of Copenhagen; he had a sharp taste of shipwreck in the southern Pacific; he assisted Commodore Dance to put to inglorious rout Admiral Linois's fleet in the Strait of Malacca; he was mentioned in the despatches as "evincing very conspicuous zeal and activity" at the battle of Trafalgar; he was wounded in the gunboat attack on New Orleans in December, 1814, and again honorably mentioned in the despatches; and finally, when peace was proclaimed, and there were no more foes to fight, his adventurous, energetic spirit loathing inactivity, he went off as second in command of an expedition despatched to find the north pole.

Although he did not find the north pole, Franklin acquitted himself so well that he was shortly after his return put in chief command of an expedition which made a marvellous journey overland from Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Coppermine River, and thence in frail bark canoes eastward along the dreadful coast, where beetling cliffs alternated with glistening glaciers for hundreds of miles—a journey, it has been said, which must always take rank as one of the most daring and hazardous exploits ever accomplished in the interest of geographical research.

The sufferings endured by the explorer and his party were beyond all description, yet so firm was his belief in the Northwest Passage, and so intense his ardor for its discovery, that in 1825 he took command of a similar expedition. This time, however, there were no hardships to speak of, and the possibility of the passage was proved so far as it could be from the shore.

All that now remained was to prove it by sea, and in the year 1845 the great explorer was given the opportunity. With two specially prepared ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, provisioned for three years, equipped in the most complete manner possible, and manned and officered by carefully selected men to the number of 134 in all, Sir John Franklin sailed from England on May 19th in the full confidence that, entering the arctic regions through Baffin's Bay, he

would emerge at Bering Strait with the secret so long and jealously guarded wrested from the Ice King's mighty grasp.

On the 26th of July following the two ships were seen made fast to the ice in Melville Bay by the captain of a whaler from Hull, who had a visit from some of the officers. *So far as is known they were never sighted again.* Although traces of them were discovered many years afterwards, there is little more than mere conjecture as to the subsequent history of the entire expedition. Despite its leader's unwavering faith, dauntless courage, and wellnigh superhuman endurance of hardships that would have appalled a thousand other men, victory remained with the ruthless North, and the passage still continued untraversed.

If the conjectured course of the ill-fated expedition at all approach the truth, there is nothing more pathetic in the whole record of human enterprise. It would seem that good progress was made during the summer of 1845, the winter passed as pleasantly as could be expected, and the succeeding summer put to such good purpose in achieving further advance, that they had got almost within sight of success when the pitiless grip of winter fastened upon them, never again to relax.

"To winter in the pack," says Captain Markham, "is known happily only to a few. To pass two successive winters in the ice is an experience that has fortunately been vouchsafed to fewer still; yet the brave explorers of the *Erebus* and *Terror* were destined to pass not only one, but two long weary successive winters helplessly beset and firmly frozen up in their icy bondage."



IMPRISONED IN THE ICE

In May of 1847 a sledge party under Lieutenant Gore left the ships and made their way to King William's Island, whence they were able to see in the distance the North American continent, and to realize that only a comparatively short channel blocked with ice lay between them and the success for which they had suffered so much. Depositing a record, which was found by the McClintock expedition twelve years later, they hastened back to the ships with the joyful tidings, only to find their beloved leader, who had so often before been face to face with death and come off scathless, now fighting his last battle with the relentless foe. He had scarce time to be assured that the supreme ambition of his life had been achieved, that what old Thomas Purchas pronounced "the only thing whereby a notable mind might be made famous," was practically accomplished, before, on the 11th of June, 1847, he passed peacefully away.

As to the rest of the unfortunate expedition, it would appear that in the following April they abandoned their ships, and set out for the Great Fish River on foot, hoping there to meet with Indians who would help them, but they all drooped and died by the way, leaving little or no trace of their course.

Everything that human forethought and exertion could devise or accomplish was done to discover and rescue the missing expedition, but the various searching parties sent out returned but little wiser than they went.

Six years after Sir John Franklin's death, Sir Robert McClure succeeded in making his way from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, partly by vessel, partly by sledge, and in so doing settled forever in the negative the feasibility of a northwest passage for vessels.

Seeing that to England rightfully belongs first place among the nations that have expended life and treasure in seeking a short route to the Orient through the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," how poetically just it seems that she should, after all her cruel disappointments, find a far better highway for her commerce right through her own territory, and that so long as the rails of the Canadian Pacific gleam brightly across the continent there is no need for any other northwest passage.

FEBRUARY: A RONDEL OF REJOICING.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

HERE you come, with your lengthening days!
Here is the mingled boon you bring —
Tears for winter and smiles for spring,
And one stray robin to sing your praise.

Lovers wait in your pleasant ways,
For Love's own saint is the short month's king;
Here you come, with your lengthening days,
Here is the mingled boon you bring —

Joy and sorrow, and blame and praise,
Prayers to falter and songs to sing,
Hopes that fly on a broken wing,
And breath of flowers in the woodland ways—
Here you come, with your lengthening days!

POLLY'S VALENTINE.

(Continued from page 270.)

"Mercy, no! What queer things you do ask when you get going, Polly. Valentine's day is just Valentine's day, when folks send these poetry and picture things for fun, and don't sign their own names, only 'Your Valentine,' and that means somebody who has chosen—chosen to be your—well, your beau, maybe."

"What's a beau?" asked innocent Polly.

"Polly, you don't know *anything!*" cried Jane, in an exasperated tone. "A beau is—is somebody who likes you better'n anybody else."

"Oh, I wish I had one!"

"Had one—what?" asked Jane.

"A beau to like me like that; to send me a valentine."

"Oh, oh! you are such a baby," laughed Jane.

"I ain't a baby!" cried Polly, indignantly, and then her lip quivered, and she began to cry.

"Hush, hush!" said Jane; "if Mrs. Banks hears you, she'll send you out of here quicker'n a wink."

But Polly could not "hush" all at once, and continued to sob and sniff behind her apron, Jane trying in the mean time to soothe her, but not succeeding very well, until she thought to say, "If you won't cry any more, Polly, I'll get Martha"—Martha was the chambermaid—"to show you *her* valentine; it's a beauty."

Polly dropped her apron and began to swallow her sobs, while Jane ran to Martha, who was very proud of her valentine, and very glad to show it even to little Polly Price. And the valentine *was* a beauty, as Jane had said. Polly, looking through the tears that still hung on her lashes at the group of little cherubs that were dancing out of lily-cups and roses, cried, "Angels, angels!" winding up with, "Oh, I *wish* somebody'd send me a valentine!"

"She didn't know a thing about valentines; never heard of them till just now," Jane explained to Martha.

"Well, to be sure," said Martha, "she is the greenest little thing; but then she ain't never been to school like the rest of ye, and things is very quiet and out-of-the-way like in the Home here, and she's nothin' but a baby."

"I ain't a baby! I ain't, I ain't!" screamed Polly.

"Polly, Polly!" warned Jane. But Polly only burst out afresh in loud sobs and cries. Jane was a good-natured girl, but she could not stand this, and reaching forward, she gave Polly a little shake, and said, "Now, Polly Price, you just stop and be a good girl, or I'll never have anything more to do with you."

Polly gasped. Three years ago, when she was first brought to the Home, she had been assigned to a little bed next the one that Jane occupied, and had been more or less under the elder girl's care. Jane had been very good to the child, and with her womanly ways and superior knowledge she stood to Polly for both mother and sister. No wonder, then, that she gasped at Jane's threat. What would she do if that threat were carried out, and Jane had nothing more to do with her? What would life be in the Home without Jane?

Polly did not ask herself these questions in exactly these words, but she felt the desolate possibility that had been suggested to her, and it was so appalling that it quite overpowered her flare of temper, and stopped her sobs and cries as effectually as Jane could have desired. But Jane herself, busy with her darning, did not notice the expression of Polly's face, and had no idea how deeply her words had penetrated the child's mind until hours afterwards, when, as she was preparing to go to bed, Polly's voice called softly,

"Jane, haven't I been a good girl since?"

Jane started. "What in the world are you awake for now, Polly Price?" she asked. "It's nine o'clock. You ought to have been asleep long ago."

"I couldn't go to sleep, I felt so bad," answered Polly.

"You felt so bad; where? Have you got a sore throat?" inquired Jane, remembering that a good many of the children's illnesses began with sore throat.

"No, 'tisn't my throat."

"Where is it, then—your stomach?"

"No, it's—it's my feelin's. I felt bad 'cause—'cause you said if I didn't stop cryin' and be a good girl, you wouldn' ever have anythin' to do with me any more. But I did stop, and I *have* been a good girl since, haven't I?"

"Yes, oh yes, you've been good since," bending down to tuck Polly in. As she stooped, Polly flung her arms around Jane's neck, and whispered,

"Do you love me just the same, Jane?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied Jane, smiling.

"I love you better'n anybody in the world, Jane."

"And you'd choose me to be your valentine, then, wouldn't you?" laughed Jane.

"Oh, yes, yes; and if I could only send you one of those po'try picture things, I'd send you the most bewt'-f'lest I could find. Don't you wish I could, Jane?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Did you ever have a valentine, Jane?"

"No, never."

"Those girls 'cross the street had 'em, and Martha had one. Why don't you and I have 'em, Jane?"

"You 'n' I? Those girls across the street know girls and boys who have fathers and mothers to give them money to buy valentines with."

"Why don't we know such girls and boys?"

"'Cause we don't. We're poor, and live in an Orphans' Home. Those girls only know folks that live like themselves."

"But Martha lives right here, just where we do, and Martha had a valentine."

"Martha's different. She's only paid for staying here to work. She's got folks outside that she belongs to. It was a cousin of hers sent her that valentine."

"Oh," and Polly gave a soft sigh, "I wish *we* had folks that we belonged to! Don't you, Jane?"

"*Don't* I!" and as Jane said this she dropped down upon Polly's little bed, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Jane, Janey! what's the matter? Has somebody hurted your feelings?"

"No, no," answered Jane, brokenly; "nobody in particular. I—I felt lonesome; I do sometimes when I get to thinking I don't belong to anybody and nobody belongs to me."

"Janey, *I* belongs to you, don't I?" And around Jane's neck two little arms pressed lovingly.

"You don't belong to me as a relation does. You ain't a sister or a cousin, you know."

"Can't you 'dopt me, Jane?"

Jane laughed through her tears. "What do you know about adopting?" she asked.

"Martha tole me 'bout it. She said folks of'n 'dopted children to be their very own, and that mebbe some time somebody 'd 'dopt me; and I tole her then I didn' want anybody to 'dopt me, but—I'd like you to 'dopt me, Jane. Couldn't you?" with great earnestness.

"Of course not, Polly. Folks who adopt children are older'n I am, and have money to take care of 'em. But I do wish some nice lady would adopt you—some nice lady with a nice home."

"But I'd rather stay here 'long o' you, Jane. I don't want to go 'way from you; I'd be lonesome. But mebbe they'd 'dopt you too. Would you like to be 'dopted, Jane?"

"I don't know's I would. I'm too old now. I couldn't get to feel as if they were own folks, as if I really belonged to them, as you could; but, Polly," suddenly sitting up and looking very seriously at Polly, "you mustn't think I'm finding fault with the Home here. It's a very com-

fortable place, and we are treated well. I only feel kind of lonesome sometimes when I see girls like those across the street, who have mother-and-father homes."

"And valentines," cried Polly.

"Oh, Polly, Polly! you'll dream of valentines to-night," laughed Jane; "and mind you send me one in your dream, and the very prettiest you can find."

"I will, I will!" exclaimed Polly, flinging her arms again about Jane's neck, and giving her a good-night hug and kiss. "The very prettiest I can find! the very prettiest I can find!" And saying this over and over, Polly drifted away into the land of sleep.

II.

And sure enough, when it was well on towards morning, she did dream of valentines—piles and piles of them, and out of them all she was hunting for the prettiest, when she heard a strangely familiar voice, calling: "Come, come, Polly! It's time to get up if you want any breakfast."

Polly opened her eyes to see Martha looking down at her. "Oh, Martha, Martha," she cried, "if you hadn't waked me, I should have got it. I'd *almost* found it, and in a little minute, I'd 'a' had it sure."

"Had what?" asked Martha.

"Janey's valentine," and sitting up, Polly told her dream.

Martha laughed till the tears came. "You *are* the funniest young one we ever had here," was her comment, when she caught her breath. "Some time you'll dream you're an heiress, and wake up counting out your money to buy valentines with."

"What's an heiress?" inquired Polly.

"Oh, a girl that has a bankful of money," replied Martha, carelessly.

Polly gave one of her long-drawn "o—hs," then slipped out of bed and began to dress so slowly, that Martha said to her,

"What are you dreaming about now, Polly?"

But Polly didn't answer. She was too busy pulling on her stockings, and thinking of something else that Martha had said, and this "something" was "a girl with a bankful of money." Martha little suspected what effect her words had had; little thought what a fine scheme she had set going. If she had, the scheme would certainly never have been carried out, or never have been carried out as Polly planned it. And Polly knew this perfectly well, and kept as still as a mouse all through breakfast—so still, that the matron, Mrs. Banks, asked, "Don't you feel well, Polly?" whereat Polly choked over her oatmeal as she confusedly answered, "Yes, 'm."

If it had been any other child, Mrs. Banks would have suspected that there was some mischief brewing behind this stillness, but Polly had never been given to mischief, so she was not further questioned or observed, and thus left to herself she scampered back to the dormitory after the chamber-work was done, and going straight to a small bureau that stood between Jane's bed and her own, she cautiously pulled out the lower drawer, and took from it a little toy house. This pretty toy house was nothing more nor less than a child's bank that had been given to Polly one Christmas, and into which she had dropped the pennies that had been bestowed upon her from time to time. Polly had long yearned for a paint-box, and whenever she went out, she used to stop at a certain shop window where these tempting things were displayed, and wonder how much they cost. One day she summoned up courage to go in and ask the price of the smallest.

"Twenty-five cents," the clerk told her. Polly at first was dismayed. Twenty-five cents seemed a vast sum to her. But it was a long time yet to next Christmas, and perhaps by then she *might* find even as much as that in her bank. This hope had warmed her heart for weeks, so that when she was smarting under the first sense of disappointment about the valentines, she consoled herself with



POLLY AND HER "BANK."

the thought of the little paint-box that might soon be hers. But when Martha had said, "Some time you'll dream you're an heiress, and wake up counting your money out," and had told her an heiress meant a girl with a bankful of money, like a flash of lightning came another thought into Polly's mind; the thought that then and there from *her* little bank she might count the money to buy a valentine for her dear Jane. And once this thought had entered Polly's head there was no putting it out. Over and above everything it kept gaining, until it sent her to tugging at that red chimney. Then suddenly the chimney that had stuck so fast gave way.

Polly nearly fell backward, it was so sudden, but righting herself, she shook the treasure into her lap, and fell to counting it. She counted up to ten; that was as far as her knowledge of arithmetic went. Putting aside the ten pennies into a little pile, she began to count the rest. "One, two, three," she went on, until—why, there was another pile of ten, and more yet; and the "more yet" counted up to five. Polly couldn't "do sums." She couldn't add these two piles of ten and the "more yet," and she couldn't ask Jane or any one else in the house to do it for her. But what she *could* do, what she *would* do, was to slip the whole treasure back into the bank, and take it around to the shop on the corner, the shop where she had seen the paint-boxes, and where she was sure she should also find plenty of valentines. So getting into her little coat and hood, she scampered out and off, unseen and unheard by any of the household. It was rather terrifying to find several other customers in the shop, but she had no time to wait until they had left, and going bravely forward, she called out, "Please, I want a valentine." But the clerk was busy, and paid no attention to her; so she pressed a little nearer, and piped out again in a louder tone, "Please, I want a valentine."

But even this did not succeed in getting his attention. Oh, what *should* she do! Perhaps in another minute Jane or Martha or Mrs. Banks would have missed her, and be hunting for her; perhaps they would be sending a policeman after her. Oh dear! oh dear! And summoning up all her courage, she cried out in a voice full of sobs and tears, "Oh, please, *please*, I want a valentine right off now this minute!"

"Don't you see I'm busy now?" said the clerk, sharply.

But the lady he was waiting upon had turned and looked at Polly as she spoke, and immediately said to the clerk: "Oh, do attend to the child now. Her mother has probably told her to make haste."

"She hasn't any mother. She's one of the children at the Orphans' Home," replied the clerk, in a lower tone.

"Oh!" And the lady started and looked at Polly with new interest, and then insisted still more earnestly that she should be attended to at once, at the same time beckoning Polly to come forward.

Polly obeyed her; but as she glanced at the cheap little five-cent valentines the clerk put before her, she shook her head disdainfully. "I want a bigger one; I want the bewt'f'lest there is," she informed him.

The young man laughed. "How much money have you got?" he asked.

Polly produced her bank, and triumphantly shook out its contents.

"Oh!" laughing again—"all that? How much is it?"

"I don't know jus' exac'ly. I can count up to ten, and there's two ten piles, and —and—five cents more."

"Oh, two tens and five. Yes, I see"—running his fingers over the little heap—"that makes twenty-five. You've got twenty-five cents. Here are the twenty-five-cent valentines;" and he uncovered another box, and left her to make her choice.

"Twenty-five cents!" echoed Polly. Why, why, why, that was enough to buy the little paint-box! She glanced down at the twenty-five-cent valentines. They presented a dazzling sight of cherubs' heads and wings and flowery garlands. She lifted her chin a little higher, and there, staring her in the face, was the very little paint-box, with its two brushes and porcelain color plate, and it seemed to say to her: "Come, buy me now; come, buy me now. If you don't, somebody else will get me." And she *could* buy it now, if only—she gave up the valentine—Jane's valentine; and—why shouldn't she? She hadn't told Jane anything about it; Jane didn't expect it; Jane wouldn't ever know about it. Why shouldn't she? And Polly drew a deep sigh of perplexity as she asked herself this question.

"What is it?" a soft voice said to her here. "What is it that troubles you? Tell me. Perhaps I can help you."

Polly started, and turned to see the lady who had made way for her standing beside her. The lady smiled reassuringly as she met Polly's perplexed glance, and said again: "What is it? Tell me."

And Polly, looking up into the kind sweet face, told the whole story—all about the long saving for the little paint-box, Jane's valentine, and everything, winding up eagerly with the appeal, "And wouldn't *you* buy the paint-box, now, 'stead of the valentine, 'cos the paint-box mebbe 'll be gone when I get more money?"

"Wouldn't I? Well, I don't know what I should have done when I was a little girl like you. I dare say, though, that I should have felt just as you do—have done just as you, I see, are going to do now."

"Bought the paint box?" cried Polly.

"Yes, bought the paint-box," laughed the lady.

Polly beamed with smiles, and gave a rapturous look at the treasure that was so soon to be hers. But presently the rapture faded, and a new expression came into her face. The lady was watching her very attentively.

"Well, what now?" she inquired. "Doesn't the paint-box suit you?"

Polly gave an emphatic nod. Perhaps it was that nod that sent two little tears to her eyes.

"Then, if it suits you, shall I speak to the clerk, and tell him you've changed your mind about the valentine, and will buy the paint-box?"

Polly shook her head, and two more tears followed the first ones.

"You're not going to buy the paint-box?"

"N-o, I—I gu-ess not. I guess I'll buy the valentine. Jane didn't ever get a valentine, and she hasn't got anybody to give her one but me."

The blurring tears made Polly's eyes so dim here, she could scarcely see, but through the dimness she sent one last good-by look at the dear paint-box, and then resolutely turned to the valentines, from which she selected the biggest and "bewt'f'lest" she could find, the lady crowning her kindness by stamping and directing it, and finally mailing it in the letter-box just outside the shop door.

III.

"What yer watchin' for, Polly?"

Polly didn't answer.

"Guess I know," said Martha, laughing; "yer watchin' for the postman to bring yer a valentine."

"I ain't," said Polly.

Just then the postman crossed the street, and ring, ring, went the Home bell.

"I told you so," said Martha, as she ran down to answer it. In a minute she was back again holding out a big square envelope, and saying again, "I told you so."

"'Tain't for me," cried Polly.

"Ain't your name Polly Price?"

"Yes," faltered Polly.

"Well, here's 'Polly Price' written as plain as print. Just look, now," and Martha held forth the missive.

Polly looked. She could read her own name in writing, and there it was, sure enough, plain as print—Polly Price, and it was written on an envelope exactly like the one she had chosen to send to Jane. A fearful thought came into Polly's mind. She had told the lady her own name—Polly Price—and it was Polly Price she had written on the envelope, instead of Jane McClane. Oh! oh! oh! and then Polly burst out:

"It ain't mine, it ain't mine, it's Jane's. The lady made a mistake."

"What lady?"

"The lady in the shop."

"What shop?"

And then Polly had to tell the whole story.

"And that's where you were after breakfast, you little monkey, breaking a bank, and running away with it, to buy Jane McClane a valentine. Well, if this isn't the funniest thing I ever heard of. Jane! Jane! come up here and show Polly *your* valentine!" And up came Jane, her face beaming with smiles, holding in one hand a big square envelope, and in the other an open sheet all covered with lilies, and roses, and cherubs' faces; that very "bewt'f'lest" valentine that had been chosen for her.

Polly staring at it in amazement, cried out, "Why, she's got it! she's got it!" And then, pulling open the envelope addressed to Polly Price, she stared in amazement again, and cried out, "Why, this is just like *that* one—the one I bought for you, Janey!"

And then it was Jane's turn to cry out in amazement, to say, "*You* bought it; how did *you* buy it, Polly?"

"She broke a bank and ran away with the money," laughed Martha.

"I didn't, either. The chimney's made to come out, and the bank's my bank," retorted Polly, indignantly.

"You took *your* money—your money you've been saving to buy the paint-box with, to buy this valentine for me?" asked Jane.

"Yes," faltered Polly.

"And gave up the paint-box! Oh, Polly, Polly, you're a dear," and Jane swooped down upon Polly with a tremendous hug. Polly returned the embrace with ardor, and then, "Who'd you s'pose," she asked, "who'd you s'pose sent *me* one jus' exactly like yours? It must be somebody that likes me jus' as I like you, Janey."

"Mrs. Banks wants you to go down to the parlor, Polly. There's some one to see you," a voice interrupted here.

"To see *me*?" cried Polly.

"Yes—don't stop to bother—run along." And Polly ran along as fast as her feet could carry her, wondering as she went who had come to see *her*, who had never in her life had a visitor before. At the foot of the stairs she stopped in shy alarm. Then she tiptoed across the hallway to the parlor threshold, and there she saw the lady who had been so kind to her in the shop.

"Oh, it's you!" exclaimed Polly, joyfully.

The lady laughed and held out her hand. "Yes, it's I," she said. "Did Jane get the valentine all right, and did she like it?"

Polly nodded, and then burst out with the story of her own valentine, "Jus' like Janey's!"

"And who'd you s'pose sent it?" she asked, confidingly, nestling against the lady's knee.

"I think it must have been one of the good St. Valentine's messengers," answered the lady.

Polly's eyes opened very wide. "St. Valentine! Tell me 'bout him," she said.

"A very wise man has told about him—a man by the name of Wheatley—and he says that this Valentine was a good Bishop who lived long ago, and so famous for his love and charity, that after he died he was called St. Valentine, and a festival was held on his birthday, when all the people would send love tokens to their friends."

Polly's face was radiant. "Oh, I *thought* Valentine was a somebody very good, and that Valentine's day was his birthday! I asked Jane if 'twasn't. Oh, Janey, Janey!" running to the foot of the stairs in her excitement, "come down and hear 'bout St. Valentine!"

"Polly!" said Mrs. Banks, reprovingly.

"Oh, don't stop her," cried the lady. "I like to hear her, and I want to see Janey." After this there was nothing for Mrs. Banks to do but to send for Jane. As the strong, womanly looking girl entered the room, a new idea entered the lady's mind. "It's the very thing," she said to herself—"the very thing." At that instant carriage wheels were heard at the door, and the bell was rung sharply and impatiently. "Oh, it must be my Elise," said the lady.

The next instant the door was opened, and in hopped—that is the only word to use—a little lame girl of ten or eleven, lifting herself along by a crutch. She was very pale, and her eyes were sunken with suffering, but she looked about her with a smile, and said, in a quick, lively way, "I got tired of driving 'round the square waiting for you, mamma, so I thought I'd come in."

"I'm glad you did; I wanted you to see—"

"I know—Polly! Mamma's told me all about you, Polly, you and Jane and the valentine; and that's Jane. How do you do, Polly? how do you do, Jane?" nodding and laughing at them in a way that made Polly and Jane laugh too; whereupon this odd little girl exclaimed, "That's right, laugh, do, I like laughy folks"; and then as she said this, her little figure swayed and would have fallen, if Jane, who was very quick of motion, hadn't sprung forward and caught her in her arms. The girl's face was all puckered up into little wrinkles of pain, but as soon as she could speak, she said, "Aren't you strong, though, Jane?"

Jane couldn't say a word, but Polly piped out, "If I let you have my valentine to look at a little while, do you think you'd feel better?"

"Lots, Polly, lots. Mamma told me about you, and when you come to stay with us, you'll be a regular treat."

"Stay with you?" cried Polly, wonderingly.

"Yes; what," turning to her mother, "haven't you asked her yet, mamma?"

"No; I've only talked with Mrs. Banks."

"Well, I'll talk to Polly. Polly, we've been looking for a nice little girl like you to come and stay at our house. I'm lame, and I can't do much. When mamma came home and told me about you, and the bank, and the paint-box, and the valentine, I said, 'That's the girl for me; let's go and ask her to come.' And *won't* you come, Polly?"

"I—I'd like to if—if Jane can come too."

"Don't, Polly. I can't I can't!" whispered Jane.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried the lame Elise, entreatingly.

"Mamma" turned to Mrs. Banks. "If she *would* only come and help us—come and try us, at least—I'm sure we could make satisfactory arrangements."

Mrs. Banks nodded and smiled approval. "Of course Jane can go if she chooses."

"And you *will* choose; you will, won't you, Jane?"

"Course she will," cried Polly, and then everybody laughed, and everything was as good as settled from that moment. Then it was that Polly burst out, "I should be puffickly happy now if I only knew jus' who that mess'nger was that sent my valentine."

"Tell her, mamma, tell her!" called out Elise; and "mamma" bent down, and said to Polly, "It was somebody who saw what a loving heart a certain little girl had when she chose to give up her paint-box to buy her dear Jane a valentine."

"'Twas you, 'twas you!" cried Polly, joyfully. "Oh, I jus' love Valentine's day, and I knew it must be Somebody's birfday—some very good Somebody!"

SNOW HOUSES AND SNOW MEN.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IF there is a boy anywhere in this great country where snow falls who has not taxed his ingenuity in trying to put up a snow house more elaborate than his playfellows, or make a snow man of larger proportions than any in the neighborhood, he has failed to reveal his identity. There seems to be a certain something about the snowball that brings all boys into good-fellowship when they come in contact with it, unless it happens to be a very hard one that has hit them on the head.

As an instance of its potency, here is a story I once heard in California: Snow on the Pacific coast south of San Francisco is a most unusual occurrence. There are many boys in California who have never seen snow, and know of the many pleasures it brings only by reading of the snowballing and snow houses and snow men of the Eastern lads.

In a town situated in one of these unfavored latitudes there came one night, while every one was asleep, a fall of snow. Such a blinking of eyes as there was the next morning when every one looked out upon the beautiful white mantle has never been seen since. The boys in the town, who had never seen snow, did not know what to make of it, but the men who had lived East soon showed them. The man who told me this story, and who was himself a resident of the village at the time, assured me that the business of the town for that day was practically suspended. The partners in the mercantile houses, the clerks, and every boy in town old enough to run about, indulged in a grand snowball battle, which lasted until afternoon, when the semi-tropical sun had melted the last flake.

The snowball is indeed the corner-stone of the snow house and snow man. While there are many different ways of building both, I never, as a boy, heard of any better method than that which made the snowball foremost in its many varieties of foundation, wall, roof, legs, body, and head.

I have always noticed that the very easiest methods are not the ones most generally used, merely because it is the way of the world to shun simplicity for something

more elaborate. Experience is the only teacher in this direction, and often the lesson given is unduly severe. I remember, when I was out West in the Rocky Mountains, meeting many a sad but wiser Eastern "tenderfoot," as men were called who had not been in the West long enough to be in touch with its ways, who had scorned the primitive woodcraft of the mountaineer for the more fanciful stories with which certain books and certain men are always filled. The simple log cabin, even if not so attractive to the uneducated eye, is infinitely more serviceable than the most cunningly made device of the Eastern manufacturer. Even the home-made articles of locomotion are to be preferred, because they are made by men whose experience has taught them precisely the needs of the country.

A little story from my own experience will illustrate more completely the value of my suggestion. When I was a "tenderfoot" out West it became necessary for me to make a trip of one hundred and twenty-five miles from the end of the railroad to a mining-camp, and as the snow was from six to eight feet deep, the only way to make the trip was on snow-shoes. Now the snow-shoes used almost entirely in the Rocky Mountain section are the Norwegian variety, which are made from eight to ten or even eleven and twelve feet long and four inches wide, for travelling over very soft deep snow.

I purchased my snow-shoes in Denver, Colorado, and, as many another "tenderfoot" had done before me and has since, I have no doubt I accepted the tradesman's advice and took hard-wood. Well, before I had finished my journey each shoe seemed to weigh one hundred pounds, and I came to the conclusion that snow-shoeing was altogether the toughest Western experience I had gone through up to date. I did not know at that time that the hard-wood shoe is never used by experienced travellers because of its weight, and that the nine-foot pine shoe made in camp, and painted, the bottom being treated to a good coating of shellac, is the best practical ski (as it is called in Norway), and the one used by those who are not "tenderfeet."



"THIS HOUSE WAS BUILT BY THOSE BOYS AT THE HOUSE OVER YONDER. I SUPPOSE THEY INTENDED IT FOR US."

So it is in snow-house building. I have heard the most intricate directions given for building such a house, and how best to make a snow man. I have even seen such directions in type, and read articles that solemnly undertook the task of such instruction to boys, as though they were expecting to build the county court-house rather than a snow house for their sport. There are, to be sure, so-called snow houses that require the skill of an architect to erect successfully, but these are really made of ice. The Crystal Palaces which have always been the most attractive feature of the winter carnival at Montreal, Canada, and at similar carnivals held at St. Paul, Minnesota, are marvels of beauty both in construction and appearance. To build these require exceptional skill and weeks of time and scores upon scores of workmen. And what a beautiful sight it is, with the sun painting it all the fantastic colors of the rainbow by day, and the electric lights maintained throughout its interior making it glisten by night as though all the precious stones of King Solomon's mines had been dragged forth to decorate its walls.

Let those who will follow the elaborate teachings to their hearts' content, but if you, my boy reader, want to get the greatest amount of sport in the shortest space of time, stick to the snowball as the corner-stone of your structure, whether it be a snow house or snow man. Decide on the size of your house, then mark it out in the snow, and it will pay you to measure exactly. Take a tape and get your side and end walls to correspond in length. Roll up your snowballs—big ones—for the foundation, and set them on the side and end lines, one against the other. The larger you get them the less work you will have in putting the smaller ones on top. Two layers will be high enough. Then if you are somewhat skilful, and the snow of the good packing kind, you can make an arched roof with the aid of some barrel hoops, and handling only a small quantity of snow at a time. If you cannot do this, put light poles across the tops of the side walls, and roll small balls together along them. Now take your shovel and square off the walls, packing the snow in the openings between the balls; cut your door low down, and do the same on the inside. Throw in some straw, and shut your door, and you will be as snug and warm as can be. There is an infinite variety of shapes, but the principle of building is the same. The greatest sport is to build a number of small oval-shape houses (like an egg cut in half), and connect them by low and, if you like, long passageways.

If there are a number of boys together you will find it great fun to build a little village of these houses, and erect as sentinel a monstrous snow man. He should be made on the same basis as the houses. Roll up two immense snowballs for the legs. You will not be strong enough to get a big one on top of the body, so make it of small ones, and press them close together; then put on the head. Old broom-handles or sticks about that size will answer for the arms. Pack snow about them. Fashion the legs and the body, and if you are ingenious you will be able to make a very grotesque figure. Use an old kitchen knife in modelling the head and body. Make holes for the eyes; and when all is finished, scoop the head out at the back, and place in it a hollowed pumpkin with a lighted candle inside. You will find your sentinel at night a dangerous-looking guard.

A LITTLE DAZED, BREATHLESS GROUP, STANDING ON THE FROZEN GROUND.—Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.—[See Page 282.]

THE PINEBORO "QUARTETTE."

In Six Chapters.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

Chapter I.



"E'VE got to go, and there's no way out of it. You must give up your music lessons, Prue, and I can't go on with my Technology course. Dick, there, doesn't care what school he goes to, so long as he can get some fun out of it; but as for Madge—"

"Oh, I *can't* give up my engraving, Bob."

"I don't see any help for it," replied the first speaker, sadly. "We haven't any choice, you see, girls. There's barely enough property to pay Uncle Obed for our board, and we ought to be thankful to him and Aunt Matilda for taking us. We're alone, you know," the boy choked down a sob before he could go on, "and until we can earn something for ourselves we must be content with Pineboro. There's a good school there, aunt writes, and we shall all attend the winter term."

The two young girls—twins they were, fifteen years old—looked as sad as if their older brother had proposed a term in the Thomaston State-prison, instead of the High-School of which Pineboro, Maine, was justly proud. Dick, who was a couple of years his sisters' junior, was, on the other hand, rather elated at the thought of the new surroundings awaiting his scholastic career; on the general principle that in school life any change must be for the better.

The four young people were sitting in a shabby but neat little back parlor in a small brick house on one of the quieter streets of Boston. The girls were in black; for it was only a fortnight since they had heard their father's voice, still cheerful, but rapidly growing weaker, as he told them of the long journey he was about to take.

"Be kind to each other," he had whispered. "Be brave and true, and honest, honest, *honest*."

These were his last words. Five days later the little parlor had been crowded with friends, and sweet with the fragrance of white flowers. Now all that was past. The Marlitt children huddled together this gray November afternoon, and talked in low tones of their plans, while the rain beat against the window-panes.

They were left, as Robert had said, with only a few hundred dollars, the income of which would recompense their relatives, who had agreed to give them house-room during the winter.

Obed Farland, their father's half-brother, a worthy resident of Pineboro, was unable to attend the funeral on account of the expense of the journey; but he and his thrifty wife wrote to Robert, the oldest son, that they would take all four children to board during the winter, and if the available interest money fell short of the requisite sum the young people could make it up in chores and odd jobs about the premises.

There was a great deal to do, after all, in the settlement of Mr. Marlitt's affairs. He had been a quiet, gentle man, full of love for his profession as an architect, but finding very little money in it. Before the children could leave Boston the house had to be sold to pay off a heavy mortgage that had rested upon it for years; various pieces of furniture were disposed of for cash; and Robert found his hands full in settling accounts with a host of people who had bills against "the estate," small though it was.

These sad duties completed, Robert made a last call upon his instructors at school, said good-by to Mr. Shaghorn, the lawyer, helped his brother and sisters pack the two trunks which held nearly all their possessions, and at noon on a certain January day took his place with them in a train bound north. The air was clear and cold, and the sun shone in so bright through the frosty car windows that even sober Prue could not help feeling the weight of her sorrow lifted a little as she gazed out at the swift-flying landscape.

Having a quantity of small baggage, three of the children occupied two double seats facing each other, and Robert took the next by himself. At Reading, a portly but square-shouldered military-looking gentleman, with gray mustache and a ruddy, good-natured face, halted beside the boy, wiping his forehead as he asked, "Is this seat engaged, young man?"

"No, sir," replied Rob, instantly, making room for the new-comer.

"I hope I sha'n't crowd you," laughed the gentleman, as he subsided into his seat. "I'm afraid I take rather more than my share."

"No, indeed, sir. I am glad the seat was vacant for you."

The stranger seemed pleased at the courteous reply, and looked at his companion through a pair of large gold-bowed spectacles, while he continued to wipe his forehead and breathe hard.

"Travelling alone? I'll never run for a train again."

"Oh no, sir. My brother and sisters are just behind."

"Ah, I see. Going down into the country to visit friends, I suppose. Father live in the city?"

It was a moment before Rob could answer. Then, encouraged by the other's kindly manner, he poured out the whole story of the trouble which had come upon the family.

"I see, I see," said the old gentleman, wiping away a mist which had somehow gathered upon his spectacles. "Left to fight it out yourselves. Well, well, you'll find it a good world to live in, after all. Keep up a brave heart, my lad, and be a comfort to the younger ones."

"I wish," exclaimed Robert, "I knew of something I could do to earn some money. I'm nearly seventeen now, and I ought to support the—the family."

The stranger shook his head gravely. "I don't see what you can do away up in Pineboro," he said, "unless you should start a paper."

Rob smiled at the extravagant idea.

"I really mean it," said the gentleman, with a reflective air. "Pineboro has about two thousand inhabitants, I believe, and ten to one there isn't a newspaper in the place. Or if there is, it's a sleepy old sheet, with 'patent insides,' I'll be bound."

"What are they?" asked Rob, curiously.

"Why, certain firms gather the news from the dailies, sift it down, sprinkle in a lot of bright anecdotes, and print two pages on one side of a large sheet. This they send out, in quantities adapted to the circulation of their customers, to a dozen or more country weeklies, who fill up the rest of the paper with advertisements, editorials, and local news."

"I should think it would make an awfully stupid paper," remarked Rob.

"Not at all. It is really the best thing many of the small newspaper offices can do. The pages supplied are generally well printed and entertaining. But a bright young editor could certainly improve on a good many of them that I've seen."

A few minutes later the gentleman rose and said he was going forward to the smoking-car.

"If you don't mind keeping this seat for me, I shall be back by the time we reach Haverhill," said he, pleasantly.

Rob readily promised to hold the place for his new

friend, and leaning over the cushioned back of his seat, told Dick and the girls about him. Sorrowful as they were, they could not help laughing a little at his suggestion regarding the establishment of a newspaper.

"We might call it the *Weekly Quartette*," suggested Margaret.

"I guess it *would* be 'weakly,'" added Prue, demurely.

"What nonsense it was," the other sister continued, "to think of four children—well, we aren't much more than that, Rob, anyway—publishing a paper! What could he have been thinking of! Why, we should have to own a great building, and steam-engines, and presses, and *tons* of paper."

"I guess you're thinking of the *Herald* and *Globe*," laughed Dick. "I don't believe we should need more than a ton and a half the first number."

"No," said Rob, reflectively, without joining his brother's fun. "We should begin, of course, with a very small sheet, and only a hundred or two copies. And we shouldn't need steam-presses, or a big printing-house."

"Well, any kind of a press is just as much out of the question for us," put in practical Prue. "We're like the poor man who said if the whole United States navy was offered for sale for a dime, he couldn't buy a row-boat."

"We've got to think up some way of earning money, I guess," sighed pretty Madge, laying her cheek on her hand and looking out of the window. "How fast we're going!"

"We're behind time," said Rob, consulting the watch his father had left him. "We ought to have been past Bradford and into Haverhill six minutes ago."

"I'm going to ask the brakeman about it," exclaimed Dick, jumping up and making his way to the end of the car where that official stood. Presently he came running back, round-eyed and breathless.

"Who do you suppose that man was who was talking with you, Rob?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He was a gentleman, anyway."

"It's Colonel James R. Liddon," said Dick.

"What, one of the richest men in Chicago?"

"Yes, that's the one. He's a bank director, and a big stockholder in this road, and the proprietor of—" Here Dick named one of the largest newspapers in the West, pronouncing the long words gingerly, and with immense respect.

"Well," said Robert, after a pause, "that shows that a millionaire can be a gentleman, without any airs about him. I never should have known him from a country lawyer, he was so easy and pleasant with me. It's almost time for him to be coming back for his seat. How did you find out about Colonel Liddon, Dick?"

"The brakeman knew him—oh, and he says we sha'n't stop at Bradford."

But the brakeman for once was wrong.

While the words were on Dick's lips there came a terrible crash in the forward part of the train. Almost at the same instant the car in which the Marlitts were sitting was wrenched from the track as if by a giant's hand, and began pounding over the sleepers. Glass and wooden splinters flew in every direction. Shrieks arose from men and women in mortal agony.

A clamor of voices arose throughout the entire length of the car, which still leaned perilously. The icy Merrimac could be seen just beyond, through the broken, frosty windows. Men struggled wildly to get out, forcing themselves through the shattered panes, cutting their hands in their frenzy, and dragging their wives and children after them.

The Marlitts never knew how they left the car. They found themselves in a little dazed, breathless group, standing on the frozen ground, staring blankly at one another. Pretty soon Madge saw that Dick's head was bleeding from a cut on the temple, and began to cry feebly.

This brought the eldest brother to his senses. A moment's examination showed him that Dick's hurt was a slight one, hardly more than a scratch. He tied it up swiftly with his handkerchief. Then he pointed to a house not far from the road.

"Go in there and get warm," he said. "I must stay and help."

What a sight met his eyes as he turned from them to the wreck! The locomotive and the first three cars had not left the track at all, but had come to a standstill near Haverhill, on the other side of the river. The smoking-car, which came next, had jumped the track and turned on its side right at the entrance of the bridge. The next car, which was the one in advance of the Marlitts, leaving the rails before reaching the bridge at all, crashed into the supports of two immense tanks, under which five workmen were sitting.

Down came timbers, girders, tanks, and over fifty tons of water upon the doomed workmen and the fifty or more passengers in that ill-fated car, crushing the lives out of a dozen, and maiming twoscore men, women, and children.

Robert ran up the track hastily, toward the bridge, looking for an opportunity to join the workers and assist without hindering stronger men than himself.

"Here, young fellow, take hold here!" cried a man in blue overalls smeared and stained with oil. He was using a great splinter of wood to pry up a section of the car roof, close to the tanks.

Robert sprang to his side, and, with the assistance of another passenger, bareheaded and coatless, managed to lift the huge fragment at one corner. As they did so, out crawled a woman with a baby in her arms, drenched and bruised, but otherwise unhurt.

"Have you seen my wife? Have you seen my wife?" shrieked another passenger running from one group to another. Close behind him came a young girl, wandering aimlessly about, and gazing into the ruins.

"Any of your folks there?" Rob ventured to ask.

She stared at him blankly and murmured: "I was looking for my shawl. I'm afraid it will be all wet!" Then she went on her way, evidently not knowing in the least what she was saying or doing.

Men flew at the great splintered heap furiously, straining, lifting, chopping, sawing, to liberate the wounded. Every now and then two of the workers would emerge from the mass, bearing a limp form between them; and the rest would pause a moment, turn pale, and begin their search anew.

Robert's attention was now called to the car lying diagonally across the track at the entrance of the bridge. Far less attention was paid to this by the workers than to the wreck under the ponderous tanks, for there the greatest disaster had come.

Approaching the overturned car, the boy's attention was attracted to an object moving to and fro under one of the few windows which had not been broken by the shock. As he hurriedly drew near, he noticed the words "Smoking Car" on the car steps. For the first time he thought of the kind-hearted gentleman who had left him so short a time before to go forward to the car where, perhaps, he had met a sudden and terrible death. Rob almost dreaded to look inside, lest he should see the mangled form of his friend.

He climbed to the upper side of the car, however, and crawling cautiously along to the closed window, peered in. The moving object that had caught his eye was a human hand, waving feebly. A white face was upturned to his just beneath. Looking more closely he recognized the features, distorted by pain, of Colonel Liddon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROOSTER THAT COULD SWIM



BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

WHO has ever heard of a chicken that could swim, that preferred swimming to walking? There are some seeming contradictions in the world of nature; for example, the cat that shrinks from wetting even her velvety soles is driven to distraction by the smell of fish, for very love of it. And a great scrawny rooster, that never should be so much as seen taking a bath except in a nice, dry, dusty place in the road or ash-heap, deliberately walking into a pond of water and swimming across it is a queer sight indeed.

Yet that is what anybody may have seen last summer at the mill-pond on a little stream called Baker Brook, which flows into the River St. John just beyond the border of Maine, in Canada.

He was a big fellow, dignified and important from the top of his flaming comb to the tips of the stiff feathers that grew at right angles to his feet, like wings, or "pantaloons." He had always taken his bath in the dust heap, until he grew old enough to lead his charge of hens far away from home, about the more distant fields, even beyond the brook, where all day long they nibbled blades of tender grass and chased the grasshoppers. But once around the pond and across the brook, the most direct course back to the roost lay in a line across the mill-pond, and how often he and his family were caught by the darkness upon that side of the stream, and just how the thing was managed at first, no one will ever know. But one evening the men who were working near the mill saw a flock of hens and a rooster on the wrong side of the brook, looking wistfully toward the other side and home. One by one the hens, taking a good start off the high bank, flew across, leaving the rooster alone. But only for a moment, for instantly he walked to the water's edge, waded in without the least hesitation, and struck out for the other shore. He sat up high, well out of the water, like a duck, and as it was only about sixty feet wide there, he was across in a jiffy. Then shaking his feathers clear of the moisture, he ran away after the hens as fast as his long legs could carry him.



This remarkable occurrence was witnessed several times; as often as the chickens, tempted by the more remote, richer hunting-grounds, wandered in that direction.

WINTER SPORTS OF DENMARK.

A FLAXEN-HAIRED lad who recently came from old Jutland, by the Northern Sea, to the United States, tells, with a tinge of homesick melancholy, of the good times he enjoyed in the long winters of Denmark. One hilarious exercise on the ice will be new to most American boys probably. A hole is drilled in the thick ice, and a stout stake inserted to which is affixed the end of a long pole so that it can turn freely. A string of boys then get hold of the pole, and skating as fast as they can, push the pole around ahead of them. Round and round they go, faster and faster, with shouts of merriment. As legs and arms become mixed some will fall and be swept along by the rest. The centrifugal force will send some clumsy skaters flying off the end of the pole "on a tangent," heels over head. So the fun is kept up until the last man is exhausted, and all fall in a breathless heap, fairly intoxicated with fun.

Very lively and picturesque scenes take place in the evenings on the ice. A large fire will be built on the shore for a rendezvous for warmth and refreshments. On many of the large inland lakes, some so wide one cannot see across them, there grow great quantities of "cat-tail." These the skaters will gather and light at the fire for torches, and then set off in winding procession over the ice, cutting fantastic figures, until the torches go out, and there ensues a wild stampede in the dark for more lights. To and fro, weaving in and out with their flaming flambeaux, the skaters move with songs and shouts.

Here and there a fisherman may pitch a rude hut or tent on the ice and fish through a hole. Ice-boats skim along over the glassy surface, or races between skaters or horses enliven the winter days. Instead of enjoying their sleigh-riding solitarily, as we are apt to do, these unmelancholy Danes enlist as large a company as possible, form a long procession, and with great sleighs packed full, horses decked with evergreens and bells, wind over the country with shouts of good-natured revelry for all the people they meet.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAMPMATES TURN RAFTMATES.

"WOW wow w-o-w-w!" howled Bim, with his ridiculous nose uplifted and a most melancholy expression of countenance. He felt in duty bound to accompany his master's singing, but on this occasion, at least, he brought it to a sudden conclusion, for no one could possibly sing in face of the uproarious laughter that greeted his outburst.

"That's always the way," remarked Billy Brackett, with a comical expression. "I never am allowed to prove what I am really capable of in the vocal line. Well, how do you boys happen to be on board our raft?"

"Your raft?" echoed Glen Elting. "What do you mean by your raft? We called it our raft until a few minutes ago, and now we call it Mr. Caspar's raft."

"Yes, I know. Major Caspar's raft. But it's all the same as ours, for I am his brother-in-law, and have his written authority to dispose of it as I see fit. Besides, this is his son, and we have been hunting this raft for the best part of a month. By-the-way, Winn, these are two old, or rather two young, campmates of mine, Mr. Glen Eddy—I mean Matherson: no, I beg pardon—Elting is the name at present, I believe."

"Do you know him intimately?" interrupted Winn, slyly.

Billy Brackett made a dive at the boy, but as the latter leaped nimbly aside, he continued: "And Mr. Binney Gibbs, popularly known as 'Grip.' Gentlemen, this impudent young vil-ly-an is my nephew, Mr. Winn Caspar."

Instead of acknowledging this introduction, Glen and Binney looked curiously at each other. Then the former said, "There seems to be something wrong here, Billy, for we have just turned this raft over to its owner, Mr. Winn Caspar, and he is in the house here at this moment."

"That's all right," replied Billy Brackett. "I rather expected to find that gentleman here, and now we will go inside for an interview with him." So saying, he tried to open the door, but found it fastened. In spite of its

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

splintered condition, it was secured so firmly that it took them several minutes to force it open. When this was accomplished, and an entrance was effected, the four gazed blankly about them and at each other. The large room was empty. So were the two smaller ones beyond, while an open window in the last showed the manner in which Messrs. Plater and Grimshaw had effected their escape.

"It's too bad," said Billy Brackett, "for having had several interesting interviews with those gentlemen, I should have been glad of another. I think Winn would have been pleased to meet his namesake too."

"Indeed I should," replied the boy. "I'd like to collect rent for the use of my signature, and find out where he learned to copy it so perfectly."

"But I don't understand all this at all," said Glen Elting. "If this raft isn't theirs, why did they want it badly enough to pay three hundred dollars reward for its recovery?"

"Whom did they pay it to?" asked Billy Brackett.

"A hundred to the City Marshal, and a hundred each to Binney and me. We didn't want to take it, but they insisted, and said they should feel hurt if we refused. So, of course, rather than hurt their feelings— But really, Billy, they are most gentlemanly fellows, and I think behaved very handsomely."

"Will you let me see the hundred dollars they gave you?" asked the young engineer.

"Yes," replied Glen, with an air of surprise, and adding, rather stiffly, "though I didn't think, Billy, that *you* would require proof of my truthfulness."

"I don't, my dear boy, I don't," exclaimed Billy Brackett. "I would believe your unsupported word quicker than the sworn statement of most men. I want to look at that money for a very different purpose."

So a roll of brand-new bills was handed to him, and he examined them one by one with the utmost care.

"There are two hundred dollars here," he said at length. "Is this Binney's share of the reward as well as your own?"

"No. I had a hundred-dollar bill, and Mr. Caspar seeing it, asked if I would mind taking small bills for it, as he wanted one of that amount to send off by mail; so, of course, I let him have it."

"Oh, my children! my children!" murmured Billy Brackett, "why will you persist in attempting to travel through this wicked world without a guardian? Of all the scrapes from which I have been called to rescue you, this might have proved the most serious."

"I don't see how," said both Glen and Binney.

Winn knew, and he smiled a little self-complacent smile as he reflected, "This is a little worse than any mess I ever got into."

"You would have seen quickly enough if you had tried to spend this money," said Billy Brackett, "for you would undoubtedly have been arrested on the charge of counterfeiting. Those same fellows put Winn here in that fix a short time since, besides getting away with a thousand dollars' worth of wheat that he had in charge, and now they have come very near serving you the same trick."

Here Winn's smile faded away rather suddenly, while Glen exclaimed:

"Do you mean to say that these bills are counterfeit?"

"I do," replied Billy Brackett: "and if you doubt it, take them to the first bank you come across, and ask the cashier."

"But the City Marshal took some just like them," argued Glen, catching at the only straw of hope in sight.

"So much the worse for the City Marshal, and I for one shall let him suffer the consequences. He had no business to accept a reward for performing a simple act of duty, in the first place; and in the second, the readiness with which he delivered the raft to the first claimants who came along makes it look very much as though he could be bribed."



THE STRONG ARMS LIFTED HIM AS THEY WOULD A CHILD.

"Well," said Glen, in a despairing tone, "if what you say is true, and I know it must be, we are in a fix. That hundred dollars was to pay our expenses to New Orleans. Now I don't know how we shall get there."

"New Orleans! Are you bound for New Orleans?"

"Yes, and that's how we happened to be here, and to find this raft. You see, my father, General Elting, you know, is going to Central America to make a survey for the Nicaragua Canal, and Binney and I are to go with him. The party is to sail from New Orleans some time in January, but he had to go to New York first. As there were a lot of instruments and heavy things to be sent to New Orleans, he thought it best to ship them by boat, and as we wanted to take the river trip, he let us come in charge of them. We knew we should have to transfer from the Ohio River boat at this point, but we didn't know until we got here that we must wait three days for the

New Orleans packet. As there wasn't anything else to do, we have put in the time hunting and fishing, and last evening we ran across this abandoned raft about a mile up the Mississippi. We had a time getting it in here, I can tell you. When we did, and reported it to the City Marshal, he showed us a telegram from a Mr. Winn Caspar, asking him to look out for just such a raft. We knew this must be the one, for we had found this book lying on the table, with the name 'Winn Caspar' written all over the fly-leaf, as though some one had been practising the signature. Sure enough, a man who said his name was 'Winn Caspar' turned up this morning, bringing a friend with him. They told a straight enough story of how their raft had been stolen near St. Louis, and described it perfectly. They even described the interior of this shanty and everything in it, including this identical book, as though they had lived here all their lives. So, of course, both the Marshal and we thought it was all right; and I don't see even now, if this is your raft, how those fellows knew all about it as they did. The only thing they slipped up on was the broken door, and they owned they couldn't account for that. It seems as if some one must have boarded the raft before we did, and broken into the shanty. The men said there wasn't anything missing, though. Perhaps you can tell us what has been stolen."

"No," replied Billy Brackett, "I can't tell that, but I can tell who broke in that door. I can also relate a tale of adventure and misadventure in connection with this raft that would excite the envy of any member of the Second Division, including even the Baldheads, and you, who were the most reckless young scapegrace of the lot."

Whereupon the young engineer told these interested listeners the whole history of the *Venture* from the time the raft was put together down to the present moment. In it he included the *Whatnot*, Cap'n Cod, Sabella, Solon, Reward, and Don Blossom, Sheriff Riley, the "river traders," Clod, Aunt Viney, and, above all, Bim, who barked loudly, and rushed wildly about the room at this honorable mention of his name.

When the story was finished, Glen Elting heaved a deep sigh, and said to Winn: "Well, you *have* had a good time. I thought we had about the best times any fellows could have when we crossed the plains with Billy Brackett last year, but it seems to me that you are having just about as much fun right here on this muddy old river as we had out there. I only wish we had a raft." Then turning to Billy Brackett, he asked, "What are you going to do next?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Then lend me your ears. You want to get to New Orleans, and so do we."

"Do we?" interrupted Winn, in surprise, looking up from the book of travels on the title-page of which his name was written so many times, and which was the very one he had been reading the last evening he had spent on this raft.

"You do!" exclaimed both Glen and Binney.

"Certainly," was the calm reply. "It is the only market for timber rafts that I know of south of St. Louis, and as we can't go back, we are bound to go ahead. So, as I was saying when rudely interrupted, both you and we want to go to New Orleans. You have no money—real money, I mean—with which to get there, and we need at least two extra pair of hands to help us get this raft there. So why not ship your stuff on board here, and help us navigate this craft to our common destination?"

"Do you truly mean it, Billy Brackett?"

"I truly mean it. And if you are willing to go as raftmates with us—"

"Are we willing? Well, I should smile! Are we willing? Why, Billy Brackett, we'd rather go to New Orleans as raftmates with you and Winn Caspar than to do anything else in the whole world just at present. Eh, 'Grip'?"

"Well, rather!" answered Binney Gibbs.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE "RIVER TRADERS" ATTEMPT TO REGAIN POSSESSION.

So it was settled that the three who had been campmates together on the plains should now, with Winn Caspar to complete the quartet, become raftmates on a voyage of nearly a thousand miles down the great river. It is hard to say which of the four was happiest during the busy day that followed the making of this arrangement. Winn was overjoyed at recovering the raft lost through his over-confidence in his own wisdom, and at the prospect of taking a trip so much longer than he had anticipated at the outset. He had also conceived a great fancy for the two manly young fellows whose fortunes had become so strangely connected with those of the *Venture*, and was glad they were to be his companions on the voyage.

Billy Brackett was not only rejoiced that he had at length been successful in finding both Winn and the raft, but was delighted to meet again those with whom he had already shared so much of peril and pleasure. That they had again become his mates in such a peculiar manner, and amid such different scenes, was proof, as he quaintly expressed it, that "Truth can give the most expert fiction points, and still beat it at its own game."

Glen and Binney were raised from a depth of dismay, caused by the loss of their money and the resulting predicament into which they were thrown, to a height of felicity at the prospect of a raft voyage down the Mississippi, under the leadership of their beloved campmate, Billy Brackett. They also liked Winn, and, judging from what had already happened to him, regarded him as a boy in whose company a variety of adventures might reasonably be hoped for.

Owing to the past experience with the "river traders," Billy Brackett and Winn were somewhat uneasy at the presence of Grimshaw and Plater in town, and their manifest desire to regain possession of the craft. They were puzzled by this, and wondered what reason the men could still have for wanting the raft. Certainly their connection with it was now too well known for them to hope to make any farther use of it in furthering their unlawful business. Nor did it seem likely that they would choose it merely as a conveyance down the river. No; it must be that they had hoped to sell the *Venture*, and realize a considerable sum by the transaction. This was the conclusion finally reached by the raftmates, though it was not one with which they were entirely satisfied.

Still, they felt that, as they were now four to two, they might reasonably hope to be left in undisturbed possession of the raft for the future, and so did not allow thought of the "river traders" to trouble them to any great extent. They decided that two of them should stay constantly on board the raft, at least so long as they remained in that locality, and that Bim should also be added to the protective force.

To begin with, Binney and Winn remained on guard while Billy Brackett and Glen went into the town to telegraph for Solon, send down the instruments, and make other arrangements for the voyage. It had been decided that as their crew was incomplete without a cook, Solon should be sent for, and that they could not make a start until he arrived, which would probably be early the next morning.

Winn and Binney found plenty to occupy them during the absence of the others in becoming acquainted,

learning each other's history, and arranging the interior of the shanty. From Binney, Winn learned what a splendid fellow his young uncle was, and how much he was respected as well as admired by all who were so fortunate as to be counted among his friends. "He is a fellow," concluded Binney, "who couldn't do a mean thing if he tried. One thing I like especially about him is that he is just as careful in his attention to trifles, if they come in the line of his duty, as he is to big things, and Billy has already had some pretty important positions too, I can tell you. He is full of fun, and was the life and soul of the Second Division all the time they were crossing the plains. Glen knows him better than I do, though, because they were 'bunkers' together, and from what he has told me I regard myself as mighty lucky to have the chance of taking a trip in his company."

"He has told me a good deal about you and Glen on that trip," said Winn, "but I don't remember hearing anything about his own adventures."

"That's just what makes fellows like him. He is always ready to listen to what they have to say, or to tell of anything they have done, if it is worth telling; but he never puts himself forward as one who knows it all or has done it all and can't be taught anything."

This conversation set Winn to thinking, with the result that in one instance, at least, he had been too hasty in his conclusions. He had been somewhat ashamed that his uncle should act the part of showman with a river panorama, and had supposed that it was done from a desire to display his own accomplishments. Now he wondered if, after all, this was not the one delicate and unobtrusive way in which Cap'n Cod's poor little undertaking could have been saved from a ridiculous and mortifying failure. He had been inclined to regard his young relative as rather frivolous; but perhaps there were depths to Billy Brackett's character that he was not yet wise enough to fathom. He would study it more carefully hereafter, and how doubly thankful he now was that his chance to do so had not been lost with the wreck of the *Whatnot*.

Although the interior of the *Venture's* shanty still seemed unfamiliar to Winn, he could no longer doubt that the raft was his father's. In the small room that he was to have occupied he now found most of his own possessions just where he had left them. Among the things that he was particularly glad thus to find were several changes of clothing, of which he stood greatly in need.

The shanty was in great disorder; but the two boys worked so faithfully at sweeping, cleaning, and putting things to rights that by the time the others returned with a dray-load of freight the interior was thoroughly clean and inviting. The afternoon was spent in laying in a store of provisions for the voyage, repairing the splintered door, and mending one of the sweeps, which was on the point of breaking.

By sunset everything was in readiness for a start, and all hands were gathered about the galley stove, each superintending the cooking of his specialty for supper. Billy Brackett could make griddle-cakes, or "flip-flaps," as he called them. He fried them in an iron spider, and the deftness with which he turned them, by tossing them in the air, so excited the admiration of his raftmates that they immediately wished to engage him as regular cook for the trip.

"This isn't a circumstance to what I can do in the culinary line," remarked Billy Brackett, modestly. "To know me at my best, you ought to be around when I make biscuit. My heavy biscuit are simply monuments of the baker's art. They are warranted to withstand any climate, and defy the ravaging tooth of time. They can turn the edge of sarcasm, and have that quality of mercy which endureth forever. A quartz-crusher turns pale at sight of them, and they supply a permanent filling for aching voids or long-felt wants. In fact, gentlemen, it is acknowledged that my biscuit can't be beat."

"Neither can a bad egg," said Glen, who was trying to make an omelet.

"Let us defer the biscuit for this time, and have a smoking dish of corn-meal mush instead," suggested Winn. "It is one of the hardest things in the world to cook, but I know the trick to perfection."

"Mush, mush, mush, tooral-i-addy," sang Binney. At that moment Bim began to growl, and to sniff at the bottom of the door. They opened it and looked out. No one was there, nor did they hear a sound. Darkness had already set in, and they could see nothing. Bim ran to the edge of the raft, barked once or twice, and then returned to his place near the stove.

"It must have been your singing that excited him, Grip," remarked Billy Brackett. "He generally acts that way when a person sings, and I have heretofore attributed it to envy, though I don't see how it could have been in this case."

After supper Billy Brackett went into town to call on the telegraph operator, with whom he had established friendly relations, and to receive some despatches that he was expecting. He had not been gone long before Bim, who had been left behind, again began to show signs of uneasiness, and intimate a desire to be let out.

Again the door was opened for him, and again he rushed out into the darkness. This time retreating footsteps and the rustling of bushes on the bank were distinctly heard. With a low growl Bim sprang ashore and disappeared. The next instant the boys saw a flash of lantern-light a few rods below the raft, heard a smothered yelp, the sounds of a confused struggle, and a moment later a loud splash in the water. Then all was again buried in darkness and silence.

"Something has happened to Bim!" exclaimed Winn, in a low but excited tone, "and I am going to find out what it is." With this the boy leaped ashore, and hurried in the direction from which the sounds had come.

"It's a mighty foolish thing to do, but you sha'n't go alone," said Glen Elting, quietly, as he started after Winn, adding, as he left the raft, "You stay behind and stand guard, Binney."

The boy, thus suddenly left alone, stood guard for about fifteen seconds, when all at once two dark figures sprang aboard the raft from the bank, and he had barely time to utter a single cry of warning before he was engaged in a furious struggle with one of them, who had seized him from behind.

"Drop him overboard!"

Although the command was given in a low tone, Binney heard and understood it. Then the strong arms in which he was struggling lifted him as they would a child, and bore him toward the edge of the raft.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COINS OF THE COLONIES.

COINS of certain dates are worth much more than their face value, and the slight trouble of learning which the valuable coins are is repaid by added interest in every piece of money that comes into a boy's possession. Among the most interesting though not the most valuable of old American coins are those minted during colonial times. The mint in Boston was in existence for thirty-four years. All the coins issued from it bore the dates 1652 or 1662. Coins had been made in Bermuda for the use of the Virginia colony as early as 1644. Copper coins bearing the figure of an elephant were struck in England for the Carolinas and New England in 1694. Coins were also struck for Maryland, bearing the effigy of Lord Baltimore. A mint was established at Rupert, Vermont, by legislative authority in 1785, whence copper cents were issued bearing on one side a plough and a sun rising behind hills, and on the other a radiated eye surrounded by thirteen stars.



THE VALENTINE BIRD

WORTH TRYING FOR.

"I GOT a secrid," said Molly. "My mamma says maybe if I'm awful good for a whole month, papa 'll try to have me eggzibited at the Woyld's Fair."

WHO SHE WAS.

"HULLO!" said the sparrow to the ant. "Who are you?"

"I'm afraid I'm *your* aunt," said the ant.

"I'm afraid you are right. Come inside," said the sparrow, gobbling the ant up.

A CONTEST IN WEALTH.

"MY papa owns a gold mine," bragged Wallie.

"That ain't anything," retorted Polly. "My mamma owns a check book, an' just writes all the money she wants."

MOSTLY HOLES.

"THAT is a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmieboy.

"It looks big," said Jimmieboy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porouses in it."

HAD OBSERVED IT HIMSELF.

"I THINK you are a pretty nice boy, Wilton," said the friend of the family.

"Yes," said Wilton. "We are very fond of me here."

A GOOD REASON.

"PAPA," said Hal, "I wish you'd increase my allowance from ten cents to twenty-five cents a week."

"Why do you want more money?" asked his father.

"I don't want more money, but a quarter is bigger than a dime, and if you lose it it's easier to find again."

PROVING HIS INNOCENCE.

MAMMA. "What in the world are you making such a noise down there for?"

RODERICK. "To let you know how good I am."

MAMMA. "Why do you think you are good when making so great a noise?"

RODERICK. "Because you always say I'm in mischief when I'm quiet."

PRETTY NEAR

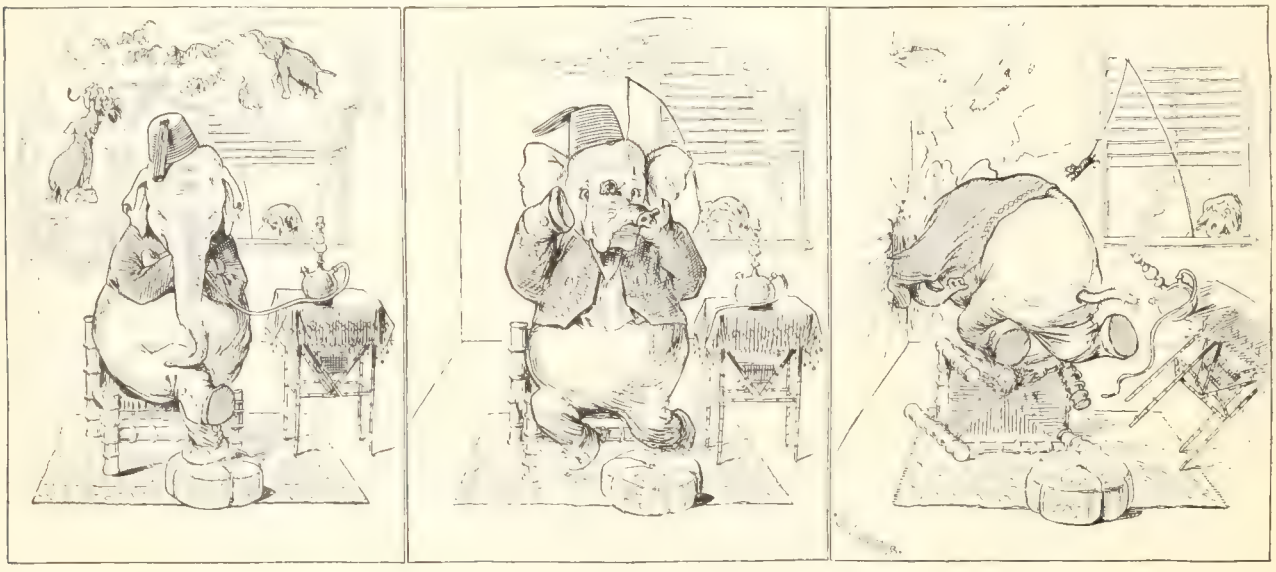
"WILLIE told his teacher twice two was five, to-day," said Tommy.

"Well, it was a pretty good guess, now," retorted Willie. "I came within one or two of it."

THE LITTLE COLLECTOR.

"I SUPPOSE you are still collecting wonderful things," said the visitor to Walter.

"Yes," said Walter. "I'm getting new things all the time. I've got a piece of the Atlantic Ocean upstairs in a bottle."



A PARADOX.

CHUBBIE ELEPHAS, DOZING, DREAMS OF HIS MANY CONQUESTS, AND IS FILLED WITH PRIDE BY THE THOUGHT THAT HE HAS NEVER YET RUN FROM ANY DANGER, WHEN HE IS AWAKENED BY —

WHAT! DARE A JUNE-BUG DISTURB THE KING IN HIS REVERIES?

HORRORS! 'TIS A MOUSE.

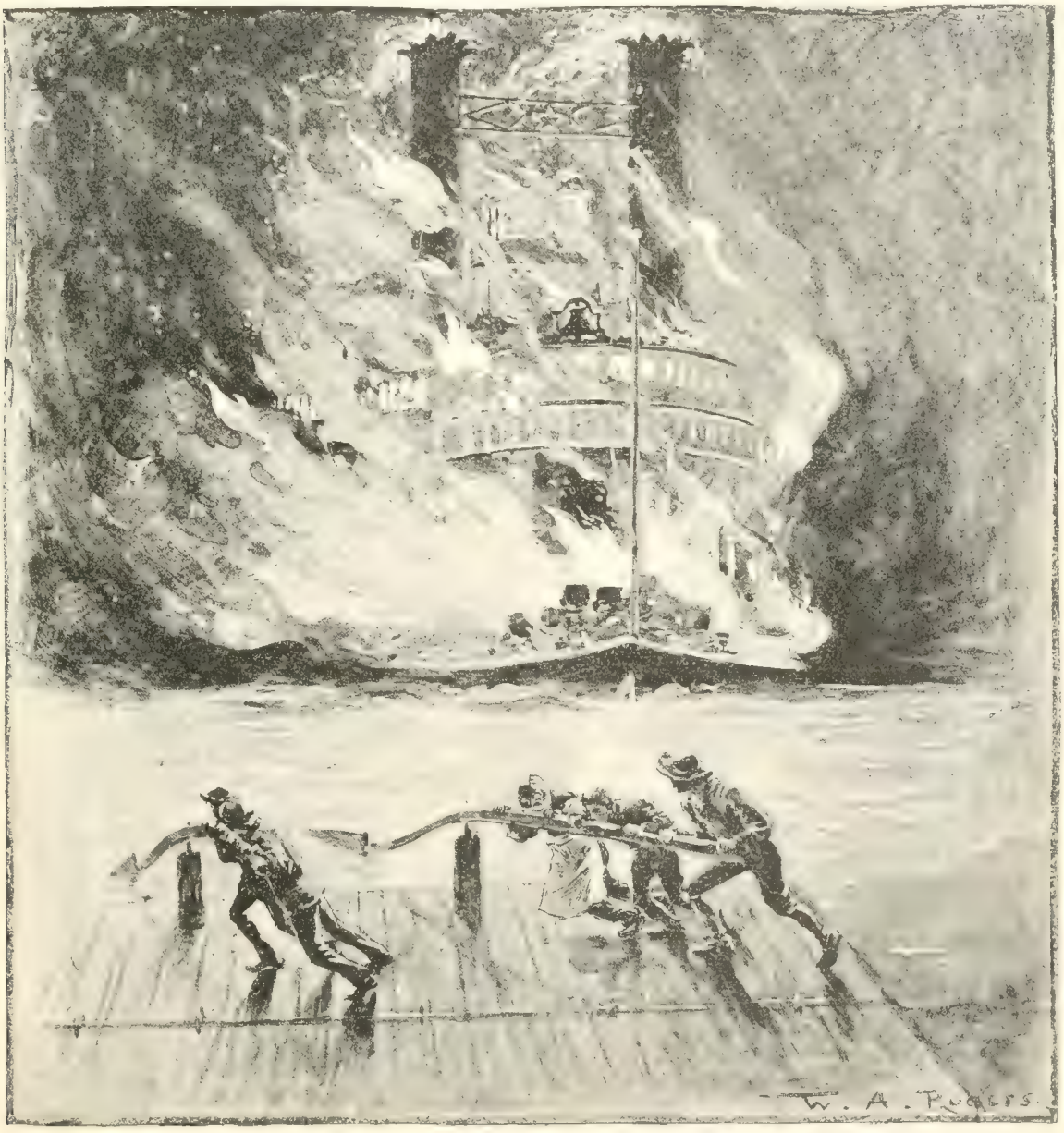
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LIKE YOUNG TIGERS THE BOYS TUGGED AT THE HEAVY SWEEPS.

[See Serial Story "Raftmates," on Page 290.]

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHERE IS HE?

BILLY BRACKETT was in a particularly contented frame of mind, and whistled softly to himself as he tramped through the muddy streets of one of the muddiest cities in the United States, toward the telegraph office. He was well satisfied with the results of his expedition thus far, and with its prospects of a successful termination. He did not notice the curious looks with which several persons regarded him as the bright light from a store window fell on his face, nor would he have cared if he had. His conscience was clear, and he had nothing to fear from observation, curious or otherwise.

As he entered the telegraph office, the operator glanced up with a nod of recognition. A few seconds later, having finished sending the despatch with which he had been busy, he turned his key over to an assistant and said:

"Will you step this way a moment, sir? I wish to speak to you in private." With this he led the way into a room behind the office, where, after the other had entered, he closed the door.

"What's up?" asked the young engineer, wondering at these proceedings.

"Have you or any of your companions any counterfeit money in your possession?" asked the operator, abruptly.

"No—that is, yes; one of my friends has quite a lot of it that was passed on him for genuine this morning, and I have a few samples for purposes of comparison."

"But you haven't passed, or tried to pass, any of it in this place?"

"Certainly not! Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because I have taken a liking to you. Haven't you in your possession a note of identification from a certain Iowa Sheriff?"

"Yes; I have such a note from a Sheriff named Riley, of Dubuque; but how did you know anything about it?" asked Billy Brackett, greatly surprised.

"In a very simple way. Sheriff Riley happens to be my brother, and he wrote to me all about your little affair up the river. So I know you to be an honest man, and want to give you warning. You may be very sure, however, that I should not do so were I not confident of your innocence."

"Innocence of what?"

"Passing counterfeit money. A good bit of it has suddenly appeared in circulation here, and your raft has been identified by some men from up river as one on which suspicion has already fallen in connection with a similar state of affairs elsewhere. You have made a good many purchases to-day, and at least one bad bill has been traced directly to you. Of course you may have received it in change, and passed it again unknowingly. I believe that is how it happened. If I did not, I should hold my tongue and let you suffer the consequences. In addition to this, all sorts of queer stories regarding you have been circulated about town to-day, and such a feeling has been aroused against you that a number of the worst characters in the place have determined to pay your raft a visit to-night. I don't know what they intend doing, nor do I think they know themselves, but I am certain if they find you the result will be most unpleasant. They are to be led by a couple of strangers, who have been secretly watching you all day. These men claim to be 'river traders,' who have suffered serious losses through you, including that of the raft now in your possession, which, they say, was stolen from them. I can't tell you how I gained all this information, but it is at your disposal. If I were in your place, I would take advantage of the darkness to drop down the river, and I wouldn't lose any time about it either."

"You advise me to run away like a coward, instead of remaining to defend myself against these abominable and absolutely unfounded charges!" exclaimed Billy Brackett, indignantly. "I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Not 'run away.' Simply continue your voyage before it is unpleasantly interrupted," returned the other, with a smile. "If you remain until morning, your raft, with its contents, will certainly be destroyed by an unreasoning mob, at whose hands you and your companions may suffer bodily injury. In this case action would come first and inquiry afterwards. I am convinced you could easily prove your innocence, but doubt if you could obtain any redress for the losses you would have suffered in the mean time. Now I must get back to my desk. You will of course act as you think best, but I sincerely hope that you will accept my advice, and decide that an honorable retreat is better than a lost battle."

"But there is Solon, the man whom I telegraphed to join us here. I don't expect him before morning."

"Why, he is here already! Haven't you met him? He arrived on the evening train, and came in here to inquire where you could be found. I gave him directions, and started him off not fifteen minutes ago."

"I don't see how he managed it," said Billy Brackett, who had been thinking rapidly while the other spoke. "But if he is already on board there is no reason why our departure should be delayed. Therefore I am almost inclined to accept your advice, for which, as well as for your timely warning, I am sincerely grateful. I will, at any rate, get back to the raft at once."

With this the young man shook hands with the operator, and left the office.

"There!" exclaimed the other, looking after him with a relieved sigh; "I believe I have done that young fellow a good turn. At the same time I have given myself a chance to capture the thousand-dollar reward that Ned wrote about, and which I was afraid this chap was after for himself."

As for Billy Brackett, the more he reflected upon the situation, as he hastened toward the place where the raft was moored, the more puzzled he became as to what course he ought to pursue. He now had not only Winn, the raft, and himself to consider, but Glen and Binney, and the valuable instruments belonging to General Elting. Certainly it would not do to allow these to fall into the hands of an excited and irresponsible mob. Still, the thought of running away was hateful.

As he neared the raft an undefined apprehension caused him to quicken his steps; and at the sound of Binney Gibbs's shout of warning, he broke into a run. Then he heard another shout of "Hol' on, Marse Winn! I's comin'!" and the noise of a struggle. In another moment he was in the thick of it.

Solon had reached the raft just in time to save Binney, who he thought was Winn, from being dropped overboard by Plater, the "river trader." The old negro attacked the big man so furiously with tooth and nail that the latter gave the lad in his arms a fling to one side, sending him crashing with stunning force against the shanty, and devoted his entire attention to this new assailant. He had just stretched Solon on the deck with a vicious blow of his powerful fist, when Billy Brackett appeared and sprang eagerly into the fray. Even Plater's brute strength was no match for the young engineer's science, and the latter would have gained a speedy victory, had not Grimshaw, who had been engaged in casting off

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

the lines that held the raft to the bank, come to his partner's assistance.

Now, with such odds against him, Billy Brackett was slowly but surely forced backward toward the edge of the raft. In another moment he would have been in the river, when all at once two dripping figures emerged from it, scrambled aboard, and with a yell like a war-whoop, ranged themselves on the weaker side. A few well-planted blows, a determined rush, and the struggle for the possession of the raft was ended. The fighting ardor of Messrs. Plater and Grimshaw was being rapidly cooled in the icy waters through which they found themselves swimming toward the shore. At the same time the *Venture* was gaining speed with each moment, as, borne on by the resistless current, it drifted out over the mingling floods of the Ohio and Mississippi. Billy Brackett, still panting from his exertions, was bending over Binney Gibbs, who was struggling back to consciousness. Solon was sitting up, tenderly feeling of his swollen features, and declaring, "Dat ar man hab a fis' lak de hind laig of a mewel."

Glen and Winn had manned one of the sweeps, and were trying to get the raft properly headed with the current. Thus the voyage was really begun, and the young engineer, who hated to run away, was spared the necessity of making a decision. It was a start, too, with all hands on board. To be sure, two of them were battered and bruised, while two more were soaked to the skin, but all were there, and none was greatly the worse for the recent exciting experience.

Suddenly Billy Brackett spoke up and asked: "But where is Bim? Is it possible that we have left him behind?"

For a moment no one answered. Then Winn said: "That's what Glen and I were ashore for. We are afraid he is lost."

"Lost! Bim wouldn't get lost! He has too much sense."

"I expect he is this time, though," said Glen, "and we don't believe he will ever be found again, either." Then he told of Bim's rushing ashore, the smothered yelp, the loud splash that followed, and of their unsuccessful search for him in the darkness. "So it looks as though the poor dog were done for," concluded Glen, "and I expect it was by a trick of those same fellows who tried to capture the raft."

Billy Brackett listened closely, without a word, and when he had heard all there was to tell, he turned abruptly away and walked into the shanty, muttering through his clinched teeth, "The scoundrels!"

It certainly would have gone hard with the "river traders" could the stalwart young engineer have laid hands on them at that moment.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A BLAZE ON THE RIVER.

As Messrs. Plater and Grimshaw will not appear again in this story, it may be as well to dismiss them at once. The well-conceived and desperate effort to gain possession of the raft just described was their last attempt in that direction. They had watched Billy Brackett leave it, had enticed the ever-faithful Bim from it, and when, from a place of concealment, they heard two of its remaining defenders go ashore in search of the brave dog, their satisfaction was complete. Now they were sure of the prize for which they were willing to risk so much. Stealing silently to the raft without attracting Binney Gibbs's attention, they leaped aboard, proceeded to dispose of him, and at the same time to set the *Venture* adrift. Had not Binney's shout guided Solon to the scene, success would have crowned their efforts.

The old negro was not a fighter by nature, but in defence of those he loved he could be bold as a lion. Consequently he rushed to the rescue of the boy whom he supposed was Winn Caspar without hesitation, and careless of the odds against him. His coming, followed so quickly by that of Billy Brackett and the arrival of the boys, turned the tide of battle. Glen and Winn were compelled to plunge overboard and swim for the raft, as it was already a rod or so from shore when they regained the place where it had been tied.

The "river traders" were unwillingly compelled to take the same plunge a moment later, and as they swam toward the shore, which, fortunately for them, was still near at hand, their hearts were filled with bitterness at their defeat, while plans for future vengeance were already forming in their minds. But these were never carried out, for the reason that, as they were making their dripping way into town, they came across the mob bent on a deed of destruction that they themselves had instigated. With it was Joe Riley, the operator, and as these were the very men he was most desirous of meeting just then, he persuaded his associates to devote a few minutes of attention to them.

As a result of this interview with one who knew so much about them and their business, their career as "river traders" ended then and there. A few days later they left Cairo in company with Sheriff Riley, of Dubuque, who had come down the river on purpose to escort them north. Why they had been so anxious to recover possession of the *Venture* was for a long time an unsolved puzzle to the crew of that interesting raft. That the reason was finally explained will be made as clear to us as it was to our raftmates before the end of this story of their unique voyage down the great river. When it is, we shall probably wonder, as they did, that so simple a solution of the mystery had not occurred to us before.

In the mean time the raft, once more in full possession of its rightful crew, is gliding swiftly with the mighty current through the starlit darkness. Billy Brackett, with a heart full of sorrow over the loss of his four-footed but dearly loved companion, is on watch. The lantern, lighted and run to the top of the flag-staff, sends forth a clear beam of warning to all steamboats. In the shanty, which looks very bright and rosy in comparison with the outer darkness, Binney Gibbs is lying comfortably in one of the bunks, Solon is making himself acquainted with the arrangements of his new galley, and the other two are changing their wet clothing, while carrying on an animated conversation regarding the stirring events just recorded.

"How jolly this would all be if it wasn't for poor Billy's melancholy over the loss of his dog!" remarked Glen Elting, as he turned the steaming garments hanging in front of the galley stove. "It was a splendid start, wasn't it, Grip?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Binney, a little doubtfully; "though I don't believe it would seem quite so fine to you if you ached all over as I do."

"Perhaps not, old man. But you'll be all right again to-morrow, after a good night in 'dream bags'; and anyway, you must admit that this beats steamboating all to nothing. Just think, if we hadn't been lucky enough to fall in with this blessed raft, and Billy and Winn, and all the rest, we should at this very moment be just ordinary ten-o'clock-at-night passengers, shivering on the Cairo wharf-boat, and waiting for the New Orleans packet to come along. She's due there some time this evening, you know."

"Yes; and instead of that, here I am—"

"Here you are," interrupted Glen, seeing that his friend was about to utter a complaint. "And thankful you ought to be to find yourself here, too. Why, we'll be as merry as this muddy old river is long, as soon as Billy ceases to mourn for his dog. I'm a little surprised

that he should take it so much to heart. Hoot, lo. It isn't like Bim to come trotting over miles

"Tights," cried Winn, "when you call dear old Bim a 'mile,' you are making one of the big mistakes of your life, and you wouldn't do it either if you had known him as well as I did. There never was another dog like him for wisdom and gentleness and pluck and—well, and everything that makes a dog lovely. Why, that Bim would reason his way out of scrapes that would stump a man, and the word 'fear' was never printed in his dictionary. Somehow I can't help thinking that he'll turn up all right, bright and smiling, yet."

"I don't see how," said Glen.

"Neither can I, and I don't suppose I could if I were in his place; but unless Bim is uncommonly dead, I'll guarantee that he'll come to life again somehow and somewhere. In fact, I shouldn't be one bit surprised to see him aboard this very raft again before our voyage is ended."

"I must confess that I should," said Glen.

"That's because you don't know him," responded Winn. "Isn't it, Solon?"

"I 'spec's hit must be, Marse Winn," answered the old negro.

"And wasn't he the very wisest dog you ever knew?"

"Yes, sah, he suttinly was, all 'ceptin' one, an' hit war a yallar 'coon dawg wha' I uster own down in ole Louisiana. I 'spec's he war jes a teenty mite more knowin' dan eben Marse Brack's Bim dawg. He name war Bijah."

"How did he ever prove his wisdom?" asked Winn, incredulously.

"How him provin' it!" exclaimed the old negro, warming to his subject. "Why, sah, him provin' it ebbery day ob he life more ways 'n one."

"Well, give us an example, if you can remember one."

"Yes, sah. I kin. An' I tell you-all one ob de berry simples' t'ings what dat ar Bijah ebber done. He war jest a ornery, stumpy-tail, 'coon dawg, Bijah war, an' him know he warn't nuffin else. Dat's why he won't go fer nuffin 'ceptin' 'coons—no rabbits, ner 'possum, ner fox, ner b'ar, ner nuffin—jes 'coons. But 'coons! Don' talk, gen'l-*men!* I reckin dat ar Bijah done know ebbery 'coon in twenty mile ob de Moss Back plantashun. An' he knowed some fer 'coons wha' didn' 'low dey war 'coons no way."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Winn.

"Dat's wha' I comin' to, Marse Winn, but yo' mus'n' hurry de ole man. One day I takin' de ole kyart inter town wif a load er wood, an' Bijah he gwine erlong. When we comin' to der place whar de wood kyarts stops, I onyoked, an' Bijah he lyin', sleepylike, onder de kyart. I passin' de time er day 'long some udder cullud fellers, an' tellin' wha' kind ob a 'coon dawg Bijah war, an' how he ain't know nuffin no way 'ceptin' 'coons. Suddint I see dat ar dawg kin' er wink he eye, an' raise up an' sniff de yair, an' den lite out licketty cut down erlong. Dey ain't nuffin on de road 'ceptin' jes a cullud gal, an' she a turnin' inter de sto'.

"Dem fellers laff fit to bus' deirselfs, an' say, 'Hi dar! wha' dat fine 'coon dawg gwine fer now?'

"I say, 'Him gwine fer a 'coon, gen'l'men, he suttinly am.' Yo' see, I jes nacherly 'bleeged ter say so. Same time, I kin' er jubious.

"Afo' we comin' ter de sto', I heah ole Bijah gibbin tongue lak mad, an' I say, 'Him treed um, gen'l'men! him treed um fer sho'. But when we comin' dar, an' look in der do', I feelin' mighty sick. Dat ar cullud gal she up in er cheer er-shyin' the umbrel at Bijah, an' him jes a dancin' 'roun', an' er-yelpin'.

"Well, ef dem fellers ain't laff! Dey jes roll deirselfs in de dus'.

"'Whar yo' 'coon dawg now? Whar yo' 'coon dawg?' dey axin; but I kep' on sayin' nuffin. I know dat gal, an' when I hit Bijah er clip to stop he noise, I say, berry polite, 'Mawnin', Lize. Yo' got any 'coon 'bout yo' pusson?'

"Den she say, snappylike, 'How I gwine get 'coon, yo' fool nigger! No, sah, I ain't got no 'coon 'ceptin' my ole man wha' I marry yistiddy, he name *Coon.*'"

The shout of laughter that greeted this story was interrupted by the appearance of Billy Brackett at the door.

"Come out here, boys!" he cried. "There's a steamboat on fire and coming down the river!"

This startling announcement emptied the shanty in a hurry. Even Binney Gibbs forgot his aches and joined his mates outside.

There was no doubt as to the meaning of the column of flame that turned the darkness into day behind them. It was so near that they could hear its ominous roar, while the black forest walls on either side of the river were bathed in a crimson glow from its baleful light. A vast cloud of smoke, through which shot millions of sparks, trailed and eddied above it, while, with the hoarse voice of escaping steam, the blazing craft sounded its own death-note.

As the monster came tearing down the channel of crimson and gold that opened and ever widened before it, our raftmates were fascinated by the sight of its sublime but awful approach. They stood motionless and speechless until roused to a sudden activity by Billy Brackett's shout of "Man the sweeps, fellows! She is unmanageable, and headed for us as straight as an arrow. If we can't get out of the way she'll be on top of us inside of two minutes more!"

Like young tigers the boys tugged at the heavy sweeps; but they might as well have tried to extinguish the floating volcano that threatened them with destruction as to remove that mass of timber beyond reach of danger within the time allowed them. The task was an impossible one; and as they realized this fact, the crew of the *Venture* prepared to launch their skiff, abandon the raft, and row for their lives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF A GUIDON.

BY LIEUTENANT R. E. PEARY, U. S. NAVY.



AM a Guidon, a silken Guidon with a blazing golden star. I am frayed and faded now by furious winds and fierce blinding sunlight, but once I was bright and new, and I have seen sights that eyes never saw before. I have seen the bright stars glitter through the freezing air day and night for weeks, with never a ray of blessed sunlight to dim their lustre, and I have seen the glorious sun roll round the white horizon night and day for months without ever hiding his yellow face. All this and more have I seen in the far North.

I first saw the light one Christmas, in a tiny room lined with warm red blankets, far up in the land of eternal ice and snow.* The soft fingers of a fair-faced woman had fashioned me as a Christmas gift for one she loved. I heard her tell him afterwards, with her head on his shoulder, that she had made me from an embroidered silken handkerchief, a present to him when a lover, and the star was a bit of silk from a tea-gown which she had worn as a bride. He gave her an ivory hair-pin which he had carved from the horn of a great narwhal, and this,

* See "Our Arctic Home," by Lieutenant Peary, U.S.N., in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for January 31, 1893.

with a fine dinner, was all the Christmas there was at the little house, for old Santa Claus had gone south several days before to call on the good little boys and girls at home. Then, too, I heard it whispered that Santa was not on very good terms with him, for he had, while out hunting, shot one of the reindeer belonging to Santa's team, and though he was very sorry, and she offered to give Santa her black Newfoundland dog Jack, who had been trained to pull a sleigh, to take the deer's place, Santa wouldn't have him, and didn't quite forgive the accident.

After she had given me to him he took me and hung me up in the opening between two silken flags which curtained off a bed at one end of the little room, and there I hung for weeks.

The only way that I could tell about the time was by the lamp in the room. This burned during the day and was put out at night, but during all this time no ray of daylight ever came through the windows. Sometimes I saw a star twinkling through the window, and sometimes I got a glimpse of great snow-covered mountains bathed in bright moonlight. At other times the little house trembled with the fury of the storms, and for days at a time I heard the muffled roar of the wind and snow whirling in blinding drifts over the roof. In the little bedroom it was always warm and cozy; but that it was bitter cold outside I knew, because when the Commander and his wife would come in from their snow-shoe tramps their eyebrows and eyelashes would have little icicles on them, and his beard would be such a solid mass of ice that he would have to hold his face in a basin of warm water to thaw it off.

Soon after this I heard a strange chattering in the other room of the house, and then a wild dark face in a fur hood looked through the door; then its owner came in, and two or three others followed. At first I was afraid of these strange creatures with their black eyes, long hair, and clothes of reindeer and fox and shaggy bear skins, which made them look as broad as they were tall, but I soon got over this when I saw how merry they were, though I could never quite like to have them near me, they were so dirty and smelled so disagreeable. After this they used to come every once in a while, and I heard that some of them had ridden two hundred miles on a sledge drawn by great savage dogs, just to see the Kapitansoak, or great Captain, as they called him, and particularly to see his wife, for they had never seen a white woman or a woman that wore dresses before. The Commander used to show them a little mirror, and when they saw their faces in it they would shout and laugh and clap their hands just like a baby when it gets a rattle, for they never had seen one before. Then she would give the children candy, and their mothers a bright needle, and they would go away more delighted than you would be with a twenty-dollar gold piece.



A LITTLE ESQUIMAU.

The very little children were carried on their mothers' backs in a great warm fur hood, but the larger ones were dressed in furs just like their father and mother. I remember one little boy who had on a fox-skin coat with a hood, a bird-skin shirt, bear-skin trousers and boots, and rabbit-skin stockings. His sister, a year older, had the same kind of coat, but her trousers were shorter and were made of fox-skin, and her boots, of seal-skin, were much longer. Her stockings were made of deerskin.

It must have been at least six weeks after Christmas that I noticed through the window at noon a sort of twilight, and then I heard them telling about the sun coming back. Then one day the Commander put on his fur clothes, took me down, put me in his bosom, and said he was going up on the great ice-cap to see the sun rise.

After this I saw nothing, but I could hear that he, with the Doctor and Astrup, carrying their food and sleeping-bags on their backs, climbed up a great mountain, cutting steps in the snow in some places, then walked far out over the great white ice-cap, and when night came on they built a snow house, and putting their sleeping-bags inside, went to bed to sleep till the next day, when the sun was to come back. But scarcely had they got nicely settled in their house when a furious snow-storm came up, the wind howled in savage fury across the wild frozen desert, and the cutting, drifting snow scoured the top and sides off their snow house, and left them entirely exposed to the wild storm. Their great warm deerskin bags kept them comfortable, however, and towards morning of the second day the full moon broke through the clouds and sent them flying away into the frozen interior. Then they got up as best they could in their sleeping-bags, for their clothes were buried deep in the snow, and dug them and their little alcohol stove out. By this time it was nearly noon, when the sun would show its head above the great white mountains in the south, and I was taken from out of the Commander's bosom and fastened to an alpenstock planted in the snow. Never shall I forget the sight as the cold white wind shook me out.



THE MAKER OF THE GUIDON.



THE SLEEPING CAMP.

Close by me fluttered three other flags; near us was the huge drift which marked the site of the snow house, with the sleeping-bags scattered about it. In every direction stretched the white surface of the ice-cap, which the wind had carved into miniature waves. The southern sky was a conflagration of crimson and rose and purple and green clouds and lights about one dazzling yellow spot where the sun was about to burst upward.

Scarcely had I time to see all this when the wind freshened, and I and my companions flew out into the sparkling air and fluttered and laughed with delight. Then the yellow sunlight fell upon the summit of the highest cliff of Northumberland Island; next Cape Robertson blazed with a crown of glory, and then the yellow sun itself peered over the southern ice-cap, and in an instant the snow waves about us danced, a sea of molten gold. Nor wealth nor fame can purchase from me the supreme memory of that moment when, with my Commander, far above the earth, I laughed with the laughing waves of the great white inland sea in greeting to the long absent sun. For many minutes we watched the glorious god of light roll along the southern ice-cap; then the Commander took me down and put me in his bosom again. Never before had flag or pennant welcomed the returning sun from the surface of the great frozen desert.

After this I hung again for several weeks in the little red room. Once both the Commander and his wife were away for a long time, and when they came back I used to hear them talking of the strange people they had seen, and how they had dashed at a wild gallop over the frozen sea behind a dozen or twenty great wolfish dogs, and had slept on the snow at night wrapped in their reindeer-skin sleeping-bags. I, however, saw nothing of this.

Then one May day the Commander took me down, and there were tears in his wife's eyes as he put me in his bosom again, for this time he was going away alone, to be gone for months on the long white journey to the north which they had talked so much about.

It must have been several days after this that he took me out and pressed me to his lips, then fastened me to a bamboo staff and planted me in the snow. I found myself once more on the great ice-cap. Now, however, no distant mountain-tops could be seen, only the unbroken white horizon in every direction. The sun shone brightly, and near me were sixteen great dogs fastened to stakes driven in the snow, and four sledges, and three men besides the Commander all dressed in furs. I at once saw that it was a camp, and that preparations were being made for the evening meal. When this was cooked and eaten each of the men fastened his clothes tightly about him, and lay down behind his sledge to sleep. The Commander lay down beneath me, and all the time while they slept I waved and rustled in the wind and watched the weather, to warn them by a louder whisper of coming storms.

From that time on for nearly a hundred days I never slept, and the great sun whirled ceaselessly around the heavens, never once hiding his face below the horizon. After sleeping several hours, the Commander awoke, and called one of the others, who got up and made some tea, which they all drank with some crackers and pemmican. Then the sleeping-bags were rolled up and placed on the sledges, the sledges firmly lashed, and the dogs attached to them. Then the Commander fastened on his snow-shoes, took me in hand, and strode off to the north, calling to the dogs of his team. With a joyous yelp, Miss Tawanah leaped into the air in the effort to follow him, Nalegaksoak, Pau, and Panickpa followed, straining in their traces, the sledge moved, the others started, and soon we were merrily under way.

After five or six hours they stopped for lunch, and then five or six hours later, after travelling twenty miles or more, the Commander stopped, and stood me in the snow again. This, as I afterwards learned, was the signal that the day's work was ended. As soon as the sledges came up, the dogs were taken from them, and fastened to stakes driven in the snow a little to one side. While one of the men began cooking dinner on the alcohol stove, the Commander took some pemmican from the sledge, and cutting it into lumps, fed the dogs. What a racket they made as they fought and tugged at their lines in their efforts to get to him first! In a few minutes they had bolted their dinner, and lay down in the snow to sleep. Then the four fur-clad figures ate their dinners and drank their hot tea, and then they too lay down in the snow behind the sledges, and soon were fast asleep—all except the Commander. He took a strange-looking instrument out of a box, set it in the snow, then looked through it at the sun, then wrote in a little book, and did this for more than an hour. But at last he too went to sleep, and left me alone fluttering over the sleeping camp, and making friends with the great yellow sun that matched my yellow star so beautifully.

So day after day we journeyed northward over the white desert, he and I always in advance, travelling straight as the flight of an arrow, and the dog sledges following in our tracks. At first I was afraid of the dogs, and feared that if I should fall down or the wind blow me over some time, some of them would eat me. They were such great savage brutes, with such long white teeth, and they fought with one another like wolves. But they all loved the Commander, because he always fed them himself, and fixed their harnesses if they did not fit, and I used to like to see them crowd around him and rub against his legs when he came in the morning to untie them. Then he would pat their heads and rub their chins till they would jump up on him, with low growls of dog satisfaction, until I could hardly believe that these same dogs had fought and killed many a fierce white bear—"the tiger of the north."

After a time I got to know them all—Nalegaksoak, the King, Pau, Nalegak Martloo, or Lion, as he called him, Miss Tawanah, Panickpa, Merktoshar, Arngodoblaho, and the rest; but I liked the Commander's team best—partly because I knew they were the biggest and nicest, and partly because they knew me. There was big Nalegaksoak, the King, and Pau, his black brother, Miss Tawanah, a dog with one eye (but that eye was always on the lookout for him), and the two Panickpas. They soon got acquainted with me, and learned to know me. When the Commander

took me in his hand and started off, they tugged at their traces until the sledge started; then they trotted merrily along at his heels. Sometimes towards night they would get a little tired, and lag behind; but when he stood me in the snow, and turning round, would call, "Come on, boys; huk, huk, huk, nannook, nannook," how they would yelp and growl, and come galloping up until they could lick his hands, and then lie down about me! Nalegaksoak and Pau used to jump up at me, and try to play with me as I fluttered in the wind; and after a time I learned a little of their language, and used to hear them talking about their bear fights, and wondering where he was taking them to.

After we had been marching many days, we stopped longer than usual one night, and when we started again, there was only the Commander and one companion, the other two going back, I heard him say, to the little house.

After that we kept on day after day, always northward.

Sometimes I could see just the tops of great mountains miles and miles away, and sometimes there were great blue chasms in the ice, which we had to go around.

There were great storms, when for two or three days neither the Commander nor his companion could get out of their burrow in the snow, and when the furious wind and the rushing white river of snow below me used to make me dizzy.

At last we came to a strange northern land, and if I should tell you all the wonderful things I saw there, it would take a book. How the Commander shot the great musk-oxen, and how the brave dogs feasted on their meat till they could eat no more; how we saw birds and flowers and butterflies; and how at last we came out on a great precipice far up the east coast of Greenland; and how he put me up on a pile of stones and let me look out upon the great frozen Arctic Ocean, which no eyes had ever seen before; then how we returned over the frozen desert; and finally he gave me back into the fair hands that had made me, and here I am.

THE BEE'S TREASURY.

HEREIN is hid the golden store
Of honey for the Bee;
He only can unlock the door
Of this white treasury.

His is this palace built of bloom,
And his the sweet delight
To wander through the fragrant room
Within this lily white.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

DUTCH KLOOMPERS.

ONE of the queerest sights which I saw in Europe was a row of wooden shoes outside the door of a Dutch farm-house on Saturday morning. There were the big-sized shoes of the farmer himself, the middle-sized shoes of his good vraow, and several small-sized shoes of the children; and all the line had been scrubbed and freshly whitewashed in preparation for Sunday. There are many kinds of wooden shoes worn by the peasants in Europe, but none are more clumsy and heavy than the "kloompers" of the Hollanders. They are boat-shaped, with high wooden protections to the heels, and a curious little upward twist to the toes, like the prow of a Chinese junk. But heavy and awkward as the shoes are, the Dutch children run about as lightly as if they were shod in Cinderella's glass slippers, and do not seem to object in the least to the clicking sound made by the shoes on the pavement. One of the most extraordinary sights in the world is a line of little Dutch boys playing leap-frog in their great noisy wooden kloompers. Having formed a row of "frogs" from one end of their village to the other, the boys begin to jump in the usual agile way of the players of the lively game. As soon as the line is in motion a most tremendous sound startles the village. The oldest inhabitant can hardly "hear himself think," but he knows that the noise is not thunder; it is only the rattle of the boys' wooden shoes as they strike the hard brick-paved street.

WHAT WE SHALL SEE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

II.

I HAVE said that I feel able to take my reader into the fair grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition ahead of all the crowds of next summer, because I have made a long study of what is to be there. If it is agreed, we will imagine that we have bought an excursion ticket and have made the journey to Chicago in safety. As our train pulls into the city, we notice miles of Pullman and Wagner coaches on either side of the railroad. These palace cars have no engines attached to them, but on the platforms we see colored servants in white aprons and blue uniforms. This is something quite new to the world. These cars have been hired to serve as houses for visitors to the fair—to be used just as yachts are used on the water, as movable homes in which people may live as well when they travel as when they stand still. There is always such a crush and crowd in the cities where world's fairs are held that these palace cars have been hired by families, clubs, and little parties of friends. The cars are switched on to the side tracks, and the people go to them at night to get dinner and sleep, spending each day on the fair grounds.

As our train moves through the city we see scores and scores of great wooden hotels, built far from the heart of town, to feed and shelter the crowds for six months, and then be pulled to pieces and sold for second-hand lumber. Farther along we see the shore of Lake Michigan, and, lo! instead of being a clear clean beach beside a vast expanse of idle water, as it always has been, we now see a myriad row-boats on the sand, great groups of smoking, steaming passenger-vessels, and the water littered inside the breakwater with every sort of craft. Here are canal-boats, scows, sloops, schooners, ships, steamboats, "whalebacks," every sort of vessel that is known on the great lakes. And such a number of pleasure yachts, both sail and steam, never was seen on all the lakes together. They have come from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and even from New Orleans, from Canada, from every place on the lakes and the St. Lawrence. These also are all moving homes that have come to anchor at the World's Fair, and that are owned or hired by sight-seers who would rather live at Chicago in that way with their own friends than mix with the crowds at the hotels.

In the streets we see many English, German, and French army officers almost covered with gold; we see Turks and Persians in red caps and silken clothes; we see Indians, with their hawklike faces and long black hair; we see a Chinese prince in flowing silk, like a funny-looking lady. A band of dark-skinned men in extraordinary tall hats are Coreans, we are told; and Syrian peddlers in long coats and round caps are seen every few minutes. Chicago has become the centre of the world, and we would not miss its crowds for anything.

There never was such a place for shows—shows in storehouses, in round iron buildings, in great lots that are fenced in with high fences, in tents, on board of boats, and in great wagons. Every one of these shows is advertised with great canvas paintings, with loud music, and, most of them, with the shouting of men who have the voices of trumpets. All this is in the thick of the city—in every part of the town, though the tents and wagons are all out by the World's Fair grounds. In the city, also, are dime museums, battle panoramas, regular theatres, variety and minstrel shows, and one very remarkable theatre which exhibits the scenes in the life of Columbus, with hundreds of men, Indians, dancers, and gorgeous scenery. After you have seen all this from in front you may pay again, and have a seat behind the stage to see how it is managed. It will not be necessary to stay up after bedtime. Some of the shows are given

every hour, and even in the regular theatres there is a performance every afternoon, as well as at night. Out in the south end of town, near the World's Fair, are all the circuses and the performances by trained dogs, wild beasts, sword swallowers, snake charmers, four legged children, fat women, conjurers, tight rope walkers, and all the rest. And such crowds and shouting and gorgeous paintings, and such music, you never heard in all your days!

And now, though it is late in the afternoon, we go to the World's Fair. The trains are more numerous than those on the elevated railroads in New York. As one moves away the next one comes up. They are run every two minutes. As we came into town we noticed at every street corner a man in a little box, like a sparrow cage on top of a pole. There are hundreds of such men in Chicago, and their business is to shut the long gates across the streets when they see a train coming. But there are no such bird-cages on the way to the exposition. There is such a rush of trains that the railroad has been lifted up on a bank of solid earth, and all the cross streets dive under it. It is seven miles to Jackson Park and the World's Fair. Presently we see the tops of the Fair buildings rising above a tall fence that encloses the park. Never, as long as you live, will you forget that first sight of the Fair. The tops of the white palaces rise in towers, steeples, and minarets, in great golden domes, in vast mounds of glass that remind you of gigantic bubbles. Flags, so many as never to be counted, wave and snap in the breeze, banners toss out their gay colors, huge red poles and the heads of enormous statues are seen here and there. In one tower elevators rise and fall, in another, cars seem to drop like falling stars, or are seen to curve swiftly round toward the earth. Your train rushes up to a platform, and in a moment you have bought a ticket, and have pushed past a turnstile that registers every visitor by machinery, and tells the managers at night just how many persons passed by it during each day.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The crowds in the first or Transportation building are suffocating. You see pretty booths over the people's heads. At them you may buy newspapers, guides to the Fair, candy, novels, cigars, and flowers. You are told that you can go up stairs and eat, or you can walk out on a great balcony and look down at the crowd in-doors, or that on another balcony you may sit and see the fair grounds. You push out into the air. Straight before you is the Administration Building, the glory of the grounds. I can only tell you that it is something like a bit of superb china-ware, and something like an enormous piece of jewelry, it is so shapely and so gorgeous with color and gold. Walk straight through it. See the beautiful pictures and statues and gaudy colors on the walls, and how at the top, far up as a bird flies, is a round eye to let in the daylight on all this beauty.

Once through this building, the Grand Court of the exposition is in view. Before you is a crystal lake. Fountains spurt from it, statues rise above it, beautiful bridges cross it, and it is bordered with green grass that is all decked with vases of flowers and statues and huge poles carrying gay banners. Facing all this, on both sides, are several palaces bigger and more splendid than the palaces of most kings. At the end of the view is a great open line of columns, between which you see the blue curtain formed by the water of Lake Michigan. On this Grand Court are the buildings for machinery, agriculture, electricity, mining, and the biggest building in the world—the one for manufactures and liberal arts. You will walk a mile if you walk around it, and 300,000 persons like yourself can all sit down under its roof at once. In it you will see more carpets, china-ware, glass-ware, jewelry, furniture, toys, games, candies, lamps, stoves, clothing, and all sorts of useful things than ever you saw in your life. And though this sounds commonplace, you will not find it so, for all the newest, queerest, best, and most wonderful inventions will be gathered there.

The Fair grounds are nearly as large as Central Park, in New York. They have been made as pretty as the most beautiful park that ever was. You can go all over them on the water that runs about in great canals and lakes, or you can see it all on foot. On the water are hundreds of electric launches, and many queer gondolas from Venice. On the roads and paths you will see troops of donkeys to ride, camels, Japanese men dragging people about in queer little carriages, besides lots of bicycles and stages and the carriages we see everywhere. As you walk around, without going into the great palaces, it will seem to you that all the people are eating and drinking. There never were so many restaurants as there are going to be at this World's Fair. Along the promenades around most of the buildings you will see tables and tables and tables—some waited on by Americans, others by Frenchmen, others by Germans, others by Chinamen, and Japanese, and Italians. Some very queer and pretty buildings are restaurants such as they have in Ceylon, Japan, China, Algiers, Morocco, Switzerland, Holland, Paris, India, and Turkey. You will see people eat with sticks, with their fingers, and with knives and no forks. But the drinking will be even more wonderful. Littered everywhere out-of-doors are pretty little stands and booths and cagelike houses called "kiosks." Hundreds of these are for the sale of water at a cent a glass; others are tea-drinkers' resorts, kept by Oriental people; others are chocolate booths, attended by pretty young girls; others are coffee stands; at others you can drink cocoanut milk from Cuba, or lime juice, or sugar and water, as the French do. And scattered among all these often beautiful little buildings are others, literally by the hundred, for the sale of chewing-gum, peanuts, candy, and mounds of sweet flowers.



THE GREAT TOBOGGAN SLIDE.



AN ICE-GORGE.

WINTER AT MONTREAL.—From Photographs by J. G. Parks, Montreal.—[See Page 299.]

HOW HAL GOT HIS SPARERIBS.

BY CON PERA

HAL CARSON sat on the north porch of his father's bungalow and poured forth his complaints into his own and Barney's ears.

"I'm tired of curry, *dall bhat*, and fish all the time. Haven't seen a beefsteak for two months, and as for fresh pork, spareribs, and sausage, such as we used to have at home at 'hog-killin'' time, why, I haven't had a taste since I left Iowa. These Mohammedans and Hindoos never have any 'hog-killin's.'"

Barney cocked his head on one side with the profound wisdom of a highly enthusiastic dog, his stub tail vibrating like the balance-wheel in a watch, looked his master in the face, and spoke once with suppressed emotion, then gazed longingly down the steep hill through the brush, hoping to see a jackal which he might punish for the shortcomings of the country.

Hal Carson was an Iowa lad, who the year before had come with his father and mother half-way around the world to Gwalpara, at that time an English government station at the west end of the province of Assam, India. He looked from his high perch, some three hundred feet above the Brahmaputra River, away across to the other side, about two miles, to Jogigopher, where the hermits' caves are, and yet further, to the dark rough Bhutan hills, rising higher and higher in the distance, while far away, towering high above all, shining clear as gold in the morning sun, were the snow-tipped Himalayas, "the abode of snow," which his father had told him were a hundred and fifty miles distant.

"I say," resumed Hal, "couldn't a fellow have a dandy time coasting down those mountains? Old Chundra Dass, the cook, says there is a tribe of men up there with ears so large they can lie down on one and cover themselves up with the other."

Hal had no chum to talk English with, and Barney understood English just as well as Assamese, his native language.

"Well, old boy," said Hal at last, "there's no use sitting here moping. Let's go down to the lake and see if we can't find some ducks or snipe."

Barney surely understood that, by the way he pranced around. Going into the house, Hal asked his mother if he might go for a little hunt before breakfast.

"Why, Hal dear, you can't get down to the lake and back before breakfast," his mother replied. "Captain Floyd is to be here this morning."

"But Barney and I want some exercise, and I ate a big chota hazari" (little breakfast). "I'll ride Jim, and gallop all the way, and perhaps be back by ten o'clock, in time for breakfast and one of Captain Floyd's stories."

"All right, run along, and be careful. Now don't go too far from the main road. I'm always afraid you will wander off into the jungle back of the old river-bed, and a tiger get you."

"I'll be careful. Barney or Jim will smell any tiger before he can get us."

"Quihi! Oh, Quihi!" A tall, sedate servant quietly appeared in response to Hal's call, and was told to tell the sayce to bring Jim, if he had finished his breakfast. The horse was soon brought, ready saddled, and as eager for a run as the boy and dog. Dog and horse exchanged morning greetings, putting their noses together in a manner which showed they were the best of friends.

"Hal," said his mother, as he was ready to start, "I don't like to have you go alone so much." To the servant she said, in Assamese, "Naran, you go down the short foot-path by the old fakir's house, and meet Hal on the main road by the big tank, and stay with him this morning."

Naran, the chuprassi, was of a race of fighters and hunters who for ages had been a savage and warlike people, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them, until the civilizing influence of the schools and preaching of American missionaries had reached the little village perched up on the Garo hills, where Naran was born.

The same instinct that makes the savage so cruel an enemy, turned in the opposite direction, had made of this young man, who had felt the influence of kindness, a strong friend to the Carson family. For a long time he had been their most trusted servant, and had formed for Hal an attachment that amounted almost to idolatry. There was nothing within his power he would not have done for this white boy, the first and only one he had ever seen. He made his salam to his mistress, and going to his little house in the servants' quarters, took from a corner his stout light Garo spear, which had a long, bright, elliptical-shaped head, with keen edge and point, and strong but light bamboo handle. Throwing off his light jacket, which Mrs. Carson had made for him in order that he might appear as a respectable servant, he donned his native mountain dress, which consisted of a strip of coarse cloth six inches wide and five feet long dexterously wound about his loins; then with spear in hand he ran down the hill to meet his young master.

Hal, in the mean time, had started along the main road, which wound down the hill-side below the parade-ground, past the spring, where he let Jim and Barney take a drink. Then away the three went full tilt for the lake, a mile away across the valley. Large trees skirted the road on either side, in which wild monkeys chattered and made faces at Barney as he stopped to sniff at them. Dozens of bright green parrots filled the air with discordant notes. At the tank where the village people washed themselves and their clothes Hal found the fleet-footed Naran, who greeted him with, "Salam, lora sahib," and was answered by Hal, with a laugh:

"Why, Naran! Aren't you ashamed of yourself to come out on the road dressed in that way? You haven't got enough clothes on to dress a rag baby. You know my father doesn't allow any of you Garos to dress that way when you come down to Gwalpara to see him."

"Yes, lora sahib; but when I go hunting I must have my legs and arms free, so I can run fast. I would suffocate in the fine clothes I wear in the presence of the sahib and mem-sahib."

All the conversation between these two was carried on in the peculiar mixture of Assamese, Hisdostanee, and Bengalee common at all fairs and market-places in that part of India—a mixture sure to be found in a country where are spoken one hundred and fifty different languages and dialects.

"All right; I can stand it if you can. Come on; let's go."

From the point where they stood to the lake was a little over a quarter of a mile, and led through tall thick grass or reeds, taller than Hal's head as he sat on his pony, with here and there small open plots of grass, and an occasional pool of water. Hal had been down this path several times, and he let the pony take his own way through all the crooks and turns. At one place the path led along the edge of an old pit some eight feet deep, around which the path circled about half-way, then turned sharply to the right through a narrow place between two tall tamil-trees into one of the small open grass-plots.

Just as Hal's pony turned this sharp corner a short, angry snort brought him to a sudden stop, which almost threw Hal over his head. The boy immediately recovered his equilibrium, but as quickly lost his senses when he saw facing him a large wild-boar champing his teeth and foaming at the mouth.

Hal was well acquainted with hogs—big, fat, lazy Po-

land-China and Chester whites. Many a load of corn he had thrown into the large pens on his father's Iowa farm. But a regular heathen Assamese boar he had never had the pleasure of meeting before.

He had heard of them, however. Many a story Captain Floyd had told him of pig-sticking. One was about a brave young Englishman whose horse the year before had been killed by an under-cut from a boar that had turned on him suddenly, and his horse in falling had broken his rider's neck.

Hal knew that of all beasts that roam the fields the wild-boar of India takes the most delight in an unprovoked, stubborn fight; not in self-defence or for food, as do the tiger and leopard, but because he enjoys it.

Hal was simply frightened, and badly frightened. But before the boar had recovered from *his* surprise, Barney was facing him, and talking to him in a loud, angry voice. Like his master, he knew enough to keep out of reach of the sharp white tusks which adorned the sides of the boar's snout, and would have made ribbons of Barney's hide if they had caught him.

This side show gave Hal and Naran a "breathing-spell." Hal carried in his pocket, by Captain Floyd's advice, three or four bullets, which, with a greased patch, just fitted his muzzle-loading shot-gun. He had never had any use for these bullets, never having before met anything larger than a wild peacock. Suddenly he thought of them, and jumping from his horse, which was very restless, he quickly rammed a bullet down each barrel on top of the load already in them.

Barney kept the attention of the boar, which dared not turn away from him, for Barney would have had him by the ear with half a chance; but the best of hunting-hounds would have been no match for this "bit of pork" single-handed.

Hal waited for a chance to get a side shot, and soon the boar made another lunge at Barney, exposing the side of his face.

Hal fired quickly, but too quickly. Like a flash the boar turned directly for him. The pony, terribly frightened, jerked loose, and, tail in air, fairly flew toward home.

"Jump behind the tree, lora sahib," cried Naran in a loud voice.

On came the boar with frightful speed, his nose down, foam and blood flying from his mouth, with Barney close behind.

Hal hugged the safe side of one tree, and Naran, behind the other, braced himself ready to drive his spear through the boar the instant he should pass. Hal dared not fire again for fear of hitting Barney.

Just as Naran was about to make the lunge, Barney, with a tremendous bound, sprang against the boar's shoulder, seized him by the neck, and the combined impetus of hog and dog was so great that it carried them both past the tree, off the narrow path, over and over "cheek by jowl" down into the pit.

Hal's anxiety for himself was now all gone. There was Barney, good old Barney, the dearest companion of a boy's heart, down in that pit with a savage boar, against which he hadn't the shadow of a chance.

"Naran! jildy! quick! he'll be killed," he shouted in an excited manner.

But before the words were out of his mouth the agile son of the hills had sprung to the edge of the pit, and looking down saw the boar directly below him trying to shake Barney loose.

Quick as thought the spear was turned point down, and with the handle firmly grasped in both hands, Naran jumped squarely upon the boar's back, driving the keen point with such force that it pierced through directly behind the shoulders, pinning the boar to the ground. A squeal, a quiver, and he lay dead, with Barney still chewing furiously at his ear. But Naran pulled the dog away, and they were both soon out of the pit.

Any more hunting that morning was not to be thought of. Such game seldom came in Hal's path, so ducks and such small insects were forgotten. Naran soon found some men who, like himself, were not troubled with Hindoo and Mohammedan scruples about what they touched, and they pulled the boar out of the pit, tied his feet together over a pole, and the procession started for the bungalow on the hill, Barney leading, limping and a little the worse for wear, but with his stub tail still as erect as a drum-major's baton.

The three hunters were royally received at the bungalow. Hal had a story of his own to tell at the breakfast table, which Captain Floyd said beat any of the pig-sticking yarns of his experience, and he added that such mighty Nimrods must come out with him some day on the elephants for a grand hunt.

That evening at dinner Hal had spareribs and sweet-potatoes, and a generous supply was sent directly from Mr. Carson's end of the table to Naran's cabin, "with the sahib's *bhot, bhot salams*" (many compliments), while Barney, although born in a Mohammedan family, stuffed himself so full of fresh pork that he could hardly bark.

A WINTER CITY.

PROBABLY no city in the world makes more of winter than Montreal. Winter there behaves more reasonably than it does in most parts of the United States. It is not so fickle as with us, and attends strictly to business. When snow comes, it comes to stay, and then all the bodies of vehicles are taken off their wheels and put upon runners. The winter hack of Montreal is not a four-wheeler or a hansom, but an open sleigh, and its driver is called a "carter." Sleigh-riding, therefore, is not so much of a novelty as it is with us, and the sleigh is counted among the necessaries rather than the luxuries of life in Montreal.

Of course winter sports flourish to a degree unequalled elsewhere. Montreal has long been famous for its tobogganing and snow-shoeing, and the present winter has been unusually favorable for those amusements. The toboggan slides have been crowded both by day and night, and snow-shoe parties have been frequent. It is a common practice for members of snow-shoeing clubs to make a trip into the country in company and halt at some inn a few miles out, where a hot supper has been ordered to be prepared. After supper there is singing and perhaps dancing, if there are ladies in the party, and then the trip home through the keen dry air under the bright northern stars.



A WINTER HACK IN MONTREAL.

The river at Montreal has presented a magnificent spectacle recently, the ice being piled up in masses, in some cases higher than the roofs of the neighboring houses. The appearance of this temporary glacier is well shown in the photograph that we reproduce on page 297.

THE PINEBORO "QUARTETTE."

In Six Chapters.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

CHAPTER II

"HELP!" shouted the imprisoned passenger. "I'm crushed to death! Help!"

Rob could not help thinking that Colonel Liddon had a pretty good voice for a dead man, but he did not doubt that his military friend was in a dangerous position, and badly hurt as well as frightened.

"Can't you get out of the door?" he called, putting his face close to the upturned window-pane, which he dared not break in for fear of hurting the man.

"No; I'm caught between two broken seats," replied the latter, more faintly than before. "My strength is leaving me. Help!"

Robert saw that he must act alone and quickly. He crawled along the side of the car a short distance, and let himself down through a window from which the glass had been broken out. Once inside he made his way without difficulty to the Colonel, whom he found pinned down, as he had said, in such a way that he could move only one arm and the hand that had attracted Rob's attention.

"Easy, easy!" groaned Colonel Liddon, as the boy grasped one of the seats and tried to pull it away. "I believe my left arm is broken. For more than half an hour I've been calling for assistance, after all the rest got out."

"I shall have to go for help, sir, I'm afraid," panted Rob, breathless from his exertions. "They're jammed so hard that I can't start them."

"No, no, try once more. I don't want to be left alone again," gasped the Chicago millionaire. "Some one will come with an axe and smash that window right into my face. I've been dreading it all along. Or they'll tip the car over the bridge, thinking it's empty. Try again, my boy."

Rob put his shoulder against the twisted seat and strained with all his might. It yielded a little, then gave way so suddenly that the poor Colonel fell down among the seats on the lower side of the car.

"Oh dear!" he moaned; "now I've broken my back. I'll get fifty thousand dollars out of the road for this. Here, give me your hand, boy. Now, easy!"

A little at a time Rob pulled, pushed, and lifted the Colonel out of the débris he had fallen into, and managed at length to get him through the car door and out into the open air.

"Ah, this feels good!" exclaimed the rescued man, rubbing various joints and limbs, with groans, and straightening himself up. "I believe there are no bones broken, after all. Why, you're the boy I was talking with this morning."

"Yes, sir," said Rob. "And now I must go and help the men yonder."

"Hold on a minute, my boy. I shall never forget this. Are your sisters and brother safe? I declare you saved my life." He was fumbling in his pocket-book.

Rob began to move off. "They're all safe, sir," he said. "I must be going now."

"Here, my son—what did you say was your name—Robert? Well, Robert, I never can repay you, you know, but you'll accept a little memento of the occasion."

He held out a bill to him. Rob saw the figures $100, and drew back, flushing to his forehead.

"Indeed I couldn't take anything for helping you, sir. It was nothing."

"Oh, just to oblige me," said the rich man, laughing. "I've one or two more bills at home, you know. And a hundred dollars will set you up in the newspaper business."

"I thank you over and over, Colonel Liddon, but I can't take money for doing just what all those men are doing. I was glad to help you. Good-by, sir."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, good naturedly. "Lend me your shoulder to the platform there, where I can get a team to the nearest hotel. I'm pretty well shaken up, I can tell you. You'll want my help this winter," he added, as he limped along beside the boy; "and when you do, you just address me at the office of the *Daily X*——, in Chicago. You needn't be afraid to ask, either. Ah, my ankle!" And he writhed himself into a corner of the little Bradford station, where Rob left him with a warm grasp of his hand.

Many a New England home that night was saddened by the report from the banks of the Merrimac. The news flashed all over the country, and crowds of reporters, curiosity-seekers, and relatives of the passengers on the ill-fated train came pouring in from north, south, east, and west. The dead and dying were tenderly cared for. Workmen and physicians arrived promptly, and within a few hours trains full of light-hearted travellers were rolling over the bridge as confidently as ever.

The Marlitts boarded an east-bound express at about four o'clock. Rob was fortunate enough to find all their bags in their deserted car, undisturbed. The trunks were safe, as the baggage-car had not been derailed.

It was after ten o'clock when they left the train at the station on a little branch road near Pineboro, and midnight when Uncle Obed and Aunt Matilda, having given them up for the night, and knowing nothing of the accident, were called from their warm bed to welcome the four tired, bruised, hungry children.

"Stamp the snow off outside," called Aunt Matilda through a crack in the door. "Now come right in. Dear me, what made ye so late?"

As soon as she learned their condition and the story of the disaster, she began to fly about the kitchen with such energy that Prue and Madge gazed at her with round eyes of wonder. A substantial supper, with smoking hot tea, was on the table in a trice; Dick's cut was examined, washed, and bound up by not ungentle hands, and the girls' bags and outer garments bundled off to their sleeping-chamber. Punctuating her conversation with many "Do tell's," and "Dear me's," she questioned the girls about their journey and the all-absorbing story of the accident as she worked. Uncle Obed, meanwhile, sat in the chimney-corner watching his wife's brisk movements to and fro, and throwing in an occasional brief remark when the rare opportunity occurred.

When the young people came down to the kitchen the next morning, they found the family—that is, uncle, aunt, and a second cousin who constituted the "help"—at breakfast.

"Mornin' to ye," said Mr. Farland, between mouthfuls of ham and eggs. "Sit right down and make yourselves at home."

Robert opened the topic nearest his heart almost before he was seated.

"How soon can we go to school, uncle?"

"Waal, now, when I's a boy, we wa'n't so turrible anxious to begin school," said Obed. "Thought ye might want to wait a while, jest to git settled."

"They can go right off to-day, 'f they want to," struck in Aunt Matilda's sharp, decisive voice. "You don't need any help round home this weather, Obed Farland, so they might's well be at school, an' out o' the way."

Mrs. Farland's will being law, they went, and were pleasantly disappointed in finding their new studies such as were calculated to keep their minds pretty actively at work. The Pineboro committee had made no mistake in engaging Stephen Holmes to take the school that winter.

He was a keen-eyed, broad-shouldered young college man, with a healthy mind in a healthy body, and a wonderful capacity for inspiring his scholars with something of his own enthusiasm.

Within a week Robert Marlitt was talking over his plans with Mr. Holmes, who had conceived a liking for the shy new-comers at once.

"What I want," said Rob, earnestly, "is to begin to earn a little money, so as to see some prospect of getting back to the city. I can't bear to think of spending my life in Pineboro."

"Why can't you get some employment in Boston, and leave the others here?"

"We don't want to be separated, if we can possibly help it. We just have each other now, you see."

"Have you consulted any of your older friends?"

"Oh yes, sir; but those in Boston all wanted me to stay there. They said there was nothing to do in Pineboro."

"And of course all your friends and advisers *are* in Boston?"

"Every one, except yourself; oh, and Colonel Liddon!" Robert smiled as he remembered the first interview on the train. He had already told the schoolmaster of the accident, and of the way in which he had been able to rescue the Colonel from the wreck.



"YOU 'LL WANT MY HELP THIS WINTER," HE ADDED.

"Did he give you any advice?"

"Only—to start a newspaper!" laughed Rob.

"Start a newspaper! Where? here in Pineboro?"

"That's what he said. And he really meant it, too."

"You say he is a newspaper man himself. He ought to know what he was talking about," said Mr. Holmes, meditatively.

"Why, you don't think it's possible!"

"Let me see. Most of the families about here, I think, take some religious paper, and there are, perhaps, a dozen subscribers to Boston papers—mostly the weekly editions. Then the Dunsfield *Chronicle* prints advertisements from Pineboro dealers every week, and has a few subscribers here. You would meet with some opposition from the *Chronicle* man, who is rather a low fellow, I've heard."

"Of course we couldn't compete with the Boston papers," put in Rob; "and we couldn't get any real news."

"Not foreign news. But you could 'fill a long-felt want' in the matter of local news. The *Chronicle* doesn't give Pineboro three inches a week of local items."

"And we could get the storekeepers to advertise with us," exclaimed Rob, catching the other's enthusiasm. "I believe we can do it, after all."

"If you can begin inexpensively, I would certainly advise you to try it. I'll be your first subscriber," he added, with a smile.

An hour's further talk followed, and Rob went home to his uncle's full of the new plan.

"I don't care what any of you spend your time on, so long's it's honest and don't interfere with your chores," said Mrs. Farland, briskly, when Rob asked her consent.

That evening he wrote to his father's friend, the old Boston lawyer, and two days later an odd-shaped package was handed to him by the stage-driver.

The younger children clustered about him as he opened it. There was a copying or "duplicating" pad about eight by ten inches in size, and several hundred sheets of white paper, some cut to fit the pad, and some twice as large. There was also a supply of the patent ink and pens necessary for reduplicating copies.

"We must begin with an edition prepared by hand," Rob had said. "The paper will be just a single half-sheet, written on both sides. One-half of each page must be for ads."

Mr. Holmes, it should be mentioned, had himself spent a few weeks in a printing establishment, and from him the young publishers received some practical hints, as well as "terms of the trade."

"Now," continued Rob, "before we go any farther, let's organize. I will be a sort of manager and editor-in-chief 'rolled together in one,' like Pooh-Bah. You

shall be the advertising agent, Dick; Madge shall solicit subscriptions, and Prue shall be assistant everything."

The name of the paper had already been decided upon, and across the top of the sheet was now printed in Rob's best style

The Pineboro Quartette.

Vol. I. PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEEK. No. 1.

"How about price?" suggested the subscription agent. "Don't you mean to put that on?"

"No need of it yet, Dick. We may want to change it. We'll just feel the market at first," said this sagacious manager.

The next day being Saturday, there was no school, and work was begun upon the new paper immediately after breakfast.

Dick started for the "business row" in Pineboro Corner, and entering the largest store, asked to see Mr. Giddings, the proprietor. Rob had previously given him a scale of prices, which he at once laid before the astonished storekeeper, together with a "dummy" sheet of the *Quartette*, neatly marked out in columns for the various departments.

"One dollar a column for a single issue, sixty cents for half a column, twenty cents an inch. A liberal discount on large orders," said the advertising man, glibly. "Best to go in two or three times, Mr. Giddings. It's keeping everlastingly at it that pays in advertising, you know."

Mr. Giddings slowly adjusted his spectacles, and peered down through them, first at Dick and then at the blank first page of the *Quartette*.

"Who are you working for?" he asked at length, when he had turned the paper over several times.

"The Marlitt Publishing Company," said Dick, with dignity. "I'm their advertising agent."

Mr. Giddings began to chuckle. "Are the rest on 'em as big as you?" he inquired.

"My brother's seventeen. He's the oldest," said Dick. "Won't you take some space, sir? This is our first number, and we want some good, reliable firms to give it a character."

I am afraid Dick had been pretty well "coached" by Mr. Holmes and Robert. But his natural quickness and frank, cheery face carried still more weight.

"I d' know but I shall have to patronize ye," laughed the jolly storekeeper. "Take your pay in truck?"

"Not for the first number," replied Dick. "We want cash to start with. Perhaps we could trade by-and-by, when we've got up a good business. How much 'll you take, sir?"

"Well, how much 'll half a column cost me in two numbers?"

Dick's eyes danced at the size of the estimate. "We can let you have it at column rates," he said. "Don't you think you'd better say five times for two dollars, Mr. Giddings? The rates are sure to go up after a while, you know, as our circulation increases."

"Well, there's something in that too," said the other. "Make it a dollar ninety and I'll take it."

After a moment's politic hesitation, the agent consented. "Just sign this, sir, if you please," he said, filling out, in his school-boy hand, a blank order for space with which he was prepared. "How soon can you give us copy?"

"Copy?" repeated the storekeeper, with a puzzled air, as he laboriously signed the order.

"Matter you want in the ad., I mean."

"The ad.? Oh, I see. Well, you c'n put in anything you want to about my store. Jest fix it up handsome, you know. How many papers you going to git out fust time?"

"One hundred," answered Dick, promptly. "Of course, some of 'em will be sample copies, but they'll go right round here, so they'll help you all the same. Good-day, sir."

"Good-by, and good luck to ye! Beats all! A newspaper run by boys!" he chuckled to himself, as the advertising man marched briskly out of the store and up the street. It looked as if the Pineboro *Quartette* would prove a success.

So thought Dick Marlitt as he sobered his gait down to a rapid walk. Within the next hour he had completely filled the first number, and had taken orders for several numbers ahead. He was about to turn for home from the last place where he had procured an order, when a burly-looking, black-whiskered man, who was accompanied by an ugly bull-pup, and whose own surly face bore the marks of recent dissipation, blocked his way.

"Look here, young fellow," he growled, "I'm onto your little biz, and you can drop it right here."

"Who are you?" said Dick, glancing at the bull-dog, and at a loose fence-picket not far away.

"I'm Sam Duncan, of the *Chronicle*, and I won't have any sneaking, half-baked paper started in this place, d'you understand? You can give back those orders you've taken from my customers and drop the whole thing, or you'll be sorry you ever set foot in the State of Maine."

Dick did not propose to give up his orders. He stepped back a few feet, and wrenched one of the loose pickets from its fastenings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CIRCUS IN WINTER-TIME.

BY L. J. VANCE.

WHAT becomes of the circus and circus-performers in the winter is a mystery to most people, old and young. The circus season does not last long, say from June to October, and then it disappears entirely from public view, and the small boy is lonesome and sad until the following summer, when big flaming colored posters of bareback riders, clowns, trapeze performers, tight-rope walkers, kings and queens excite strong emotions within his breast.

Now the two big circuses in the country are run under the names of Barnum and Forepaugh. The former, after the season closes, retires to Bridgeport, Connecticut; the latter returns to Philadelphia. With a few exceptions, the performers are discharged, and the show goes out of business. Still the expenses run on, and quite a share of the profits of the season is eaten up by the horses and wild animals, and by the salaries of employés.

The other day I had a talk with one who is "in the profession." "Many people," said he, "suppose that circus performers have an easy time of it. They think that we are busy only three or four months of the year, and all we have to do for the next eight or nine months is to lounge around with our hands in our pockets. But this is very far from being the case."

"Where do the performers go in the winter?" he repeated. "Well, they go all over the world. Some of them find an engagement with variety shows that need acrobats and trapeze performers. But the majority of 'circus people' try to join one of the many small circuses that go every winter to Southern climes, to Bermuda, to the West Indies, or to South America.

"Yes, I have been at one time or another in these countries. I have travelled with the small circuses, and I was glad to have something to do until Mr. Bailey started on the road again. Do not think that these small troupes have poor performers; on the contrary, they get the best people in the different lines; even the 'stars' are willing to appear in such company. So the winter circus really gives a first-rate show."

"What kind of a country is South America for the circus?"

"It is one of the best. The only trouble is that the travelling is tedious and difficult. It is no easy matter to transport tents, animals, and baggage by oxen and mules for miles. There

are few railroads, and it is slow work going from one point to another.

"Four winters ago I was with a circus in the Argentine Republic. We staid about a month in Buenos Ayres. We did not need our tents, as our performances were given in the old amphitheatre. But when we pulled up stakes and started for the interior of the country, our troubles began. We went by boat up the Rio Parana, intending to go as far as Assumption in Paraguay, which is a good show town. But we never got there. The weather changed, and we had to turn back, having lost more money in one week than we had made in the four weeks at Buenos Ayres.

"Then the troupe went to Rio Janeiro, which is a queer city. Here we had competition with native shows and foreign theatrical companies. Consequently we did only a fair business, until one night, when the place was really crowded. We gave the usual performance; but when the last thing on the programme was concluded, the audience, instead of filing out, kept their seats. Pretty soon they began to raise a clamor, and expressions of disapproval in Spanish were heard.

"What was the matter? Well, it seems that some of our flaming lithographs, which had been plastered over the city that morning, showed a man swallowing a sword, eating fire, etc. The manager was informed that the people wanted to see that particular act. Here was a predicament. We had no such performer in the troupe, and the poster was a delusion and a snare. The manager had to invent some excuse; so he said that the sword-swallower was ill and could not appear that evening—some other evening. Then the audience departed, greatly disappointed and grumbling.

"That is the way in most of the South American countries. The people take your lithographs to mean just what they say or display. You must give all the different things you advertise, or there will be a time. There must be no imaginary list of names, no pictures of impossible tricks or acts, no promises you cannot fulfil. Nor can you palm off a poor show upon the South Americans. By this time they know what a first-class circus should be, and they are not satisfied with anything less. The great trouble is the people want something new every day or two. They will spend their money just to go and see some new feat that was not on the programme of the day before.

"Another point is to have the patronage of the aristocratic class. The rich people have the money, of course, and they spend it freely. They are always ready and willing to pay high prices, provided they can have exclusive places. The shrewd circus manager will take advantage of class distinctions, which are so strong in the South American countries. He will have as many boxes as possible arranged around the ring, and then rows of reserved seats or chairs. The common people are separated from the others by a moderately high board partition. As a rule, they are all orderly and well behaved during the performance. I have heard of cases where the people made it 'hot' for the circus proprietor who tried to swindle them with a poor show; but nowadays that is of rare occurrence.

"As a matter of fact, the rough element down there gives the circus people less trouble than they do in our Northern towns and cities. The most outrageous cases of unprovoked attacks upon circus employés occur every season right here in the United States. In certain towns (which are more or less avoided) taking down the tent is the signal for general disorder and fighting.

"Taking a show to South America or the West Indies is something like leading a horse to drink. You may think that you can do the trick, but perhaps not. The circus must make money rapidly. Its expenses are running on all the time, and the season is wofully short. A dozen things may combine to work against you. You may have a good circus, but the weather may be bad, or the times may be 'hard.'

"You see, the South American republics are in hot water, so to speak, about one-half of the time. There is no use trying to run a show when a revolution is going on. A circus has no charms for people 'spoiling for a fight.' The last and only time I was in Caracas in Venezuela, the city was in a foment; many stores were closed, houses barricaded, and the streets deserted save by armed men. It was no place for 'The Grand American Circus.' In one week we lost the entire profits of the season."

"This winter I am going to Bermuda, which is a great resort for Northern people, some of whom go there for health, and some for rest and recreation. There are very few forms of public entertainment on the island, and the American circus is one of the most popular. Last winter circus parties were all the 'go.' Some English official or 'swell' people would give a big dinner, and after that the guests would adjourn to the circus."

A RAGGED BALL.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THERE were no rags at this ragged ball, and the people certainly *looked* clean, but it was a very curious affair; and not the least strange part of it was that over twenty years ago some benevolent gentlemen got it up for the purpose of providing destitute children with warm clothing. It takes place every winter in Vienna, and resembles somewhat the Scriptural feast where the guests were collected from the highways and hedges.

In describing this very original ball, a spectator said: "Take two thousand tramps and vagabonds of both sexes found on the high-roads or from the worst-reputed quarters of the great town, and place them in a series of halls spacious enough to allow of the presence of some three thousand visitors of the better classes, and let this mixed multitude move about as at a promenade concert, chatter, joke, and dance to the merry strains of a dozen bands located in the various halls and rooms—do all this, and you will then have a 'ragged ball' on the Vienna model."

This is a necessary part of the programme; but for a real *Wiener Lumpen Ball* much more is needed. The performers—for such they really are, the actual guests being those of higher standing, who go there merely to gaze at the show—are perfect in their parts, which they have studied and practised for many weeks beforehand.

All kinds of working-people, including servant-girls, are pressed into the service, and it is really wonderful to see how thoroughly they enter into the spirit of the entertainment. They do not mind making themselves ugly or repugnant to carry out the characters selected, and the costumes are perfect works of art. The characters always represent the fads of the day, so that each ragged ball is a pictorial history of the year in which it is held. Having paid a good price for a ticket of admission, the looker-on is happy if through some loop-hole on a crowded staircase, or flattened almost to suffocation in a painfully preoccupied gallery, he can catch a glimpse of the startlingly natural figures that are moving and dancing below, talking and shrieking and laughing, while all sorts of contradictory music go on at once, and the close air is stifling.

The characters disporting themselves in so noisy and inconsistent a manner vary every year, the latest sensations being always represented. Three years ago, when *la grippe* had just made its appearance, the frightful shrieks of a poor woman in the grasp of the influenza fiend attended by a doctor, and her final fall in a state of insensibility, were painfully real. Several excited persons pressed forward to offer aid, and were greatly disappointed to find it only a good piece of acting.

Both groups and single figures were represented in various ways; and as dog-owners were incensed over the general muzzling order which had been issued, ridicule was thrown upon it by the appearance of a group of pretty girls who went about singing with muzzles on their mouths. Other girls were carried about in large troughs and coops to represent the unwilling emigrant forced away to America and Australia, as a burlesque of the famous emigrant trial then going on in Galicia.

Mr. Edison and his phonograph were caricatured by other groups; a Stanley group forcibly carried off Emin Pasha amid much laughter, and a majestic elephant marched gravely in the midst. There were shoemakers on a strike—it happened that a strike was taking place then in Vienna—and several representatives of the tailor who travelled to Paris in a box. The poor Austrian working-woman, bent nearly double under the huge basket on her back, was not lacking; and tramps, beggars, wandering musicians, etc., were plentifully sprinkled through the crowd.

A MELTING SCENE.

"What is your name?" asked the little boy.

"I can't help it," returned the snow man; "it's so awfully warm, the sun."

A MIDDLE-AGED AMBITION.

"What would you like to be when you grow up, Wallie?" asked the visitor.

"A man, sir," replied Wallie.

Listen to this proverb, dears, and don't forget it ever.
By the road of By-and-by we reach the house of Never.

IT HASN'T ANY.

Tommy. "I don't want any of that stewed rabbit."

Mamma. "You'd better have some; it's just like chicken."

Tommy. "All right, then; if it's just like chicken, I'll try a drumstick."

BOBBY WANTED TIME.

"Now, Bobby," said his father, "I want you to be straightforward in all that you say."

"Yes, sir; only can't I wait awhile before I begin?"

"Why?"

"I'm learning to say my a, b, c's backward."

A REASONABLE QUESTION.

Come, doggie, if you have your day,
As people oft recite,
Why do you, won't you tell us, pray,
Keep barking all the night?

AT THE ZOO.

"That was a great race yesterday," said the elephant to the tiger.

"Yes; I understand the giraffe beat the zebra."

"He did; badly."

"How badly?"

"By a neck."

A CITY BOY'S EXPLANATION.

Aunt Rachel. "What a very large pig; he seems to be nothing at all *but* fat."

Herbert. "He is probably the kind of pig that gives the boneless bacon."

CONSISTENCY.

Waldo. "I think it is too slushy for me to go to school to-day."

Mamma. "You do, eh?"

Waldo. "Yes; because it was just like this last Saturday when you kept me in the house all day."

THE REASON.

Mamma. "Isn't that a nice piece of sponge-cake, Rupert?"

Rupert. "First-rate; but it is not as good as raisin-cake."

Mamma. "Why not?"

Rupert. "Why, because it hasn't any raisins in it."

THE CHINESE BABY.

There was a little baby
Who was born in Woo Hoo
That was asked to choose a name
When they cut out its queue,
And the little baby laughed
And answered them "Ah Goo."

A WAY OUT OF IT.

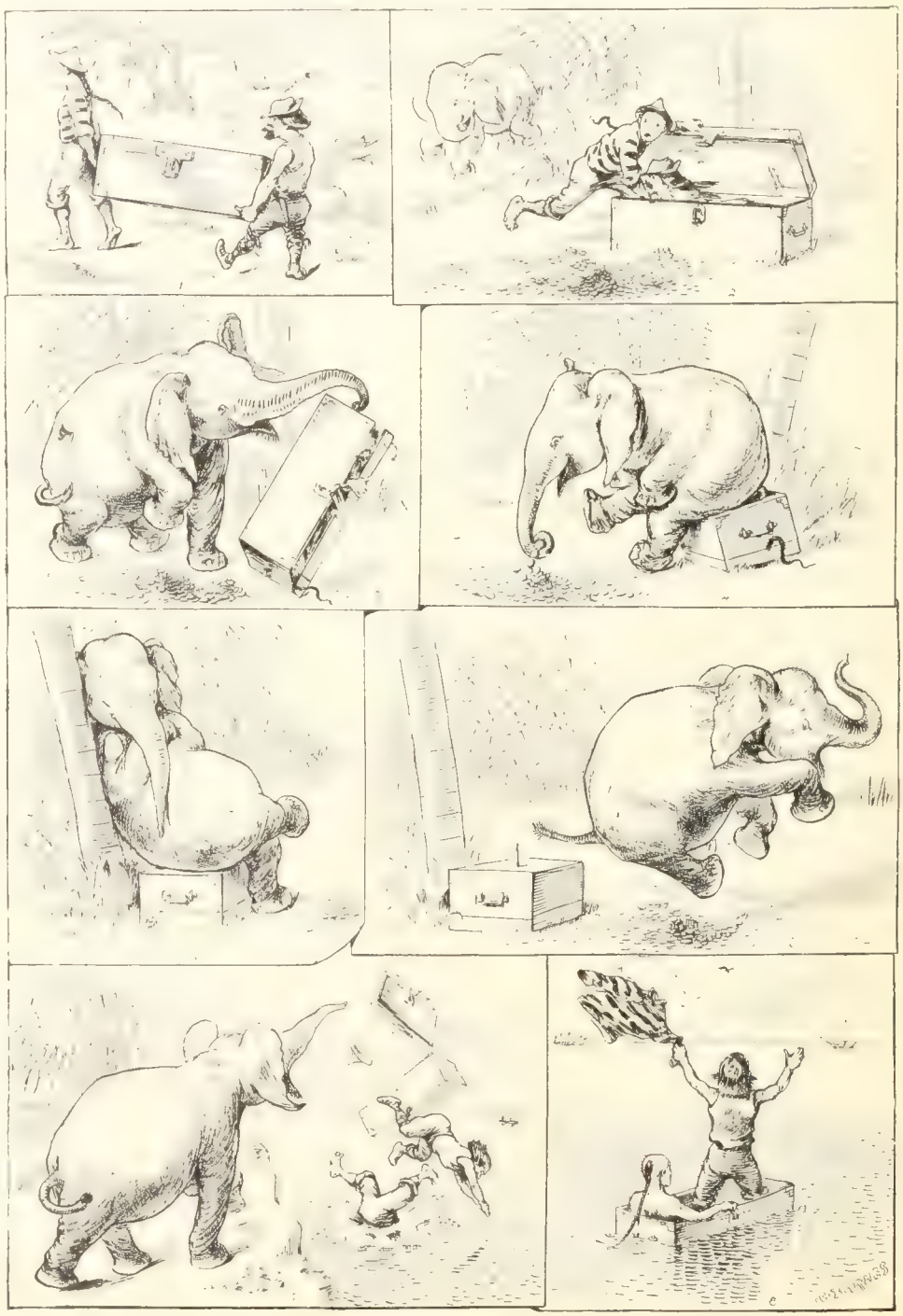
Clarence. "Mamma, may I have a cup of coffee?"

Mamma. "No, indeed, it would only keep you awake all night."

Clarence. "Then may I have some more lobster soufflé?"

Mamma. "No, my dear, it would give you nightmare."

Clarence. "Then I'll tell you what to do, mamma; let me eat all the lobster soufflé I want, and then give me a cup of coffee, that I may lie awake all night and not have a nightmare."



THE PACHYDERM AND THE PIRATES, OR A TALE OF A TREASURE TRUNK.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

CAUGHT IN THE TUNNEL.

AN ADVENTURE IN BRAZIL.

BY DAVID KER.

THE great African traveller who once told me that his experience of tropical jungles in the Dark Continent might be best described as "a march through a forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of penknives, and bound together with five hundred miles of telegraph wire," summed up very aptly in that poetical definition the woods of South America as well, and more especially that mighty mass of untamed "mats" (bush) through which I find myself struggling in the hill country of eastern Brazil just after sunrise on a fine spring morning.

It is true that the sight of the vegetable wonders around me would amply repay a much harder toil. Mighty locust woods, whose smooth stems tower like polished columns of black marble far above the surrounding sea of foliage; giant ceibas, with their huge buttresslike roots rising as high as the top of any ordinary tree of the temperate zone; great bannerlike banana leaves (under each of which two men may stand abreast with ease), drooping their vast green flags drowsily in the hot breezeless air; stately palm royals, proudly rearing their feathery crests above the struggling mass of meaner growths below; slender creepers, clumps of spiky "croc-chiar," bristling like a square of infantry with countless miniature bayonets; stiff daggerlike cacti, tapering bamboos, glossy laurels, and other wonders too many to name.

But a man can hardly be expected to be very enthusiastic about scenery with his mouth and eyes full of mosquitoes, his strength sucked out of him by damp vapor-bath heat (which, as all who have felt it must own, is far worse than the burning sun of the plains), a thorn-bush switching him across the face every moment, his foot caught in three or four withes at once, a piece of rough bark right down the back of his neck, and a huge cactus digging its spikes through clothes and flesh at every step. Under such circumstances, I find out to my cost—and not for the first time—how justly the woods of South America are called "virgin forests," inasmuch as they have never been *axed*.

But though there is no sign of man's presence in this great wilderness of over-abundance, save the narrow, winding, hardly visible path up which I have been struggling for more than an hour—for the little thatched huts of the tiny Indian hamlet below me are completely hidden by the towering wall of rank tropical foliage—the forest is by no means without inhabitants. Gorgeous paroquets flitting from tree to tree answer



each other's ear-splitting screams till the whole wood echoes with them. Small yellowish-gray monkeys, capering impishly along the endless trellis-work overhead, screech and chatter in reply, and make such hideous faces at me that I can almost excuse the superstitious Portuguese explorers of the sixteenth century for mistaking them for demons. Bright-hued butterflies, quite as large as an English sparrow, hover rejoicingly on the warm dreamy air, and dainty humming-birds—spots of many-colored light against the gloom of the shadowy background—hang poised on their shining wings over the splendid tropical flowers with that peculiar whirring motion which has led the observant Portuguese to give to these charming little living rainbows the poetical name of "beijo-flor" (kiss the flower).

Quickening my pace in the hope of reaching the top of the hill, and finding the jungle a little thinner there, I suddenly catch my foot, for the twentieth time at least, in one of those tough, wiry creepers, which, twining their strangling coil round the giant trees that perish in their clasp, have won the ill-omened but too just title of "matadores" (murderers), and in a moment I find myself sprawling on my nose, having escaped by a hair's-breadth a clump of thorns as long as a knitting-needle, which would have made my face unrecognizable for a week.

But it is a very lucky fall for *me*, as I find out when I scramble to my feet again to find myself face to face with a strange and ghastly spectacle.

Just in front of me—so close, indeed, that my forehead had actually overhung it as I lay—is a deep hollow or rather pit, darkened into a ghostly twilight by the thick boughs of six mighty trees, whose huge trunks loom dimly through the gloom, like the pillars of some grim old Hindu temple. Between them the dark leathery leaves of the undergrowth curl snakily over each other, while gaunt black branches thrust themselves out from the shadowy mass every here and there like skeleton hands clutching vengefully at the intruder. Below, dank ferns and crawling mosses swarm over the clammy earth in hideous abundance, and in the centre, far down in a kind of rocky basin, lies a black slimy pool (how deep no one can say) into which, but for my fortunate stumble, I should certainly have plunged headlong in a moment more.

Within that gloomy circle no bird chirped, no monkey frolicked, no butterfly hovered. It seemed as if everything that had life shrank instinctively from the accursed spot; but there *was* life in it none the less, though of a very strange and fearful kind. As I looked down into the hollow I became aware of a curious glistening sheen that appeared to reflect from it a stray gleam of sunshine that filtered through the matted leaves overhead, and in another instant I perceived, with a thrill of mingled horror and disgust which no words can convey, that this foul place was literally *alive* with wriggling serpents of the deadliest kind, into the midst of which I had only escaped falling as by a miracle.

One might have thought that such an escape ought to have been enough for one day, but all this was nothing to what was in store for me later on.

As I had calculated I was now not far from the brow of the hill, and a few minutes later I came out suddenly upon a level and well-beaten roadway, above which several tall telegraph poles stood up like sentinels, while down the middle of it, shining in the growing splendor of the sunrise, ran two parallel lines of iron rail. I had struck the Pedro Segundo Railway, which runs inland from the Brazilian capital, Rio de Janeiro, to the rich mining districts of Minas Geraës.

From this new stand-point I could see at once three successive stages of civilization—the rude path by which I had ascended, hacked out ages ago with cutlass and billhook by the first pioneers of European conquest in Brazil, the rough cart-road with which their descendants had supplemented it, and the newly completed railway.

It did not need much thought to decide which of the three routes was the preferable one, and I at once made up my mind to continue my march along the railway itself. In fact, I learned later on that this was quite the correct thing to do in that district, for in many parts of eastern Brazil, as on the Isthmus of Panama, the railway track is the only means of passage through the impenetrable mazes of the tropical jungle.

But I had not gone far when the black mouth of a tunnel yawned in front of me, and hardly had I passed through it when I saw a second tunnel only a few hundred yards ahead.

The fact was that, as ill luck would have it, I had hit upon a part of the line where a number of steep rocky ridges, lying parallel with each other like the fingers of a hand, had had to be pierced in succession, the result being that there were no less than *seven* tunnels in the course of three miles and a half, and that I had to go through the whole seven of them one after the other.

The first six, indeed, were no such great matter, for one and all proved to be so short that in every case the light of day became visible at one end ere I had lost sight of it at the other. But the seventh was a very different thing. Not a ray of light was to be seen in this great gulf of blackness into which I plunged deeper and deeper every moment, and it either was or seemed to be perilously narrow, leaving just room enough for the train to pass—for the railway was a single-track line. Moreover, it was as damp as a Norman dungeon, the rocky walls literally dripping with moisture, and, after the scorching heat outside, the chill of this dismal vault seemed to strike to my very heart, while the ghostly tick, tick, tick of the heavy drops that fell from the unseen roof overhead had an indescribably weird and unearthly effect amid the utter darkness and the grim tomblike silence.

It was now for the first time that, whether owing to the numbing horror of this evil place or to some other and less obvious cause, I began to feel strangely uneasy, and I was more relieved than I should have cared to own when at last, faint and far off at the other end of the tunnel, I espied a feeble glimmer of daylight.

But its extreme faintness, and the unbroken gloom that met my eye when I turned to look back, showed but too plainly the vast length of that dreary catacomb, and now came a sudden thought that made my nerves tingle. If a train were to overtake me here, what then?

The idea was anything but a pleasant one, and just at that moment, as if the mere thought of it had conjured up the very danger that I dreaded, my ear caught the dull and distant rumble of a coming train!

Here was a dilemma!

For one instant I was as thoroughly scared as I have ever been in my life, and not without reason. I was but little more than half-way through the tunnel, and it was hopeless to think of escaping by turning back, while to go on or to stay where I was seemed equally certain death, for I knew that however closely I might press myself to the wall I could not have room enough to avoid being struck by some projecting part of the train.

I remembered to have heard of men who, in such a case, had lain flat down between the rails and let the train pass over them, but the peculiar build of the Brazilian locomotives made it hopeless to try such a device with *them*, the only possible result being that I should be either crushed flat or roasted alive by contact with the engine's fire-box.

Just then my left foot slipped, and, stumbling to that side, I became aware that there was a narrow trench between the rails and the wall, probably meant to draw off the ever-dropping water.

Here was at least a chance of escape. At any other time the refuge offered by this wet and muddy ditch would have been by no means tempting, but it was no time to be nice about trifles, for at that instant the faint glimmer of light at the far end of the passage was suddenly obscured. The train was in the tunnel!

I flung myself flat down in the ditch, and hardly had I done so when there came a rush and a roar, a fierce red glare broke through the darkness, there was a rattling, clanking, thundering din right over my head, something swept past me like a whirlwind, and then for a few seconds I was what a sailor friend of mine graphically called "all nohow."

The first thing of which I became conscious was a tingling pain in my left cheek, like the sting of a nettle; for so close to me had the flying death passed that several live coals, from the fire-box had fallen right upon me, and one had actually grazed my cheek as I lay. All things considered, however, I might fairly be held to have come off pretty easily. But I got out of that tunnel as fast as I could, and it was long ere I ventured into another.

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "GETTING ON IN THE WORLD."

II.—HOW FAR DEPENDENT ON LUCK.—SUCCESS NOT THE TRUE END OF LIFE.

HOW far is success in life dependent on *luck*? Men who have big balances at their bankers' are apt to deny the existence of luck. But that there is such a thing as good and bad fortune—meaning thereby the operation of causes which we can neither foresee, account for, nor control—is beyond a doubt. Are not some men born rich and others poor? some blessed with winning faces and graceful forms, while others have ugly looks and ungainly figures? Is there no fortuity in the "accidents" by which men's lives are lost or saved? Do we not see one man who sucks an orange choked by the pit, while another man swallows a penknife and lives? one scratch his finger with a pin and die of lockjaw, in spite of the utmost medical skill, and another recover after the shaft of a gig has run completely through his body? So with business and professional life. Did not L'Écure, when young and poor, obtain the place of dentist to the King of Poland on the very day on which the King lost the last tooth in his head? Did not poor Chatterton poison himself just at the very time when the feet of one who would have relieved his poverty were turned toward the street in which he died? Was it not lucky for Daniel Webster that Hayne made his onslaught on New England, the reply to which won for the New-Englander undying fame?

Let us acknowledge, then, that there is an element of chance in human affairs; that you and I may be handicapped or obstructed in the race of life by circumstances beyond our control. We seem sometimes to be bound hand and foot, and delivered over to blind, impersonal, pitiless laws. The world appears to us like some vast manufactory, in which we hear incessantly the clash and whir of a huge complex machinery, over which we have no control. The man who rules the store or office which he once swept out may seem to owe his advancement wholly to his own merits; but other boys, who also have come up to the city with their worldly goods tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, and who have worked as hard and economized as closely, have remained clerks all their days.

But though man is to some extent the creature of circumstance, he has also, to a large extent, the power of making his own circumstances, and of reacting upon them, and converting them from obstacles into stepping-stones to success. The true way to deal with adverse circumstances is to be a still greater circumstance yourself. Nine out of ten of the men who have been eminently successful in their callings have fought the battle of life up hill against many opposing forces. Instead of bemoaning their hard lot, they have bowed to the inevitable and used it to their advantage. Instead of asking for an impossible chess-board, they have taken the one before them and played the game. Look at that tireless worker, Lord Brougham. Can any one believe that by any combination of circumstances his talents could have been kept from asserting themselves and winning recognition? It has been said that if his station had been that of a shoeblack, he would never have rested content till he had become the first shoeblack in England. The luck of Napoleon and Nelson consisted, they said, in being a quarter of an hour before their time. When, in the darkest hour of the Indian Mutiny, a handful of Englishmen, poorly armed and provisioned, but splendidly led, won eight victories in succession, the revolted sepoys said their conquerors had "the devil's luck"; but the only luck in the case was that of force of will, invincible courage, and skill in arms.

Good luck is desirable even when you have done your best to succeed, but remember that the most favorable circumstances or strokes of fortune are of little value unless you have prepared yourself to take advantage of them. Of what advantage would Hayne's fiery speech have been to Daniel Webster if he had not, with the instinct of genius, long before equipped himself for the assault which he repelled with such crushing energy? Had he not previously weighed and refuted in his own mind the charges of his opponent, his reply, instead of ranking among the greatest masterpieces of oratory, might have only revealed his own weakness. Thousands of men had seen the prints of a horse's hoofs in the soil before Faust discovered by them the art of printing. The discovery by Edison of the carbon by which he perfected his telephone seems a happy accident; but such accidents never happen to common men. The great inventor scraped some soot from the blackened chimney of his laboratory lamp, and in a spirit of curiosity tested its properties. It proved to be the very thing for which he was searching; but behind this fortunate discovery was a series of exhausting and exhaustive experiments with all kinds of likely materials, absorbing the energies of many months. The lucky hit rewarded the persistent will of a patient workman. So with the young and obscure lawyer who conducts and wins a difficult case, as did Thomas Erskine, in his elder's illness; or the struggling surgeon who has a sudden chance of distinction offered to him; he must have had a long and laborious preparatory training before he can profit by such an emergency. In short, a great opportunity is worth to a man precisely what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.

Before considering the elements of success, let us answer another question that confronts us here, viz., Should a young man make success in life the direct object of his endeavors, and be thinking of it and straining after it, putting it above and before all things else? Should he strive to be a Chief Justice, a great merchant, or the first engineer in the land? Or should he rather strive each day to do his daily task in the best possible manner, to make the most of the day's opportunities, turning everything to account without a thought—at least, without anxious thought—about attaining to riches, place, or renown? The author of "Excelsior" should be a good adviser here; and what does he say? "The talent of success," says the poet Longfellow, "is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.

If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, and not because it is sought after." The perpetual thought of success is likely to be self defeating. The man who is always gazing upward from the ladder whose rungs he is climbing at the object of his desires—pondering schemes of self-advancement—is in danger of a deadly fall, as well as of an exhaustion which makes the object worthless when attained.

But not to theorize merely, look at the men who from the chilling depths of poverty have risen to be the admiration of the world. Did they make success the direct object of their labors, or did they seek to do conscientiously the work they had in hand, with hardly a thought of wealth, office, or fame? Did Wellington, when he defeated Napoleon's best generals in Spain, and put the key-stone to the arch of his military skill at Waterloo, dream of a star and garter? Was Grant at Vicksburg and Chattanooga and Petersburg thinking of his future fame or the Presidency of the United States? No; these great captains thought, each of them, only of giving the enemy a good thrashing. What, again, was the motive that inspired the tireless studies of that great man and heroic soldier, Charles James Napier, the "hero of Scinde"? When he was laboriously and ceaselessly striving for fifteen years to master all the knowledge of his profession—reading works on the art of war, and making original comments for his own instruction upon the campaigns of all the great soldiers of the world, from Alexander and Hannibal to Marshal Saxe and Napoleon—did he do all this to acquire military distinction? Did he see any chance of his ever using and testing that knowledge in actual war? Not at all. Again and again he says in his diary that he thought he had none. And yet his masterly campaigns in Scinde—in one of which, with 1800 men, he defeated a valiant army of fifteen times that number, in a battle that raged for three mortal hours, and reduced to unconditional submission the fierce tribes which from their rocky fastnesses had laughed at the attacks of other great generals for 2000 years—these campaigns were the fruit of studies which he had made in the "piping times of peace," a peace that bade fair to last half a century.

What a lesson for young men who are thinking only of success—perhaps immediate success—instead of doing their work faithfully day by day and hour by hour, and leaving the result with Providence! Such persons are often heard fretting and complaining of their obscurity, their slender gains, the monotony of their lives, their slow progress in the world. They do not consider in their balance-sheet of profits that, if faithful to their duties, they are gaining *character*, the most valuable of all acquisitions. Let them only see to it that they make the most of themselves while they are biding their time, by invigorating their faculties, storing their minds with knowledge, cultivating their moral natures, and mastering all the details of their calling, and they may be assured that when they are prepared for a higher place it will almost certainly be ready for them. To such men the doors of success will swing open of themselves at last, as they opened to Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, in the hour of his deepest despair. Nobody at Rome would buy his statues, and so one day he packed up his few worldly goods, resolved to return to Denmark. But on that very day an Englishman dropped into his studio, who recognized his genius, and bought the "Jason," his great statue. The hour and the man had come, and Thorwaldsen's fortune was made. That golden opportunity, reader, will one day come to you. Only see to it that you are ready for it when it does come. "The stone that is fit for the wall does not long lie in the ditch."



BY E. J. GLAVE.

FAR away in the heart of Africa, on the shores of the mighty Congo River, though there are no milliners, tailors, or outfitters to issue "fashion plates," nor a "Four Hundred" to lead the "mode," still the dusky savages, utterly untutored in the ways of civilization, are keenly ambitious to appear "stylish" according to the tribal ideas and customs.

During the hot hours of mid-day, when all actual labor is suspended in the village, the natives, urged by vanity and national pride, devote a great deal of time to the arrangement of their odd but elaborate toilets. Hair-dressing is one of the principal obligations, and constitutes one of the numerous domestic duties allotted to the "fair" sex. On a reed mat spread out in some shady corner the woman sits down, and the man upon whom the operation is to be performed reclines at full length, resting his head in her lap. She begins at once to unplait his hair, and soon has it all ravelled, and then, with a coarse wooden instrument resembling the head of a child's toy rake, she combs it thoroughly until it is clear of all entanglements, and stands out all over the head in a thick bushy mass six or seven inches deep. It is now generously greased with oil from the palm nut. The woman then parts it off into sections, and very soon the coarse bunch of hair, cleverly manipulated by her nimble fingers, is woven down closely to the head. They display a good deal of ingenuity in forming a variety of designs. Sometimes a series of little plaited strands, like rat tails, hang in a fringe all around the head. Often solid plaits of hair about the size of a goat's horn are made to stand out from the head in different styles. Two of these will appear sprouting from the top of the head, or one will drop over the forehead and lie along the nose. A very popular fashion is to have a roll of hair along each side of the head, ending in two solid plaits, which curl over each cheek like sheep's horns. Both men and women have the hair treated in the same way.

The plaiting operation is also extended to the man's



BA-YANZI HAIR-DRESSING.

beard. The mustache is removed, and so are the eyebrows, with a razor, which is a small cheese-cutter blade with a long slender handle. This is used somewhat as we hold a pen, and the stubbly hair is really chiselled off the face, no small amount of it being dragged out by the roots. Tribal custom compels its removal, and the African is so insensible to pain that the means employed do not inconvenience him in the least. Often when undergoing this treatment he falls asleep, and never betrays any discomfort.



BANGOLA BEAUTY.

A still more painful operation is the plucking out of the eyelashes, yet tribal disgust knows no bounds if this part of the toilet is not strictly attended to. I have seen a man whilst standing talking to me take out his knife, and forming a pair of nippers with the edge of the blade and his thumb, deliberately pull out his eyelashes; and when one eye was so aggravated by the harsh treatment that it filled with water, and big tears rolled down his cheek, then he attacked the other till the first was sufficiently recovered. This is a most idiotic and unaccountable custom in a land where eyelashes form such a splendid protection against the myriads of tiny insects with which the air seems always to be charged. Yet the natives do not seem to feel any discomfort from getting anything in their eyes; they soon take out the obstruction by pushing a tiny pliant stalk in between the eye and the lid, and scraping around inside till they remove the obstacle. They have often told me that they could not understand how I could shoot straight enough to kill an elephant without first plucking out my eyelashes.

Customs with regard to the treatment of the nails have also to be heeded. They must be trimmed close to the ends of the fingers and toes; moreover, some of them must be entirely pared off, till the quick only is exposed.

All their efforts to improve upon nature are ridiculous failures. They have beautiful teeth which grow in regular rows, and are as white as pearls, but in that condition they do not appeal to the native taste. Some of the front teeth, often all of them, are cut away into sharp points. The method of effecting this is the most nerve-shattering ordeal which Congo society suffers. The village blacksmith takes the patient's head between his knees; then with a small chisel-shaped instrument, and a block of wood as a mallet, roughly chips away the teeth to the desired shape. The teeth, rudely robbed of their protecting enamel, soon decay and break off, and the mouth, studded with short blackened stumps, has a decidedly repulsive appearance. The natives are very conservative; what the forefathers did before them, they are content to do now, no matter how painful and inconsistent the custom may be. The appearance of the human body is not tolerated unless scarred all over with tattoo marks; the cut on the face, however, signifies the particular tribe to which the individual belongs. Each nation has its own peculiar brand. The Ba-yanzi people, with whom I lived for three years, have rows of little gashes cut across temples and forehead. The cannibal Bangola have a line of large pimplelike protuberances running right down the forehead to the extreme end of the nose, resembling a string of black beads. The Ngombe people supplement this by carving the same ornamentation in a half-circle from the bottom of the ear to the corner of the mouth. The Ba-lolo succeed in disfiguring themselves more hideously than all the others. They raise large grotesque uneven bumps between the eyes and on the cheeks, and often on the chin. These are first cut in childhood, and are repeatedly dug around and aggravated, and finally the flesh is raised until about the size and shape of a half walnut shell.

Some of this tribe devote attention to the cultivation of a few lumps on the nose, and the result seems to suggest that the final effort was to have the extreme end of the organ adorned with a raised mound of flesh as big as a hazelnut. Castings from some of these faces would make most effective masks for the hobgoblins in a pantomime. In this hot tropical clime the natives are prompted to discard all superfluous clothing. Their sole attire is a small loin-cloth neatly and artistically woven from the sinews of the palm or pineapple leaf; but they are beginning to discard the native fabric now that the white man has introduced amongst them brightly colored cotton stuffs which conform more to their ideas of style than their own manufactures.

To be fully "dressed" these Central Africans must smear their bodies over liberally with a paste composed of powdered redwood (*ngula*) and palm-oil; this operation is strangely termed cleaning themselves. I have heard them say that they felt dirty and tired. Then, instead of having a bath to remedy their condition, they would adopt the objectionable means of daubing themselves all over with the strong-smelling *ngula* concoction.

They are exceedingly fond of all kinds of finery. They will cover their limbs with all the metal ornaments, strings of shells and beads that they can obtain. The brass wire circulated through the country by the commercial intercourse with the whites is melted with lead into a malleable state and beaten into heavy leg-rings, bracelets, and solid collars (*molua*) weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds each.

But when all these items of the toilet have been duly attended to, the popular idea of beauty does not depend entirely on the result; the *mwasi mompala* (pretty woman), according to the opinion of one tribe, is not at all the choice of another district. Their ideas on this subject are very curious. In one place where I lived admiration was expressed for a long neck; the woman might squint and be bow-legged, but these defects passed unnoticed if she had *nkingu nsanda* (a long neck). In another section of the land corpulency was the recognized form of beauty, and one tribe acknowledged only as a pretty woman one who was light brown in color. The color of the natives varies very much, and ranges from a blue-black to a very light reddish-brown.

The Congo lady, bedaubed with red paint from head to foot, with plaited coils of hair standing up like horns



TYPES OF AFRICAN LADIES.

from her head, with nailless finger-ends, without eyelashes or eyebrows, and weighted down with crude jewelry, is considered in that land as fully and fashionably attired as a fair occupant of an opera-box; and the warrior with knitted cap decorated with the crimson tail feathers of the parrot armed with keen-bladed spear and knife, and his body disfigured with scars received in battle, cannot conceive of anybody being more stylish than himself. In fact, they consider their customs more attractive than those practised in civilization. When I had been living amongst them some time they felt sufficient interest in me to suggest that I should submit to some of the operations decreed by tribal habit. They were anxious that I should have my forehead and temples decorated with their own tattoo-marks, or the national brand of rows of small gashes cut into the flesh. They tried to persuade me to allow my hair to grow long, and they would then plait it into designs like their own. They suggested that I should allow the village blacksmith to chisel my teeth to sharp points, and expressed their disgust with my eyelashes by calling me *misu akonge* (man of eyelashes). Much as I was anxious to please my dusky friends, I failed to appreciate the charitableness of their wishes. They had not reflected that I hoped some day to return to my native home.



A CONGO BELLE.

It was, however, satisfactory and consoling to be told that if I would submit to their customs, and then if my skin were only black, I should be *mobali-mompala* (a good-looking fellow).

THE PINEBORO "QUARTETTE."

In Six Chapters.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CHAPTER III.

THE advertising agent of the *Quartette* grasped the fence-picket, and waited to see what the representative of the rival paper would do. I do not say he was not prepared to take to his heels if the opportunity should occur, for it was clear that he could not hold his own for a moment in a hand-to-hand fight with big Sam Duncan. But there was the bull-dog, ready to seize him at the first indication of retreat.

The *Chronicle* man drew back a little when Dick faced him with the stick.

"Don't be foolish," he said, glancing at the boy's pale determined face. "I don't want to hurt ye. Only I can't have ye spoiling my business in Pineboro, and I won't. Just hand over those orders, or tear 'em up, and promise to drop the publishing trade for the whole crowd of ye, and we'll shake hands on it."

"No, we won't," said Dick, resolutely. "The *Quartette's* come to stay, and if we can get any business in the Corner, or Dunsfield either, we shall get it. You're welcome to get all *you* can!"

"Thanks," sneered Duncan. "I've a great mind—"

"Is that so?" broke in a mellow voice that made them both start. "First time I've heard of it, Mr. Duncan. Just apply it to your editorials, and *Chronicle* stock will go up."

"Got to have your joke, Mr. Holmes, haven't ye?" said the discomfited manager, laughing with an ill grace. "Have to appoint you sub on my 'Wit and Humor' column."

The schoolmaster smiled rather ironically as he turned to the boy.

"Sorry," he said, "but I'm engaged on the *Quartette*. Going my way, Dick? Come along. You won't need your cane," he added, significantly, for Duncan's ear.

Meanwhile the other members of the firm had not been idle. Madge headed her subscription list with the schoolmaster's name for one year. They decided to make the price one dollar, charging five cents for each single fortnightly issue.

While Madge was putting on her cloak and gloves, and the others were busily engaged in editorial work in the girls' room, in came Aunt Matilda.

"H'm!" she ejaculated, picking up a sheet with the heading neatly copied across the top. "So that's the newspaper. Well, how much you goin' to charge?"

"One dollar a year," said all three at once, rather dreading a veto, or at least disapproval, from their stern-visaged relative.

"Put me down for six months," she jerked out, laying a fifty-cent piece on the table where they were working. "I hope you'll have some good recipes in it." And off she went, leaving an astonished group behind her.

Just as the door closed Prue darted after her aunt. Presently she returned, waving a slip of paper over her head.

"Aunt's consented to contribute to the *Quartette!*" she cried, gleefully. "Here are two recipes for making Indian pudding and pandowdy!"

"Father used to say Aunt Matilda was one of the best cooks in the county," remarked Robert, with an eye to business. "We must put her name under 'em, and they'll be a good feature of the paper."

Madge started off courageously, and although she met with more than one rebuff, she showed a list of seventeen names on her return to headquarters. Six of these, including the two at the head of the list, had paid cash in advance. The others promised to send in the money soon. They always got trusted for the *Chronicle*, they said.

In the afternoon she went again, and secured eight additional subscriptions, of which three were paid up.

On Sunday the Marlitts were glad to rest, but all their spare hours on Monday and during the week they were hard at work. Nothing was heard from the *Chronicle*, and both the advertising man and the subscription agent plied their tasks vigorously, carrying the war into the enemy's camp by taking the stage to Dunsfield one afternoon, and securing several names in that place.

On Saturday morning Dick and Robert started out to deliver—no easy undertaking, since some of their patrons lived at long distances from the Corner. The Dunsfield subscribers received their papers by mail, though Robert felt that he could not afford to keep up that method if the list should increase. Being written by hand, instead of printed, the paper had to be stamped at first-class rates.

As for the *Quartette* itself, it presented a remarkably neat appearance. Every sheet had the heading neatly printed across the top. The page was divided into three columns, in which appeared an editorial, the general news of the preceding fortnight condensed into very brief paragraphs (from a Boston weekly), and a few spicy local items which Bob, Dick, and Madge had gathered in their canvassing tours.

The whole was written in a very small, round hand, almost like an Italic type. Robert excelled in handiwork of this sort, and the preparation of the pattern-sheets, of

which they had to use a dozen or more to complete the edition, was left entirely to him.

That evening a group of men gathered as usual around the stove in one of the village stores to smoke and discuss affairs. Before long, some one pulled out a copy of the *Quartette*.

"Hullo," said his next neighbor; "that the new paper I've heerd so much on? Let's see it."

"Read some on't," said another. "Read the editorial," and there was a general laugh.

"Waal, they're plucky young 'uns, anyway," said the self-appointed reader and critic of Pineboro. "Let's have it, and I'll give you a piece."

He took the paper with great solemnity, adjusted his glasses, and tipping back comfortably in his chair, read as follows:

OUR BOW TO THE PUBLIC.

As is customary when a newspaper issues its initial number, the proprietors and editors of the *Quartette* desire to extend a hearty greeting to the inhabitants of Pineboro and Dunsfield in general, and to their subscribers and advertisers in particular. We propose to furnish a paper which shall lend a hand in quickening and enlivening the course of business in this town, and shall constantly aim to amuse, instruct, and elevate the home. Reports of local events will form an important feature of the paper, and each of our patrons is invited to constitute himself a special reporter for the *Quartette*, to this end. Criticisms will be gladly received, and brief communications will be welcome in our columns. Our advertising space will be open to first-class dealers only, whom the publishers are willing to recommend personally. With "good will to all and malice toward none," we enter the journalistic arena, confident of that support which Pineboro has always been foremost to give to such enterprises as it has deemed worthy of success.

"Pretty tall writin' fer a boy, I call that," said the reader, taking off his spectacles. "One o' the gals—John Marlitt's darters they are, you know—called on my wife t'other day, an' got her to subscribe for three months. We take *Zion's Herald* and the *Chronicle*, anyway, but what my wife says is, let's keep up with the times. If them ar young folks are a-goin' to git up a good Pineboro paper, let's paternize 'em."

A murmur of approval followed these remarks, and the speaker, taking up the paper, resumed his reading, keeping on this time till he had finished it.

In the Farland house the tired Marlitts gathered around the sitting-room centre-table to reckon up profit and loss on the paper thus far.

Prue, who was quick at figures, drew off the account, as follows:

Receipts.		
14 Yearly Subs., paid up	$14 00	
17 Six Mos. " "	8 50	
11 Three Mos. Subs.,"	2 75	
6 Copies at 5c	30	
		$25 55
Expenses.		
Copying-pad, Ink, etc.	$3 00	
Postage and Stationery	1 10	
Stage Fares	1 20	
¼ Ream Paper, cut 8x10 ($5)	1 25	
¾ Ream Paper, cut 10x16 ($5)	3 75	
Balance	15 25	
		$25 55
Bill's Receivable.		
For Subscriptions	$13 75	
For Advertisements	8 15	
		$21 90
Paper on hand.		
¾ Ream Large Sheets	$3 75	
840 Small Sheets (cut)	1 10	$4 85
Cash Balance, as above		15 25
Bills Receivable, "		21 90
Total Assets		$42 00

Four heads bent eagerly over the sheet, while Prue opened her pocket-book and deposited three five-dollar bills and a silver quarter upon it.

"Well," exclaimed Rob, "I think we've done pretty well, for my part. I sent the money to Mr. Shaghorn for the pad and paper, so we don't owe a cent. The only liabilities of the concern are the contracts we must fill with our advertisers and subscribers. That is, we must supply them with twenty-five numbers apiece, completing the year. How many regular subscribers are there on the list now, Madge?"

"Sixty-nine, counting all the unpaid ones."

"The advertisers had eleven, and we gave away fifteen samples. That leaves us only five out of our edition of one hundred. We need those to fill orders for back numbers."

The second number, a fortnight later, was even more successful than the first, an edition of one hundred and seventy-five being disposed of without difficulty.

"It's no use for me to canvass for any more ads," said Dick, coming home from his rounds a day or two after No. 2 was issued. "All our space is filled for four or five numbers ahead."

"We've got to get out a double sheet," said Rob. "It means hard work, but there's no other way."

"What shall we do with all the small paper on hand?"

"We'll issue an edition of three hundred for No. 3, giving away the extras as samples, and announcing the increase in size. That'll please the advertisers, anyway. Now, girls, you must help me on copy. Get all the news you can, at school or anywhere."

"You know we're invited to a candy pull next Thursday," said Prue. "Why can't we write that up for the *Quartette*?"

"Splendid! Just the thing! Be sure to get the names of everybody there, Prue, and do it up in good style. No gossip, you know, or personalities that could hurt anybody's feelings; but a good snappy account of the whole thing boiled down."

"Like the molasses," added Madge, gravely.

The young people worked like beavers on the next two numbers. The enlarged issue was a great success, and the report of the candy pull brought in several new subscribers. The treasurer found it necessary to keep regular books of accounts, and the advertising man had his hands full. In some instances goods were taken in payment, and handed over at a discount for cash to Aunt Matilda, who thus obtained them at very low rates.

By the end of February the first lot of paper was nearly used up, and Rob, with the assistance of the rest, began to make his estimate for a new purchase. It was necessary to have a paper of tolerable weight with a good finish; considerably more expensive, that is, than if it were merely to be used on a press.

Rob had already computed the amount he could afford to buy, and had actually written the letter to Mr. Shaghorn, who had thus far good-naturedly undertaken his Boston purchases. That very morning, just before school-time, a large pung stopped before Mr. Farland's front door.

"Hullo," called the driver; "come out here, will you, and help me unload? I've got a pretty solid freight."

The boys ran out bareheaded, in a hurry to finish the job before starting for school.

"Some kind o' machine, 'pears to be," said the driver. "Take hold on that side, Rob. You hold the hoss, Dick. He's jest a leetle skittish this morning. Fresh air's too much for him, I guess."

"Why, what's this?" suddenly exclaimed Robert, almost letting his corner of the unwieldy machine fall in his excitement. "'Proprietors Pineboro *Quartette*, Pineboro, Me.'"

"That means you, I suppose," replied the other, with a grin. "Mind where ye step, or ye'll drop the whole pesky contrivance. Kind of a surprise party, is it?"

"Ye-yes!" panted Rob. "We'd better take it out to



A PERFECTLY APPOINTED LITTLE PRINTING-PRESS, FRESH FROM THE HANDS OF THE MANUFACTURER.

the shed, Levi. I don't know what in the world it is or where it came from. But it's awful heavy!"

The machine deposited in the shed, they went back to the pung again. In the bottom were some flat packages which proved surprisingly weighty. These were placed beside the first, and Levi drove off, remarking: "No charges. All prepaid. From out West somewheres."

There was no time for examining the mysterious parcels before school nor between sessions. Rob found an opportunity to say a word to Mr. Holmes about them, and the master's gray eyes twinkled as if he knew more than he cared to tell just then.

At four o'clock the boys flew homeward, rushed to the shed, and began to tear off the many wrappings and cords which bound and swathed the new arrival. When the last folds of paper fell to the floor it stood revealed before their delighted eyes — a perfectly appointed little printing-press, fresh from the hands of the manufacturer.

Presently their delight found voice, and while their tongues were all flying, out came Aunt Matilda to behold and admire with the rest.

"Here's a letter Obed's just brought from the Corner," she said, holding it out to Madge. "P'r'aps that 'll explain where this thing came from."

It was cold in the shed, and all hands adjourned to the kitchen, where the letter was read aloud by Prue:

CHICAGO, *February* 17, 18—

ROBERT MARLITT, ESQ.

My Dear Young Friend,—I received the sample copy of the Pineboro *Quartette* you sent me, and examined it with much interest. You are making a very good little paper, and I should judge by the number and variety of advertisements that it is having fair success financially. By this time you must be pretty well known in Pineboro and vicinity, and doubtless you have established a solid foundation for a better and larger paper. I took the liberty, a week or two ago, to write to the postmaster of your town, making confidential inquiries as to you and your career, and my letter was referred to a Mr. Stephen Holmes, your school-teacher. He seems to be a very intelligent young man, and gave me just the information I desired. As a result of all this, I beg you to accept, for yourself and your brother and sisters, the small job-press I ship you to-day, together with an extra roller, half a dozen cans ink (red and black), two galleys, two chases for locking up forms, with furniture and patent blocks. Also, three fonts of type — a clear modern bourgeois, upper and lower case: an italic, and a good fancy type for "ads," etc. Two sticks for setting type are also included, and one case, which will show you how to make another if you need it. A book of practical directions completes the "collection," except paper, of which, assuming that you are not experienced in selecting stock — I send you half a ream, cut to fit the press. You will see that it is much cheaper than that you have used. Your dealer will supply you with further lots, from sample, at about 5½ cents a pound. Wishing you continued success, and hoping to hear from you all from time to time, I remain your obliged friend, JAMES R. LIDDON.

It is needless to add that the change of style in the forth-coming numbers was announced in large letters in that week's *Quartette*.

Among other interested parties, Sam Duncan saw the announcement, set his teeth together until his mouth looked remarkably like that of his dog, and mentally registered a vow which boded no good to the Marlitt Publishing Company.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEGINNINGS.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

O MIGHTY, mighty river, flowing down so deep and calm,
With the mills upon thy fingers, and the ships upon thy palm!

Tell me why thou never failest, never growest weak and small,
But with ever-swelling current bringest down thy wealth to all?

Quickly then the river answered: "Praise the little mountain spring,
Ever sparkling, ever gushing, for the precious gifts I bring.

"Far away among the forests, where the moss lies deep and cool,
There the mill hums in a crevice, and the ship swims in a pool!"



EXTERIOR OF THE CAPITOL.

INSIDE THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

MANY people enter the Capitol by the basement, and even the basement is imposing; but those who ascend the central flight of steps of the east front pass through the great bronze doors of the Rotunda, and can read the story told in high relief on those wonderful leaves—the tragical story of the man who gave a new world to the old one. In the casing of the door are statuettes of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, with banners, arms, and heraldic designs. On each leaf, in niches, are figures of the contemporaries of Columbus—Ferdinand and Isabella, Pope Alexander VI., Henry VII., Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa, Vespucci, and others; and in the panels of the door are scenes from the life of Columbus—his audience at court, the departure of his vessels, his landing at San Salvador, his triumphal return to Barcelona, and his appearance in chains; and between the panels are the heads of his historians, among them Prescott and Irving. These doors have been very covetously admired; one enterprising thief is said to have made off with the chains of Columbus, no one knows why, as one would hardly display such booty. Passing these doors you are in the Rotunda, a place so vast that it is almost like open sky. Here, around the walls, on a level with the eye, are historical paintings; those by Trumbull—being full of portraits, and representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and the resignation of Washington—have a certain value, the others being unworthy of their position. Excepting the views of the Yellowstone and a very few others, the same may be said of all the paintings in the building. Over these paintings are some hideous carvings in relief, and far above them is a belt of neutral-tinted frescoes, imitating statuary, and giving the history of the country.

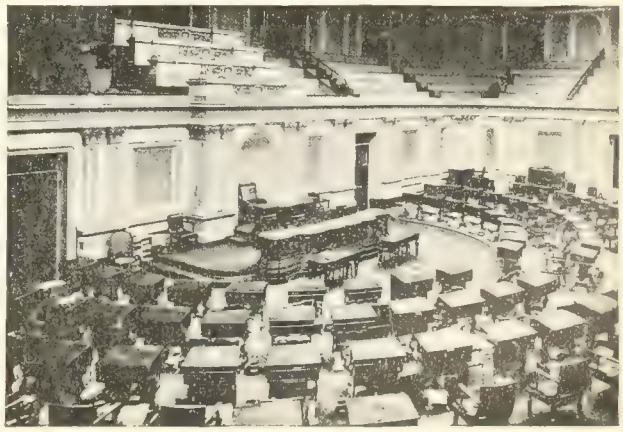
The ceiling of the Rotunda is one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. It was painted by Signor Brumidi, and represents Washington surrounded by Freedom, Victory, and other female figures emblematic of the original thirteen States, and around it runs a circle of gas jets which by means of electricity flood the place with instantaneous light when needed. One can ascend the dome by a hidden staircase from the Rotunda, and examine on the way the arrangement of arches and columns and iron trestles that support the great mass—very interesting to the young mechanic—coming out on balconies and inner platforms that are undreamed of from below, one of which makes a good whispering gallery, and finally reaching the top, whence an immense view rewards the effort.

Directly opposite the bronze doors of the Rotunda are the doors leading into the Library, beneath whose western windows lies an enchanting view. This is a beautiful series of rooms, with dark green and gold finish, the galleries going up story over story, holding their rich contents behind gilded nettings. Vast as it is, it is not vast enough; and a splendid structure is now in process of erection to hold its treasures.

Returning to the Rotunda, passages lead on the north and on the south to the Senate and to the House of Representatives. Taking the northern door, you are presently at the entrance of the Supreme Court Room, which used to be the Senate-chamber before the wings were built. This is perhaps the most perfect room in the great pile, and is a relief to the eye after the other portions. It is a semicircular room, richly but simply furnished; there are tables before the Justices, and a space is railed off for visitors. The Justices sit in a row on an elevated platform, before a screen of pillars. It is quite a spectacle when they sweep in with their long black robes, about whose cut and fit they are said to be very particular. The centre of this room is an arena where the great lawyers of the land measure their strength.

Passing out and on, you cross the broad corridor which connects the Senate wing with the main building, and turning to the right, you find yourself in the lobbies leading to the vestibule of the Senate, between a line of coupled columns whose capitals are of marble tobacco leaves, while the light falls from a stained-glass ceiling on a floor of blue and white stone. On one side of this vestibule, in the lobby just left, is the grand staircase leading to the Senate gallery. At the foot is a fine statue of Franklin; and opposite it, high in air, is a huge and crude painting of the battle of Lake Erie. The staircase itself is beautiful beyond description, very broad and lofty, of gray Tennessee marble; but another stairway in the western side of the wing is even more beautiful, being all of white marble, the capitals of the pillars exquisitely carved, rising in tier over tier of dazzling columns, balustrades, and steps, till the eye takes in the gleam of a stained-glass roof over all. One can hardly picture a more aerial and lovely architectural effect.

There are other staircases for the use of Senators and



THE SENATE-CHAMBER.

Representatives only, before elevators were introduced, that are quite as fine in their way, although in such dusk that they are not easily seen. They are of bronze and brass, and the casting represents birds hovering over nests which serpents are about rifling, deer bounding away from dogs, eagles, children, leaves, and branches.

On the other side of the vestibule from the grand staircase—which vestibule, by-the-way, opens at the top of the outer flight of long marble steps—is the reception room, where Senators receive their callers—a large room, furnished and decorated in the worst possible taste, the walls nearly covered with an eruption of cupids and gilding, and here opens the Senate lobby, a long and broad vaulted passage, the Senate-chamber on one side, and on the other some beautifully decorated rooms. The first of these rooms is the Vice-President's. The ceiling is but slightly ornamented, the walls are quietly tinted, and the rest is rich and simple. Rembrandt Peale's portrait of Washington is here, and in the closet is the tiny looking-glass which was all there was for President Jefferson to use when he rode to the Capitol, and hitched his horse to the paling before taking the inaugural oath—in sharp contrast to the abundance of mirrors in the building now.

Next to this is the Marble-room, where portions of the Senate sometimes retire for consultation—a superb and glittering room, about forty feet long and half as wide. The floor is tiled, the ceiling is of white marble deeply panelled, and supported by Corinthian columns; the walls are of gray Tennessee marble, and every panel is a mirror. As those mirrors at the two ends of the room repeat it again and again and again, beyond the range of vision, the effect is of immense space and splendor. During the civil war, when troops were quartered in and about the Capitol, this beautiful place was packed with flitches of bacon.

Adjoining this is the President's room, to which he usually comes in the last nights of Congressional sessions in order to sign bills. The room is richly but not attractively decorated. Painted on the wall are likenesses of the first President's cabinet—Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and others. On one side where the walls curve into the ceiling is a painting of Washington, supported, according to the usual fancy of the Italian decorator, by two reclining female figures of Peace and Victory; in the corners are frescoes of Columbus, the face copied from a portrait, of Vespucci, of William Brewster, and of Benjamin Franklin; and between these are medallions of Liberty and Religion, Legislation, and Executive Power, while all the rest of the room is enriched with cherubs and cupids, and flags and arabesques, and mirrors and gilding; and the President, who is there only on weary, wakeful, noisy nights, might well feel as though he were surrounded by a vast nightmare.

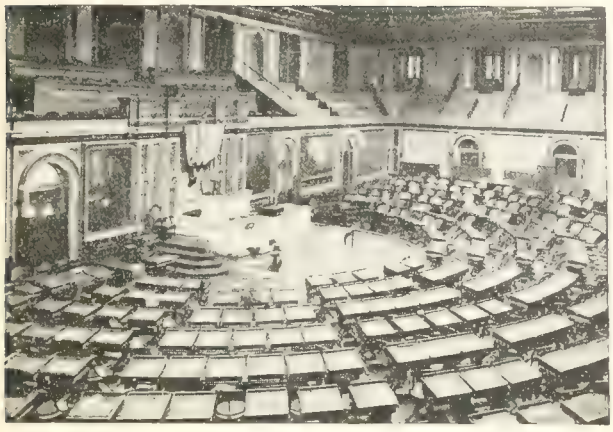
Turning to the left at the end of the lobby, you pass through another long passage, and have then entirely encircled the Senate-chamber. This Senate chamber is a handsome room, with panelled walls, a gallery all around it, and seats and desks arranged semicircularly before the desks of the Vice-President, clerks, and other officers. It is a very orderly and decorous place. It is encompassed by cloak-rooms and lobbies, and is lighted from above, night and day, through a stained-glass ceiling set in deep caissons.

Retracing your steps now to the Rotunda, crossing that, and going out the opposite south door, you are in a small circular vestibule under a little dome, which is the exact model of a Greek temple, and is interesting from the fact that the capitals of the columns are ornamented with the leaf of the cotton plant, and that its flower is also used in other decorations. The same idea, that of American ornament, is further carried out in a little vestibule in the basement, where are columns designed by Jefferson from clustered stalks of corn, the ears and silk and blades expanding into the capital atop. From this little temple one enters the old Hall of Representatives, in which the giants of the nation once wrestled, and where some of them now re-enact the scene in marble. It is much more beautiful than the present Hall of Representatives, but being too small for our growth, it has been transformed into a National Statuary Hall—a sort of Pantheon. It is nearly sixty feet high, in the shape of a half-moon, and is encircled by an inner row of huge pillars of breccia, copied from the temple of Jupiter Stator in Rome. In old days the Speaker's chair was opposite the door, and draped by heavy silk curtains falling from the tops of the columns, and the members' desks were arranged circularly. All this has now vanished, and is replaced by a ring of statues on their pedestals—some very poor and some quite fine—given by the respective States, the most beautiful, perhaps, that of Roger Williams, the most noble that of Samuel Adams. The effective thing in the room is the old clock over the door, composed of a life-size figure of History, with her wind-blown mantle, standing on a winged car, and making her record in a book resting on her lifted knee; the wheel of the car is the dial of the clock, and it is poised on the upper segment of a globe, where are cut the signs of the zodiac.

Surrounded by lobbies and cloak-rooms, as the Senate-chamber is, we now find the modern Hall of Representatives, which is very much larger than the Senate-chamber, and whose galleries alone seat twenty-five hundred people. The desks and seats are in a semicircle before the Speaker's desk, which is of white marble, with a canopy of silken flags; on either side of it are full-length portraits and large American landscapes. This room is also lighted from above, and it is so vast that one sees objects at the opposite ends almost as indistinctly as one hears sounds. It is a noisy, disorderly, and tumultuous place, where the spectator wonders that any business can be done, for the confusion and disturbance, with the continual moving of men from spot to spot, the clapping of hands and running of pages, the hammering of the Speaker's gavel, the drone of the clerks' voices, the ceaseless hum, the apparent stolidity and indifference of members, some with their hats on, some with their feet on their desks, some with cigars in their mouths, some stretched at length on the lounges; yet out of all the turbulence come the laws that control the destinies of a people, and on the whole control them very well.

Pausing now only to look at the wall of one of the staircases, where, in "Westward Ho," Leutze has portrayed with graphic power a worn emigrant train just reaching its camping-place in the midst of sublime scenery, a painting which, if there were space enough to give it any distance, might be very imposing, and lingering to admire Bierstadt's view of the Golden Gate beneath it, we descend into the first basement to look at the decoration of the corridors and of certain of the committee-rooms there. These corridors are extremely interesting; some of them are ornamented with, it is said, every plant and flower and animal of the flora and fauna of the United States; others represent scenes and persons of our history without number. In some of these passages we come across places where the groined arches and huge piers give an idea of the strength of the foundations of this mighty building.

The most remarkably decorated of the committee-rooms are those belonging to the Senate committees on military and on naval affairs, and the House committees on Territories and on agriculture. Among the decorations of the first are paintings of the Boston massacre, the battle of Lexington, Washington at Valley Forge, and the storming of Stony Point, painted on the wet plaster. In the room of the Committee on Territories are groups of Indian weapons, foxes, deer, and other animals of the



HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

wild life of the plains. That on agriculture has a room very elaborately ornamented with the four seasons on the ceiling in a swarm of cupids and floral emblems, and with frescoes of Cincinnatus and of Putnam called from the plough. The naval-room is in the Pompeian style; the vestibules of vast temples rise grayly before you as you enter, as if to declare that the sea is the gateway of nations; the ceiling is covered with groups of water gods and nymphs, and the walls are like the façades of palaces, with figures floating from the doorways; some of these are exceedingly airy, light, and lovely. One carries a sextant, one a chart, one a bannerol; one lifts a barometer as if it were a mermaid's glass; one beautiful shape, her back to the room, in a cloud of golden hair, unrolls a map. Perhaps these figures are not exactly suited to halls of legislation and the companionship of grave and reverend seigniors framing weighty statutes; pictures of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* would have been better in their place, with sea scenes of storm and calm. On the whole, making exception of very few points, if the Capitol were buried in ashes as Pompeii has been, and were dug out after a couple of thousand years, the people of that period will hardly admire our taste in art, as shown in the statues and paintings there.

Descending still another flight, one comes to the sub-basement; and here those interested in such things will see the tremendous machinery for sucking air from outside and forcing it up into the legislative rooms that have no other way of obtaining air. And here, beneath the crypt, in the exact centre of the foundation, is the Undercroft, where it was at first intended to place the remains of Washington.

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BIM'S HEROISM.

AS the burning steamboat swept down toward the low-lying raft the destruction of the latter appeared so certain that its crew abandoned all hope of saving it; and, taking to their skiff, sought by its means to escape the threatened danger. It was a forlorn hope, and promised but little. Even with Billy Brackett's strong arms tugging at its oars, the heavily laden skiff seemed to move so slowly, that but for the ever-widening space between them and the raft they would have deemed it at a stand-still. They gazed in silence and with fascinated eyes at the on-coming terror. At length, with a sigh of thankfulness, they saw that they were beyond its track, and Billy Brackett's labors were somewhat relaxed.

Suddenly, as though endowed with a fiendish intelligence, the blazing fabric took a sheer to port, and headed for the skiff. A hoarse cry broke from the old negro, whose face was ashen gray with fright. It was echoed by Binney Gibbs. The others kept silence, but their faces were bloodless.

By a mighty effort Billy Brackett spun the skiff around, and, with the energy of despair, pulled back toward the raft. The stout oars bent like whips. If one of them had given way nothing could have saved our raftmates from destruction. Had the tough blades been of other than home make, and fashioned from the best product of the Caspar mill, they must have yielded. With each stroke Billy Brackett rose slightly from his seat. Arms, body, and legs made splendid response to the demands of the invincible will. Years of careful training and right living were concentrated into that supreme moment. Another might have sought personal safety by plunging overboard and diving deep into the river. Glen and Winn might have followed such an example. Binney and Solon being unable to swim, could not. But Billy Brackett was too true an American to consider such a thing for an instant. Generations of Yankee ancestors had taught him never to desert a friend nor yield to a foe; never to court danger nor to fear one; to fight in a righteous cause with his latest breath; to snatch victory from defeat.

As the skiff dashed alongside the *Venture* the vast, glowing, seething mass of flame, smoke, and crashing timbers swept by so close that the raftmates were obliged to seek shelter in the cool waters from its deadly heat. Clinging to the edge of the raft, with their bodies entirely submerged, they gazed breathlessly and with blinded eyes at the grandest and most awful sight to be seen on the Mississippi. It was a huge lower-river packet, and was completely enveloped in roaring flames that poured from every opening, and streamed furiously from the tall chimneys, the trailing banners of the fire-fiend. The boat was under a full head of steam, her machinery was still intact, and the great wheels, churning the glowing waters into a crimson foam, forced her ahead with the speed of a locomotive. The back draught thus caused kept the forward end of her lower deck free from flame. Here, as she rushed past, the boys caught a glimpse of the only sign of life they could discover aboard the ill-fated packet. It was a dog leaping from side to side, and barking furiously.

They had hardly noted his presence when a curious thing happened. There came an explosion of steam, a crash, and the starboard wheel dropped from its shaft. Thus crippled, the blazing craft made a grand sweep of half a circle in front of the raft. Then, as the other wheel also became disabled and ceased its mad churnings, the boat lay with her head up stream, drifting helplessly with the current. The packet was not more than a couple of hundred feet from the raft when its wild progress was thus checked, and now the barkings of the dog, that had already attracted the boys' attention, were heard more plainly than before.

All at once Billy Brackett, who had regained the wave-washed deck of the raft, called out, "It's Bim! I know his voice!"

With this, he again sprang into the skiff, with the evident intention of attempting to rescue his four-footed comrade. Winn Caspar was just in time to scramble in over the stern as the skiff shot away. "I may be of some help," he said.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

As they neared the burning boat, they saw that the dog was indeed Bim. He answered their calls with frantic barks of joy, but refused to leap into the skiff or into the water, as they urged him to.

He would run back out of their sight instead, and then reappear, barking frantically all the while. Once he seemed to be dragging something, and trying to hold it up for their inspection.

"The dear old dog has some good reason for acting in that way," said Billy Brackett, "and I must go to him."

Winn had not the heart to remonstrate against an attempt to aid Bim, even though its extreme danger was obvious. The blazing hull, from which most of the upper works were now burned away, was liable to plunge to the bottom at any moment, and the boy shuddered at the thought of being engulfed in the seething whirlpool which would thus be created. He involuntarily cringed, too, at the thought of the red-hot boilers ready to burst and deluge all surrounding objects with scalding steam and hissing water. Still, he would not have spoken a single word to deter Billy Brackett from his daring project even though he knew it would be heeded.

While these thoughts flashed through Winn's mind, his companion was clambering up over the low guards, and Bim's joyful welcome of his master was pitiful in its extravagance. The dog seemed to say: "I knew you would come if I only waited patiently and barked loud enough. Now you see why I wouldn't leave."

The object to which Bim thus directed attention, as plainly as though possessed of speech, was a little curly-haired puppy, a Gordon setter, so young that its eyes were not yet opened.

Billy Brackett picked it up, and dropped it over the side into Winn's arms. Then he tried to do the same by Bim; but, with a loud bark, the nimble dog eluded his grasp, and dashed away into the thick of the smoke. Tongues of flame were licking their cruel way through it, and as Bim emerged, his hair was scorched in yellow patches. He dragged out a dead puppy, laid it at his master's feet, and before he could be restrained had once more dashed back into the stifling smoke. Again he appeared, this time weak and staggering, every trace of his white coat gone. He was singed and blackened beyond recognition; but he was a four-footed hero, who had nobly performed a self-imposed duty. As he feebly dragged another little dead puppy to his master's feet, Billy Brackett seized the brave dog in his arms, and sprang over the side of the doomed steamboat into the waiting skiff. Tears stood in the young man's eyes as the suffering creature licked his face, and he exclaimed, "I tell you what, Winn Caspar, if this blessed dog isn't possessed of a soul, then I'm not, that's all!"

Meanwhile Winn was pulling the skiff swiftly beyond reach of danger. It was none too soon; for before they reached the raft, the glowing mass behind them reared itself on end as though making a frantic effort to escape its fate. Then, with a hissing plunge, it disappeared beneath the turbid flood of the great river. A second later there came a muffled explosion, and a column of water, capped by a cloud of steam, shot upwards. At the same time the scene was shrouded in a darkness made absolute by the sudden extinguishing of the fierce light, while the silence that immediately succeeded the recent uproar seemed unbroken.

Then the momentary hush was invaded by the sound of many voices, some of which were uttering groans and cries of pain. A score of unfortunates from the burned packet, who had been driven by the flames to the extreme after-end of the boat, where they were hidden from the view of those on the raft, had leaped into the water as they were swept past, and managed to reach it while Billy Brackett and Winn were away.

Now, by means of the skiff, others whose cries for help located them in the darkness were picked up. Many persons had escaped soon after the breaking out of the fire by means of the small boats and life-raft carried by the packet; while still others, comprising nearly half the ship's company, were lost. It was one of the most terrible of the many similar disasters recorded in the history of steamboating on the Mississippi; and to this day the burning of the *Lytle* is a favorite theme of conversation among old river men.

When Glen Elting learned the name of the ill-fated craft, he started and turned pale. "The very packet for which we were waiting!" he cried, with bated breath. "Oh, Binney, how many things we have to be thankful for!"

"Indeed we have," answered the boy; "and not the least of them is that we are in a position to help these poor people, who have been overtaken by the misfortune that was reaching out for us."

These two were tearing sheets into bandage strips, and dressing wounds with the salve and ointments found in Major Caspar's medicine chest. Solon was providing a plentiful supply of hot water over a roaring fire in the galley stove, and bustling about among the forlorn assembly, that, drenched and shivering, had been so suddenly intrusted to his kindly care. Billy Brackett and Winn rowed in every direction about the raft so long as there was the slightest hope of picking up a struggling swimmer.

Their last rescue was that of a man clinging to a stateroom door, and so benumbed with the chill of the water that in a few moments more his hold must have relaxed. Beside him swam a dog, also nearly exhausted.

When the man was carried into the shanty, the dog followed him, and was there seen to be of the same markings and breed as the puppy saved by Bim. Noting this, Winn hunted it up, and brought it to her. It was hers, and no human mother could have shown more extravagant joy than did this dog mother at so unexpectedly finding one of her lost babies. She actually cried with happiness, and fondled her little one until it protested with all the strength of its feeble voice. Then she lay down with the puppy cuddled close to her, and one paw thrown protectingly across it, the picture of perfect content.

Bim had been almost as excited as she, and in spite of his burns, had circled about the two, and barked until the puppy persuaded its mother to be quiet. Then Bim and she lay down, nose to nose, and while the former told his friend how he had found her deserted babies on the boat and had determined to save them, and how his own dear master had come in answer to his barks for assistance, she told him how she had been in the after-part of the boat getting her supper when the flames broke out, and had gone nearly crazy at finding herself separated from her little ones. She assured him she would have gone through fire and water to reach them had not her master thrown her overboard, and immediately afterwards jumped into the river himself. Then she believed that all was lost, for in her distress of mind she had entirely forgotten her brave friend Bim. If she had only remembered him, she would have been quite at ease, knowing, of course, that he would find some way of saving at least one of her puppies, which, under the circumstances, was all that could be expected.

At which Bim jumped up and barked for pure happiness, until his master said, "That will do, Bim, for the present."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MASTER OF MOSS BANK.

THE Gordon setter's name was Nanita, while that of her master was Mr. Guy Manton, of New York. Within a short time after the final plunge of the burned

packet, several steamboats, attracted by the blaze, reached the raft, and offered to carry the survivors of the disaster to the nearest town. This offer was accepted by all except Mr. Manton, who asked, as a favor, that he and his dogs might be allowed to remain on board the *Venture*, at least until morning. Of course the raftmates willingly consented to this, for Mr. Manton was so grateful to them, besides proving such an agreeable companion, that they could not help but like him.

From him they learned how Bim happened to be on board the ill-fated steamboat, a situation over which they had all puzzled, but concerning which they had heretofore found no opportunity of inquiring. According to Mr. Manton's story, he was on his way to a plantation on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, which he had recently purchased, but had not yet seen.

Wishing to learn something of the great river on a bank of which his property lay, he had come by way of St. Louis, and there boarded the fine New Orleans packet *Lytle*. He had brought with him a supply of machinery, provisions, and tools for the plantation, all of which were now either consumed by fire or lay at the bottom of the river. He had also brought his favorite setter Nanita and her litter of three young puppies, which he had proposed to establish at his new winter home.



"YO' CALLIN' DAT AR PLANTATION MOSS BACK?" EXCLAIMED SOLON.

During the stop of the packet at Cairo he had taken Nanita ashore for a run. On their way back to the boat he discovered that she was not following him, and anxiously retracing his steps a short distance, found her in company with a white bull-dog, to whom she was evidently communicating some matter of great interest.

Mr. Manton saw that the strange dog was a valuable one, and when it showed an inclination to follow them, tried to persuade it to return home, which he supposed was somewhere in the town. As the dog disappeared, he thought he had succeeded, and was afterwards surprised to find it on the boat, in company with Nanita and her little ones. Believing, of course, that the bull-dog's owner was also on board, he gave the matter but little thought, and soon after called Nanita to be fed.

While he was attending to her wants, the cry of "fire" was raised. The flames burst out somewhere near the centre of the boat, in the vicinity of the engine-room, and had already gained such headway as to interpose an effectual barrier between him and the forward deck. He supposed that the boat would at once be headed for the nearest bank, but found to his dismay that almost with the first outbreak of flame the steering-gear had been rendered useless. At the same time the engineers had been driven from their post of duty, and thus the splendid packet, freighted with death and destruction, continued to rush headlong down the river, without guidance or check.

Amid the terrible scenes that ensued, Mr. Manton, followed by his faithful dog, was barely able to reach his own stateroom, secure his money and some important papers, wrench the door from its hinges, throw it and Nanita overboard, and then leap for his own life into the dark waters.

At this point the grateful man again tried to express his sense of obligation to his rescuers, but was interrupted by Billy Brackett, who could not bear to be thanked for performing so obvious and simple an act of duty. To change the subject the young engineer told of Bim's act of real heroism in saving one and attempting to save the other members of the little family, which he evidently considered had been left in his charge.

To this story Mr. Manton listened with the deepest interest; and when it was concluded, he said, "He is a dear dog, and most certainly a hero, if there ever was one. I shall always love him for this night's work."

Then Bim, who was now covered with healing ointment and swathed in bandages, was petted and praised

until even Nanita grew jealous, and insisted on receiving a share of her master's attention.

All the while the brave bull-dog looked into the faces of those gathered about him with such a pleading air of intelligence and such meaning barks that his longing to tell of what had happened to him after he started from the raft in pursuit of the odious "river trader" who had once kicked him was evident to them all. If he only could have spoken, he would have told of the cruel blow by which he was momentarily stunned, of finding himself in a bag in the river, of how he had succeeded by a desperate struggle in escaping from it and finally reaching the shore, of his distress at not finding the raft, and the sad search for his master through the town, of his meeting with Nanita, and of his decision to accept her advice and take passage with her down the river, in which direction he was certain his floating house had gone. All this Bim would have communicated to his friends if he could; but as they were too dull of comprehension to understand him, they have remained in ignorance to this day of that thrilling chapter of his adventures.

Besides telling the raftmates of his cruel experience, Mr. Manton related some of the incidents of a canoe voyage even then being made down the river by his only son Worth and the boy's most intimate friend, Summer Rankin. These two had made a canoe cruise together through the Everglades of Florida the winter before, and had enjoyed it so much, that when Mr. Manton proposed that they should accompany him to Louisiana, they had begged to be allowed to make the trip in their canoes.

"They started from Memphis," continued Mr. Manton, "and have had some fine duck and turkey shooting among the Coahoma sloughs and cane-brakes. With them is a colored man named Quorum, who crossed the Everglades with them, and who now accompanies them, in a skiff that they purchased in Memphis, as cook and general adviser. I have heard from them several times by letter, and so know of their progress. It has been so good that unless I make haste they will reach Moss Bank before me. That is the name of our new home," he added, by way of explanation.

"Wha' dat yo' say, sah?" exclaimed Solon, who had been an interested listener. "Yo' callin' dat ar plantation Moss Back?"

"Yes, 'Moss Bank' is the name it has always borne, I believe," replied Mr. Manton. "But why do you ask? Do you know the place?"

"Does I know um! Does I know ole place I was borned an' brung up in? Why, sah, dat ar' my onlies home befo' de wah. Ole Marse Rankin own um, an' me an' he boy, de young marse, hab de same mammy. So him my froster-brudder. He gwine away fer a sailor ossifer, an' den de wah comin' on, an' ebberyt'ing gwine ter smash. He name 'Summer.' Yo' know dat young gen'l'man?"

"No," replied Mr. Manton, "I never knew him. He has been dead for several years; but I am well acquainted with his family, and it is his son who is now travelling down the river in company with my boy. In fact, it was through him that I came to purchase this old plantation, with a view to making it our winter home."

"Praise de Lawd, I gwine ter see a Rankim once mo'!" exclaimed the old negro. "Yo' is gwine stop at de ole Moss Back place, Marse Winn? Yo' sholy is?"

"Why, yes. If Mr. Manton would like to have us, I think we should be very happy to stop there when we reach it," said Winn.

"Stop! Of course you will," exclaimed Nanita's master. "I have already planned for that, and should feel terribly disappointed if you did not. I want to see more of you, and I want you to meet and know my boys. Besides, I was going to ask you to allow Nanita and her pup to complete their journey down the river on this raft in company with Bim, who will, I know, take good care of them. If you should consent to this plan, of course you will be obliged to stop at Moss Bank to land them."

"We shall be delighted to have them," said Billy Brackett, "and, on behalf of Bim, I hereby extend a formal invitation to them to become his raftmates for the remainder of the cruise. At the same time, I am certain that my companions, as well as myself, will be most happy to visit you in your new home, and there make the acquaintance of your boys."

By the time this arrangement was concluded it was daylight, and Mr. Manton insisted on the raftmates turning in for a nap, while he and Solon kept watch. He remained on board the *Venture* all that day, and by sunset the current had borne the raft forward so rapidly that they were able to tie up near Columbus, Kentucky. At this point the owner of Moss Bank bade his new-made friends *au revoir*, and started by rail for his Louisiana home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SNOW-SHOE MAIL CARRIER.

IF you lived in a Rocky Mountain camp, and were "snowed in" for weeks at a time, you would soon feel like a poor prisoner. Think of it! You cannot go out of the house, nor can any of your friends come in. All communication with the outside world is suddenly cut off. No sign, no word, no letters, no papers—nothing comes from the big towns and cities. For all the benefit they receive from railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and newspapers, the miners and their families might as well live in Kamtchatka as in camp.

And yet, if you lived far up on a mountain-peak in Colorado, Idaho, or Utah, you would want letters from home, from mother or father, brother or sister, in the East. How do you think those who live in the frontier mining camps have their letters and packages delivered in midwinter? Why, by the "snow-shoe mails."

This is one of the most peculiar branches of Uncle Sam's postal service. It is also one of the most difficult and dangerous kinds of government work. The snow-shoe mails give employment to more than one hundred bold, hardy fellows, who take their lives in their hands when they pick their way across the mountain ranges in winter.

Once or twice a month the carrier straps a No. 4 U. S. mail-sack on his back, puts on a pair of Norwegian snow-shoes, takes a long guiding-pole, and is ready for a weary tramp to the camp. There is usually a little crowd at the post-office to give the carrier a good "send off."

"Good luck to you," shouts one friend.

"Hope you'll have a safe journey," cries out another friend.

The journey over lofty ranges and along treacherous trails is bad enough in summer-time, when the road is comparatively clear. But what shall we say of the climb in winter, when the snow is ten feet deep on the level, when the trails are obscure, when the weather is bitter cold, when a slip would send the carrier over a precipice? Only the bravest and hardiest men can do the work. It is no easy matter to carry a heavy mail-pouch up the steep mountain-sides. The exposures and hardships will soon break down an iron constitution.

The mail-carriers take extra precautions to keep warm. They have the finest and best kind of silk underwear, which is found to retain the heat of the body and to keep out the cold. They wear silk gloves, heavy felt or leather boots, and great overcoats.

At night, or during a storm, the carrier can hardly keep from freezing, and, growing weak with his burden, he sinks down tired and exhausted in the trail. At one time he seeks friendly shelter in some cleft or cave in the rocks, at another time he digs for himself a bed in the snow-banks. He takes a night's rest, but no sleep. He must keep awake all night, lest he fall into a sleep from which there is no waking. Sometimes he is able to build a fire, and then he can safely take a light nap. On the morrow, tired and stiff in joint, the brave fellow resumes his weary climb.

These mountain carriers belong to a race of athletes. Their work calls for the nerves of a tight-rope walker and the agility of a ballet-dancer. No chamois-hunter in the Alps is more active and daring than our Rocky Mountain mail-carrier.

The trip down the mountain-sides on the snow-crust is full of danger and excitement. On reaching the top of a peak the carrier puts his long guiding-pole on his shoulders, places his snow-shoes together, sees that everything is all right, and then starts down as on a toboggan slide. How he goes! When the hard crust on the snow is smooth as glass, the carrier rushes down with the speed of an express train.

But the danger! The expert is supposed to keep his balance. Once in a while a carrier rushing down the mountain-side loses his balance. Then away goes his pole, up fly his snow-shoes, man and mail-pouch tumble down the hill like Jack and Jill and their pail of water.

Again, it is surprising how the mail-carriers find their way over the ranges, how they can keep on the right trails. Many of them seem to know the road almost as well as a carrier in a city knows the cross-streets and odd numbers. It is a puzzle to some people how they manage it. The carrier feels his way cautiously along the dangerous places. Holding his compass in hand, he cannot lose his bearings. But he must be sure-footed, for a false step, a slip, and the poor fellow goes over a precipice; a snow-slide, and he is swept away and buried deep. Months afterwards, perhaps in early summer-time, the body and mail-sack are found wedged among the rocks.

The number of accidents is very large. Never a winter passes but a dozen mountain carriers lose their lives on the dangerous trails and passes. Only the other day I read a brief notice of the mysterious disappearance of an Idaho carrier, who was probably swept away by a snow-slide. It is arduous and perilous work. Those who want government positions seldom apply for a place in the snow-shoe mail service.

A WORD ABOUT ELECTRIC GAS LIGHTING.

BY C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

THERE are two ways of arranging an electric device for lighting the gas. In the first, which is the simpler and cheaper, a little chain with a ball on the end of it hangs down directly from the burner. Pulling the chain turns on the gas, and lights it by making a spark. Another pull turns off the gas. In the second way you touch a white push button on the wall, and the current both turns on the gas and lights it. By touching a black push button the current turns off the gas.

For the first way you will need:

1. A special coil. This may be bought for $2 50, or it may be easily made. It consists of a bundle of soft stove-pipe wire (about eight inches long, the bundle itself one inch through) carefully wrapped with about eight layers of No. 14 cotton magnet wire. This costs forty-two cents a pound, and it will take

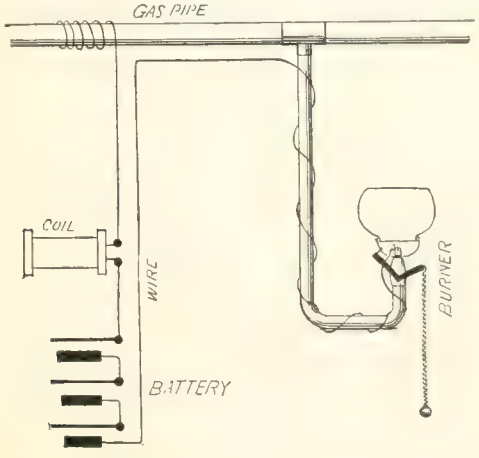


Fig. 1.

about four pounds for the coil. The bundle of soft wire should first be covered with a layer of stout brown paper before the magnet wire is wound around it, and should have its ends tucked into round holes in square pieces of wood, so that it may form a spool for the magnet wire. Two binding posts on one of these ends will be convenient ending-places for the coil wire.

2. A burner with chain and ball attachment. This costs about $1 15, and must be bought of a dealer, as it takes a pretty skilful mechanic to make it. Pulling the chain turns a four-way stop-cock and lets on the gas. At the same time the current is made

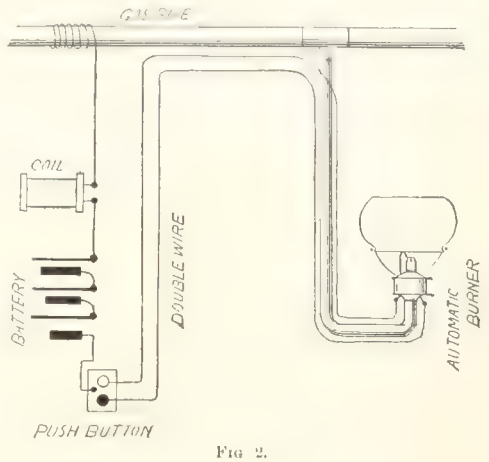


Fig. 2.

and broken by the rubbing together of two little wires just over the burner opening, and the spark thus made lights the gas. A second pull of the chain turns the stop-cock part way round and shuts off the gas.

3. A battery of three sal-ammoniac cells. These cells cost about seventy-five cents apiece, and should be joined up in series; that is, the zinc of one cell to the carbon of the next. The end zinc and end carbon are then connected with the line wire. The battery may conveniently be kept on the shelf in a closet.

4. Insulated copper wire, No. 18. A pound costs about thirty-five cents, and contains about two hundred feet. It is used for the line wire.

Gas-fixture wire, No. 24 ($1 a pound), comes in the three colors, white, black, and yellow, and is sometimes used where the ordinary wire would disfigure the fixtures.

The arrangement is shown in Fig. 1. It will be noticed that the gas-pipe itself serves for one connection, and therefore that only one wire need go all the way to the burner.

In the second way you need the battery, spark coil, and insulated wire, as before, but in place of the burner described you must have an automatic burner and double push button. This burner costs about $5, and will have to be bought. It contains two little electro-magnets in the small cylinder just below the burner. When you press the white push button the current passes through one of these magnets, and makes it attract a piece of soft iron (the armature), thus turning on the gas. At the same time the making and breaking of the current produce a spark between the two little wires just above the burner opening and lights the gas. When you press the black push button the current passes through the other little electro-magnet, making it attract another armature, and so turning off the gas.

The push buttons for one light cost about fifty cents, and are placed wherever convenient. The arrangement of the circuit is shown in Fig. 2.

Any of my readers could, with a little care, put in either of these devices. Should they want to know why the spark is made and why the gas is lighted, I shall have to tell them some other time, for I have already occupied more space than our good editor asked me to.

THE AMBASSADOR'S WIT.

SOME years ago, in Paris, some people were discussing the discoveries of Columbus in the presence of the late Lord Lytton, the British ambassador. Colomb, I should explain, is the French for Columbus, and *la colombe* is the French for "the dove." "It is very singular," some one observed, "that la colombe discovered the Old World and le Colomb discovered the New." "Yes," replied Lord Lytton, "but infinitely more curious is it that the one came from Noah and the other came from Genoa."



THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION, OR WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN CENTRAL AFRICA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. From *Fliegende Blatter.*

THE MONKEY'S RESOLVE.

"I'M going to cut off my tail and send it to a comic paper," said the monkey. "I'm told comic papers pay for funny tales."

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"I CAN'T write very well," said the small boy to a visitor, "but I can make bigger blots than papa does."

VERY LIKELY.

"MAMMA, do you know what I'd do if I was a cat?" asked Mollie.

"No, my dear. What would you do?"

"I'd miauw," said Mollie, gleefully.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Do you know the difference between French and German, Hal?"

"Yes," said Hal. "One I can speak a little of, and the other I don't know at all."

DEFINED.

"PAPA," said Jack, "what is extravagance?"

"Well, my son," returned the wise parent, "if you had a seventy-five-cent straw hat blown off into the sea, it would be extravagant to hire a boat for a dollar to go out and get it."

WANTED TO STAY SO

"MAMMA," said little Benjamin, "I think it's awful nice to be a little boy. If I stay real quiet all the time, and don't take any exercise, don't you think maybe I could stay a little boy all my life?"

JOHNNY MAKES A JOKE.

"JOHNNY," said Johnny's little brother. "A fly is a fly because he flies, isn't he?"

"Yes. That's it."

"And a flea is a flea because he flees, isn't it?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Then why are bees bees?"

"Because they be," laughed Johnny.

IT WAS AN ATLAS.

PAPA. "Hullo, Tommy, what are you reading?"

TOMMY. "I'm just looking at the pictures, 'cause I'm oo little to read such a big book."

WHAT HIS FATHER WENT FOR

"So your father has gone to Europe has he, Wallie?"

"Yes, sir. I think maybe they're going to make him a King or something over there. *I* would, if I were them."

A DISCOVERY.

"THE world ain't all round," said Bob. "I know, because I saw America on the map at school to-day, and it was flatterer than a pancake."

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

"I KNOW what makes me naughty," said Harry. "It's doing things I hadn't ought to does it."

THE GROUND-HOG'S WALK

THE ground-hog came down through his winding hall,
And turning his big brass key,
He looked at the sky
With an anxious eye—
"'Tis time I went out to see,"
Quoth he,
"If my shadow goes walking with me."

His ulster fitted as tight as his skin,
'Twas of thick brown fur, like his cap;
And he looked so well-bred,
The neighbors all said,
"'Twould be sad should any mishap
Entrap
Such a stylish-appearing young chap."

He strolled for an hour through the five-acre lot,
And twisted his head around,
Till he had a bad pain
At the base of his brain;
But his courage came up with a bound
When he found
His shadow lay stretched on the ground.

Then homeward he hastened and opened his door,
His shadow went too, I suppose;
He got into bed,
And covered his head,
And remarked, as he tucked up his toes,
"This shows
'Twill be six weeks before winter goes."

ANNA M. PRATT.

A GOOD REASON.

"I WISH I was a twin," said Bobbie.

"Why?" asked his father.

"Then I could see how I looked without a looking-glass," said Bobbie.

JACK'S PLAN.

"I DON'T think I'll learn how to write," said Jack. "When I get to be a man I'll buy a typewriter, and play my letters on it, just like it was a piano and they were tunes."



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL, OR THE HAUGHTY DANE AND THE SCHEMING DACHSHUNDS. From *Fliegende Blatter.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

BILLY AND I.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

I HAVE always liked the nickname of Billy. Your experience may have been different from mine, but I have never known a boy named Billy who was not a frank, jolly fellow whom everybody liked.

I know that everybody liked Billy Waterman. He is the Billy I am going to tell you about. The Watermans lived in the same block in which I lived in a small Western town called Tuscaloosa. There was nothing but a narrow alley between my father's back yard and the back yard of the Waterman house, so Billy and I had only to scale a back fence or two when we wanted to meet. There was a gate in either back fence, but we were not the kind of boys who enter in at gates when we had the privilege of climbing a fence.

My bedroom was in the rear of our house and Billy's was in the rear of the Waterman house, and as the houses were not more than two hundred feet apart, we could, by yelling a little, carry on very agreeable conversations through open windows when we were in our own rooms. Of course everybody in the block could hear what we had to say; but, like most boys of thirteen or fourteen, we had few secrets, and were willing to take the entire block into our confidence. So we did a great deal of screeching back and forth in a very hearty and boyish way. But in the winter-time we were denied this pleasure, for our mothers objected to our having the windows open so much.

Mr. Waterman was the wealthiest man in Tuscaloosa, and he had about the finest house, but that did not make a bit of difference to Billy when it came to associating with other boys. My father was a poor man, but Billy was the warmest friend I ever had. We were so nearly inseparable for a long time that our mothers called us the Siamese twins.



One day in October Billy came vaulting airily over the two fences between his back yard and ours. I was out in our yard raking up a lot of dead leaves. I could see that Billy was excited.

"Say, Joe," he said, "I've just thought of something ever so jolly."

"What?" I asked, bluntly.

"S'posing we put up a telegraph line?"

"A telegraph line?"

"That's what I said."

"Where would you put it up?"

"Oh, only from your room to mine."

"That would be a great telegraph line, now, wouldn't it, boy?"

I was two days older than Billy, and I sometimes assumed an air of condescension on that account. But Billy was too good natured to mind it much, and he said:

"Oh, we couldn't do any great amount of actual business over it, nor supply the Tuscaloosa *Times* with press reports, but we could have a good deal of sport out of it; now don't you think so?"

"Maybe we could," I said, more encouragingly. "But how could we manage it?"

"Easy enough. You've got that set of telegraphic instruments your brother George used when he was studying telegraphy with the operator down in the depot last year, and I could coax father to give me a set for my birthday, which comes next week—you see?"

"But how about the poles and wires?"

"There's a big coil of wire down in my father's warehouse that was left over when they put up the telegraph line between here and Eddyville, and there's a box of those green glass thingumbobs that you wrap the wire around on the post; father would give me some of them and the little wire we would want, for he likes to have me interested in useful things."

"We'd need some poles," I said.

"Of course we should. I never for a moment supposed that the wires could lie flat on the ground, and I've planned the whole thing out, poles and all. We shouldn't need but two poles, and there's three or four lying down by the railroad track that they threw away because they were imperfect when the Eddyville line was built. No one would say a word if we used a couple of those poles. Don't you think that it is a great scheme?"

I had really thought so all along, and now I said so openly and heartily.

"We can have a lot of fun out of it, Billy," I said.

"Course we can, Joe. I'll ask father about my instruments when he comes home to dinner, and your brother George would let you use his, wouldn't he?"

My brother George, who was fifteen years older than I, had become a very expert telegraph operator, and had charge of the most important office on a well-known line of railroad.

He had just at that time come home to be married, and was in such a happy frame of mind that it was perfectly safe to ask him for anything, so when I mentioned the matter of our proposed telegraph line to him he said:

"Of course you can have those old instruments of mine, Joey, and, what's more, I'll help you and Billy to put up your line and connect the instruments with the wire, and all that."

I ran off to tell Billy, and he informed me that his father had agreed to buy the instruments Billy wanted, and had said that Thomas, the Waterman's hired man, might help us putting up poles and stretching the wire.

With the help of Thomas and my brother George the line was put up and in good working condition in one afternoon.

Brother George had already taught me a good deal about telegraphy, and he gave Billy and me a number of lessons before he went away, and it was not very long before we could send messages over the wire by clicking off the letters of each word very slowly.

Having the two offices so near was quite an advantage, because when there were breaks in any of our messages we could throw up our windows, and supply the missing words by yelling them across our back lots to each other. In fact, it was understood between us that five slow and distinct clicks of the instrument meant, "Open window," and at first our messages consisted chiefly of five clicks.

We were so well pleased with our telegraph line, and so much interested in sending messages, that we learned quite rapidly, and it was not long before we could talk freely with each other over the wires.

Our "private wire," as we called it, was the envy of a good many boys in Tuscaloosa, and we often allowed them the privilege of trying to send messages over it.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Waterman went to Eddyville to remain until Monday with Billy's grandmother Waterman, who lived in that town. Billy informed me of the proposed visit by sending the following message over the wire before I was fairly out of bed on Saturday morning:

"Father and mother are going to Eddyville to stay over Sunday. You come and stay all night with me."

Billy and I often spent nights with each other, and that morning Mrs. Waterman asked me to stay with Billy the two nights she would be away.

Of course Billy and I always had a merry time on such occasions, and on this particular Saturday night we were merrier than usual. We were entirely alone, and it was the first time we had ever remained alone in the house all night. The Watermans' hired man, whose room was in the barn, usually slept in the house when Mr. and Mrs. Waterman were away, but on this occasion he had been given permission to go and spend Saturday night and Sunday with his parents, who lived in a little town five miles from Tuscaloosa. Jane, the one house-servant, received word late Saturday evening that her sister had died suddenly at her home on a little farm two miles from town, and Jane had returned with the messenger who had brought the sorrowful news of her sister's death. It was then arranged that Billy should eat his meals at our house during the absence of his parents.

Just before dark we went around and locked up the house, without paying particular attention to every fastening, because such a thing as a burglary had never been heard of in Tuscaloosa, and many families never locked their doors at all, nor did they have fastenings of any kind on their windows.

Billy and I never thought anything at all about burglars as we climbed the stairs to Billy's room.

We laughed and talked, and played checkers, and looked at some new books Billy had, until about nine o'clock. Then we concluded that we were hungry, and we went down to the pantry, where we got a pie and some cookies, which we took back to Billy's room and ate. Then we went to bed; but we didn't go to sleep at once. The pie probably made us wakeful.

Billy went to sleep first, and I dozed along until I heard a clock downstairs strike eleven, when I took a little nap myself. An hour or two later the pie, or something else, awakened me. I felt restless and uncomfortable, and I tossed about on my pillow until I heard the clock strike two. I was lying very still then, when I heard a sound as of some one blundering against a chair downstairs, and I sat up in bed and listened. A little later I distinctly heard a creaking sound on the back stairs.

Billy and I had come up those back stairs on our way from the pantry, and Billy had spoken about how they creaked. They were creaking in that same way now. At that moment Billy turned over toward me, and touching me lightly, said, in a whisper,

"You awake, Joey?"

"'Sh-sh-sh!" I whispered. And then I put my lips to his ear and whispered, "I believe that some one is in the house."

Billy sat up beside me then, and we sat there in silence, with clasped hands. The creaking continued, and I whispered,

"Doesn't that sound like some one on those stairs?"

"It *is* some one," replied Billy, positively.

The next moment we distinctly heard the knob on the door of our room turn. We had happened to bolt the door that evening, although we did not always do so when I staid with Billy.

I noticed that Billy's hand did not tremble in the least as it clasped mine, and presently he whispered,

"I'm going to peep through the key-hole."

He slipped noiselessly out of bed, and I followed him. The door was fastened with a bolt, and there was no key in the door. We stole softly over to the door, and Billy found the key-hole and peeped through it. Then he whispered, with his lips to my ear:

"There's a man out there in the hall. He's got a dark lantern, or something of that kind, for he turned it this way just as I peeped, and I saw him."

I put my eye to the key-hole, but the man had disappeared.

"He's gone into father's room, likely," whispered Billy, "and there's things in there father wouldn't lose for a good deal; and mother has a lot of jewelry and ever so many solid silver things locked up in the lower drawer of her dressing-case. Some of the silver has been in the family for years, and mother wouldn't lose it for the world."

There was a good deal of solid silver in daily use, and Mrs. Waterman kept it in her room at night, or when she was away, and never gave a thought to the danger of having it stolen in a quiet little town like Tuscaloosa. But a burglar was evidently after it now.

"We couldn't get over to your house for your father, could we?" whispered Billy.

"There's no telling how many of them there are," I said. "Likely enough, there's one on guard downstairs."

"And the burglar would escape with everything if he heard us," said Billy.

"Of course he would," I whispered; "for—Oh, Billy!"

"What?" eagerly.

"My brother George is at home for a day or two, and I heard mother say that she would put George and his wife in my room, because my uncle Harry and his wife have the spare room."

"Well?" said Billy.

"Let's telegraph George. He's the lightest sleeper, 'cause he works so much nights. He'd hear it if we telegraphed him."

Billy's instrument was on a table in a little bay-window. We groped our way over to the table. There were some heavy draperies on a rod across the bay-window. We pulled these draperies together to deaden the clicking of the instrument, and Billy brought a blanket from the bed and threw it over the table; and then I slipped my hand under it, and called, "George—George."

We waited breathlessly for a reply over the wire, but none came; and I again called, "George—George."

Instantly there was a reply, "What is it?"

"There are burglars in Mr. Waterman's house. Get father and Uncle Harry and come."

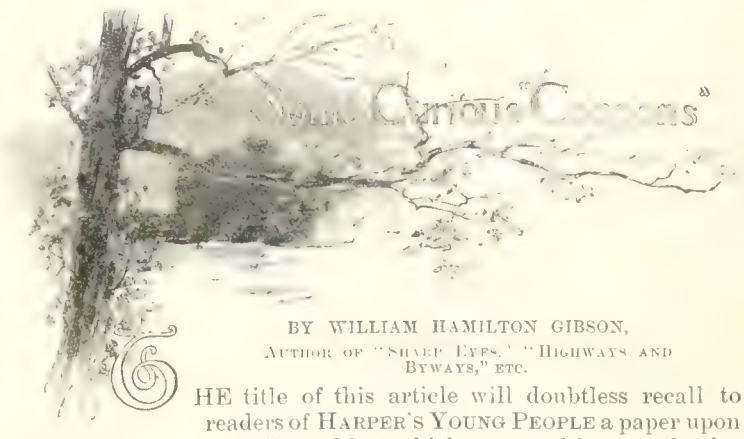
In a minute the reply came, "We are coming."

Billy and I had been wonderfully self-possessed, but now we were so excited we could hardly keep our tongues still. My heart went like a trip-hammer, and I could feel that Billy was quivering with excitement. We kept looking out of the window, and in a moment we saw in the half-moonlight three figures coming across our back yard.

My uncle Harry was Sheriff of an adjoining county, and was accustomed to handling all sorts of rough fellows. He was perfectly fearless, and he and father were both powerful men, while brother George was very strong and active. They had an easy victory, however, for they met one of the burglars coming out of the back door, and he was caught and silenced before he could give an alarm to his confederate, who was up in Mr. Waterman's room.

Father and Uncle Harry waited in silence for a moment or two, one on either side of the back door, while George revolver in hand, kept guard over the bound burglar. In a moment or two the second burglar came down the back stairs, and walked right into the arms of my stalwart uncle Harry, and was captured before he could recover from his surprise. He had in a bag on his back all the valuables from Mr. Waterman's room. The burglars were marched down to the jail, and brother George came back and spent the rest of the night with Billy and me.

News of the burglary quickly reached Eddyville, and Mr. and Mrs. Waterman came home before noon the next day. Billy and I were great heroes for several days, and were witnesses at the trial of the burglars, who were sent to the penitentiary for a number of years. I am glad to say that I have never had a second experience with burglars.



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

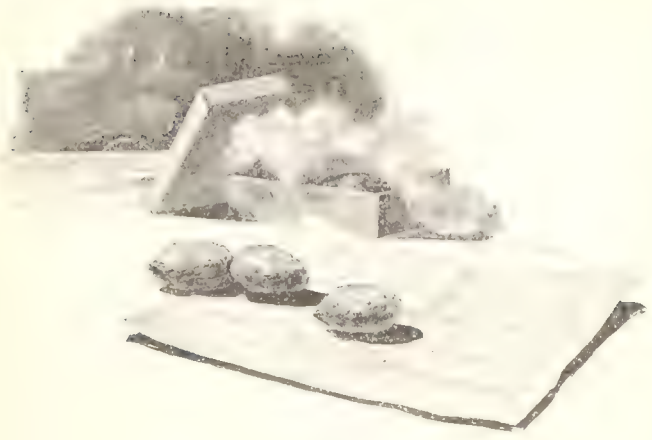
AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

THE title of this article will doubtless recall to readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a paper upon a similar subject which appeared in my calendar series two years ago. With the title the resemblance ends, for the cocoons which I am about to describe are of a sort that has never been mentioned in any previous article. These curious cocoons had been familiar to me since my boyhood, having long excited my wonder before finally revealing their mystery. They have recently been brought freshly to my notice by a letter that I have received, accompanied by a box of specimens, which reads as follows:

DEAR MR. GIBSON, I have sent you to-day what I take to be three cocoons. These with three others I picked up from a gravel-walk in Po'keepsie over a year ago. They seemed connected at the ends, but easily broke apart. I kept them, purposing to see what would emerge, but nothing has rewarded my watch, and they seem now to be shrivelling up. Can you give me any information in regard to them? If so, I shall be very grateful to you.

I had barely read half through the brief description when I guessed the nature of the cocoons in question, having received similar letters before, as well as verbal queries, from others who had been puzzled by the non-committal specimens. The fact that they were found "on the gravel-walk," and were loosely "connected at the ends," was in itself strong evidence of their questionable nature, and I felt sure that I should recognize the cocoons as old friends. And I did.

Upon opening the box, I found three of them packed in a mass of cotton, two of them still loosely attached at the ends, the third one somewhat disintegrated. Each was about an inch in length, and half an inch in thickness, somewhat egg or cocoon shaped. Upon being separated, one end of each was seen to be hollowed out, and had thus previously received the pointed end of its fellow in the "connected" condition in which they had been found. In color they were a mouse gray precisely, and to the careless observer might have appeared to consist of



FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

caterpillar silk, though in reality having a substance more like felt. Yes, they might easily be mistaken for cocoons if we simply contented ourselves with looking at them.

Who, by a mere glance, could imagine the materials that the little bird called the vireo employs in building her peculiar nest. The reader will remember how we pulled one of those nests apart a year ago, and what strange materials we found woven in its fabric. But they were hardly more surprising than we may discover within this sly cocoon if we dissect it. Now, to begin with, a true cocoon is not solid to the core, as this one evidently is as we press it between our fingers, nor can you pinch off a tuft of gray hair from the surface of an ordinary cocoon when you will. True, there are some cocoons into whose silk meshes the caterpillar weaves the hair of its body, but the felt thus formed is only a shell, and is intermeshed with silken webs, and one pinch alone will open up the hollow interior and show us the caterpillar or chrysalis within. Such, for instance, is the little brown winter snuggery of the woolly-bear caterpillar which we all know, and whose prickly cocoons may be found beneath stones and logs in the fields.

But what do we find in these cocoons that we now have before us? Not only is there no vestige of silk to be seen, but there are hairs enough in this single cocoon to have supplied a hundred caterpillars, while we look in vain for any sign of the spinner within. Indeed, there is no within; pinch after pinch reveals nothing but the same gray felt. We are now a quarter of an inch below the surface, when another pinch brings with it a small mass of white specks like crumbs intermingled with the hair, and in the hollow thus deepened we observe a shiny white object like ivory, with a minute ball at its tip. It certainly looks like a tiny bone. We impatiently break open the cocoon, when we see in truth a bone—indeed, a compact mass of bones from some very small animal, whose identity we may guess from the mouse-color of the felt. Here is the femur of a field-mouse—two of them—also a part of the fibula, and a dozen or more other bones. Breaking asunder the mass further, we find a few tiny teeth; and as we continue the process in the remaining two specimens, we bring to light parts of the skull, ribs, and vertebræ. A strange "cocoon" indeed.

A further examination of the remaining specimens disclosed similar ingredients, until the entire mass presented a collection somewhat like that shown in my illustration.

I well remember my first encounter with the queer specimens, and what mysteries they were, though the "cocoon" idea had never suggested itself to me, the felted mass having been found in a disintegrated state.

It was on a winter's day, in a walk on the crusted snow, during my early boyhood. Returning by the brink of a stream, I noticed a little gray mass of fur on the snow, which on examination disclosed numerous bones of what I took to be field-mice and parts of the anatomy of a mole intermingled with the hair. No vestige of flesh appeared in the mass, and I fell to wondering what manner of disease is this with which the mouse world is afflicted that should consume the flesh and leave nothing but a disjointed skeleton and a tiny pile of fur. Ah, had I only known then what I discovered a year or two later—the secret of that big hollow in the willow-tree above—my little pile of fur and bones would easily have been explained, for there summer after summer sat the little brown screech-owl, blinking in the sun at her doorway, peeping through the tiny cracks of her closed eyelids at noon, and at midnight commanding a view of the entire surrounding sedgy swamp in her eager quest for the first unfortunate shrew or deer-mouse that should peep its nose out of its nest or venture across the ice in the field of her staring vision.

The new-fallen snow would doubtless show as many telltales of midnight tragedies among the little bead-eyed



WHERE THE "COCOONS" CAME FROM.



THE CONTENTS OF THE "COCOON."

folk—the tiny trail terminating in a drop of blood, and a suggestive ruffling of the surrounding snow, with its plain witness of the fatal swoop of "owl on muffled wing" from its vantage-ground here in the willow-tree. To-night our little deer-mouse ventured too far from its nest among the tussocks. To-morrow night all that will be left of its sprightly squeaking identity will be a tiny pile of fur and bones disgorged in the form of pellets from the open beak of the owl on the willow-tree.

In regard to these specimen pellets which my correspondent has sent to me for identification, I am not prepared to affirm that they are from the digestive laboratory of the owl. Something in their size suggests that a hawk is equally likely to be responsible for them, all the birds of prey having this same singular habit of ejecting the indigestible portions of animals which they devour. A pet red-tailed hawk which I kept during the past summer littered its pen with pellets of a similar size and consistency to these, varied on one occasion with a number composed entirely of grass, which explained a singular puzzle of the day previous, when I descried my hawk with its craw largely distended, and wondered what squirrel or chipmonk or snake had been thus caught napping in my absence.

BEGGAR AND KING.

IT was about the seven-hundred-and-eighty-sixth year of the Christian era that a very young man was found asleep one night close to the wall of a large city, the magnificence of which has scarcely been equalled in the history of the world. The lad was ragged and dirty. His eyes shone with intelligence, and his countenance was full of beauty, but his pitiful, abject condition revealed how much of suffering he had endured. He strove to avoid publicity, and had sought the shadow of the wall for protection.

The beautiful city was gleaming with thousands and thousands of lights. Sparkling fountains and gilded colonnades and shining spires and minarets and palaces, embellished with every adornment which art could furnish and immense wealth obtain, made this city the admiration of the whole earth, and its glory seemed to justify its name, which signified, "Founded by the Deity." Gardens and parks and promenades, the like of which was not to be found in the earth, delighted its millions of inhabitants, and the beautiful Tigris, which flowed so near that they could listen to the music of its waters, brought commerce from the north and from India and China, while the Euphrates opened the way to communication with Syria and the west. Such was the wonderful city of Bagdad.

According to the Mohammedan law of succession, the throne was to descend from brother to brother, and not from father to son. The miserable young man who was trying to escape observation was the brother of the reigning Caliph, and, of course, the rightful heir to the throne, or the legitimate "Prince of the Faithful," the title of the Caliph in power. His brother, El Hadi, had persecuted him with such cruel animosity that he was compelled to seek safety in flight, and rather than expose himself to imprisonment and perhaps death, lived the life of an outcast and beggar in the beautiful city over which he was destined to rule. After his escape from the Caliph's palace, the unnatural brother and son's rage turned against the mother, whom he sought to poison; but she, learning his intention, succeeded through bribery in having him smothered to death.

In vain had the Caliph El Hadi endeavored to disin-



"THE OWL ON MUFFLED WING."

herit his brother, and by that means place his own son on the Caliph's throne. The chiefs of the imperial families would not permit the legal succession to be disputed, but the preservation of the rights of this young brother was largely due to the prudence and sagacity of a man who afterwards became Grand Vizier—the Vizier being one who assumes the duties and burdens of the state.

It was this man Tahya, who besides Tahya had a name as long as most of the Moslems are fond of carrying, who stood over the unhappy young man sleeping against the wall, and woke him up with the words, "Arise, O Prince of the Faithful!"

"Why do you startle me by alluding to my accession to the Caliphate? What do you think Hadi will say if he hears it?"

Tahya then told him that Hadi was dead, and handed to him the deceased Caliph's ring.

In this way began the reign of the world-renowned Haroun al Raschid.

"Pole[illegible] of that place and time,
I see him in his golden prime,
The good Haroun al Raschid."

Never lived a monarch in such amazing splendor and luxury, and never had a King such illimitable resources at his command. His empire extended from the confines of India and Tartary to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, and his court was filled with the wisest men and the brightest wits of the age. Haroun al Raschid was the most accomplished, eloquent, and generous of the Caliphs. His deeds and words were known over the world, and his incognito strolls about the city of Bagdad furnish many of the humorous incidents of the *Arabian Nights*. He suffered much from sleeplessness, and many of the stories of the *Arabian Nights* were told to soothe him in his restless moods. He was a poet and a musician, and by the magnificence of his entertainments in his palace of gold and precious stones he seemed anxious to solace himself for all the misery he endured while he was the victim of his brother's persecution. He was a great wit himself, and many a culprit and criminal escaped punishment who could say so good or witty a thing as to make him laugh. His generosity was as great as his wealth, and his gifts so rare and costly that the account of them sounds like a fable.

Like all Caliphs of that time, he believed that he held the right of life and death, and, amiable and generous as he was, some of his penalties were severe in proportion to the offence. Our Christian ears are quite horrified to hear that a baker who had been detected in giving short weight, and also in adulterating his bread, was condemned to be burned alive in his own oven. A pie-man who was convicted of making pies of meat unfit for food was sentenced to have his ear nailed to his own door-post and all his pies thrown outside the city gates. When expostulated with for his severity, he replied, "Perhaps I have been a little hasty."

He was not without faults, and by some of them the lustre of his reputation was not a little dimmed, but he was an energetic ruler; he gave an impetus to literature and science which aided the world's civilization; his unequalled pomp and luxury encouraged art and artisans; his taste for poetry and music refined the people over which he ruled, and never had Moslem power such glory as in the golden prime of the good Haroun al Raschid.

ZITELLA COCKE.

A LOYAL LITTLE GIRL.

"I GOT kept in to-day for standing up for Tommy," said Nellie. "Teacher asked Tommy to spell oxen, and Tommy said o-x-o-n, and then she asked me if he was right. I didn't like to go back on Tommy, so I said yes it was right, but she wouldn't believe me."

THE PINEBORO "QUARTETTE."

In Six Chapters.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE paper could no longer be prepared in the house. The press, which was run by a treadle, was unpleasantly noisy, and the type soon blackened the fingers of the young compositors, so that they left their traces high and low, until Aunt Matilda was nearly frantic.

"It's no use," she said, "I can't have such a mess in my house, paper or no paper."

"Why not take the old shed chamber?" suggested Uncle Obed, in his slow way.

The shed chamber had originally been intended for a hen-house. It occupied a portion of the garret space at one end of the large shed, and was now reached by a flight of ten steps. For years it had been used only as a store-room, where old broken tools and the odds and ends of country life had collected.

"Let's take a look at it," said Dick.

The boys found it lumbered up, as I have said, and the dust rose at every step, until they had a regular sneezing match. The little room was lighted by a single four-pane skylight, now covered with snow.

With some difficulty they pried open the window, which was in the rear portion of the roof, facing north.

"That's a first-rate light to work by," said Rob. "We could set up the cases at this end, so as to have the light fall over the shoulder of the type-setter, just as the book says."

"Why not clear out some of this stuff?"

At it they went, and down came the lumber and dust of years into the shed.

"Whew!" gasped Rob; "run and get a broom and pail of water, Dick. This needs a good deal of cleaning up."

But in place of Dick, Aunt Matilda marched out herself, with skirts pinned up for the fray. The maid-servant helped her, and that particular attic chamber received such a scrubbing as it had never known before.

"There," said Mrs. Farland, "now you can go to work soon's you please."

It was hard work getting the press up over the rickety stairs, but the boys accomplished it at last. The case was next set up at the proper height, the base being an old bureau which Aunt Matilda found she could spare for the purpose. The drawers answered splendidly for the extra fonts of type, proof paper, oil can, ink, and other paraphernalia which soon collects in a printing-office.

The young printers felt the need of practical instruction sadly, and wished with all their hearts that the proprietor of the *Chronicle* had proved a friendly rival, instead of the low-mannered, dangerous fellow he had shown himself to be. They would often have been glad to run into a regular office and get hints from working compositors in elementary matters of which they were wofully ignorant. Mr. Holmes's knowledge of the subject here came into play, and more than one evening he spent with the Marlitts, instructing them in the use of the stick, of spaces, quads, leads, and the like. They had obtained a neat little air-tight stove in pay for three dollars' worth of advertisements, and this, being set up with the funnel carried out in a way not to endanger the shed, made the little printing-office a cozy place during the raw days and nights of early spring.

The prosperity of the *Quartette* continued on the increase, each edition being larger than any preceding it. The paper still presented a page only fourteen inches in length, as the press would take nothing larger; but the

work was neatly done, and compared favorably with the *Chronicle*. The culture and morals of the young editors made the new paper a pleasant companion for the home circle, and the number of fireplaces to which it was welcomed grew constantly.

By the end of April it was deemed advisable to issue the *Quartette* every week, instead of once a fortnight. The price was increased to one dollar and a half, the old subscribers being allowed the benefit of the change for the balance of their subscription, without extra charge.

"Prue," said Madge one day, "I've got a secret."

"Well, dear, let's have it," said Prue, quietly. "Of course you can't keep it all by yourself."

"You know how I hated to give up my engraving?"

"Yes."

"Well, why can't I cut some blocks for the *Quartette*? It would make it ever so much more attractive if I could only manage to get up an illustration for each number."

"That's so," assented Prue, thoughtfully. "What kind of pictures do you mean?"

"Oh, just outline portraits and simple studies, with descriptions or jingles to go with them. But first I mean to try my hand on a fancy heading for the paper."

"Where can you get the blocks?"

"Oh, I had some small ones when we left home. And I've always kept my tools, you know. I can afford a single large block for the heading. I know just where to order it in Boston. I'm going to surprise Rob with it."

The block came by express, carefully packed, three days later. Madge traced her design directly upon the wood, and spent all her spare time upon it for more than a week. When it was finished, she took a careful "artist's proof" from the block and carried it out to Rob, who was just locking up his first page.

"Wait a minute, Rob," she said, demurely; "here's some matter that goes in that page."

"Why, it's full now. Can't it go into some other part of the paper? What is it—an ad?"

"Look!" and she handed him the proof.

How pleased he was! And well he might be, for Madge had taken great pains with the lettering and the simple design of pine boughs running beneath.

She had the block all ready for the press. They had used advertising cuts once or twice, and so managed to lock up and "underlay" this one without difficulty. The *Quartette* looked like a new paper, and two or three letters of commendation from subscribers were printed in the next issue.

Thus far the hostility of the *Chronicle* had manifested itself only in occasional slurs in its columns, which hurt the writer more than those at whom the arrows were aimed. When, however, the new heading appeared, and shortly afterward a fairly good outline portrait of one of the Selectmen of Pineboro, with an announcement that it would be followed by a series of biographical sketches of well-known citizens of that town and vicinity, illustrated with portraits engraved exclusively for the *Quartette*, the boys began to feel the effects of more active measures on the part of their rival.

Late in the evening before the next press day, Robert and Dick had carefully corrected and locked up the first two pages, leaving one of the forms in the press ready for running, and the other standing against the wall of the room. Several columns of matter were in the galleys, so that the whole edition could be run off the following day.

What was their dismay on hurrying to the "office" next morning to find the whole standing matter in pi, the type scattered on the floor, and even the galleys emptied.

Dick gave a perfect howl of rage at the sight. "Sam Duncan did it, I know he did!" he shouted. "I wish I'd hit him with that stick! I wish—I wish—" here he fairly broke into a tempest of angry sobs.

Meanwhile Rob's lips had come together firmly, and his face had grown white; but he said nothing until his eye rested on the scuttle.

"There's where they got in," he said, pointing to the window-frame. It was scratched and muddied with boot-marks.

"What can we do about it?" queried Dick, striving to control himself.

"There's nothing but to set it up over again."

"But we shall be awfully late. It will take a whole day, with all four of us working, to get it up. It's got to be distributed first, you see," said Dick, ruefully. "There won't be half time enough before and after school."

Robert reflected a moment. "I'm going to ask Mr. Holmes to excuse us to-day," he said, quietly. "We've never let the paper interfere with our lessons yet; but this is an accident which affects a good many people besides ourselves. If he is willing, as I think he will be, we can get the type distributed and set up by supper-time. In the evening we'll correct proof, and run off the edition instead of in the morning, as we generally do. We never mail until the next day, so I don't see why we need be delayed an hour."

The girls were loud in their lamentations when their brothers came in to breakfast, with the news of the calamity that had befallen the *Quartette* over night. Rob explained his plan to them.

"The only trouble," he said, "is in the matter of drying the sheets. You know we generally print the outside in the morning before school, so that they have all day to dry in, before we work off the reverse in the evening."

"I'll tell you what we can do to-night, if you want to," put in Aunt Matilda, briskly. "You can dry your papers before my fire, and take the whole kitchen for it. I'm not going to have that impudent Sam Duncan crowing over me nor mine!"

"Three cheers for you, aunt!" shouted Dick; and he would have given them too if Rob had not suppressed him.

Both boys ran all the way to Mr. Holmes's house to catch him before he started. He readily excused all the Marlitts, but added that he earnestly hoped that he should not be called upon to do so again. For, said he, their education was after all of supreme importance. He agreed with Rob, however, that it was a question of public as well as private convenience, and that the *Quartette* should not be delayed if it were possible to publish it on time.

"Have you any positive proof as to the mischief-maker of last night?" he asked, just as the boys were leaving. "Breaking and entering is a serious offence, you know."

Rob produced an old, much worn and soiled kid glove. "I found this behind the case," said he. "I'm not sure whether I shall use it, but it's handy to have in case of further trouble of the same sort. Good-by, sir."

Breathless from the return run, they mounted the shed stairs, and found Prue and Madge already hard at work distributing the pied type in the cases—a slow and tedious job even for an expert. The girls had calico sleeve protectors which reached from their wrists to above their elbows. They also wore long pinafores to save the fronts of their dresses.

Never had all four worked so hard as on that day. By noon the type was all distributed. Fortunately the copy for the number had not been thrown away. Much smirched and blackened, it was drawn out of the waste-



MADGE AND HER WOOD-ENGRAVING.

box, and presently the columns began to take shape on the galleys once more. By six o'clock it was all set up.

They hated to leave their work, and Dick insisted in remaining on guard while the rest ate.

"I'm not going to lose all this work again," said he. "Who knows that Duncan isn't prowling around here this very minute. If he comes while you are at supper, he'll have a surprise party!"

Nothing occurred, in spite of Dick's fears, to disturb the quiet of the evening. Their meal hastily despatched, the three took the other's place, and began to pull proofs and correct. It was eight o'clock before the first two pages were locked up as they had been the previous evening.

Aunt Matilda now cleared the kitchen for the use of the printers, and soon the monotonous clang of the press was heard in the shed chamber.

The edition this week was three hundred. It took half an hour to run the first page, and a little longer on the fourth, as the sheet had to be held carefully so as not to blot.

As fast as a dozen sheets were thus completely backed, Dick left Rob working the press and carried them gingerly into the kitchen, where they were suspended by the girls on lines around the stove. To fasten the sheets on they used patent clip clothes-pins, with which, by great good luck, the boys had supplied their aunt only the week before, taking them from the travelling agent of the manufacturers for a fifty-line advertisement.

By the time all the sheets were suspended, those nearest the fire were well dried. Madge and Prue, having clean as well as deft fingers, attended to the business of shifting the sheets.

Meanwhile the boys worked like tigers, making up the two inside pages, locking forms, pulling proofs, correcting, underlaying, overlaying, until the press was ready. Out whisked Prue with an armful of dry sheets, having piled them upon the kitchen table, with pieces of brown paper between each pair for greater security against offset.

Clang! went the press again at half past nine. The whole process was repeated on the second and third pages, but it took longer than before, as the half-printed sheets had to register, and, moreover, were of necessity handled with the utmost care.

Again the kitchen was transformed into a drying-room, and the complete paper was left hanging over night. It was just midnight when the last *Quartette* was pinned to the line.

Tired as they were, the girls were the earliest risers in the house next morning. The lines were taken down, the beautifully printed sheets, now quite dry, were laid on the kitchen table, and Madge neatly folded while Prue wrapped them for subscribers. The wrappers were, of course, already directed, and those which were to go by mail needed no stamps, the Marlitts having already entered the paper in the post-office as second-class matter, mailable at one cent a pound.

Great was Sam Duncan's astonishment and wrath that day when a copy of the *Quartette*, marked "Ex," was found in his lock-box at Dunsfield. The paper was as complete and as neatly printed as ever. Not only did it show no signs of yielding to its rival, but a brief notice under the editorials announced that hereafter the paper "would be issued every Thursday evening, instead of Saturday morning as heretofore."

This was a daring move on the part of the young publishers. The *Chronicle* was published on Saturday. The *Quartette* would now forestall its latest information for the public by coming out just thirty-six hours ahead of it each week.

Duncan had played a desperate game, and thus far had lost. It remained to be seen whether he had any further move to make.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BIM'S 'COON.

THROUGH the last week of November and the first three of December our raftmates drifted steadily southward down the great river. Although it was the most unpleasant season of the year, and they encountered both cold rains and bitter winds that chilled them to the marrow, the boys thoroughly enjoyed their experience.

This voyage into the world, with such guides and associates as Billy Brackett, Glen Elting, and Binney Gibbs, was proving of inestimable value to this boy. Not only were his ideas of life broadened and his stock of general information increased by it, but he was rapidly learning to appreciate the beauty of modest pretensions, and a self-reliance based upon knowledge and strength, as compared with the boastfulness and self-conceit of ignorance.

Sometimes the *Venture* was tied up for the night near



THE LANTERNS OF THE WORKING GANG GLANCING HERE AND THERE LIKE FIREFLIES.

They could always retreat to the shanty, which Solon kept well filled with warmth and comfort, and they had the satisfaction of an uninterrupted progress. The management of the raft called for a vast amount of hard and monotonous work; but it gave them splendid muscles and tremendous appetites. They were obliged to maintain a constant lookout for bars, reefs, snags, and upbound river craft, and by means of the long sweeps at either end of the raft head it this way or that to avoid these obstacles, and keep the channel. They were always on the move from sunrise to sunset, and generally travelled on moonlit nights as well. If the night promised to be dark or stormy they tied up at the nearest bank.

other rafts, and its crew exchanged visits with theirs. The regular river raftsmen were generally powerful young giants, rough and unlettered, but a good-natured, happy-go-lucky lot, full of tales of adventure in the woods or on the river, to which the boys listened with a never-failing delight. Nor were the raftmates at all behindhand in this interchange of good stories; for they could tell of life on the Plains or in California, of Indians, buffalo, mountains, deserts, and gold-mines, to which their auditors listened with wide-opened eyes and gaping mouths. During the pauses Solon was always ready with some account of the wonderful performances of his long-ago 'coon dog Bijah.

So wise did our raftmates become concerning 'coons

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

and their habits, from Solon's teachings, that finally nothing would satisfy them but a 'coon hunt of their own. Billy Brackett was certain that Bim, who by this time had fully recovered from the effects of his burns, would prove as good at finding 'coons as he had at everything else in which he had been given a chance. Solon was doubtful, because of Bim's color and the length of his tail.

"I hain't nebber see no fust-class 'coon dawg wha' warn't yallar an' stumpy tail lak my Bijah war," he would remark, gazing reflectively at Bim, and shaking his head. "Ob cose dish yer Bim dawg uncommon knowin', an' maybe him tree a 'coon 'mos' ez good ez Bijah; but hit's a gif', an' a mighty skurce gif' 'mong dawgs."

"Oh, come off, Solon!" Billy Brackett would answer. "You just wait till you see Bim tree a 'coon. He'll do it so quick, after we once get into a 'coon neighborhood, that your Bijah would be left a thousand miles behind, and you won't ever want to mention his name again."

So one night when the *Venture* was well down toward the bottom of the State of Arkansas a grand 'coon hunt was arranged. They drew lots to decide who should be left behind in charge of the raft, and, much to his disgust, the unwelcome task fell to Glen. So he remained on board with Nanita and Cherub, as the pup had been named in honor of Bim, though it was generally called "Cheer-up," and the others sallied forth into the woods.

They were well provided with fat pine torches and armed with axes. Bim was full of eager excitement, and dashed away into the darkness the moment they set foot on shore. His incessant barking showed him to be first on this side and then on that, while once in a while they caught a glimpse of his white form glancing across the outer rim of their circle of torch-light.

"Isn't he hunting splendidly?" cried Billy Brackett.

"Yes, sah," replied Solon; "but him huntin' too loud. We ain't gettin' to de place yet, an' ef he don' quit he barkin', him skeer off all de 'coon in de State."

So Bim was called in, and restrained with a bit of rope until a 'coon field was reached that Solon pronounced the right kind of a place from which to make a start. Then the eager dog was again set free, and in less than a minute was heard giving utterance to the peculiar yelping note that announced his game as "treed."

"What did I tell you?" shouted Billy Brackett, triumphantly, as he started on a run for the point from which the sounds proceeded. "How's that for—" but at that instant the speaker tripped over a root, and measured his length on the ground with a crash that knocked both breath and powers of speech from his body. The others were so close behind that they fell on top of him like a row of bricks, and in the resulting confusion their torch was extinguished.

Hastily picking themselves up, and without pausing to relight the pine splinters, they rushed pell-mell toward the sound of barking, bumping into trees, stumbling over logs, scratching their faces and tearing their clothes on thorny vines. But no one minded. Bim had treed a 'coon in the shortest time on record, and now if they could only get it, the triumph would be ample reward.

Finally, bruised, battered, and ragged, they reached the tree which Bim, with wild leapings, was endeavoring to climb. Their first move was to illumine the scene with a huge bonfire. By its light they proceeded to a closer examination of the situation. The tree was a huge moss-hung water-oak, evidently too large to be chopped down, as all the 'coon trees of Solon's stories had been. So Winn offered to climb it and shake out the 'coon. As yet they had not discovered the animal, but Bim was so confident of its presence that they took his word for it.

Solon had raised a false alarm as the first gleam of firelight penetrated the dark mass of foliage above them by exclaiming:

"Dar he! Me see um! Lookee, Marse Brack, in dat ar crutch"

But what the old negro saw proved to be a bunch of mistletoe, and when Winn began his climb the 'coon's place of concealment was still unknown. Up went the boy higher and higher, carefully examining each limb as he passed it, until he was among the very topmost branches of the tree. The others stood on opposite sides of the trunk, with axes or clubs uplifted, and gazed anxiously upward until their necks ached.

At length Winn became aware that from the outermost end of a slender branch just above his head a pair of green eyes were glaring at him. The glare was accompanied by an angry spitting sound. "I've found him, fellows! Look out below!" he shouted, and began a vigorous shaking of the branch. All at once the animal uttered a sound that caused a sudden cessation of his efforts. It also caused Winn to produce a match from his pocket, light it, and hold the tiny flame high above his head. Then, without a word, he began to descend.

As he dropped to the ground the others exclaimed in amazement: "What's the matter, Winn? Where's the 'coon? Why didn't you shake him down?"

"He's up there," replied Winn, "but I don't want him. If any of you do, you'd better go up and shake him down. I'd advise you to take a torch along, though."

Not another word of explanation would he give them, and finally Binney Gibbs, greatly provoked at the other's stubbornness, declared he would go up and shake that 'coon down—in a hurry, too. He so far accepted Winn's advice as to provide himself with a blazing knot, and then up he started. In a few minutes he too returned to the ground, saying that he guessed Winn was about right, and they didn't want that 'coon after all.

"What in the name of all foolishness do you mean?" cried Billy Brackett, impatiently. "Speak out, man, and tell us, can't you?"

But Binney acted precisely as Winn had done, and advised any one who wanted that 'coon to go and get it.

"Well, I will!" exclaimed the young engineer, almost angrily; "and I only hope I can manage to drop him on top of one of your heads."

With this he started up the tree, and disappeared among its thick branches. He quickly made his way to the top. Then the rustling of leaves ceased, there was a moment of silence, followed by a muttered exclamation, and Billy Brackett came hastily down to where the others were expectantly awaiting him.

"Let's go home, boys," he said, as he picked up his axe, and started in the direction of the river. "Come, Bim; your reputation as a 'coon dog is so well established that there is no need to test it any further."

Poor Solon, who was too old and stiff to climb the tree, was completely mystified by these strange proceedings; but his expostulation of, "Wha—wha's de meanin' of dish yer—!" was cut short by the departure of his companions, and he was obliged to hasten after them.

A few minutes after the 'coon hunters had gone, a big boy, and a little girl with a tear-stained face, who had come from a house just beyond the 'coon field, reached the spot, to which they had been attracted by the fire-light. As they did so, the little girl uttered a cry of joy, sprang to the water-oak, and caught up a frightened-looking black and white kitten that was cautiously descending the big trunk backwards.

To this day the outcome of that 'coon hunt remains a sealed mystery to poor Solon.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE GREAT RIVER AND ITS MISCHIEF.

THE scenery amid which the good raft *Venture* performed its long and eventful voyage changed almost

with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope, but was ever fascinating and full of pleasant surprises. The flaming autumnal foliage of the forest-lined banks through which the first hundred miles or so were made gave way to masses of sombre browns or rich purples, and these in turn to the flecked white of cotton fields, the dark green of live-oaks, and the silver gray of Spanish moss. The picturesque cliffs of the upper river, rising in places to almost mountainous heights, were merged into the low lands of cane-brakes and swamps, broken by ranges of bluffs along the eastern bank after the Ohio was passed. On these bluffs were perched many cities and towns that were full of interest to our raftmates; among them, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, and Baton Rouge. Every here and there in the low bottom lands of the "delta" below Memphis they saw the rounded tops of great mounds, raised by prehistoric dwellers in that region as places of refuge during seasons of flood. They passed from the great northern wheat region into that of corn, then into the broad cotton belt, and finally to the land of sugar-cane and rice, orange-trees, glossy-leaved magnolias, and gaunt moss-hung cypresses.

Of more immediate interest even than these ever-changing features of the land was the varied and teeming life of the mighty river itself. The boys were never tired of watching the streams of strange craft constantly passing up or down. Here a splendid packet in all the glory of fresh paint, gleaming brass, gay bunting, and crowds of passengers rushed swiftly southward with the current in mid-channel, or, up bound, ploughed a mighty furrow against it, while the hoarse coughings of its high-pressure engines echoed along many a mile of forest wall.

Smaller up-bound boats hugged the banks in search of slack water. Most of the main-stream packets were side-wheelers; but those of lighter draught, bound far up the Red, the Arkansas, the Yazoo, the Sunflower, or other tributary rivers, were provided with great stern wheels that made them look like exaggerated wheelbarrows. Then there were the tow-boats, pushing dozens of sooty coal-barges from the Ohio; freight-boats so piled with cotton-bales that only their pilot-houses and chimneys were visible; trading-scows and "Jo-boats"; floating dance-houses and theatres; ferry-boats driven by steam, or propelled by mule-power, like the *Whatnot*.

Most interesting of all, however, were the government snag-boats, which constantly patrolled the river, on the lookout for obstructions that they might remove. These boats were double-hulled; and when one of them straddled a snag, no matter if it was the largest tree that ever grew, it was bound to disappear. With great steam-driven saws it would be cut into sections, that were lifted and swung aside by powerful derricks planted near the bows.

And the great restless river needed watching. It was as full of mischievous pranks as a youthful giant experimenting with his new-found strength. It thought nothing of biting out a few hundred acres of land from one bank and depositing them miles below on the other. If these acres were occupied by houses or cultivated fields, so much the more fun for the river. For years it would flow peacefully in a well-known channel around some great bend, then decide to make a change, and in a single night cut a new channel straight across the loop of land. By such a prank not only were all the river pilots thoroughly bewildered, but a large slice of one State, with its inhabitants and buildings, would be transferred to another. If at the same time an important river town could be stranded and left far inland, the happiness of the mischief-making giant was complete; and for many miles it would swirl and eddy and boil and ripple with exuberant glee over the success of its efforts.

Above all it delighted in secretly gathering to itself from tributary streams their vast accumulations of protracted rains or melting snows, until it was swollen to twice its ordinary size, and endowed with a strength that nothing could withstand. Then with mighty leaps it would overflow its banks, cover whole counties with its tawny floods, burst through levees, and riot over thousands of cultivated fields, sweep away houses, uproot trees, and drown every unfortunate creature on which it could lay its clutching fingers.

Our raftmates had witnessed the effect of all these freaks and caprices, except that of a widespread and devastating flood, during their voyage, and as they drew near its end they became aware that an acquaintance with this most terrible of all the river's efforts at destruction was to be added to their experience. The drought of summer had been followed by an almost unprecedented rainfall during the autumn. The earth in every direction was like an oversoaked sponge, and the surplus water was pouring in turbid torrents into the rivers. From every quarter of the vast Mississippi Valley these watery legions were hurried forward to join the all-conquering forces of the great river.

It had been high water in the Ohio when the *Venture* lay at Cairo. When it passed the mouth of the Arkansas its crew were amazed at the mighty volume of its muddy flood. From this on they floated in company with ever-increasing masses of drift—trees, fences, farming implements, straw stacks, cotton-bales, out-buildings, and every now and then a house, lifted bodily from its foundations, and borne away in the resistless arms of the ever-swelling tide. Most of the houses were empty, but from several of them the ready skiff of the *Venture* effected rescues, now of a solitary individual driven to the verge of despair by the lonely terrors of his situation, and then of whole wretched families who had lost everything in the world except their lives. A cow, several pigs, and dozens of barn-yard fowls also found an asylum on the friendly raft, until, as Billy Brackett said, it reminded one of the original and only Noah's ark menagerie.

Besides supplying the raft with passengers, the river helped to feed them. Floating straw stacks and shocks of corn were always in sight, while fresh milk and eggs, pork and chickens, drifted with the current on all sides. In vain were these passengers landed at the nearest accessible points. A new lot was always found to take the place of those who had left, and for ten days the raft resembled a combination of floating hotel, nursery, hospital, and farm-yard. The resources of our raftmates were taxed to their utmost during this time to provide for the manifold wants of their welcome but uninvited guests, while Solon declared, "I hain't nebber done sich a sight er cooken durin' all de days ob my life."

By the time the mouth of the Red River was reached, half of Concordia Parish was flooded, and but for the forest trees rising from the water, the boys would have thought themselves afloat on a vast inland sea. The low bluffs on which the capital of Louisiana is seated, and beyond which the cane lands extend in almost a dead level to the Gulf, were occupied by the tents and rude shelters of hundreds of refugees from the drowned districts. Here our raftmates began to entertain fears for the safety of their friends at the Moss Bank plantation, which lay but a day's journey further down the river.

At Baton Rouge they cleared the raft of its living encumbrances, and then pushed ahead. From this point to the Gulf the great river is enclosed between massive levees, or embankments of earth, behind which the level of the far-reaching cane fields is much lower than the surface of high water. Thus the raft was borne swiftly along at such an elevation that its crew could look over the top of the eastern levee and down over a vast area of plantation lands. These were dotted with dark clumps of live-oaks or magnolias, and at wide intervals with lit-

tle settlements of whitewashed negro quarters, grouped around the broad-verandaed dwellings of the planters.

All along the levee they saw gangs of men at work strengthening the embankments and raising them still higher. So changed was the aspect of the country since Solon had last seen it, that it was evident he could not be depended upon to recognize Moss Bank when they should reach it.

The day was nearly spent before they arrived at what they felt sure must be its immediate vicinity. They had decided to tie up at the first good place, and there wait for morning, when Winn called out:

"What is that just ahead? I thought it was a log; but it seems to be moving toward us, and I believe it is some sort of a small boat with a man in it."

The object to which their attention was thus directed proved to be a decked canoe, the very daintiest craft any of them had ever seen, bearing the name *Psyche* in gold letters on either bow. In it sat a boy of about Winn's age, urging it forward with vigorous strokes of a double-bladed paddle.

The raft was close to the levee as he shot alongside.

"Hello!" he shouted; "is this the raft *Venture*?"

"Yes. Are you Worth Manton?"

"No. But I am Sumner Rankin. Worth is down there with his father and all the hands we could raise, working on the levee; but we are afraid it can't stand much longer. I have been out here hailing every raft that passed, and watching for you for the last three days. I'm awfully glad you've come, for our men are discouraged, and about ready to give up. Now, perhaps you will help us."

"Of course we will! Come right aboard and show us where to tie up," answered Billy Brackett, heartily.

By the time the raft was made fast near the scene of greatest danger, and Mr. Manton, with Worth, had come aboard, the night was as dark as pitch. The lanterns of the working gang glancing here and there like so many fireflies were feebly reflected in the angry waters.

"If the bank will only hold until morning!" said Mr. Manton about midnight, as he and Billy Brackett entered the *Venture's* cozy shanty for a brief rest. All but these two and Solon were asleep, laying in a stock of strength for the labors of the next day.

Suddenly there came a frightened shouting from the bank. Then all other sounds were drowned in the furious roar of rushing waters, while the raft seemed to be lifted bodily and hurled into space.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMMY'S HAIR-CUT.

BY LOUISE SLOANE WRAY.

IN the corner of a broad meadow, at the foot of a tall pine-tree, was a clear cold little spring. Kneeling on the ground beside it, anxiously regarding his reflection on its smooth surface, Sammy Patch was trying to arrange his dishevelled locks, using his fingers for a comb.

Sammy had been frolicking with some of the boys after school. His aunt Maria did not approve of boys "froxin' an' frolickin', tearin' their clothes and gettin' all in a heat." Therefore Sammy's endeavor to assume an unrumpled appearance before venturing into her presence.

Having arranged his hair as well as he could under the circumstances, being careful not to wet it much for fear it might be thought he had been swimming, he washed the dried blood from a scratch on his bare leg, and taking up his Third Reader and spelling-book, trudged off towards the neat white house in which he lived.

As he drew near he saw Aunt Maria standing in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand. "Sammy Patch, w'ere on airth hev you ben?" she called, as soon as he came within ear-shot. "Here I've wasted a good half-hour waitin' fer you ter come before I slicked up and set down to sew. Come, be spry," taking hold of his shoulders. "Go put them books in the house, and come straight out ter the wood-pile an' hev your hair cut."

"Oh, Aunt Maria!" he expostulated.

"No bickerin', now. I've wasted time enough. You don't suppose I'm goin' ter take you ter Uncle Dan'el's ter-morrow with yer head lookin' like a wild Injun?"

Sammy nervously twitched his blue-checked blouse. "If—if you'd on'y cut it in the kitchen," he faltered, "I'd sweep up the muss."

"Cut it in the kitchen! I never heerd sech a sickenin' idee! I'd be tastin' hairs in things fer th' next month. Go straight in the house without another word, an' bring out that brown caliker apron behind the entry door."

Sammy meekly obeyed. And Miss Maria Seacomb, tall and angular, strode majestically to the wood-pile.

Their house was built almost on the highway, a short distance out of the village, and the wood-pile, back, but to one side, was in plain sight of all passers-by. The stump of a huge oak-tree was used for a chopping-block, and seated upon this pedestal, with the brown calico apron pinned round his neck, Sammy felt himself painfully conspicuous.

Miss Maria always did with her might what her hands found to do. To day she was in a hurry, and combed and clipped with such vigor that it brought the water to Sammy's eyes. However, he bore it manfully, in the hope that it might be over before any of the boys chanced to pass. Just as he was beginning to think that this would be the case, he heard a merry whistle, and looking up, saw Johnny Woods sauntering down the road.

"Oh, Aunt Maria," he pleaded, "please let me get down till Johnny's past."

"Samuel Patch, don't you dare move an inch! I declare, one would think it was a disgrace ter hev their hair cut. I never heerd sech ridic'lous notions. Don't you s'pose Johnny Woods's mother ever cuts his hair?"

"He—he al'ays goes ter the regular barber's," almost sobbed Sammy.

"Hm! —waal, seein' Providence didn't see fit ter make you rich enough ter throw money away on regerlar barbers, yer ought to be thankful yer can hev it cut ter home. But p'rhaps yo'd rather I'd let it grow, an' wear it in a plait, like a girl?" she added, in sarcastic tones.

This last was partly lost upon Sammy, nervously pinching up bits of bark with his bare toes, and watching in an agony of mortification the approach of Johnny Woods, the worst tease at school.

"Hallo, Sammy, gettin' a hair-cut?" called Johnny, regarding him with a broad grin.

Sammy's pent-up feelings could stand it no longer. Casting from him the despised apron, he jumped from the chopping-block and made a wild dash for liberty.

Miss Maria stood stock-still for fully a minute. Then calmly picking up the apron, she shook it out, and walked in righteous indignation to the house, conscious that Johnny Woods was bent double with laughter on the other side of the fence. She was soon quietly sewing.

As for Sammy, reaching the shelter of the woods that stretched to the north of the house, he felt very much like bursting into tears, but feared Johnny might follow him. Johnny did not follow him, however, as he had been sent on an errand by his mother. So, seating himself on a rock, Sammy began to reflect on what he had done.

What would Aunt Maria do? He put his hand to his head; there was quite a piece on top that was still uncut. Would she ever finish it now? Would he have to go to Uncle Dan'el's with his hair that way? She had said something about letting it grow in a plait; could she have meant it?

At last, as the shadows lengthened until it was almost dark in the woods, he decided to go home and humbly beg her pardon. He entered the kitchen, and found Aunt Maria putting the things on the table for tea. She took no notice of him whatever. He stood uneasily over by the dresser. Presently he ventured,

"Aunt Maria, I'm sorry I run away."

"Waal, I should think you might be. I never heerd of sech actions. It's time you was washin' fer tea."

The meal was eaten almost in silence. Nothing was said about the uncut hair. And all that evening, and all the way to Uncle Dan'el's next morning, poor Sammy was haunted by the horrible vision of a plait, perhaps tied up with a red ribbon, such as the girls wore at school.

Miss Maria was doing her best for her sister's boy, whom she had taken home when his mother's death left him an orphan. She gave him plenty to eat, sent him to school, and kept him neatly if not finely clothed. But she had lived alone so long before Sammy came, her own childhood seemed so far off and forgotten, that she had small patience with youthful pranks and follies.

Uncle Daniel was younger than his sister. He was married, and owned a large farm four miles out of the village. It was always a treat to go to Uncle Dan'el's.

That day, as they all gathered for dinner, Uncle Dan'el at once noticed Sammy's hair, and asked,

"Why, what happened to yer hair, Sammy?"

Sammy looked down shamefacedly.

"I run away when Aunt Maria was cuttin' it."

"Run away when she was cuttin' it! What did yer do that fer, eh?" he continued.

Aunt Maria was looking at him severely; but at last he blurted out:

"'Cause Johnny Woods was laughin'; an' I wanted ter go ter the barber's, 'cause the boys tease me an' say the rats gnaw it. But I'm sorry I run away," with a penitent glance at Aunt Maria.

Uncle Dan'el's mouth was twitching, but he said, gravely:

"Yer had ought ter be sorry, Sammy, 'cause yer aunt Maria is awful good ter yer. An' yer couldn't expect her ter give yer money every time yer got yer hair cut. But I'll tell yer what; we're goin' ter pick apples next week, an' if you'll come over Saturday I'll give yer five cents fer every bushel yer pick, an' if yer spry yer can pay yer own barber bills. That's if you're willin', Maria?" turning to his sister.

Sammy looked at her appealingly.

Miss Maria gave a dignified sniff. "Oh, I'm willin', as long as he earns his own money, an' my cuttin' isn't good 'nough fer him!"

"Oh, 'tisn't that, Maria," said her brother, soothingly, "but, yer see, boys is all sorter like sheep, where one goes or what one does the rest must foller!"

Thus it was settled, and Sammy heaved a great sigh of relief. Aunt Maria, however, thought it only just punishment for his open rebellion that Sammy should go to school that week with his hair still jagged.

But Saturday night he walked proudly to the barber's, with his well-earned money. The uneven locks were closely cut, and with them vanished forever the haunting horror of the plait.

And as Sammy and Aunt Maria sat in meeting that Sunday, who will say that Miss Maria did not sit a trifle straighter, if possible, conscious that her "nevy's" hair was as trimly sheared as any boy's in the congregation?



THE PERILS OF ARCTIC NAVIGATION IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by Al. Hencke.

COMMON SENSE ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS.

BY MRS. ARTHUR BROOKS.

THERE are many pretty feats of skill and strength which are as safe for girls to undertake as riding or skating or rowing are, but which can also be as open to accident as any of these three. That is no reason for not attempting them, for every pleasure in life is shadowed by a danger, but every girl reader would do well to make a little promise to herself never to undertake anything but light gymnastics until she knows that her muscles are evenly and well developed for her age and her weight, and then only under the direction of an experienced person. The travelling rings and feats on the horizontal bar and many similar feats should be put on this list in every girl's mental note-book. Jumping is not particularly desirable for girls, although for a strong girl who has been well trained in athletics the risk is not great. Except in the gymnasium, her dress prevents a girl from jumping well, and under any circumstances it is perhaps the least desirable form of exercise for her. This is, of course, jumping from a height, or a running long jump in which it is necessary to alight properly, or the whole system receives a shock. Even in dropping from the rings, or the horizontal bar, if you alight on your toes (that is, with the heels not touching), with your knees bent, you will quickly see what a great advantage it gives you to know the right way of doing such things, because you will not feel the least jar as you rise easily to your full height after it.

When a girl has had sufficient practice in light gymnastics, she will find it of great use to begin work on the horizontal ladders, hanging by her hands from the rungs of the ladder, above a mattress, and carrying herself backward or forward in different ways across the room.

To make an angel (as it is called) is not at all difficult, but it should be put in the girl's reserve list of feats, only to be performed under the care of some one experienced in gymnasium work, and so should turning somersaults between the rings. Climbing, however, is quite safe and of great advantage, and hanging from a low bar with the head down is also a safe and good exercise, particularly if it is done by putting one knee—let us say the left one—over the bar, and passing the other over the left foot and then under the bar. It is almost impossible to fall from this position, and you can easily raise your body to take hold of the bar again with your hands when you want to.

It is scarcely necessary to caution girls against the sort of work that over-develops muscles and makes them hard and not elastic, but unless a girl needs an unusual amount of exercise to keep her in good health, she does not want to work her muscles until they are prominent and ugly. Health is better than beauty, however, and if that sad result should attend some girl's exercise she can easily console herself with that thought, and in remembering how few are her headaches and her colds, and how little time she has to waste on such discomforts. The girl of to-day can rejoice that those funny, lackadaisical Clarissas and Belindas and Arabellas, whose delicacy and helplessness were held up for the admiration of our great-grandmothers, have safely passed over the border into the land of the ridiculous. We can laugh at them now as we wear our sensible shoes, and try our best to be what they would have called rudely healthy, with their strange idea of what was beautiful and proper.

Of all the forms of exercise that require training there is nothing that is better than fencing. Ten minutes' work with the foils under a good teacher will rouse as quick a circulation and cause as thorough perspiration as a much longer time with gymnasium apparatus. Unfortunately, good teachers do not abound, and outside the large cities opportunities for practice in fencing are few. In addition to that difficulty, it requires long practice under good instruction before one can fence without direction.

The advantage of gymnasium privileges is, as a rule, cut off from the girl who lives in a smaller town or on a farm, and yet she needs and desires a little talk on athletics as much as the girl of more favorable opportunity. In fact, strange as it may seem, the city girl is often in better "condition" than her cousin in the country town or on the farm. This is partly due to our unattractive country roads, which are muddy in rainy weather, scantily shaded, if at all, and dusty when the season is dry. Moreover, we rarely allow our fields to be crossed by the foot-paths which make such charming short-cuts in England, and which tempt to long walks. The very turnstile in hedge or fence seems to promise pleasure and to hint of grassy spaces and shaded river-banks, and all nature beckons to the stroller.

People differ very much in the amount of exercise they need to keep in good condition, and no one form by itself is enough. The least amount of gymnasium work, it is said, that will accomplish good results is one hour (each) on two days of the week; but even for a well-balanced constitution such an amount by itself is not sufficient, and it must be supplemented by walking and driving and tennis and other forms of out-door exercise. In addition, most people will find light gymnastics for ten or even five minutes on first rising of the greatest importance. There are many points to be remembered in exercising. In the first place, if you can work until perspiration is induced you will feel greater benefit from it; in the second place, always rest after it; and, in the third place, whenever you can, either sponge off after exercise or at least rub with a coarse towel and change the underclothing.

There are various systems of calisthenics suited to morning exercises, and all of them have recommendations. The free-hand exercises are at the command of any one, and therefore should be spoken of first. There should always be a system in such work, because it is tedious at best, and by making it partly mechanical you can make it so habitual that your mind does not rebel at it. In that way you can make yourself accept it as a duty.

What you want to accomplish by this morning exercise is to strengthen your digestion (which can be done by a certain number of bending movements), and to rouse your circulation generally. If the air does not blow directly on you, to have a window open is best. Let your arms hang loosely, and bend far forward until your hands touch the floor, and then rise to your original position. Do this slowly for twenty times. Bend twenty times to the left side, and afterward to the right. Next hold your elbows on a line with the body, and bring the hands forward so that they rest on the shoulders. They should be so held that a line drawn from one elbow to the other would pass also from shoulder to shoulder. Now hold the elbows quite still, throw the fists outward till they too are in a line with the shoulders, draw them back till they rest on the shoulders; then repeat the movement, and with the arm straight describe a circle, bringing the elbows and wrists back to the original position. Repeat this twenty times. After this stand erect once more, with the arms hanging by your side, and, holding the body as erect as possible, sink slowly to a sitting position, and rise as slowly as you can. Repeat this several times. Now return to bed for five or ten minutes before you rise for your bath and to dress for the morning.

Any bending and arm exercises recommended in the various books on the subject answer the purpose equally well, but this series supplies about the amount that is desirable for early morning work, though a little more would do no harm. Dumb-bell and Indian-club practice are equally good, but the least irksome work for this particular exercise is supplied by a weight and pulley. These can be obtained at any place where gymnasium appliances are for sale, and they are not expensive. The weights should be light, and my own preference is for the sort in which the pulley is hung high—that is, six or seven feet from the floor. Any girl who has never before done systematic exercise of this sort will be surprised at the end of three months to find not only the advantage of it to her general health, but also the gain in strength in the muscles she has been using. As a preparation for gymnasium work it is admirable, as well as in connection with it.

The first experience most girls have in the gymnasium is the almost painful stiffness it causes. There is nothing alarming about it, but it is a most uncomfortable feeling, and sometimes does not wear away for weeks, because the muscles have never before done any hard work, and they are flabby and weak. Another discomfort is the trembling and weakness after systematic exercise. The girl who has taken a light series of bending and arm exercises with the weights and pulleys, and who has spent a fair amount of time out-of-doors, will have no discomfort at all from her first attempts at more prolonged work in the gymnasium; she will be surprised to find how strong the muscles of the body and of the arms have become.

For girls who are not strong the amount of exercise should be increased very gradually. Such girls should take but ten of each of the movements at first, and the length of their daily walks should be regularly held to, but should be short at first. Almost all forms of defective digestion can be cured by systematic exercise and bathing—and rest. The morning exercise, with the rest of five or ten minutes, is particularly useful, but it should be followed by a short walk in the course of the morning, and by a brisk walk of at least a mile in the latter part of the afternoon, and, if possible, by some form of active exercise in the evening. The walk in the afternoon, if followed

by a bath and a rest of even ten minutes before dinner or tea, will often prove a cure for headache.

For girls of all ages, work in the gymnasium is a great advantage, because the physician in charge and the teacher are able to see what part of the body is not being used properly or enough, and to give the right kind of exercise. Running is a fine exercise, but in the gymnasium the girls begin with a slow walk, then quicken it to a double-quick run, and then run as fast as they can for a short time; but they are never permitted to stop suddenly. Any girl who does that is directed at once by the teacher to walk slowly for some distance before she may sit down. It strengthens the heart, and is good for the body in many ways to run, but you should never stop suddenly. In the gymnasium breathing and other appropriate exercises are usually given after running.

There is nothing very new about bean bags, but they can be thrown in a great many different ways, and you can bring a great many muscles into play in a good game.

A great many of the plays which little children enjoy are made part of the gymnasium training for girls. A long row of mattresses is spread, for instance, and the girls roll the length of it, just as very little children love to do, one after the other in quick succession.

Even the old-fashioned Virginia reel is popular in some gymnasiums, and is a pleasant change after a difficult exercise with Indian clubs or with the other gymnasium apparatus. It is all useful exercise, but you must remember that if you want to gain in health or in strength even such exercise must be made into a system. You must make yourself do so much each day, and you must never excuse yourself from any part of the day's exercise, except in case of illness. Some of you will not need this advice, because you love out-door games and driving and riding and tennis so much that perhaps you need advice about your studies more. Most girls, however, need a great deal more exercise than they take, and they will very quickly learn the advantage of mapping it out systematically when they have given such a plan a trial.

SOME QUEER THINGS ABOUT FIGURES.

THE obstinacy of figures in "not adding up," or being comfortably subtracted, or doing any of the other things that bother the average school-boy, is so well known that no one denies the assertion that "figures are stubborn facts," and to most people arithmetic is a dry and uninteresting study.

But an old writer who gives quaint meanings to numbers, and wanders off delightfully from his text, undertakes to teach the art of reducing them to order. Their various characteristics, according to Mr. William Ingpen, who wrote of them nearly three hundred years ago, make the figures seem very much alive, and although "number one" in a certain sense is so very important, it is rather slightingly mentioned as not entitled to rank with the numerals because it cannot be divided except into fractions. Yet in quoting some things that are singular, and can never be plural—one soul and one head to every body, one king in a kingdom, one queen in a beehive, one deluge, one shepherd to a flock, one leader among cranes, etc.—the insignificant figure comes to the front again.

Two is very comically called a "weak" number—the weakest of numbers, and an unlucky one, especially to English Kings—only George II., of all those whose names are followed by the figure, escaping a violent death or serious misfortune. Thus William II. was shot through the heart by an arrow in the New Forest; Henry II. died of a broken heart from the unnatural conduct of his children; Edward II. and Richard II. were intentionally murdered; Charles II. lost his father in early youth by what has been called a judicial murder, and wandered crownless for ten years; while James II., after a short reign, was obliged to resign all hope of ruling England.

Three receives commendation as complete and perfect in itself, the number of the Trinity. Every earthly thing, too, has three parts—the beginning, the middle, and the end. A wise man, too, may be known by three things—never telling a lie, never speaking ill of his neighbor, and never talking without sufficient cause. Cheese, which so often gets a bad name, is declared to be endowed with three valuable properties—those who eat it will never grow old, for they will be sure to die in their youth; they are protected against robbery, for their nightly coughing is equal to an alarm-clock; and in walking out they need not fear cross dogs, as they will always be obliged to support themselves with sticks.

Four has a finish and magnificence about it that are very imposing. It is the square number, the number of the elements, of the points of the compass, the virtues, the Evangelists, the patriarchs, and the rivers that encircled the Garden of Eden. Five also receives honorable mention as a number of great dignity; and it is noticed in connection with it that there are five giants mentioned in Scripture, and five also in profane history. Other illustrations are drawn from all sorts of unexpected sources, and may be called decidedly far-fetched.

Six is still higher in the scale, being described as "full, perfect, and divine"; but seven outranks it, because it contains three and four, the triangle and the square, by which all things are measured. Many superstitions of the olden time were connected with this number; and in 1502 a book was published at Leipsic divided into seven volumes, each containing seven chapters, and each chapter seven heads, in praise of the number seven. A seventh son of a seventh son is occasionally advertised, even in these enlightened days, as a curer of all diseases.

For the rest, eight is solid, being made from a double square; while nine is a threefold card of the powerful number three. Ten is the perfection of power and virtue, containing all the others within it, for ten is the number of the Commandments; but eleven is "wicked" and "unlucky," for the remarkable reason that it is the first to break out of the pale of these same Commandments. Twelve again is fortunate and honored, for there are twelve Apostles and twelve signs of the zodiac.

No one would suspect that so much could be done with figures without working them into sums; but unfortunately for the hater of arithmetic, all the romancing in the world cannot divert them from their original use.

A STREET-CAR CAT.

THE street cars in a certain Western city have small stoves in the centre of each car for the additional comfort of passengers in cold weather. The driver on one of these cars had reached the end of his route one cold day last November, and was changing his horses from one end of the car to the other, when a half-grown, half-starved, and bedraggled-looking kitten came mewing across the road and ran into the car. It curled up under the warm stove in great contentment, and the kind-hearted driver, who was also the conductor, allowed it to lie under the stove during the down-town trip. He begged a saucer of milk for the little waif at the other end of the route, and after her lunch, for which she was manifestly grateful, kitty went back to her snug place under the little stove, and during the day she and the conductor became such good friends that he left her in the car when he went off duty that night.

He did not put her out the next day nor at any other time, but fed her every day, and before a week she became the pet of the public, and quite an attractive card to that branch of the road. She was a pretty, playful, little gray and white kitty, and made friends with all of the passengers. The children played with her, the ladies petted her, and most of the men paid her some attention. One lady tied a pretty scarlet ribbon around kitty's neck, and the next day another lady fastened a tiny silver bell to the ribbon.

As for things to eat, kitty has them in variety and quantity enough to make a dyspeptic of her. During a single trip she had gifts of a choice bit of raw steak offered her by an old Irishman on the car, a big oatmeal cracker and some gumdrops presented by a little girl, a lump of loaf-sugar, a lime, a sandwich, some peanuts, and a link of sausage.

Kitty had been on the car five weeks when I heard from her last, the most happy, contented, and petted little puss imaginable. When the weather is fine she often rides out on the platform with the driver who has been such a true friend to her, and whose conduct is proof of the fact that there is a kindly, generous heart beneath his rough garments.

J. L. H.

TO SERVE A USEFUL PURPOSE.

BERTIE. "May I have some bread and butter and sugar?"

MAMMA. "Yes, dear. But why do you want butter, when you can have sugar on your bread?"

BERTIE. "Oh, because the butter makes the sugar stick, and keeps it from sliding off down my neck."



A COAST-GUARD WITH A LIGHT MUSTACHE

PROOF POSITIVE.

MAMMA. "I wonder if the carriage will ever be at the door!"

ALFRED. "Yes, it will be here pretty soon now, for I just saw Michael putting the suspenders on the horse."

A STRANGE THING.

"THERE'S some things I can't understand," said Hal. "If I get my feet wet I get a cold in my head, but I can wet my head twice a day and never get a cold in my feet."

WHAT BOB LEARNED.

"WHAT did you learn that's new in school to-day, Bob?"

"I learned that the earth is round like a ball."

"That isn't new. Columbus knew that."

"Well, it was new to me," said Bob.

DOG-HOUSE.

THE children had been learning to spell, and were quite sure that they knew all about it. One of their uncles hearing about it asked the little girl what D-O-G spelled.

"Dog," she replied, promptly.

"And what does P-O-P-O-C-A-T-A-P-E-T-L spell?" asked the uncle.

"I don't know," said the little girl.

"I do," said the little boy.

"What?" asked the uncle.

"House," said the little boy, triumphantly.

APPROPRIATE FOR SKATES.

"A BOY told me to-day that there were fishes called skates, but I didn't believe it," said Ben.

"Oh yes, there are," said his father.

"Do they swim in ice water?" asked Ben.

THE KIND HE WANTED.

"I HAD my picture taken to-day," said Willie.

"Well, did you stand still so that it might be a good one?"

"No," said Willie; "I wanted to see how I looked moving."

COULD TELL SOME TIME.

"CAN you tell time, Jacky?"

"Oh yes," said Jacky. "I always know when recess time comes."

"By the clock?"

"No; by the noise the big boys begin to make."

SQUAWK AND WALK.

"CAN your little brother walk?"

"No," said Harry; "but he can do something very much like it."

"What is that?"

"Squawk."

A WORD OF WARNING.

"B-E-R-R!" shivered papa after a sleigh-ride. "I'm frozen."

"Well, keep away from the fire," cried Hal, who had been reading "Jamnieboy and Jack Frost," "or you'll melt."

A POSSIBLE REASON.

"DOES milk make us fat?" asked Harold.

"Yes, indeed," said his nurse.

"I suppose cows are thin because people always take their milk away from them, then?" queried Harold.

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM.

A VERY clever but slightly eccentric painter named Barrett had a fondness for cats. He kept two of them. One was but a kitten at the time when this incident occurred, the other was advanced in years and of considerable size. One afternoon a caller at Barrett's studio noticed two holes in the bottom of the studio door, and he asked the painter what they were for.

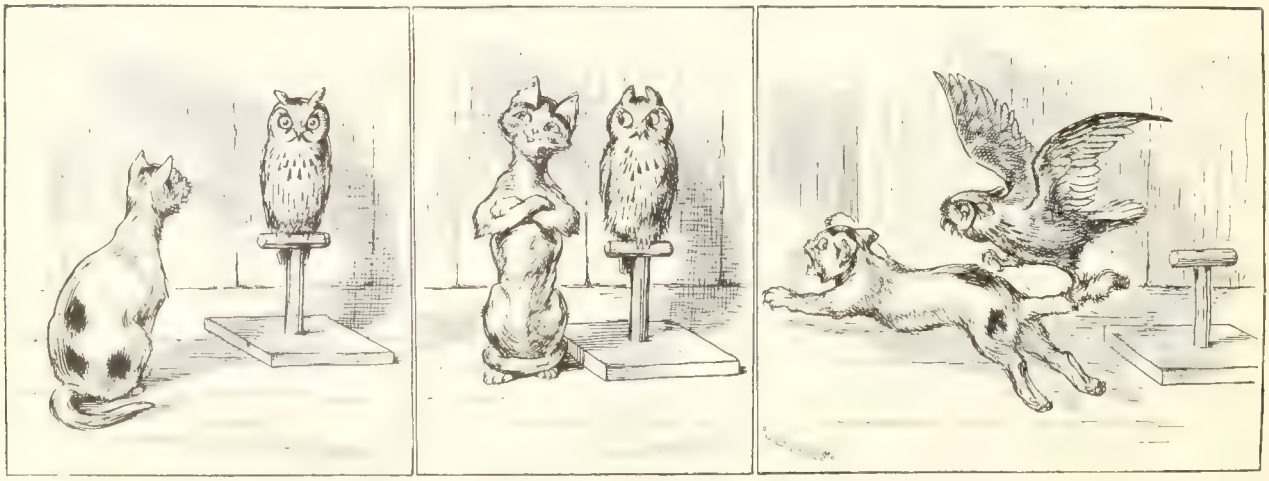
"For the cats to go in and out," said Barrett.

"Why do you have two of them?" asked the caller. "Would not one have been sufficient?"

"Why, how absurd!" answered Barrett. "Can't you see that they are needed? How could the big cat pass in and out through the little hole?"

"But," persisted his friend, "why could not the little cat have used the big hole?"

"Bless me!" ejaculated Barrett. "She could; but really, now, it never occurred to me before."



"THEY CALL THAT THING A CAT OWL. HUMPH! IT MAY HAVE RESEMBLED ONE OF MY FAMILY BEFORE IT WAS STUFFED, BUT NOW—WELL.

"I'LL LEAVE IT TO ANYBODY; DOES THAT BUNDLE OF HAY AND FEATHERS LOOK ANYTHING LIKE—"

THIS CAT OWL DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BE STUFFED, AND COULD STAND SUCH CALUMNY NO LONGER.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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WHY DON VICKERS ESCAPED.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"I WONDER whether I shall ever be a grand gentleman, and carry a fine sword like this?" Don Vickers said to himself, holding out before him the handsome gold-hilted and jewelled weapon he was polishing.

He looked at the reflection of his brown face and rumpled hair in the shining steel blade, and then down at his grimy hands and bare brown feet and legs, and laughed at the idea.

Don was the youngest of the four apprentice boys who were hammering and polishing in armorer Juan Valdés's shop in Hanover Lane, in Port Royal, Jamaica. The armorer himself was taking his mid-day nap in his home over the shop. The lattice-blinds were closed to shut out the heat, and not a soul was in sight in the narrow street. Hardly a sound was heard but the "rat-tat-tat" of the boys' hammers, for it was a sultry June afternoon, and everybody in the hot city who could was taking his siesta.

Don gave the sword blade a vicious rub with the strip of leather in his hand, as though he would say, "Suppose I *am* only a Spanish armorer's drudge. [Rub.] I am only fifteen, and everybody in Port Royal gets rich. [Rub.] My turn may come."

While he was building these hazy castles in the air there came a sound from outside that caused him to start. It was a peculiar whistle, like this, three times repeated:



This whistle had such an effect upon Don that he instantly dropped the handsome sword upon his work-bench, ran to the basin in the corner and washed his hands, clapped his straw hat upon his head, and dashed out of the door. Nobody was in sight in the street, but he heard the whistle repeated around the nearest corner, and in a moment he was shaking the hand of his cousin Wilhelmus Vickers, the young soldier who had given the signal.

"Why, Will," Don exclaimed, "how do you come to be here?"

"Put in to land some treasure, my sweet infant," the uniformed young man replied. "Off again to-morrow afternoon, after more lucre."

"How brave you look!" Don cried, stepping back a pace to admire his cousin's handsome uniform. "What does it all mean?"

"I am the Captain's clerk," Will answered; "but that's not the only reason. We're all done up in this toggery, my child—even the sailors, when they come ashore. Oh, a rich haul we've made of it in Hispaniola, where the French supplied us (rather unwillingly) with tons of gold, and brave clothes, and much plate, and fine wines and rich food. The *Shark* came into port two hours ago. I wonder you'd not heard of it, for the whole town is wild



over us. But we're only landing some of our wealth, and off to-morrow after the Spaniards."

No one would have suspected that this dashing young man was only two or three years older than his cousin Don. The side whiskers on his face, his cocked hat, slashed doublet, tight white knee-breeches and long-legged boots, the sword that dangled by his side, and the pistols in his belt, gave him an appearance of greater age and much importance.

"I've great news for you, Don," Will continued, when he thought that his cousin had admired him long enough. "One of our men and two boys fell under a broadside that a sneaking Spanish brigantine gave us off Cape Maisi, and we lost six men in Hispaniola. That made me Captain's clerk, and it's made a place for you. It's all arranged with the Captain, and I'm going to take you with us to-morrow."

Don did not receive this news with the joy that his cousin evidently expected. He was silent for a moment, and then asked, "But how can I leave the shop?"

"The shop!" Will exclaimed. "Is that the kind of stuff a Vickers is made of, to talk about a shop when he has a chance to be a man, and make fame and fortune? A pretty place the shop is, and a pretty-looking thing it's made of you, with your bare feet, and no coat, and a streak of black grease on your face. But I'll make a different boy of you in a jiffy."

While he was speaking, Will had been rattling coins in his breeches pockets, and with this he drew out his hands and held them before him, both full of golden doubloons, worth sixteen dollars apiece. Four of these he selected and put in Don's hand.

"You must buy yourself some decent clothes to-night," he went on. "You can't go aboard ship looking like a half-breed. When you're big enough to wear it, you shall have a uniform like this, for we've three gross of them aboard, all kindly given us by the French."

Don looked doubtfully at the gold pieces in his hand, but at length slipped them into his pocket. "Let us walk along," he said. "I'm afraid Juan Valdés might come out looking for me."

Will sniffed contemptuously. "If a dozen of Juan Valdéses came after you," he said, "they would have better sense than to lay hands on a boy who is walking with the Captain's clerk of the *Shark*. If they hadn't, why—" and he clapped his hand suggestively upon the hilt of his sword. "But come on; we will walk along, as you say."

Will led the way through the streets of what was then the richest and most important city in the western hemisphere, save only Mexico, and Lima in Peru; for this was in June, 1692, when New York was a village, and when there was no town in this whole country to compare with the rich, the busy, the wonderful city of Port Royal.

They reached in a few minutes a green latticed gate that opened into an alley by the side of a two-story stone house, and Will opened the gate without hesitation, and climbed an outside stairway to the second story. With a big iron key he unlocked the door at the head of the stairs, and took Don into the small square room that he called his den, carefully locking the door on the inside.

"Here is where I keep my treasures—or some of them," he said. "I don't believe in bankers or goldsmiths, but keep my things here, where they are safe enough. It is a handy place to sleep, too, when I am ashore. Look at my chest."

He pointed to a great oaken chest bound with strips of brass that stood against the wall, and that, with a bed and two chairs, comprised the entire furniture of the room.

"You must not tell me too many secrets," Don replied, "for I don't know about going with you in the *Shark*. I'm afraid it's not right to be a pirate."

"A pirate!" Will exclaimed, the color mounting to his face. "You'd better not let any of the rest of our men hear you say that. The *Shark* is no pirate. She is a privateer, man, sailing under the King's commission, to prey upon his Majesty's natural enemies, the French."

"But you are going after the Spaniards, too," Don argued. "We are not at war with Spain, and even the King cannot give you a right to rob a people we are at peace with. It seems to me very much like murdering and stealing, Will."

"It seems to me very much as if you were a cowardly little cleaner of rusty guns," Will retorted, "and a disgrace to your name. But no, you're not, Don; I know you better than that," he went on, in a gentler tone. "You don't understand, that's all. You must heed what I tell you, for I am almost your only relation, and an older man. It's no wonder we are both orphans; with these constant wars and everlasting fevers, the only wonder is that we're alive ourselves. But we might as well be dead as always be poor. I intend to be rich myself, if I'm not killed like a man in battle, and I can show you the way. The little pen* over the bay that your father left you is not worth the taxes on it. The shop will never make you rich, nor anything you can learn there. This is your chance to serve your country by worrying her enemies, and make a name and a fortune. Don't be a baby."

"If I could only feel that I could do it with a clear conscience, Will," Don replied. "You know well enough that I'm not afraid, but I don't want to be a thief and a murderer."

"Then I suppose you think I'm one," Will laughed. "Do I look like it? But I can't argue with you; I'm not much good with the tongue. I can show you some things, though, that will set your conscience easy. What do you think of this for a starter?"

Will had been unlocking the big chest while he was talking, and as he finished he lifted out a small mahogany box and took off the cover. The contents made Don's eyes glisten. The box was full of gold watches, gold chains, gold brooches, gold pins set with jewels, gold rings, gold ornaments of a hundred kinds.

"My little share of this stuff," Will exclaimed, proudly, pouring the jewelry out upon the bed to display it the better. "And I have made only four trips, and was nothing but a boy at that. If I had been clerk then I should have had twice as much. There's more of the same kind in the chest, and some plate, and swords, and guns, and more fine clothes than you ever saw. But this is not all. I'm not a fool, and don't keep all my treasures in one place. I'm going to show you the rest by-and-by. Do you know why? Because now that we're both going in the same ship, we're comrades as well as cousins. One of us may fall at any time. I'll not try to hide that from you, Don. When a man goes to sea after treasure he may never come back. He must take his chances. If anything happens to me, this is all yours, Don. You can keep your prize-money in the same place, and if you go to Davy Jones I shall pocket yours. That's fair play. But you must be faithful and keep your mouth shut. Hold up your right hand."

Don held up his hand and gave the required promise.

"Come along, now, till I show you the rest. I'm going to take you out to the palisadoes." He placed the jewels in the chest again, locked the door and pocketed the key, and led the way down the stairs.

The palisadoes to which they were going are easiest reached by boat. The harbor is formed by a narrow strip of land eight or ten miles long running almost parallel with the coast, and Port Royal stood upon the tip end of this strip, with its foundations almost in the sea. Between the town and the mainland is the section called

* Pen is the Jamaica term for a country house and small farm near a city.

the palisadoes—low, marshy, covered with tropical bushes, dotted with palm trees—so sickly and uncanny a place, indeed, that it has been avoided by all mankind for three centuries, and to this day a colored man could not be induced to visit it by night for fear of the ghosts that are said to walk there.

"You see that tall palm, the tallest in all the palisadoes?" Will said, when they had rowed several miles up the harbor, and the boat's bow pointed toward the shore. "That's where we are going." They soon made their way through the underbrush, and stood at the foot of the tall palm.

"Now remember the figure 6," said Will, laying his hand upon the smooth trunk of the tree; "it may unlock the door of a bank for you some day. You know the points of the compass? Very well. I put my back against the tree so, facing the north, and I take six paces. Then I turn half round to the left till I face the west (which brings that great mountain-peak straight before my eyes), and I take six paces more, and here we are."

So saying, having taken the paces as he spoke, he scraped aside about four inches of sand with his boot, and disclosed beneath a flat stone. This he raised, and lifted out from underneath it a small square box of some hard wood carefully wrapped in a piece of canvas. He took off the wrapping and opened the box, and showed Don that it contained three small cylindrical rolls, each about six inches long and each wrapped in brown paper. Then giving the box to Don to hold, he took two similar rolls from his pockets, and laid them beside the others in the box.

"This is a bank that I never visit except to make a deposit," he said. "Do you know what is in the rolls? Lift one. Is it heavy enough? This is gold, this is gold, this is gold, and this, and this. They are all gold, the five of them, and £50 value in each roll. In two years you shall have as much in the box."

"But do you think it is all honestly come by, Will?"

"Honestly come by!" Will exclaimed. "Why, you little softy, I tell you we are privateers with letters of marque. But suppose we were real pirates, as you think? Who was the Governor of this island when you were born? Sir Henry Morgan. Very well, Sir Henry Morgan was a pirate—a real pirate. He sacked Panama and everything else he could lay his hands on, and did it so well that the King made him a Knight, and then appointed him Governor of this island. Are you a better man than the Governor? Don't be a baby, I tell you."

Will replaced the box and the stone, and smoothed over the sand so that no traces of their visit were left. When they reached the city again he handed the key of his room to Don.

"You cannot go back to the armorer," he said, "for I can imagine what would happen if he should catch you without me with you. But go and sleep in my room. I must be aboard the ship by dark, but I will come to the room by midnight, and I hope to find you with your clothes bought, and everything ready to start to-morrow."

Don went back to the room, but not to sleep. He had never had so important or so difficult a question to decide before. All his worldly advantages, as it seemed to him, lay in accepting his cousin's offer. The gold pieces in his pocket were more than he could earn in a year; and how plenty they seemed to be with Will! There was fighting to be had, and perhaps glory. In the little shop he could only be a drudge for years, and there was little to look forward to. But in spite of all that he could say to himself, something kept whispering to him, "Remember your mother lying in the little church-yard across the bay on the Liguanea plain. Did you not promise her to be an honest boy? Would she like you to be a privateersman?"



HE RAISED HIMSELF TO A SITTING POSTURE, IN TIME TO SEE THE BELFRY TOPPLE.

"Oh, if I only had somebody to tell me what to do!" he said to himself a hundred times, as he walked up and down the little room. But the poor boy had nobody. At length he determined upon something that he would do in the morning, and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, Will was lying by his side, but fast asleep. Don would not wake him before going out, but left a note for him. The note said:

"DEAR WILL,—I have not made up my mind yet. I am going over to Liguanea this morning—*you know why*. I shall be at the ship by twelve, and let you know whether I will go or not. Your loving cousin DON."

"*You know why*." Yes, Will knew why, but nobody else knew. There on the Liguanea plain (the busiest part of the city of Kingston stands on the spot now) was the old home where his childhood had been spent. There close by was the little stone church, and in its yard were the graves of his father and mother.

There Don found somebody who told him what to do. He told his grandchildren so many and many a year afterward. He went down to the wharf, and on the way met one of his fellow-apprentices.

Don rowed himself across the harbor, and went into the old house. He went to the little stone church, and sat down upon the stone seat to rest. He walked into the church-yard and threw himself down upon the grass between two graves, and lay there and thought and thought. Perhaps he did something else; at any rate, it must have been there that some one told him what to do, for, after a long time, he sprang to his feet, saying:

"It's all right. I'm not going. I can't come here, you know, and ask mother to let me be a pirate."

He knelt down and took hold of a flower, intending to pick it, but before he could break the stem he felt the earth trembling beneath him. It shook so that he lost his balance and fell upon his back, and a deathly sickness came upon him. The church bell began to ring,

and he heard a great ringing of bells in Port Royal. With an effort he raised himself to a sitting posture, just in time to see the belfry topple off the roof to the ground. The earth seemed to be whirling, and he with it, and he heard a terrible crash in Port Royal, and saw a tall church steeple topple over into the sea. As he turned again, an immense mass of the great Blue Mountain was sliding toward him. Then he fell back again between the graves.

When Don recovered his senses he thought that he must have lain there for hours, but in reality it was only a few minutes. But in those few minutes nearly twenty thousand people had perished almost within gunshot of where he lay. The most destructive earthquake that ever visited this side of the world had wiped Port Royal out, as a school-master wipes a chalk mark from a black-board. Of the three thousand houses that stood in the city when Don left it only two hundred remained, and they were nearly under water. With the first shock the wharves had sunk into the sea, and all the shipping had been swallowed up—the *Shark* and all on board. A great wave had swept through the city and drowned its thousands, and the earth had opened and swallowed thousands more, and whole blocks of buildings.

Don was still dazed, but he rowed across the harbor to the city. But where *was* the city? The few houses that were left were half under water. The twelve hundred people who were left out of twenty thousand, many of them injured by falling walls, were homeless and distracted. Will and Juan Valdés and all the apprentices were gone, never to be seen again. The Governor himself died in a few days from the injuries he received. It was a long time before Don could realize it. For days he expected every moment to see Will, and tell him that he had made up his mind. The den was gone, and all it contained; but with the money in Will's bank Don afterwards paid his way in school. Not in Port Royal, of course, for Port Royal was gone forever; but in the new city of Kingston, across the harbor, on Liguanea plain, which was laid out right over Don's land, so that in a few years this alone made him rich, though by that time he did not need it, as he became a very successful merchant in the new city that is now the capital of Jamaica.

One day, many years afterward, Don took his eldest grandchild out in a boat, rowing over the spot where once the gay city of Port Royal had stood. It was a very calm day and the water was smooth, and occasionally he stopped to show the boy a pile of hewn stones, the remains of a wall, or the ribs of a ship, lying on the bottom of the sea, far under water—all that was left of poor Port Royal.

"I should be down there too, little Will," he said, "if I had not gone over to Liguanea one day to ask some one to tell me what to do."

HOW NEW ORLEANS BEGAN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE muddy Mississippi used to flow far into where New Orleans stands now. That strange river keeps adding land to the front of the city and cutting into the opposite shore. A queer thing about it is that it is higher than a great part of the city, but the people make the place safe and dry by means of great banks of earth that they have built beside the river.

New Orleans was founded in 1718 by Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, a French Canadian, who was Governor of the little band of Frenchmen who were scattered over Louisiana, and had a place called Biloxi for their capital. Bienville wanted New Orleans established because the ground was high there, and he thought the river would not overflow it. It did, however, when the little dot of a city was not two years old, and so the inhabitants set to work to shut it out by building the first dike or levee. These first inhabitants who built the first houses were a few convicts, carpenters, and *voyageurs*, or hardy French-Canadian boatmen. The place was named for the Duke of Orleans of that time. It was to be the capital of Louisiana, which was then an immense territory. If it was on the map now, Louisiana would take a great piece out of the middle of our country, for it extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and reached out West into Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado.

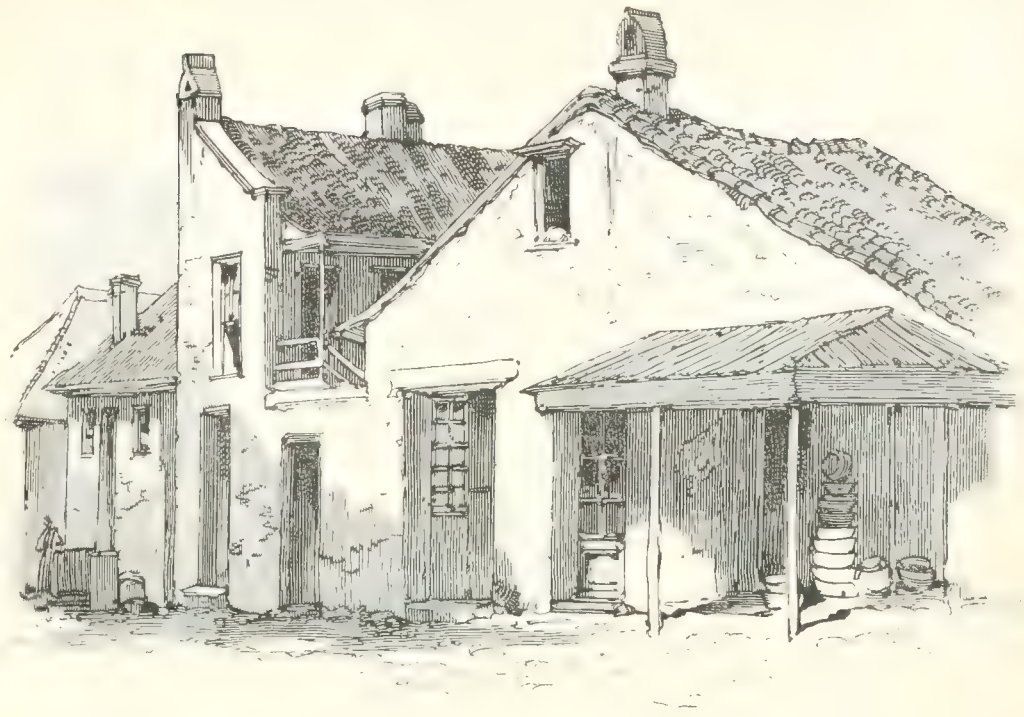
The people of New Orleans were all French and French Canadians at first, and for years nearly all the inhabitants were men—priests, soldiers, hunters, miners, and convicts. Almost the only women, except the negro slaves and the Choctaw squaws, were wretched creatures who were sent away from France for punishment because they led wicked lives. Some good nuns came when the city was nine years old and opened a school for girls. A great plantation, where part of the city is now, was given to some priests, who promised to look after the education of the young. These priests planted oranges and figs and sugar-cane, and many of the things that afterward made the South rich, and that still cause it to seem strange and very interesting to us who do not live there. But before this, when the baby city was only five years old, a considerable band of Germans, who had tried to get a living in Arkansas, but could not get along there, came to New Orleans to beg the Governor to send them back to Europe. They were not sent back. They had to be content with some farm lands and new homes on the river near the city. These Germans gave a new color to this queer place. But everybody and everything around them was so French, or "Frenchified," that they soon began to speak and live like Frenchmen, as their descendants do to this day.

The King of France must have known that the people wanted women to complete their homes, and to soften the ways of the rude men, for when New Orleans was nine years old he sent to the nuns a lot of poor but very respectable young girls called "casket-girls," because each brought a casket (or trunk) of clothes with her. The nuns did not have any trouble to find good husbands for these girls, and the creoles (as people of French or Spanish stock are called in Louisiana) are rightly proud if they can truthfully say that their families began with the arrival of these casket-girls.

It was a rude rough place for a long time after that. The Natchez Indians up the river were blood-thirsty savages, and all the men in the city, both white and black, were sent out to whip them. Then, in 1732, the slaves got up a riot, and their leaders were killed. Then, later still, France, driven out of North America by the British and Americans in the French and Indian war, gave New Orleans and all the French territory to the Spaniards. That was in 1762. It took two years for the people to find out that Spain owned the country, and then they were angry indeed. Don Antonio de Ulloa came from Spain to be their Governor, and for two years they plotted to be free of him and his King. It was in 1768 that they rose and drove the Spaniard out of the city and on board one of his ships.

Their leaders had a good plan. They wanted to form a republic like ours, which was not then established. They hoped that all our thirteen colonies would join them, but, alas for their hopes, a famous Spanish General, with the Irish name of O'Reilly (he has a great street in Havana named after him), came with many soldiers and ships and guns, and took New Orleans. He shot some of the leaders of the revolution, and shut up others in prison in Havana. That was in 1769. As if that was not misfortune enough, a fearful fire broke out a year later, and destroyed nineteen blocks and 856 houses. Not

long afterward another great fire, caused by children playing with fire near a hay store, set the city ablaze again. After that the Governor offered a reward to all who built roofs of tile that would not burn, and those and similar roofs are to-day among the many things that make New Orleans seem so foreign and so picturesque when we go there to see it. We scarcely need to read that after those frightful fires the people began to build with brick, and shortly thereafter New Orleans was changed into a substantial city.



A BIT OF OLD SPANISH NEW ORLEANS.

In 1791, when we had freed our country from the British rule, and had formed the beginning of our grand republic, the French and Spanish people of New Orleans again sought to free themselves and make a republic. The Governor of that time, Carondelet, felt obliged to strongly fortify the city—just as other cities are fortified to keep enemies out. But the enemies he feared were his own people in the city. The people did not rise in rebellion again, but were soon to become republicans without their own accord. Spain gave Louisiana back to France in 1800, but when a French official came to prepare for the landing of troops from France, he and the people both had a surprise in the news that the United States had bought Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte. On one day the Spanish Governor, Salcedo, with all his soldiers in line and a great deal of ceremony, gave the city to the representative of France, and in six weeks the Frenchmen handed it over to our United States Commissioners. It had become a fine city of 10,000 souls.

It would be a strange sight if we could see New Orleans as it was just before it was turned over to us Americans. It was not pretty, for it was not paved, and at night it was very badly lighted, but it was gay and lively and proud. Among the people in the streets were many swarthy Italians, who were the fishermen of the place, as they are to-day. There were many Canary-Islanders, who were the market-gardeners on the outskirts of the town. There were plenty of wretched Indians also. All these were free, but some of them had been slaves. We have found it difficult to make Indians work, but those New Orleans folk undertook a still harder thing when they tried to make slaves of them. They had to give up the task and set them free, and this angered the other slaves, the negroes, and made them rebellious. In the crowds were splendidly uniformed Spanish soldiers, and gayly dressed French soldiers, negresses wearing brilliant colors, yellow women from San Domingo, nuns, priests, monks, and those Acadians, in their cheap-looking home-made clothes, who had been driven from their far Northern home in Nova Scotia, and whom Longfellow has written about so beautifully in his "Evangeline." The so-called aristocrats, or gentlemen and ladies, both French and Spanish, were very haughty and proud. The men carried swords, and the women went about bareheaded. To this day the finest ladies in New Orleans ride about and visit in the quiet residence streets without their bonnets, just as their great-great-grandmothers used to do. The men were hot-tempered, and given to fighting duels on the slightest excuse. They were also fond of dancing, and they often both fought and danced on the same night, for they would quarrel in the ballroom, and go out and fight in the last place you would think—the garden of the cathedral.

The boatmen of the Mississippi used to make the town very lively. They were a careless, rough lot of big, hearty fellows, and the people called them "Kentucks," as if they all came from Kentucky, as many of them did. They connected New Orleans with all the rest of the country, bringing every sort of thing from the North and West, and from the whole valley of the Mississippi. They used to spend weeks in making a voyage down the river, and then the foolish fellows spent what money they got, throwing it away in the gambling and drinking and dancing places that kept New Orleans awake all night. The police and the boatmen used to fight in the streets to help along the liveliness. When the boatmen had enough of this life they abandoned their rude flat-boats, and went home to the North and West on horseback.

Time passed on, and the new American city grew very big and rich and splendid. For years before the terrible war between the North and the South the wealthy planters and gentlemen of the South went there every winter, to live at the hotels and fine boarding-houses, and to throw open the great mansions that some of them kept there. There was no city in America so lively and so interesting as New Orleans became. It had grand opera, and fine theatres, and racing-parks, and great clubs, and streets of splendid houses, and the men and women were waited upon by great numbers of slaves. The old Spanish and French families were also wealthy, and felt themselves even better than the Americans of old fami-

lies. Each set kept its own side of the city. You can see the foreign part of the city to-day. The creole houses have their gardens walled in, as if their owners did not want to have any body else, and the American houses stand in open gardens, and show great piazzas and porches, where the people seek the air and do not mind being seen. Even now the two sorts of people live more or less apart, and the old creoles still speak like foreigners.

There came a time when New Orleans was almost ruined. It was during the war of the rebellion, when the Northern soldiers occupied the city and governed it. We will not dwell on that wretched period, but will gladly say that once again the queer picturesque old city is busy and rich and happy—so happy, that once a year people flock there from all over our country to see its merrymaking. Just before Lent every year the people hold a public festival lasting several days, when the streets are full of masqueraders by day, and great balls give all a chance to dance at night. That is the Mardi-Gras, or "Fat Tuesday," festival, named for the day before Lent begins. It is held in New Orleans because that was a Latin city, and has never given up this happy custom, which is peculiar to the Latin people everywhere.

TO MY SON.

HOW did the world exist, my little son, before you came?
How could life seem to me aught other than an empty name?
Why, when I think that this whole world to-day revolves about you,
I wonder that through all these years I could have lived without you.

\- - - - - - - - -

One horrid thing oppresses me, my son
A bogie 'tis, and constantly torments me
Perhaps when you are aged twenty-one,
You'll seek the polls, and mayhap vote against me.

POLISHING A VERY ROUGH DIAMOND.

JOHN DIAMOND was a boy of fifteen whom we had shipped at Southampton. He had come from an English collier brig, and developed into the most insubordinate and rascally youngster on board. All attempts at disciplining him seemed of no avail, and he was given up as a bad lot. His early training must have been in a vicious school, for he threatened to kill the navigator, and at one time attempted to scuttle the ship. Obstinate and wilful, he was hard to control. For some minor offense he was punished by being stood on top of the quarter-deck capstan for four hours. He had been there only a few minutes when he deliberately threw himself down the wardroom hatch into the cockpit, three decks below; but, strange to say, he was only slightly hurt. On another occasion, when the ship was under all sail, with a fair, strong breeze, he jumped overboard, and was with difficulty rescued. His object, he openly avowed, was to give the officers and men the trouble of shortening sail and rounding to. He seemed always exercising his ingenuity to give trouble and annoyance to every one in the ship. The first lieutenant finally determined to turn him over to the tender mercies of old Jackson, the master-at-arms or chief of the ship's police. Jackson was a mild-mannered old tar, but fully equal to the task of taming the young rascal. Jackson tied the boy's arms securely behind his back, and placed on his head the wire part of a conical rat-trap, the wooden bottom of which had been removed. The hole in the trap came opposite the youngster's mouth, and the wire head dress was fixed firmly in place. The plan was to starve him into submission, which was finally accomplished, the old salt feeding his prisoner through the hole in the trap, doling out the morsels of food with a sparing hand, until after a fortnight's disciplining the boy yielded to the determination and persistence of his keeper, and promised to mend his ways. The promise was kept, and he became one of the best boys in the ship.

THE PINEBORO "QUARTETTE."

In Six Chapters.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CHAPTER V.

FOR some weeks after the dastardly and unsuccessful attempt to injure the *Quartette* its affairs ran smoothly, and nothing was heard from the *Chronicle* save an occasional vicious allusion, or when once or twice the Marlitts secured a bit of local news in advance of their competitor, and the latter, on his part, spurred to new exertions by the increasing popularity of the little sheet that had so audaciously entered upon his field, won a like victory now and then. Meanwhile the public gained by the sharp rivalry between the two, and took sides, good naturedly enough, with the old or new publication according to taste or prejudice.

Rob selected a fair sample of each paper, and mailed them to his kind benefactor in Chicago. Of course he had written a long letter to him, in reply to the note that accompanied the press, and thanked him, in the name of all four, in as earnest and heartfelt terms as he could command.

In response to the samples of the *Quartette* and *Chronicle* there came only a line, scrawled across the page on note paper:

"*Buy out the Dunsfield paper. J. R. L.*"

"Buy out the *Chronicle!*" exclaimed Dick. "I should like to know where he thinks we can get the money!"

"I must think it over," said Robert, slowly. "It isn't safe to throw aside any suggestion Colonel Liddon may make, as we've seen."

"Sam Duncan wouldn't sell to us, anyway," added Dick, with a laugh.

"I'm not so sure of that. Mr. Giddings heard him say he wished he could leave Dunsfield, not long ago. He wanted to start a paper in some Western town, he said. There wasn't go enough for him in Maine!"

"He meant there wasn't 'go' enough in the *Quartette*," laughed Dick. "It's altogether too much of a fixture. I guess he heard from Mr. Giddings how I told him it had come to stay, when I was getting ads for Number One."

"Well, I'm going to get somebody—perhaps Mr. Giddings himself—to talk with Mr. Duncan about it, and hint that we might buy at a reasonable price. It will be time enough to talk about the ways and means when we find how much money is needed."

"We've made quite a handy lot of dimes in our job department," observed Dick. "Those circulars and programmes pleased them awfully at the fair the other night. Duncan would have had the job, but he didn't happen to have any red ink on hand."

"Nor any Madge to engrave the headings and tail-pieces," added Rob, with a laugh. "I'll tell you what, Dick, she'll be getting outside contracts before long if she keeps on improving."

"Then there's Prue's music," continued Dick. "You know she's just got another pupil in Dunsfield, Judge Stapleton's little girl. That makes three altogether, three hours a week apiece, at twenty-five cents an hour—two dollars and a quarter a week."

"But the best thing of all," said Rob, in conclusion, "is the old *Quartette* itself. Counting your last deposit, we've got a hundred and seven dollars in the savings-bank now, and business is just—"

"Booming!" supplied Dick, expressively.

Mr. Giddings readily undertook to "sound" the owner of the *Chronicle* as to the sale of its good-will and effects. Duncan pretended to be utterly indifferent in the matter.

On the whole, he said he guessed he wouldn't sell, anyway. Still, if any friend of Mr. Giddings cared to invest five thousand dollars in that line, he might, as a personal favor to Mr. G., be disposed to sell out. "Though it would be giving the paper away," he added, "to part with it at that price."

"Whew!" whistled Dick, when the result of the conversation was reported. "There's one man in Dunsfield that has a good opinion of the *Chronicle*, isn't there?"

"You can tell him, if you will, Mr. Giddings," said Rob, "that your friend thinks the whole business worth not over one thousand dollars. I don't make that offer, you know, but when he wants to sell at that price we will consider the matter seriously."

Duncan scoffing at the inadequacy of this sum (at which Rob had arrived after several conversations with Mr. Holmes, and a long series of private calculations), the subject was dropped.

A few days after these futile negotiations, Dick, who had been over to Dunsfield to collect from one or two slow advertisers, came rushing into the printing-office, and shut the door tightly behind him.

"There's going to be a town meeting in Moorland Centre two weeks from to-morrow, Rob," he said, excitedly, "and the water question is coming up. Squire Rodney and Dr. Ward are going to speak on opposite sides, and everybody's talking about it. I guess half Dunsfield and Pineboro will be there."

"Well?"

"Why, it's the greatest chance for a big 'scoop' we've had. The *Quartette* comes out the next day, and by the time the *Chronicle* gets a report in, 'twill be an old story. They might just as well copy from us."

Now the "water question" was a generally recognized signal for battle in the three towns of Dunsfield, Moorland, and Pineboro. As the towns grew, each began to look about for a permanent water supply. The most available reservoir was Long Pond, a pretty sheet of water nearly equidistant from the three, and each township was extremely anxious that the other two should not gain an advantage in the race. As the introduction of water would involve a considerable expense to taxpayers, there was, naturally, a pro-water and an anti-water party. The war had of late waged most fiercely in Moorland, and the approaching contest promised to be even more highly exciting in that peaceful locality than the Chilian disturbance or the Bering Sea question. Although delegates from other towns could not vote, they were, by custom, allowed to attend such meetings in a neighboring hamlet, so long as there was room in the building.

Moorland Centre was about six miles from Pineboro Corner. The boys held a council of war, in which Uncle Obed was invited to participate. The old man's enthusiasm was kindled, and he proposed to place all the resources at his command in the hands of his nephews.

"I can't do much to help ye," said he, "but I'll lend ye the sorrel colt to go an' come with. If time's any object, you can reckon on that colt's passin' anything on the road, with the light wagon behind him."

"Good!" exclaimed both boys in a breath.

"That's splendid," added Rob. "I don't know that there'll be any special hurry, as we shall have all that night, if we want it, to set up the article. We'll print the inside pages first, and put the report of the meeting on the fourth—eh, Dick?"

"That's all right, Rob. And there'll be a whole day to spare before the Dunsfield Weekly Slow-coach comes jogging along with *its* account of the proceedings."

It was arranged that Dick, who had become very quick with his pencil, should play the part of reporter on that evening, while Rob staid at home and worked the press. Uncle Obed himself would go with Dick in the buggy, if his troublesome "rheumatiz" didn't keep him at home.

Nothing was heard from the *Chronicle* until Prue came home from her music lesson, bringing the number for the week preceding the meeting. A glance at her face showed the rest of the company that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, Prue? Lost a pupil?" sang out Dick. "Or didn't she play the *sforzando* with the correct B flat *appoggiatura*? Or perhaps she struck the *con espressione* key with the wrong finger, or "

"Oh, Dick, do stop!" and Prue laughed helplessly. At the same time she opened the paper, sobering down as she did so, and pointed to the double-leaded editorial at the top of the first page.

"Owing to the intense and laudable interest taken by its constituents in the approaching Town Meeting at Moorland Centre," it said, "the *Chronicle* would, on the morning following the meeting, issue an extra, containing full reports of all proceedings therein, with especial reference to the subject of water supply, which, as was announced on the call, would be brought before the voters. The extra would be delivered to subscribers, and ready for sale at precisely nine o'clock on the morning aforesaid. Orders could be left at the *Chronicle* office at any time before that date."

"Dick," said Rob, with energy, as Madge finished reading this announcement aloud, "are all our papers delivered for this week?"

"Every one of 'em, sharp on time. The last one went into the office last night," groaned Dick.

"It's too late, then, to put any notice into the *Quartette*. But don't say a word to any one, old fellow, and don't be downcast, girls. We'll come out ahead yet. The *Chronicle* has got to get up earlier than nine o'clock to beat us! We'll get that report into the hands of our subscribers first, if we have to work all night."

"But the best we've done yet is to get it out at noon," said Prue, mournfully. "And our regular time is late in the afternoon."

"Besides," put in Madge, "our subscribers can't possibly know what we're trying to do. They'll save their money and buy the other paper, anyway."

"Look here," almost shouted Rob, striking his fist on the table, "what's to hinder our striking off two or three thousand circulars Tuesday night, and sending 'em to every man, woman, and child that takes the paper, and every business man in the three towns besides, whether he's an advertiser or not?"

"It'll cost awfully," suggested Dick.

"Never mind if it does. We can stand it, and if we scoop the *Chronicle*, they can never hold up their heads again. It's only twenty-five dollars for postage, and three or four more for envelopes and stock. We'll get up a handsome flyer -"

"In red ink!" put in Dick.

"In red ink, and everybody will be on the lookout for the *Quartette*, which will be ready—"

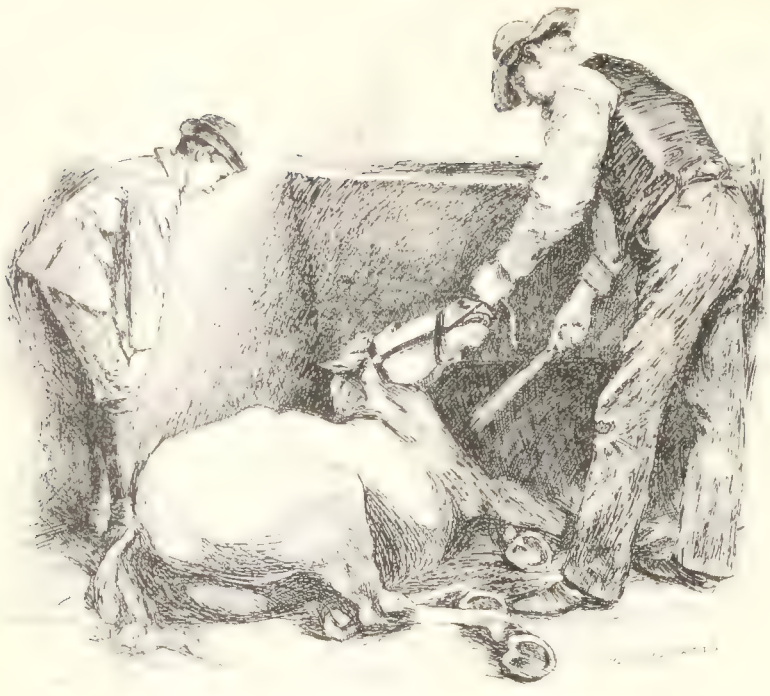
"When?"

"At *seven o'clock* Thursday morning!"

Mr. Holmes might well have complained that the Marlitts were strangely deficient in lessons that week. Indeed, he did walk home with the older brother one day, and spoke to him gravely on the subject. But when Rob disclosed to him the plan for the earlier edition, he flung all other considerations to the winds, and entered into the scheme with the enthusiasm of a boy.

"The only thing I fear is," he said, "that Duncan, getting wind of your plans, will be driven to some desperate measure to prevent the report in your paper."

"Oh, he can't do anything. Dick will drive right home with Uncle Obed from the meeting, and we shall lock the door and window while we work. It will take a good part of the night to finish and dry the sheets, you know. I mean to give a whole page to the report."



"MY OPINION IS, THE COLT'S DRUGGED," SAID UNCLE OBED.

The red circulars were printed and sown broadcast, according to the plan devised. Men laughed and stopped each other in the street to talk over the newspaper fight. It was admitted even by Duncan's friends that the *Quartette* was ahead in the contest thus far.

Thursday evening came. The paper was printed and dry, with the exception of the first and fourth pages. A small portion of the space on the front page had been eagerly snapped up at a high rate by an enterprising advertiser.

As soon as the early supper was over, Dick repaired to the barn to harness the colt. Five minutes later he came back with his eyes full of dismay.

"The colt's lying down in his stall," said he, "and I can't make him get up. Something's the matter with him!"

Uncle Obed straightened out his rheumatic limbs and hobbled out to the barn. After coaxing and patting and scolding in vain, he had to give it up.

"My opinion is, the colt's drugged," said he, grimly, as he limped back to the house. "He never acted so before, and 's fur 's I know he hasn't eaten a thing different from other days. You must go over to Jed Nickerson's, Dick, and get him to come 'n' look at him. I can't 'ford to lose that colt for no town meeting in Maine."

Dick's face fell. The horse-doctor's was two miles away, in the wrong direction. The meeting was called at half past seven. It was now a little more than half past six.

The girls came to the rescue. "We'll go," they cried. "It won't be dark for nearly two hours, and we shall enjoy the walk."

"But the slush is about knee-deep," urged Dick, faintly. "If Rob hadn't got to run that press—"

"Oh, we can put on our rubber boots," said Prue, merrily. "Mr. Nickerson will probably offer to drive us back, anyway. Now see if you can find a way to get to Moorland in time, Dick," and off they went.

Dick held a short conference with Rob, which ended in the former starting for a neighbor's, a quarter of a mile away.

"Mr. Leeson," panted Dick, for he had run all the way, "I want to hire your horse this evening!"

"Sho! what for?"

"To go to Moorland Centre and back. I'm going to report for the *Quartette*."

"Waal, I'm sorry, but I've got to use her myself this evenin'. Let me see, though—hold on!" he continued, as Dick was about to make a break for another stable. "I'm goin' right in that direction, within a mile an' a half o' Moorland. If that 'll do you any good, you can have the lift for nothin'. Here's the mare now."

Dick made a rapid mental calculation of times and distances. By the time Mr. Leeson's hat and coat were on, his mind was made up.

"I'll go with you, sir," he said, "and very much obliged. We'll put you down for a year's subscription to the *Quartette*, anyway."

"No, you won't," said the other, gathering up the reins with a chuckle. "'Cause I'm on your list already."

The end, however, was reached at last, and echoing Mr. Leeson's "Good-night," Dick started up the dark road at a dog-trot. He found a crowd around the Town-hall, and by persistent squeezing and edging himself through the noisy throng, worked his way to a favorable niche beneath a lamp, where he could see, hear, and write. So eager was he in getting down his notes that he did not once catch sight of an ugly face on the opposite side of the hall casting furious glances across at the young reporter. The owner of the ugly countenance was of course Sam Duncan, who was busily engaged on his own report, when he was not watching his boy rival.

The meeting was a turbulent one. Personalities were freely indulged in, and Dick's pencil flew over his paper to good effect. The report of proceedings would certainly be devoured the next day by every wide-awake citizen of the three towns.

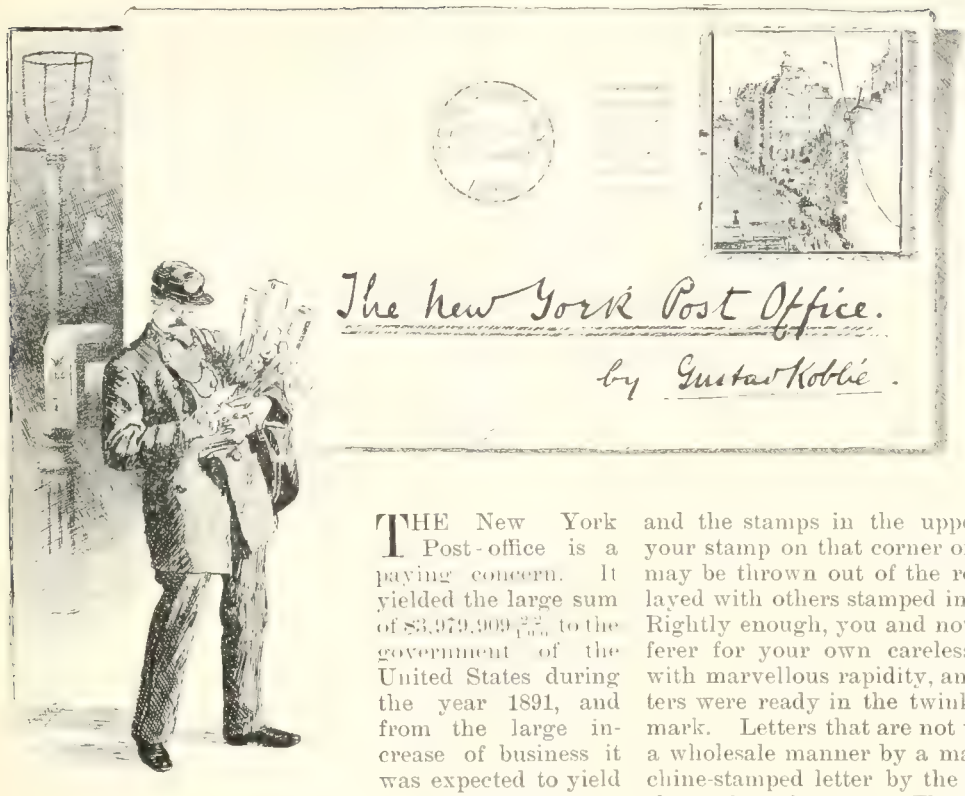
At last the opposing factions quieted down. The decisive vote was taken, and at a quarter before ten o'clock a member moved to adjourn. Dick had noticed an open window about four feet from his position, which indeed had been chosen partly on that account. By the time the question was put by the moderator he was half-way out of the window, and the moment the unanimous "Aye!" thundered out, he dropped to the ground, a distance of only a few feet.

He had arranged to meet Mr. Leeson at the house where he left him, the latter good-naturedly agreeing to prolong his business call until ten o'clock, when he should start for Pineboro, Dick or no Dick.

The young reporter had just fourteen minutes in which to make a good mile and a half, over a dark country road that was in a terrible condition from the recent snows and rains. This time he started not at a trot, but on the full run. He had hardly passed the Town-hall doors and windows when a man savagely elbowed his way out through the slowly emerging crowd, unfastened one of the dozen or twenty horses which had been left blanketed near by, jumped into the buggy attached, and reining the animal sharply around, struck off down the road at full speed.

Dick had accomplished less than a quarter of his distance to the farm-house when he heard the sound of horse's hoofs in the road behind him. He stepped aside to let the team pass, but the next moment the sky seemed to fall, he saw a myriad lights, and with a wild cry of pain and terror he plunged headlong into the miry road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The New York Post Office.

by Gustav Kobbé.

THE New York Post-office is a paying concern. It yielded the large sum of $83,979,909\frac{22}{100}$ to the government of the United States during the year 1891, and from the large increase of business it was expected to yield half a million more during 1892. It is a pretty prosperous business concern that can show such a large balance on the right side. Every one would like to be in an enterprise which takes in during one year $6,505,920\frac{82}{100}$, and pays out only $2,525,911\frac{60}{100}$. We are apt to neglect little things; but a large part of the sum turned over by the New York Post-office to the United States is derived from the sale of little things—those scraps of paper backed with mucilage which so many boys and not a few girls are fond of collecting.

I know a number of corporations and some private firms which do not transact nearly so large a business as this Post-office, yet have far more extensive premises. But, then, every employé in the New York Post-office complains of lack of room. Think of some ninety million newspapers being distributed in one year in a space only about twenty feet square!

The New York Post-office is a large granite building standing on the triangle bounded by Broadway, Park Row, and City Hall Park. Many doors open from the street into the corridor on the main floor, where are the drops for letters, newspapers, and packages; windows for the sale of stamps and the delivery of *poste restante*, or letters "to be called for"; and tier upon tier of lock-boxes. These boxes form a wall which shuts out from the public the busy scene of distributing the mail—a scene comparatively few have witnessed, as not many know there is a visitors' gallery on the "mezzanine" floor.

Mail is received and leaves the Post-office at the Mail Street, or City Hall Park end. Here one may see the gray uniformed collectors and carriers and the gayly colored mail-wagons constantly coming and going. It has been calculated that there is a wagon to or from the city and foreign mail platform every two minutes of the twenty-four hours, or seven hundred and twenty wagons a day. Mail matter constantly pours into the Post-office from various sources — from ocean steamships, railroad post-offices, and street letter-boxes; and it is the business of the Post-office to distribute this matter as quickly as possible. It is touch-and-go all day long, for the mails at the New York Post-office close every half-hour.

First the letters are dumped on to the facing tables. Here they are faced, overlapping each other in a row, with the addresses right side up, and the stamps in the upper right-hand corner. Put your stamp on that corner of the envelope or your letter may be thrown out of the regular facing order, and delayed with others stamped in an equally careless manner. Rightly enough, you and not the public must be the sufferer for your own carelessness. The facing is done with marvellous rapidity, and it seems as if a row of letters were ready in the twinkling of an eye for the post-mark. Letters that are not too thick are post-marked in a wholesale manner by a machine. You can tell a machine-stamped letter by the lines resembling those on a sheet of music paper. The other letters are post-marked by hand at the rate of about 4000 an hour. The post-mark cancels the stamp.

When letters are received already post-marked from other post-offices they are turned over and back stamped. As the back stamp is lighter, it is possible to back stamp letters at the rate of 5000 an hour. By comparing the post-mark and the back stamp you can tell how long a letter has been under way. For instance, a letter post-marked "Eastport, Me. Jun. 24 10 A.M. 1892," and back stamped "N. Y. 6-25-92 9 P.M." left Eastport at ten o'clock on the morning of June 24, 1892, and was received at the New York Post-office the following day at nine o'clock in the evening. If you think it has been too long *en route*, make a complaint, and an investigation will follow, and you will be informed of the cause of the delay, if there was any. As the mails close every half-hour, the dies for the post-marks and back stamps are changed every half-hour, one employé's time being wholly taken up with making the changes. Every time a change is made an impression of the die is taken on a sheet of paper, and the name of the employé who uses



NEWSPAPER SEPARATING BOXES.



STAMPING MACHINE—FOUR A MINUTE.

it is recorded opposite it. This record is preserved for two years, for the Post-office endeavors to keep a check on every person through whose hands a letter passes in the course of distribution, so that errors can be traced to their source.

You see on the main floor of the New York Post-office employés shoving large tubs on wheels or dragging smaller tubs by a string. These are filled with mail matter, which is thus distributed to the various departments which handle it after it has been post-marked or back stamped. Technically speaking, it is "passed to the separators." These inspect every letter, and throw it into its proper pigeon-hole. For the railway mail service only a grand separation for States and large cities is made, the minor separation being made on the postal-car. But for the "city delivery" a minute separation for the branch offices, the lock-boxes, registry and money-order divisions, and those carriers' routes which radiate from the general Post-office is necessary. The pigeon-holes and sortation tables for this delivery are at the southern end on the Park Row side, letters being sorted at the average rate of 3000 an hour by each of the employés at the sortation tables. There are some 3000 lock-boxes at the New York Post-office, and a pigeon-hole for each group of boxes over the sortation tables, the final sortation being made by employés at the boxes. Many letter-writers neglect to include their correspondents' box numbers in the addresses. Many of these letters naturally pass into the carriers' hands, but some sorters are so expert that they carry the box numbers in their heads, and distribute the letters by boxes, whether the numbers of these form part of the address or not. The banks, the large newspapers, and a few large firms have a special delivery and mailing window, and of course special pigeon-holes over the sortation tables.

All Brooklyn mail goes to a special table, where it is sorted for the Brooklyn branch offices by an employé who can separate at the rate of 4500 an hour. At the city distribution tables carriers' letters are thrown aside, and conveyed to tables where they are sorted according to carriers' routes, each carrier taking the letters from his route-case, and arranging them in the order in which he delivers them. He is supposed to leave with his letters in from fifteen to twenty minutes after his return from his last round. I asked an old carrier how many miles he walked a day. He replied that while he had never made an exact calculation, he was on his feet seven hours a day, and he believed he made three miles an hour, or twenty-one miles a day.

When a carrier returns from his route, he throws all letters he has not been able to deliver on a table, with the reason for non-delivery written on each. Every "carrier's route" goes over these letters, and in this manner many letters are delivered by other routes than the one in which the original address was located. An alphabetical record is kept of the changes in address thus discovered, and the changes of which the office has been notified.

As soon as a foreign mail-steamer arrives at Quarantine it begins discharging mail upon a tug. When the Health Officer's inspection is ended, and the steamer continues on her way up the bay, the tug, even if it has only a small portion of the mail, makes tracks for the Battery, whence a wagon conveys the pouches as rapidly as possible to the Post-office. The ship's delivery of the mail is timed from the arrival of this first load, so that, with the sharp competition between ocean greyhounds for the mail-carrying privilege, the despatch of this first load is all important.

At various points on the main floor of the New York Post-office are pouching racks. These are stands divided into compartments, each large enough to receive a pouch. The pouches are hung, one in each compartment, and are open, so that the packages of mail, as they arrive from the sortation tables, can be easily thrown into their respective pouches. There is a special rack for the distribution of the enormous number of newspapers received by the large New York advertising agencies. Little details like this, and the special window for banks, newspapers, and large firms, show the care taken to get the mail distributed with the greatest possible speed. A letter mailed in Harlem to an address in Wall Street is, or should be, delivered within two hours of the time when it was mailed.

All matter bearing no street or box number, and all matter returned by the carriers' routes as undeliverable, goes, when the correct address cannot be found, into the general delivery, or *poste restante*, where, if it is not called for within a certain period, which varies with the character of the matter, it is advertised. If it then remains unclaimed, it is sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington (an important branch of the service which will be specially treated of in a later number), or returned to the sender, if his name appears on the envelope. There is a special window at the *poste restante* for women, and windows for letters from foreign countries other than Great Britain and Ireland, the employés at these latter windows speaking several foreign languages. The registry and money-order divisions are on other floors of the building.

The "blind readers" form perhaps the most interesting division of the New York Post-office force. They endeavor to save faultily, insufficiently, or unintelligibly addressed matter from the Dead Letter Office. The "blind reader" solves his puzzles largely by sound.



THE STAMPING TABLE.

There is no "Titus Hills" in the Post-office Directory, but to his ear, so accustomed to strange variations, "Titus Hills" sounds like Tribes' Hills, and to that place the letter is rightly forwarded. Sound tells him that the Italian who wrote "Pochippge," meant Poughkeepsie; that "Anteio" is Utica; "Gecksnuvel," Jacksonville; "Sam Marcett," Somerset, "Vuestillino, I. R.," Westerly, Rhode Island; "Shostrafald," Chesterfield; and, most remarkable of all these, "Skrynt," Scranton. At the same time an eye marvellously trained in deciphering curious handwriting enables him to make of an address which looks like "Wxterloov, Jyex Co.," Watertown, Jefferson County.



THE "BLIND" READER.

But really the most interesting details which can be told of the New York Post-office relate to the amount of business transacted in each division, for only in this manner can a true idea of the importance of this office be obtained. I have already given the grand totals, but these are made up of many interesting items. For instance, the international money orders received and certified to Europe in 1891 numbered nearly a million, and aggregated nearly sixteen and a half millions of dollars. The European country with which the New York Post-office had the largest transactions through its Money-order Department was Great Britain, the items amounting to nearly half a million. The Bahamas were at the foot of the list with only fifty-eight items. The total number of items in the Registry Department was 8,273,659. Nearly three hundred million items of mail matter were handled by carriers; and the sale of postage stamps, stamped envelopes, etc., amounted to $6,308,012 96.

Nearly thirty million letters were forwarded to and nearly twenty-four million received from foreign countries — the New York Post-office easily handling over three-fourths of our foreign mail. We should lose faith in the intelligence of the human race on learning that in this one office 602,398 misdirected and insufficiently addressed letters were received, did we not learn at the same time that 515,074 of these letters were corrected and forwarded by other members of the human race. The items of mail matter handled averaged for each day 930,707, and the number of pouches, 10,126; the aggregate for the year being 428,973,550 letters, and 3,770,450 pouches.

The postmaster receives a salary of $8000 a year—a very small sum when the business of the office is considered. But then he doesn't have to receive, face, postmark, sort, and distribute every letter himself. In fact, he doesn't even drive a mail-wagon. For he spent $1,252,934$\frac{92}{100}$ in 1891 for clerk hire, and an express company does the carting under contract

JACK WINS.

"I've got a nice soft new kitten, and she's awful nice to pat," said Marie.

"Hoh!" sneered Jack. "She isn't any newer or softer or nicer to pat than my mamma's seal-skin muff, and it never scratches or runs away."

RAFTMATES:*

A STORY OF THE GREAT RIVER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "COMPMATES," "PLAYMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HURLED THROUGH THE CREVASSE AND WRECKED.

DURING the earlier hours of that eventful night Billy Brackett had brought all his engineering skill to bear upon the problem of how to save the Moss Bank levee. His cheery presence, and the evident knowledge that he displayed, inspired all hands with confidence and a new energy. Under his direction the raftmates worked like beavers, and Mr. Manton was more hopeful that the levee could be made to withstand the terrible pressure of swollen waters than he had been from the beginning. By daylight the young engineer might have noted its weak spots, and strengthened them. He would have seen the thin streams that silently, but steadily and in ever-increasing volume, were working their way through the embankment near its base. In the inky blackness of the night they were unheeded; and while spade and pick were plied with unflagging zeal to strengthen the higher portions, these insidious foes were equally busy undermining its foundations.

Shortly before midnight everything seemed so secure that the boys were sent to the *Venture's* shanty to get a few hours of sleep. Then Billy Brackett and Mr. Manton came in for the hot coffee Solon was preparing for them. They had hardly seated themselves at the table when the catastrophe occurred. Without warning, a quarter of a mile of the water-soaked levee sank out of sight, and dissolved like so much wet sugar. Into the huge gap thus opened the exulting waters leaped with the rush and roar of a cataract. On the foaming crest of this tawny flood the stout timber raft was borne and whirled like an autumn leaf. A few of the working gang managed to reach it and save themselves, but others were swept away like thistle-down.

The boys thus rudely awakened from a sound sleep sprang up with frightened questionings, while Solon sank to his knees, paralyzed with terror. Nanita stood guard over her puppy, while Bim, with a single bark of defiance, leaped to his master's side and looked into his face for orders.

"Steady, boys! Steady!" shouted Billy Brackett, as coolly as though nothing unusual were happening. "No, not outside. Keep that door closed. It is safer in here. We can do nothing but wait patiently until the raft fetches up against something solid or grounds. Hear the waves boiling over the deck? There's a big chance of being swept off and dashed to bits out there."

For five minutes the raft was hurled forward and tossed with sickening plunges, as though in a heavy seaway, until its occupants were nearly prostrated with nausea. Then came a crash and a shock that piled them in headlong confusion on one side of the room. There was a grinding and groaning of timbers. One side of the raft was lifted, and the other forced down, until the floor of the shanty sloped steeply. With a single impulse all hands rushed to the door and into the open air.

The raft seemed to be stranded at the base of a rocky cliff that towered directly to an unknown height above it. Against it the mad waters were dashing savagely. Beneath their feet the stout timbers quivered with such uneasy movements that it seemed as though the end of the *Venture* had come, and that a few more seconds or minutes must witness its total destruction.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 679.

After a while the first rush of waters passed, and they settled into a strong smooth flow like that of the great river from which they came. The uneasy movements of the raft ceased, and its shivering occupants again began to breathe freely.

"I guess it is all right, boys," called out Billy Brackett. "I believe we are stranded at the foot of the bagasse-burner; but the old craft has evidently made up its mind to hold together for a while, at any rate. So I move that we crawl into the shanty again. It's a good deal warmer and more comfortable in there than it is out here."

All hands were greatly depressed by the calamity that had overtaken them. Mr. Manton, Worth, Sumner, and old Solon grieved over the ruin of Moss Bank. Glen and Binney feared for the safety of General Elting's valuable instruments. Billy Brackett wondered if Major Caspar, or any one else, would ever again have confidence in him as the leader of an expedition, while poor Winn, who had never ceased to reproach himself for the manner in which the voyage of the *Venture* had been begun, was now filled with dismay at its disastrous termination.

He, as well as the others, realized that the raft was a fixture in its present position, that it would never again float on the bosom of the great river, and that all dreams of selling it in New Orleans must now be abandoned. He knew how greatly his father was in need of the money he had hoped to receive from it. He knew what a blow the loss of the wheat had been. Now the raft was lost as well. As the unhappy boy's thoughts travelled back over the incidents of the trip, and he remembered that but for him the wheat would not have been lost, and but for him the raft would probably have been sold in St. Louis, his self-accusations found their way to his eyes, and trickled slowly down his cheeks in the shape of hot tears.

But Billy Brackett was not giving way to his grief. There was too much to be done for that. He was trying to set up the overturned stove, and make things more comfortable. The lamp had rolled from the table when the raft struck the stone tower, and been extinguished in the water that flooded part of the shanty. In spite of this drawback, they finally succeeded in getting the stove into position. Then they began to feel for fuel with which to make a fire. Everything was wet. Some one proposed breaking up a chair, but Billy Brackett exclaimed:

"Hold on! I have thought of something better."

With this he caught hold of one of the thin boards used by the "river traders" to ceil the room, and, with a powerful wrench, tore it off. This particular board happened to be near where Winn was sitting on the floor, so filled with his own sad thoughts that he paid but slight attention to what was going on about him. As the board was torn from its place several soft objects fell near him, and one of them struck his hand. It seemed to be paper, and when Billy Brackett sung out for some paper with which to start the fire, Winn said,

"Here's a wad that's dry," and tossed the package in the direction of the stove.

The young engineer slipped it under the wood, struck a match, and lighted it. The next instant he uttered a startled exclamation, snatched the package from the stove, and beat out the flame that was rapidly eating into it.

"What is the matter?" asked Winn.

"Matter?" returned Billy Brackett. "Oh, nothing at all; only I can't quite afford to warm myself at fires fed with bank-bills. Not just yet. I wouldn't hesitate to dissolve all my spare pearls in vinegar, if I felt an inclination for that kind of a drink, but I must draw a line at greenback fuel. Where did you get them? Whose are they? And why do you want them burned up? Has your wealth become a burden to you?"

"Are they really bills?" asked Winn, incredulously.

For answer Billy Brackett struck another match, and all saw that he indeed held a package of bank-notes, with charred ends. The same light showed Winn to be surrounded by a number of similar packages.

"As long as they are so plenty, I guess we might as well burn them, after all," said Billy Brackett, quietly. With this he struck another match, relighted the little bundle of bills, and again thrust it into the stove.

For a moment the others believed him to have lost his senses. Winn made a wild dash at the stove door, but Billy Brackett caught his arm.

"It's all right, and I'm not half so big a fool as I may appear," he said, laughing. "Do you remember our late friends the 'river traders'? And that they were counterfeiters? And that they occupied this very shanty for several weeks? And that, after losing it, they made desperate attempts to regain its possession? And that we wondered why they had ceiled this room? Also, what had become of their stock in trade?"

To each of these questions Winn gave an affirmative answer.

"Well," continued Billy Brackett, "the mystery is a mystery no longer. They ceiled this room to provide a safe and very ingenious hiding-place for their goods; they wished to regain possession of the raft, that they might recover them. They failed, and so lost them. Now, by the merest accident, we have found them."

"Do you mean—" began Winn, slowly.

"I mean," said Billy Brackett, "that while we are apparently possessed of abundant wealth, it is but the shadow of the substance. In other words, every one of those bills is a counterfeit, and the sooner they are destroyed the better."

In spite of this disappointing announcement, the desire of the raftmates to discover the full extent of the 'river traders'' secret hoard was so great that, having found a candle, they proceeded by its light to tear off the whole of the interior sheathing of the room. They found a quantity of the counterfeit money, which Billy Brackett, sustained by Mr. Manton, insisted upon burning then and there. They also found, carefully hidden by itself, a package containing exactly one hundred genuine one-hundred dollar bills.

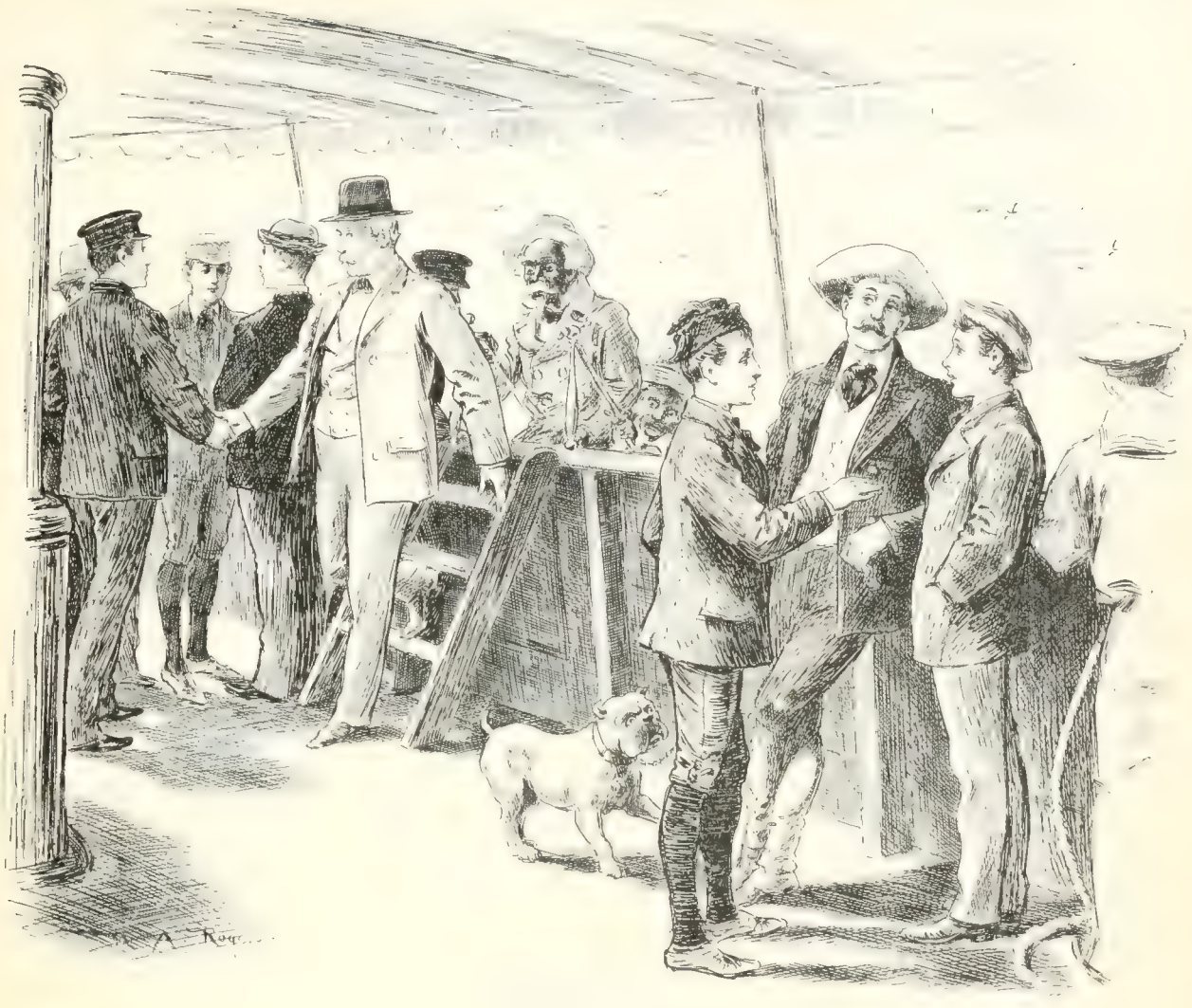
"Enough," said Billy Brackett, quietly, "to refund the hundred they got from Glen and Binney, to repay Major Caspar for the wheat they dumped overboard, and to make good the loss of the *Whatnot*, which so nearly broke the heart of our brave old friend Cap'n Cod."

The justice of this disposition of the money was so evident that not a single dissenting voice was raised among those who had found it, for they all knew that an effort to trace it to its rightful owners would not only be fruitless, but would cost more than the entire amount.

The knowledge that his father was thus to be recompensed for the loss of which he had been the direct cause so raised Winn Caspar's spirits that when daylight came, he felt himself to be one of the very happiest boys in all Louisiana.

The coming of daylight, while gladly hailed by the occupants of the wrecked raft, also disclosed the extent of the devastation caused by the flood. As they had surmised, the *Venture* was stranded at the foot of the huge stone bagasse-burner. The mill near by was partly demolished. The great house, standing amid its clumps of shrubbery and stately trees, a quarter of a mile away, was surrounded by water that rose nearly to the top of the stone piers by which it was supported. The quarters and other outbuildings had disappeared. Even at that distance they could see a throng of refugees on the verandas and at the windows of the great house.

"Unless speedy relief comes they will starve," said Mr. Manton, anxiously, "for our provisions had nearly run out yesterday."



A REUNION OF "MATES."

"We are in about the same fix," said Billy Brackett, who had been in earnest consultation with Solon. "I didn't realize until this minute that we had given away nearly the whole of our own supply. Now I find that the few things we had left are under water, and most of them are spoiled."

At this announcement every one suddenly discovered that he was intensely hungry, while Bim, seated on his haunches and waving his forepaws, began to "speak" vigorously for his breakfast.

CHAPTER XL.

A MEETING OF MATES.

With starvation staring our raftmates in the face, the problem of how they were to escape from their present predicament became a most important one. The first suggestion was that they construct a small and easily managed raft from a portion of the material contained in the *Venture*. They foresaw that it would be impossible for them to propel even this against the swift current and reach the river, where they might procure relief from some passing boat. Still, even to drift with the current, or at the best to work their way diagonally across it, with the hope of reaching some source of food supply, seemed better than to remain where they were, and accordingly they began to collect material for a raft.

They had hardly started at this when Worth called out that he saw a canoe lodged in a clump of shrubbery. They all looked where he pointed, and all saw it. Although it was not more than a hundred yards away from them, the full force of the current must be encountered for the entire distance before one could reach it.

All were agreed that they must obtain it, if possible, and that their very lives might depend upon getting that canoe. First Billy Brackett threw off his clothing, and plunging into the chill waters, attempted to swim to it. He had not covered half the distance before he was compelled to turn back utterly exhausted. Then Glen Elting and Sumner undertook the task together, but splendid swimmers as they were, they could no more stem that resistless flood than they could have flown to the canoe.

As they were dejectedly resuming their clothing in the shanty they were startled by a shout from outside. Winn Caspar had solved the problem. While the others were watching the fruitless struggles of Glen and Sumner from one side of the raft he had slipped overboard from the other, and swam diagonally across the current to a hedge of oleanders, the tops of which were still above water. This hedge extended to the river, and passed within fifty yards of the shrubbery in which the canoe was caught.

When Winn reached the oleanders he was considerably below the raft, and of course nearly twice as far from the canoe as when he started. He had anticipated this, however, and now began to work his way back against the

current by pulling himself from one bush to another. When he reached a point opposite the raft the others saw him, and shouted. As he gained a position opposite the canoe they started again, but still he kept on, until he was nearly a hundred yards above it.

Then, after a brief rest to rid the treacherous oleanders, and struck out with brave strokes for the coveted object. He was now again swimming diagonally across the current, and knew that even should he miss the canoe he would be borne down to the raft. But he did not miss it. He had calculated too well for that, and when he again reached the raft, he brought the *Psyche* with him.

He was chilled to the bone, numb, and sick with exhaustion; but for such a royal cheer as greeted him, and the praises that his companions showered upon him, he would have dared and suffered twice as much. At the same moment, as if to encourage such brave deeds, the sun shone out warm and bright, transforming the whole character of the scene with its cheery warmth.

Sumner Rankin was ready, and with a light heart he stepped into his beloved craft. Then, with vigorous strokes of his double-bladed paddle, he shot away toward the river, where he was to remain until he could persuade a boat of some kind to come to the relief of his fellow-sufferers.

In spite of the sunlight and their hopes of rescue, the long hours passed slowly aboard the *Venture*. There was little to do, and nothing to eat, though Solon did succeed in making a pot of coffee, which they drank without sugar or milk. In one respect, however, it was the most successful day of the *Venture's* entire cruise; for during those tedious hours Billy Brackett and Winn accomplished the object for which it had been undertaken. They sold the raft. In gazing over his flooded plantation and planning for its future Mr. Manton realized that with the subsidence of the waters he would have immediate use for a large quantity of lumber.

"Why not buy ours?" suggested Winn.

"Why not?" answered Mr. Manton.

Five minutes later the bargain was completed that transferred the ownership of the *Venture*, and crowned Major Caspar's undertaking with success. It was such a satisfactory arrangement that they only wondered they had not thought of it before.

"Here the lumber is, just where I want it, and not a cent of freight to pay," said Mr. Manton

"Now you and I can get back to Caspar's Mill, and help your father out with that contract; and it is high time we were there too," said Billy Brackett to Winn. "Hello! what's this? The *Psyche* coming back again? If it is, young Rankin must be having a fit, for he's black in the face."

"It's Quorum!" shouted Worth. "In the *Cupid*, too! Of all things, that is the very last I should ever have expected to see!"

Sure enough, it was the faithful negro progressing slowly and with such awkwardness that the anxious spectators expected to see him upset at each moment. Nevertheless, he finally succeeded in reaching the raft; and was hauled aboard.

Quorum had come from the great house, where the *Cupid* was the sole craft to be had. It was only after hours of persuasion and semi-starvation that he had been induced by the other refugees to make the trip to the raft, which they had discovered soon after daylight. He described a pitiful state of affairs as existing among the hungry throng he had just left, and declared that another day without food would witness great suffering in the crowded house.

Even as he related his story, those gathered about him were startled by the shrill note of a steam-whistle coming from the direction of the river. Sumner had found relief, and was bringing it to them.

During the hours that passed so slowly on the raft, the brave little *Psyche* had cruised here and there over the broad Mississippi sea, now hailing some boat that refused to stop, and then chasing another that it failed to overtake. Finally, late in the afternoon, Sumner discovered a trail of black smoke coming up stream and toward him. As he anxiously watched it, trying to decide which way he should go to head it off, he discovered a white banner with a scarlet cross flying out cheerily just beneath the trail of smoke. Then he knew that help was at hand, and no matter what other boats might do, that one would stop at his signal.

As it drew near, he was amazed to see that instead of a river steamer, such as he had expected, the red-cross boat was a fine sea-going yacht; and as she came dashing toward him, her sharp stem cleaving the brown waters like a knife, her shining black hull, varnished houses, polished metal, and plate glass flashing in the light of the setting sun, this sailor son of a sailor father thought her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. She slowed down at his signal, and in another minute he was alongside. A line was flung to him, and making it fast to the *Psyche's* painter, he clambered up a ladder that had been dropped from the gangway. As he reached the deck, a fine-looking young fellow, apparently but little older than himself, and wearing a natty yachting uniform, stepped forward to meet him.

Sumner briefly explained his errand, and pointing to the red-cross flag, added that he believed aid might be expected from those who sailed under it.

"Indeed it may," responded the other, heartily. "And our present business is to discover just such cases as you describe. Although the *Merab* is, as you see, a private yacht, in which we happened to put into New Orleans during a winter cruise to the southward, she is at present in the service of the Red Cross Society, of which I am a member, and devoted to the relief of sufferers by this awful flood. May I ask your name? Mine is Coffin Tristram Coffin; though I am better known as Breeze McCloud, and that of my friend is Wolfe Brady."

Half an hour later the beautiful *Merab* lay at anchor as near the stranded raft as it was safe to venture, and its occupants were being transferred to her hospitable deck by one of her boats. Another boat, laden with provisions, was on its way to the starving refugees in the great house.

The young owner of the *Merab* insisted that all those who came from the raft should be his guests, at least for that night.

The invitation was accepted as promptly and heartily as it had been given, and soon afterwards two very hungry but very merry parties sat down to bountiful dinners in two entirely distinct parts of the yacht.

Along the mess-table of the galley—or the "camboose," as the yacht's cook insisted upon calling it—were ranged three gentlemen of color, each of whom treated his companions with the greatest deference, though at the same time believing himself to be just a little better posted in culinary matters than either of the others.

"Dish yer wha' I calls a mighty scrumptious repas'," exclaimed Solon, after a long silence devoted to appeasing the pangs of his hunger. "But fo' de true ole-time cookin' gib me de Moss Back kitchin befo' de wah."

"I specs dat ar' berry good in hits way," remarked Quorum. "Same time I hain't nebber eat nuffin kin compare wif de cookin' er dem Seminyole Injuns what libs in de Ebberglades. Dat's whar I takin my lesson."

"Sho, gen'l'mums! 'pears to me lak you don't nebber go on er deep-sea v'yge whar you gets de genuwine joe-flogger, an' de plum-duff, an' sich like," said Nimbus, the yacht's cook. "Ef you had, you wouldn' talk."

In the luminous after-saloon the other party was seated at a table white with snowy damask, and gleaming with

silver, which was at once the pride and care of old Mateo, the Portuguese steward.

It was a party so overflowing with merriment and laughter, jokes and stories, that from one end of the table the young owner of the yacht was moved to call to his friends at the other: "I say, Wolfe, this reminds me of the mess aboard the old *Fish Hawk*, when we were 'Dorymates' together off Iceland."

"It reminds me," said Glen Elting, "of the jolly mess of the Second Division, when Billy Brackett and Binney and I were 'Campmates' together in New Mexico."

Said Sumner Rankin: "It reminds me of the cabin mess of the *Transit*, when we went 'Canoemates' together through the Everglades. Eh, Worth?"

"While I," chimed in Winn Caspar, "am reminded of the happy mess-table of the good ship *Venture*, on which we 'Raftmates' have just floated for more than a thousand miles down the great river."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Manton, rising, "as I seem to have become a shipmate of Dorymates, Campmates, Canoemates, and Raftmates, I am moved to propose a toast. It is, 'Long life and prosperity, health and happiness, now and forever, to all true mates.'"

THE END.

HOW CRABS GET THEIR LIVING.

CRABS are unpleasantly like huge spiders, and not agreeable objects to contemplate, unless in a cooked and harmless condition. Even then it is difficult to understand why the sweetest portions should be those ugly, murderous-looking claws. One who has studied them thoroughly declares that crabs are "creatures with a relative strength greater than lions, appetites equal to wolves, and clothed in an armor compared to which that of the rhinoceros is but a silken jerkin."

Thus armed and equipped, they are capable of remarkable feats, which are apt to take place on the sandy shore of some bay at twilight when the tide rises. First upon the scene are the tiny sand-hoppers that come out from their little holes in the soft sand, after dozing most of the day, to pick up something for supper; and getting exhilarated with a sight of the outer world, they jump up into the air in a meaningless sort of way, and this gives them their name. When tired, they crawl into the nearest holes and bury themselves in the sand, and it is quite a puzzle how crabs or any other creatures can get them out again.

But the crab understands his business, and even a small one is more than a match for the poor little sand-hoppers. His approach when bent on mischief of this kind is a very slow one, and he tries to look as much as possible as though he had no intentions of any kind. But he keeps a careful watch on the incoming waves, because they may bring him his supper; and as he catches a glimpse of a large jelly-fish swaying to and fro he makes a rush for it. The claws which have helped him over the sand are now used to convey pinches of jelly-fish to his mouth, and the idea that his victim may not enjoy it doesn't seem to suggest itself.

This is only the first course, however, for jelly-fish is not very substantial eating, and crabby's affections are set on sand-hoppers. As slowly as before he continues his course toward the drier sand, and presently he spies a hopper of noble dimensions —almost an inch long or short —but, unfortunately for his plans, his prey also sees him and stops short, alert and watchful. The crab suddenly disappears, as though swallowed up by an earthquake, and his puzzled victim looks wildly around for him in all directions.

Close beside the doomed sand-hopper there is a treacherous lump in the sand, and very slowly this lump rises, until suddenly the wicked crab appears in all his strength, and rushes upon the bewildered sand-hopper. The dreadful claws pinch it in two, and in a very short space of time Master Crab pauses in his meal until another victim falls into his clutches.

Sometimes he tries another plan, which brings larger gains. Running suddenly upon a party of sand-hoppers, they scatter right and left; down he sinks into the sand, and is out of sight himself, but he sees all that goes on. Presently the sand-hoppers return, probably saying how silly it was of them to be frightened at nothing. They resume their idiotic jumping, and even land on the mound that holds their destroyer, tumbling over on their backs or sides, or anything but their feet. The crab pounces on each unfortunate that comes down the wrong way, and devours a dozen or so in a short time.

The sand-hoppers are awful prey, but when it comes to eating its own brothers and sisters and children when they are changing their shells, the crab's ways of getting a living are even more detestable. A naturalist watched one that seemed to be protecting a smaller crab, and saw him take it in his claws and carry it to a pool of water. This seemed a kindly attention, as the smaller crab had a soft shell that could easily be injured, but presently it was seized by the powerful claws, the shell torn off by degrees, and the inside devoured with great relish. The horrified spectator would have enjoyed killing the cannibal on the spot, but he left him to his unnatural feast.

THE SOLITARY CHESS-PLAYER.

IN the early half of the century lived a kind, venerable Turk. His charitable impulses unfortunately being limited by not overabundant means, he had adopted the method of assessing privately the rich of the land a percentage of their incomes, trusting to his persuasion and the noble purpose to collect the bounty wherewith to relieve his suffering fellow-men. So systematically did he proceed that he kept himself informed of the revenues of the different individuals, and had Ben Ali lost severely at the card-table since his preceding visit, or otherwise met with financial reverses, his contribution was lowered, and that of those enriched thereby correspondingly increased.

Once, when starting on one of his regular semi-annual tours of collection, and riding through a dense forest, he came upon a Turk deeply engaged in a solitary game of chess. Prompted by curiosity he reined in his mule, and after a while opened conversation by asking who was the winner.

The player apparently was too deeply interested to notice him for a few moments, then arising with evident disgust, he replied, "I lost."

"Who won?"

"Allah."

"Allah? How much did you lose?" asked the venerable Turk, in surprise.

"Twenty piasters."

"And how do you pay Allah?" he continued.

Thereupon the Turk explained that it was his daily habit to play a game of chess on that secluded spot with Allah as opponent, he alone being worthy to take his losings, and that Allah at regular intervals sent an emissary in the form of some traveller to collect the bounty due him. In this instance it was undoubtedly the person before him, and accordingly he handed over his purse containing 100 piasters, the losings of five games.

Much pleased at this unexpected contribution to his fund, and mentally resolving to come by the same way on his return trip and collect Allah's further dues, the venerable man rode on.

Returning after an interval of five days, he again fell in with the eccentric player.

"Who won to-day?" he asked, as the other rose.

"I won to-day," was the reply.

"How much did you win?"

"You see," was the explanation, "Allah is a much better player than I. When I lose, it costs me 20 piasters; when I win, I get 1000 piasters, and Allah always promptly sends an emissary to pay his debts. Pay up, old man."

With these words, and levelling a pair of cocked pistols at the stupefied traveller, the brigand captured his purse containing nearly twice the amount that he claimed as his due from Allah.

A PUZZLE FOR A PAINTER.

A COUNTRYMAN brought a piece of board to a famous painter, and requested him to paint thereon a life-size figure of St. Christopher. The artist examined the board, and observed that he did not see how he could do so, since the board was much too small for the purpose. The countryman scratched his head thoughtfully for a moment, and then his face lit up. It was evident that he had found a way to get around the objection.

"Lookee here, sir," he said; "ye *can* do it. Ye can let his legs hang down over the edge of the board."



SKETCHES AT THE NEW YORK POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW.

THE FAULT OF THE RUBBERS.

"Oh, Tommy, just look at yourself. All soaked through."

"Well, mamma, I – I fell into a snow-drift, and you know my rubbers only cover my feet, so it – it isn't all my fault now, is it?"

WALLIE HAS A SCHEME.

"I don't see," said Wallie–"I don't see why if our water-pipes freeze we can't take ice out of the spigot instead of buying it from the ice-man."

A LITTLE MAID REASONS.

"I wish summer came in the winter-time," sighed Mollie. "Then winter-time would be warm like the summer-time."

A DISCOVERY.

"I've found out two things about tongues," Jack said. "They're made to talk with at home and to keep still with at school."

ROSES AND KITTENS.

"Roses an' kittens is awful like each other," said Tommy. "They both have too many thorns on 'em for me."

VERY QUEER.

"It's awful queer to me," said Jimmie, as he thought it over. "I can't see why chickens what haven't any hair have combs, while dogs and horses that have hair don't have any combs."

A GREAT VIEW.

Tom's father had taken him to the top of the Washington Monument. The little fellow gazed admiringly at the beautiful view for a minute or two and then said,

"Papa, which is Africa?"

JIMMIE'S NOTION.

"I want to be a writer like my papa," said Jimmie one day. "It must be lots of fun doing nothing but spoiling pads all day."

A QUERY.

"Papa," said Willie, "if a fly's sister had a little baby fly, would that fly be an ant?"

WHY INDEED?

"Papa, are two mouses mice?" asked Gerald.

"Yes, my boy."

"Then why don't they call a pair of trousers trice?" said Gerald.

A POSSIBLE REASON.

"I know why bees live in hives," said Mabel. "It's because people won't let 'em live in their houses."

VERY MUCH.

"It's a queer thing about our tongues," said Bobbie. "It's easier to keep them working than to keep them resting."

A QUESTION.

"Mamma," asked Mabel, "do mamma bees comb the baby bees' hair with honeycombs?"



Little Charlie had a dreadful time cutting his teeth.



But when he became a little older he had a worse time cutting his fingers.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

Author of "Captain Polly," "Flying Hill Farm," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY one boy, and so many girls! Robin whisked the little ones behind the clump of scrub oaks whenever any one came along the road. Jean would not be thrust out of sight, but sat dangling her long legs from the fence and staring at every one, never in the least ashamed of being a girl.

But then Jean had not overheard their father say to their mother, on that dreadful night when they thought he was dying, that if there were only one more boy among them, he should not be so afraid to leave them. He had partially recovered; he had even crept up to the hill to the church and preached one Sunday; but still the trouble was heavy at Robin's heart—so many helpless girls on



his feeble hands. And it made matters worse that Papa Dinsmore had old-fashioned ideas about girls, and did not realize that they could ever be otherwise than helpless.

He worried more about them now than about the congregation under his care, which had dwindled away, until now the picturesque church of rough stone and shingle which the Land Company had helped to build when Penanhant promised to become a fashionable summer resort, was abandoned to the ravages of wind and weather. The tide of fashion had turned now in its fickle way, and was flowing towards Menawket, farther up the cape; and the rich people, who had beautiful and quaint cottages at Penanhant all deserted them.

The Dinsmores had come with the rich people, but they had not gone with them. Mr. Dinsmore had believed in the future of Penanhant, and had "sunk" all the money he had there, and the failing health, which had been one cause of his coming, had failed more and more, and now the wolf's howl at the door was louder than the roar of the wind about the bluffs on winter nights. And sometimes it seemed as if Ken had no idea that his was a responsible position, but thought that one could be a boy just for the fun of it.

Ken came scrambling breathless up the steepest side of the bluffs one morning, and called to Robin, who was in the porch:

"I promised to take a party from Quansett out in the *Mary Ann* this morning, and now I can't go," he said. "You see, I promised a boy that I would go down to Kingstown with him the very first chance we got. It's—it's on business. And Cap'n Saul is going down in the *Scud*, and will take us."

The color had rushed into Ken's girlishly fair face, and his eyes searched the sand, which he was restlessly kicking.

"You're going with Dave Freneau," said Robin, severely.

"What if I am?" demanded Ken, sharply. "There wasn't a fellow at St. Luke's who began to have such a lot of brains as Dave Freneau. He knows things, too, that he doesn't tell! Hallett & Close would give something to know the things that he knows."

"Ken, I wish you would be more practical and study, as papa wants you to. It is better to do simply what one ought than to have great ideas that never come to anything. They say that boy has been uneasy since his father died, and he is making you so."

"Wouldn't a fellow who had anything in him be uneasy buried in this hole?" demanded Ken, forcibly. "But Dave isn't uneasy now, because he has got me to help him, and this place will do to make a start in. Won't Hallett & Close open their eyes! And people who have been hinting that I wasn't of any account will have to sing small!"

"I haven't meant to hint, Ken—that is horrid," said Robin, contritely. "But, oh, I wish I were a boy!"

"I'm not sure that you'd be much of a fellow," said Ken, with cruel candor. "A boy has to stand a lot of rough things. And he can't holler when he's hurt, as a girl can. And he doesn't keep talking. I say, Robin, you will go?"

"I'm afraid they won't like to go out with a girl," said Robin, doubtfully.

"They'll have heard all about you," said Ken. "They'll know that you can manage a boat as well as I can. There's a stiffish breeze, but it's steady. You'd better take Thanny Baker with you; he'll be of some use."

Without another word Robin went into the house to get her rough jacket and her fore-and-aft cap and other sailor gear.

"I wish I could go," said Jean, meeting her at the door as she came out. "I'm tired of jingling that old piano, that never was tuned. And I sha'n't hear the twins' spelling, nor try to keep Posy from toeing in. If either of us is going to have a chance to be a tomboy, I think it ought to be me."

"Do say it ought to be *I*, Jean," said Robin, puckering her brows as she crept along under the study windows with a pair of oars over her shoulder.

"What does it matter, when no one who hears us knows the difference?" said Jean, philosophically. "Anyway, I'm tired of such a lot of grammar and so few good times."

Jean walked over to the edge of the bluff to watch Robin on her way down the straggling sandy path to the little pier at which the *Mary Ann* lay, cleaned of all fishiness, and shining with a coat of new paint applied by the captain and mate's own hands in preparation for summer visitors.

Robin flung out a blue flag from her bow; it was a union-jack, which Captain Saul had produced from some ancient stores, and blew a shrill whistle, and soon a rowboat put out from Lobster Point. Thanny Baker's tow head was visible in it, and Thanny's small arms were pulling with a will. Thanny was but twelve, but he was a "cute" little Yankee, to whom sailor lore had come much easier than his A B C's. He and his half-brother Saul lived together in a little house on Lobster Point, and were their own cooks and housekeepers.

"Saul's goin' mackerelin'. There's an orfle big school in," said Thanny. "I thought you'd be wantin' me. Them city folks don't think nothin' about the mackerel. Better reef her a little, hadn't I? There's consid'able of a breeze outside."

The *Mary Ann* cut the blue water sharply, and dipped to one side as the strong breeze filled her sail, and Robin kept the sheet in her hand, and had the little pucker between her brows that seldom went away while she was in command of the *Mary Ann*.

Thanny felt a great admiration for Robin; he had gone so far as to determine that the ship of which he meant to be captain before he was twenty-five should be named the *Robena Dinsmore*.

"Mackerel are orfle high. You can sell 'em for five dollars a barrel right down on the wharf at Kingstown; but I'd ruther go 'long of you in the *Mary Ann* than to go mackerelin'," he said, loyally.

"Is Saul going after mackerel?" asked Robin. "I thought he was going to Kingstown?"

"He said he had a couple of passengers to take down there, and the mackerel are down that way too. He generally manages to kill two birds with one stone; that's the way with Saul," said Thanny, proudly.

A party of five was waiting for the *Mary Ann* on the wharf at Quansett—a middle-aged man and lady, and a boy and two girls of about Robin's own age.

"Them's the folks that's been visiting to Close's, over to Sandford," said Thanny, as the boat came in sight of the wharf. "They're New York folks. They're glass folks, too, only they don't make common kinds like Sandforders. They make it colored and pictered out for churches. There's some in a meetin'-house over to Deepmouth. Saul and me went once, and I never heard a word the minister said, a-watchin' the folks's noses get red and blue and yaller."

They had reached the wharf by this time, and Thanny stepped out first, while Robin busied herself about the sail. She felt an unusual reluctance to meeting these people in her professional capacity of mate of the *Mary Ann*. They were of a different type from Quansett's ordinary summer guests, and, moreover, it was especially unpleasant to feel like a boy among girls of her own age. The other people whom she had taken out were artists, who had been wholly absorbed in the "tone" and "sympathy" of the views, and had evidently regarded her only as a picturesque value.

"Where's the Captain?" demanded the gentleman, adjusting his eye-glass.

"It—it's *her*," replied Thanny, indicating Robin by a backward jerk of his thumb. "Me and her is cap'n and crew and all hands to-day. The Cap'n he's gone away. She's mate, anyhow, all the time, and consid'able of the time I'm all hands."

"A girl! What an extraordinary thing!" Robin heard the lady say.

"Is there no experienced skipper about here who will take a party out?" said the gentleman, with a touch of impatience, to old Solomon Gross, who was mending a net on the wharf.

"You needn't be a mite afraid to resk yourself 'long of the parson's gal," he said. "I ain't sayin' that it's accordin' to nater for a gal to sail a boat, but she can do it, and that 'pears to be the main p'int. I can't say how she or the *Mary Ann* would behave in a harrycane, but take 'em 'longshore there this afternoon, and there ain't no danger."

The gentleman looked first at Robin and then at the *Mary Ann*, and his forehead wore an anxious frown. "You couldn't take us out yourself, I suppose?" he said to old Solomon.

"Me? Lor' bless you, where you from that you hain't heerd about the mackerel? I expect the Lord sends 'em all ketched and fried up your way, but here we have to step 'round lively to get 'em."

Robin was turning away with a sense of relief that they would not go with her. But, after all, business was business, the money meant so much, and she must not be "like a girl"—Ken's oft-repeated accusation. "I don't think you need to be afraid," she said, turning again to the party, with an air of grave dignity. "I really understand managing a boat."



"YOU'RE GOING WITH DAVE FRENEAU," SAID ROBIN, SEVERELY.

"Oh, papa, we must see the gulls on that queer place that they call the Chunks," cried the younger of the two girls, who, Robin had observed, was more stylish but not nearly so "grown-up" in her manner as the other.

"I shouldn't think that you were strong enough to manage a boat," said the man, doubtfully.

"It isn't strength, you see; it's 'know how,'" interposed Thanny. "And I'm goin' along myself." Thanny pulled up his suspenders and set his dilapidated hat squarely upon his head with a businesslike air.

"Well, perhaps we may venture a little way with you," said the gentleman, after a low-toned consultation with his family, and Robin proceeded to make ready.

"You don't like them folks, do you?" said Thanny, sympathetically, as he took another reef in the sail to soothe their passengers' anxiety. "Your cheeks are as red as beets. It was all-fired mean of Ken to go off. Saul says that he and that French boy ain't up to any good."

"What French boy?" Their passenger had stepped to the side of the boat, and, hidden by the sail, had heard Thanny's remarks.

"It's Dave Freneau, sir, only just a boy that works in the glass factory over to Sandford," replied Thanny, politely, but with an aside to Robin to the effect that some people had a large bump of curiosity.

"He must be John Freneau's son, the boy I want to see," Robin heard the gentleman say to his wife.

"You don't think that his father's pretended discovery amounted to anything?" the latter remarked.

"It may have amounted to nothing, and it may have been valuable. The man guarded it with almost insane jealousy. The question is whether the boy knows anything about it."

Robin listened wonderingly. "Dave knows;" that was what Ken was always saying triumphantly, and this man—a man, not a boy like Ken—had spoken as if what Dave knew might be of real importance.

"What was he saying about Dave Freneau?" whispered Thanny, eagerly, as he helped Robin to bring the boat alongside the slip for the greater convenience of their passengers. "I'll tell you who he is—the man that Freneau used to work for, the man that he used to rave about down in Steve Prettygo's shop. He said his foreman tried to cheat him out of something he'd invented, or found out, or something. I guess he was mad with everybody that had any money; that was the way with old Freneau; though some think he was wronged. He'd better have set Annette after the folks that wronged him. Oh, but ain't Annette Freneau the girl? That boy Dave is quieter, but I guess he's deep. Saul thinks so. I'll tell you what it is"—Thanny spoke lower still, and with an air of great importance—"some folks think that Dave knows what his father discovered, though he was too careful to put it into writin' where anybody could come acrost it. Steve Prettygo thinks Dave's got it tattooed into his

skin, but Saul says he got that out of a book. He's always reading books, Steve Prettygo is. Some thinks your Ken knows all about it, him and Dave's so thick. It's something about glass, because Frenchy used to boast that it would be worth a million dollars to Hallett & Close. He said this Mr. Rawlins tried to get it for nothing, but I sorter didn't wonder if he was kind of crazy."

The party was coming into the boat by this time, the boy leaning on his father's arm, and contracting his brows, as if every motion caused him pain. He insisted upon taking charge of the helm, while the girls perched themselves up in the bow.

The boy, whom his relatives called Duke, talked continually in a thin, high-keyed voice, which sounded oddly like a very old man's. He asked innumerable questions, and as Thanny was an animated bureau of information, they proved very congenial companions. Thanny knew the exact number of barrels of mackerel in the greatest catch on record, the amount of Quansett's annual shipment of cranberries, and the number of boys and girls hired to pick them, the length of the sea-serpent which Steve Prettygo had seen off Pebbly Reach, and the amount of game to be found in Deepmouth woods. When statistics grew stale he told thrilling stories of the winter storms, and of the "Portergee" bark wrecked on the Chunks. Once when Robin differed from him a little on a point of fact he referred to Ken as his authority.

"Ken? Ken who?" demanded the lame boy, at once. "I went to school with a boy of that name once. It was at St. Luke's, up in New Hampshire. The best fellow I ever knew. I'd give something to see him again. You see, I—I'm lame, and I was a little fellow then, too, and he looked out for me, and punched a fellow's head for me."

"The best fellow he ever knew!" Of course it was Ken; it would be like him to befriend a lame boy. Robin's heart warmed; she would believe in Ken, in spite of his apparent selfishness and Saul Baker's suspicions that "he and the French boy were up to no good."

"What was the fellow's name that you were talking about? Ken—Kenelm isn't common, you know," continued the boy. "It must be Ken Dinsmore. Are you really Ken Dinsmore's sister?"

"Isn't it just too lovely for anything that we're coming here to live?" cried the younger girl, whom they called Kitty. "Duke will like it now that he has found a friend here."

Robin thought she should not be more surprised if the King of the Peacocks in Jean's fairy-book had proposed to set up his court on the Chunks. They were so dainty and elegant, and their clothes were of a fashion quite unknown even to the Sandford dressmakers.

"Is this Ken's boat?" asked Duke. "I'm going to have a boat. Ken doesn't have a tutor, does he?"

"He goes to the Sandford High-School," replied Robin. "He didn't want to go after vacation, but now he wants to study chemistry, so I think he will go."

"Chemistry—that's what smells so orfle, ain't it?" asked Thanny. "That's what Dave Freneau was up to, down in Sears's old shop. Some said he was trying to make stuff that would blow folks up. Annette would, anyhow. She chased Tommy Sears half a mile with the poker for saying her father was an old blowhard."

"Annette has had a hard time," said Robin, apologetically. "She's only fifteen, and she and Dave are all alone in the world, and I don't know whether any one is very good to them."

"You'd better not try to be good to Annette if you don't want your head broke!" said Thanny, concisely.

"Do you go to school?" asked Kitty, feeling herself and her thirst for information to have been in the background all too long.

"No, I can't be spared. I have lessons with papa when he is strong enough, and I teach the others. And I have to help Moira. She's an old Irish woman, our only servant," explained Robin.

"Then you're of use in the world; that's the great thing," said the older girl, whom her sister called Peggy: she was sixteen, Robin thought, and her gloves were entrancingly long, and a hat just like hers could have come from nowhere but Paris. Robin found it vaguely surprising that such a sentiment should proceed from beneath that hat.

She found herself drawn on to further confidences concerning the twins' quaint speeches and Moira's queerness, and her friends were full of interest and sympathy.

Robin's spirits were high when the *Mary Ann's* prow was turned homeward.

"They seemed like girls I used to know," she said to herself, "and they didn't seem to think me very queer."

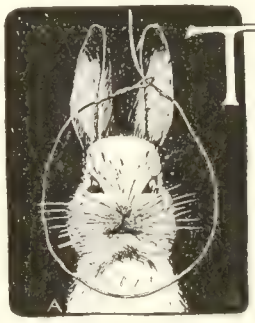
The same fair wind which was speeding the *Mary Ann* would bring the *Flying Scud* home from Kingstown, she thought. But the *Flying Scud* was very late. Robin went down to the slip half a dozen times during the evening. The wind went down with the sun, and probably the mackerel catch had been too great for thrifty Saul to leave early. There was no cause for anxiety, but there was always a half-acknowledged fear in Robin's heart that Ken would run away.

There at last were the white sails in the moonlight. The *Scud* anchored at her moorings instead of coming up to the slip, and when all was made right her tender set out for the Point instead of the bluffs. That was strange, but Robin waited; Ken might have some reason for going over there before coming home.

The row-boat started out from the Point in a few minutes, and Robin drew a long breath of relief. But it was only Thanny who came scrambling up the bluffs.

"Saul sent me," he stammered, breathlessly, "and he said not to scare you or anything. Ken ain't killed nor nothin'; he is all right; but something has happened, and—and them two boys hain't come back!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TRAPPING WITHOUT BAIT.

BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

The article published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for January 3, 1893, described how to build some of the traps that require to be baited. But animals may be captured without bait, either by setting in their paths traps which they spring unintentionally, or by contrivances that appeal to their natural instinct or curiosity. Of this latter sort, one of the most successful is a box trap or "gum" for rabbits.

Now rabbits in the North, in the South, and everywhere, absorb a great deal of the young hunter's attention, because of their abundance and the ease with which they can be captured. There are several different kinds of them in this country, and none of them should be called rabbit, but hare, for they do not burrow in the ground like true rabbits, but occupy nests on the surface. The commonest species is the gray rabbit. In the northern half of the United States is another called the white or varying hare, because it changes from brown in summer to pure white in winter. They all are accustomed to travel in paths, which they beat down hard and smooth. In these places are set—for the white hare generally snares, and for the gray rabbit a box trap (Fig. 1), made as follows:

Find some old boards, less than an inch thick and six

inches wide. With a saw cut off two lengths, each twenty-five inches long, for the sides of the box; another the same length for the bottom, and another twenty-four inches long for the top. Set the two side pieces on their edges, and nail the bottom board to them at the edges. Turn it over, now, and nail the top piece on in a similar way. At one end, which is the front, the top board will lack one inch of reaching the whole distance. The other end closes up with a short board nailed across it. The box is now about four inches wide and six inches high inside. In front nail a thin strip of wood one and a quarter inches long upon the end of each side. Saw off a piece of board seven inches long and four inches wide. This is to be the door, and is dropped into the space allowed by the short top board. Trim the edges to make it slide up and down easily, and drive a small nail into the upper end.

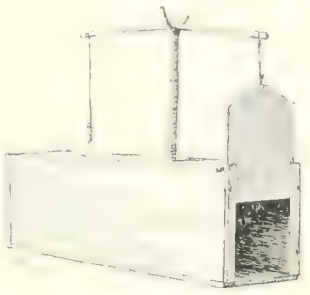


FIG. 1.—BOX TRAP.

Next with an auger or bit bore two holes from five-eighths to one inch in diameter into the top. One hole should be nine inches from the door, and the other nine inches from the first hole and six inches from the rear of the trap. Into the first hole drive upright a stick about ten inches high, with a crotch at the upper end. Then cut a stick the size of a lead-pencil and eight inches long. Five inches from one end make a square cut half-way through the stick, and take out from the shorter end a long deep shaving, thus making a long notch. This is the trigger, more plainly shown in Fig. 2. Then cut a stick half an inch thick and eighteen inches long. Tie a stout string to one end, and fasten the other end of the cord to the short end of the trigger, notching both sticks enough to prevent the string from slipping off. The string should be eight inches long after being tied. Next balance the larger stick in the upright fork, and let the trigger drop into the other hole far enough for the notch to catch on the inside. Now, having tied another string to the nail in the door, lift the door about five inches or more, and tie the other end of the string to the opposite end of the long stick. The trigger at the other end prevents the door from dropping. Make sure that the door fits loosely and falls easily, and the trap is ready.

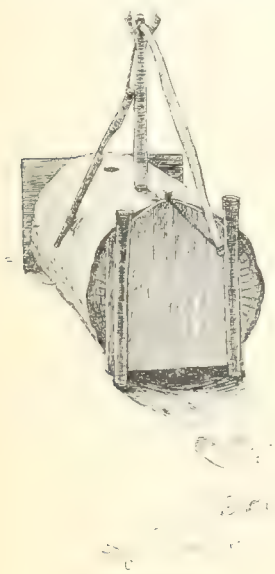


FIG. 2.—RABBIT GUM.

Find a well-trodden rabbit path among the weeds, or where it passes through a fence and the rails are gnawed. Place the trap lengthwise in the path, if you choose, but if put at right angles, with the door near the path, it does just as well. Set the trap, being sure that the trigger is caught under the *front* edge of the auger-hole, so that a slight push from the *front* may dislodge it. The trap needs no bait whatever. The rabbit comes along (at night of course) and sees a fine hole, which he immediately wants to try. He stops and goes into it, but has not gone far on his tour of exploration before butting his head against the upright trigger. The trigger flies up, the door drops down, and bunny is there until morning. Your first rabbit will get away from you by dint of hard kicking. This is mentioned merely as a fact, but the next cool night there will be another in the trap that you can keep a tighter grip upon.

In many places a section out of a hollow tree, having an inside diameter of, say, five inches, can be used instead of a box. These are called "gums" (Fig. 2), and are rigged in the usual way, except that when laid in the pathway two stakes may be driven up in front, behind which the door loosely slides.

Snares are best made of soft annealed copper or brass wire (No. 20) about as thick as a common pin. Get a piece eighteen inches or more long. Bend the first fourteen inches into a running noose, and spread it out round, with the opening nearly five inches across (Fig. 3). Bend the other end around a rail or limb or root above a rabbit path, so that the noose is squarely in the middle of the path, and about two inches above the ground. Make the upper end perfectly secure. Foxes also can be taken thus in a larger snare. Cats and dogs are very likely to get tangled up in these snares sometimes.

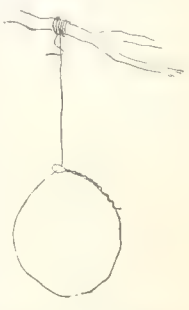


FIG. 3.—A SNARE.

The *kilheg'n* is a sort of dead-fall, and is an Indian's trap. It is used mostly for catching short-legged animals which follow paths. It is built across the "slide" of an otter, or road of a beaver, and is sprung when the animal passes through. It may be set in the passage-ways of other animals also. It may be built as follows:

Drive perpendicularly into the ground a pair of stakes thirty inches tall, an inch or two thick, and about three inches apart, at a distance of ten inches from the middle of the animal's path. On the other side, at the same distance, drive two more stakes in a similar manner (Fig. 4). Lay across the path and between the stakes a round stick two feet long and three inches thick. If the animal to be caught has longer legs than an otter (whose legs are very short), a second or third stick may be laid one above the other. This forms the bed-piece. Next cut a straight pole about eight feet long and three inches or less at the butt. Lay the larger end flat upon the bed-piece lengthwise between the stakes. This is the fall. Drive a pair of pegs, one on each side, at the farther extremity of this pole, to keep it in place. Now with a stout cord or withe tie the upper ends of each pair of stakes together, at a point two feet from the ground, not so that they touch, but to keep them parallel. Lay a stick about an inch thick and two feet long across the tops of the stakes upon the fastenings. Next cut a straight stick over twenty inches long and half an inch thick. Lay it lengthwise upon the bed-piece. Then tie

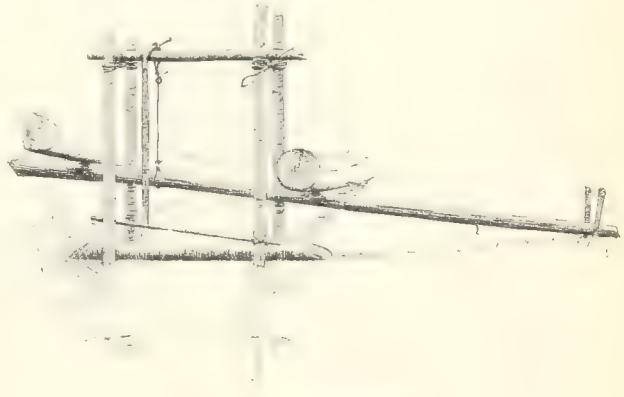


FIG. 4.—THE KILHEG'N.

one end (that nearest the long end of the fall) to one of the upright stakes. The other end is left free, to be raised and lowered. Then cut a long straight stick about three-quarters of an inch thick, with a strong fork at one end; remove one prong thereof, and let the other prong be two inches in length.

Now if the distance from the upper cross-piece to the bed-piece is, say, twenty inches, this "crooked stick" should be eighteen inches in its straight portion, and the end flattened as in the diagram. Tie one end of a withe or cord around the fall, lay the crook of the "crooked stick" across the top of the upper cross-piece, raise the fall eight or nine inches above the bed-piece, and hook the other end of the withe or rope over the projecting prong of the "crooked stick." Bend the flattened end of the "crooked stick" downwards until it points toward the ground, when the end will be found to lack about two inches of reaching to the bed-piece. Now lift up the free end of the slender stick underneath far enough for the flat end of the other stick to catch behind it. The trap is now set; but heavy logs must be laid upon the slender fall to weigh it down. Brush also is carelessly piled at either side to insure the passage of the animal through the trap. As it steps or crawls through, it depresses the under cross stick, releasing the end of the "crooked stick," which flies up, while the heavy fall drops down. Such traps are made to appear as old as possible, so as not to excite suspicion. Indeed, about any trap, it is best to use old material, provided it be strong.

AN UNPRINCIPLED HEDGEHOG.

THEY used to lie there together in front of the fire, cat and dog and hedgehog, and between their naps they probably told each other stories about where they lived, and what they did before they met in this comfortable house. Those told by the hedgehog were especially surprising, and the sober old mastiff looked as though he scarcely believed a third of them.

How *could* any one believe, for instance, that he was once caught and fastened up in a great hamper, and left in a garden-house all night with two other hampers, in one of which there were two birds, and in the other one, and that in the morning the owner found the strings of all the hampers cut, and the hedgehog in the wood-pigeon's basket, while only a few feathers were left of the birds. "What did the man do to you?" asked the dog. "Nothing," replied the hedgehog; "I ate him too." This made a dreadful story of the whole thing, and his companions lost all confidence in him.

Another thing he tried to make them believe was that, in winter, he always slept out-of-doors in the snow, first making himself such a thick comfortable, by rolling over and over in moss and dry leaves, that the heaviest snow couldn't make him cold. He said, too, that he never had anything to eat until spring, and that then he was hungry enough to eat anything.

He loved his master, who called him "Spot," and it was comical to see him unroll himself and amble off at the sound of the voice he knew so well. But he did *not* love the cat, and Mrs. Tabitha had never approved of *him* from the beginning. There was something so uncanny about a creature that could make a hard ball of itself, and suddenly open to bite her leg or tail, while before she had a chance to retaliate the shell was shut again, and there was nothing to attack but prickles.

But there came a time when forbearance was not to be thought of, and puss flew at the hedgehog in a perfect fury. She had been studying the subject for some time, and finally decided to make a large table into a nursery, because her ball-like enemy was unable to climb, and therefore could not touch her darlings. One day, however, when the watchful mother had gone off to be fed, that wicked hedgehog managed to drag himself up by one of the table legs, and pushed a poor little kitten down on the floor. He rolled down after it, and was dragging it away by the neck to his hole under the fireplace, when, with fiery eyes and fur standing on end, the outraged parent appeared before him.

A fearful battle ensued, and the cat flung herself wildly against the spiked armor that protected her adversary, spitting and hissing in the greatest fury. The kitten had the best chance of being killed, as the hedgehog wouldn't drop it, and had not the master of this happy family come to the rescue, at least one tragedy would have taken place. Spot was called to order, and was found to have received some severe scratches under his throat, which he certainly deserved; while the cat was pricked all over her face and shoulders.

THE PINEBORO "QUARTETTE."

In Six Chapters.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Dick came to his senses, he found himself lying in a sort of ditch among the bushes beside the road.

He sat upright and rubbed his shoulder and the back of his head, and tried to recollect what had brought him there. It was very dark, and the mud and half-melted snow in the ditch struck through his clothes. His head ached furiously. He was very wet, and cold, and miserable, and felt an almost uncontrollable longing for his mother, whom he could hardly remember.

As yet he had not come to a realizing sense of his position; but now the whole experience of the evening flashed upon him—the hurried ride to Moorland, the excited town meeting, his setting off down the road—then—what came next? Oh, the sound of wheels and hoof-beats, and the savage words, "Take *that*!" Whether "that" was a blow on his head or a violent contact with horse or team he could not tell. He only knew he felt bruised from head to feet, and it seemed impossible for him to rise from the dank hole into which he had fallen. He thought of Colonel Liddon imprisoned in the car, realizing as never before what it must have meant to the man to see Rob coming to his rescue.

The thought of Colonel Liddon gave Dick's faculties a nudge. What was he doing there, a reporter, while the press was waiting for his copy? He struggled to his feet, standing erect with great difficulty, and holding on an alder-bush to steady his whirling brains. His hat was gone. Never mind, he could come back by daylight and find it. His report! He clapped his hand to his breast pocket. The note-book was missing!

This last blow seemed almost too much to bear. The boy's lips quivered in the dark, and leaning his aching head on his arm, he sobbed convulsively. A sound at some distance down the road fell upon his ear, but he paid little attention to it. Perhaps it was his former assailant coming back to run him down again. In his misery and blinding pain he didn't care much if it was.

"Hello! Whoa, girl!" shouted a familiar voice. "Well, I vum! What's happened to ye?"

It was Mr. Leeson, who, uneasy at the boy's tardiness, had resolved to ride over toward Moorland and meet him on the road.

"Somebody—run -into -me," gasped Dick, lifting a face that was wet with something more than tears or snow water.

"Sho! I sh'd think he had. Here, let me git turned, an' I'll help ye in. There, lean right over against me," said the kind farmer, preparing to start for home.

"Wait," groaned Dick. "My note-book—my report—I've lost it."

"Where -in them bushes?"

"I don't know. Perhaps—"

"Can you hold the reins a minute? Katy 'll stand. Just let me hev a look with the lantern."

He began crashing about among the alders, muttering wrathfully to himself at the negligent driving, or worse, that had done such harm.

"Here's a hat—I s'pose it's yours," he sang out, presently, passing it up to Dick. "It's pretty well smashed, but you'd better put it on."

Dick put the muddy hat on his head, and watched the light dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp in and out among the bushes.

"I d' know 's 'tis any use to look any— Hello, what's this?" He held up a dripping mass of yellow paper.

"That's it!" cried Dick, joyfully, in spite of his aching head. "Do let me have it, Mr. Leeson. And, oh, there may be time to get it out yet!"

Poor old Katy will never know why she was urged at such unwonted speed toward Pineboro that night. People who lived along the road threw up their windows, and peering through the darkness, tried to make out who it was that was bound on such a wild errand in the still hours of night.

The clock on the Baptist meeting-house was just striking eleven when Dick dragged himself up the steps to the *Quartette* printing-office, and opening the door, held out his bedraggled note-book to the astonished Rob.

"Where—what have you been doing? What's the matter, Dick?" he cried, in dismay, at the boy's appearance.

The story was soon told; Dick's head was bathed and bound up, and he was sent off to bed by Rob, who insisted on setting up the whole report himself.

All night long he grasped his metallic stick, setting line after line of type from Dick's wellnigh illegible copy. His head reeled and his eyeballs burned as he spaced out the last line and lifted the stickful into the galley. Proof was somehow pulled and read, type locked up, and the press began its throbbing, waking the good people in the house at an hour which was early even for that thrifty household.

At five o'clock every sheet was printed and hanging in clips on lines around the stove in the printing-office. A few were taken into the house to be dried.

At half past six, Rob, having snatched a mouthful of breakfast, started down the road with his arms full of papers, some wrapped for subscribers, and some for sale in various stores.

At seven o'clock a dozen men in Pineboro were reading the report of the Moorland meeting, and a hundred others were supplied within an hour. The *Quartette* had kept its promise!

It was a few minutes before ten when a mud-bespattered buggy came dashing up the main street of Pineboro to the principal store. The driver jumped out and started in with an armful of *Chronicle* extras. He brought nearly all of them out again.

"It's no use to leave 'em here," said Mr. Giddings, in his slow way. "We've got all the news—"

"But the great meeting at Moorland—the *Chronicle* has an 'exclusive' on that. All the particulars, and reports of principal speeches."

The store-keeper for reply handed the man—it was not Sam Duncan, but his head assistant—a copy of the *Quartette*. His face fell, and he grew red.

"I -I—thought -" he stammered.

"You thought the little Pineboro paper was going to let you fellows in Dunsfield beat it, didn't ye? Well, that was your mistake. I'm always glad to deal with ye, and sell *Chronicles*," chuckled Mr. Giddings, "but you needn't take the trouble to bring over 'exclusive' extras of news that's been read and talked over half a day before you get here!"

The exploit of the *Quartette* was soon known throughout Pineboro, and, indeed, in the two neighboring towns, to which Rob took care to mail copies that morning. Loud was the praise bestowed upon the enterprise of the young proprietors, and many the jokes at the expense of the rival publication.

Before long the story of the *Quartette* "scoop" began to be followed by rumors of an ugly nature. Dick had been confined to the house for three days after the meeting. People connected his accident with the printing-office in Dunsfield. It was whispered that Sam Duncan could tell a good deal, if he chose, about that mysterious team that came dashing along the dark road so recklessly.

Rob had written a long letter to Mr. Shaghorn, and received a brief one in reply. He next consulted Mr. Holmes, the school-master, and they two went together to the office of Squire Merrill, the oldest of the half-dozen lawyers in Pineboro. This visit was noticed by loungers, and was talked about. In some way the story of Dick's first encounter with Duncan, and the disastrous visit to the *Quartette* printing-office leaked out, and added fuel to the gossip.

The boys were prime favorites among the townspeople, and Pineboro was proud of its plucky little newspaper. They espoused its cause as their own. Dark looks were cast at Duncan when he drove over from Dunsfield, and hints dropped that made his sallow cheeks paler than usual.

Simultaneously with the growing unpopularity of the publisher the success of the *Chronicle* waned fast. Advertisers failed to renew their orders, and patronized the *Quartette*. Subscribers returned the extra copy sent over their original term, with statements on emphatic postals that they did not wish to continue on the lists of the Dunsfield paper. The two "hands" that set type in the *Chronicle* office were so poorly and irregularly paid that they struck just before press day, and the number came out badly printed, three days later.

The *Quartette*, meanwhile, steadily improved. Margaret's engravings proved a decided hit, and one novelty after another, each of course occupying but little space in the diminutive sheet, was introduced. Advertising crowded out news to such an extent that an enlargement of some sort became an imperative need.

Matters were at this crisis when the boys were startled one evening by the appearance of Sam Duncan at the door of their office.

Rob instinctively glanced around the room for a weapon; but the visitor seemed tame enough. His dog had been left behind, and the man seemed somehow far less formidable without his attendant sprite.

"I want to see you on business," began Duncan, clumsily.

"Come in and take a seat." Rob's voice was clear and sharp. He might have forgiven an injury to himself, but it was hard to forget the treatment he believed his brother had received at this man's hands.

"You talked once about buying the *Chronicle*," said the proprietor of that unfortunate paper. "One thousand dollars was the price you named, I believe—I believe—"

Here Duncan stammered, halted, and grew red and white by turns. His eye, wandering absently about the room, had fallen upon a single glove tacked up against the wall. This was where he had dropped it, then!

"I did say a thousand for presses, type, stock, and good-will," broke in Rob, sharply. "It isn't worth that now. The type has had more wear, though not much; but the 'good-will' has gone down one-half. I don't believe you've got over seventy-five per cent. of the subscription list you had last winter; and the advertising I can see for myself. There wasn't twenty dollars' worth in the last number."

"Now you ain't going to take advantage of—of some peculiar circumstances to beat me down?" whined Duncan. "I know I'm not pop'lar in this vicinity," he continued, glancing involuntarily at the glove, "but that's no reason I shouldn't get a fair price for my paper. I'll



"I'LL SELL OUT THE WHOLE THING FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS. IS IT A BARGAIN?"

sell out the whole thing for a thousand dollars. Is it a bargain?"

"No, it isn't," said Rob. "It isn't worth a cent over eight hundred, if it is that."

Duncan argued till he lost his temper, and strode off angrily, slamming the door after him.

Next morning a letter came by mail, offering the *Chronicle* for nine hundred dollars cash.

Rob and Dick held a long consultation with Mr. Holmes and Squire Merrill, which ended in the Marlitts writing to Duncan, offering eight hundred dollars. After a futile effort to raise this sum fifty, and then twenty-five, dollars, the fellow yielded, and departed for Boston and the West with a cashier's check for that amount in his pocket.

The money was advanced by the lawyer and schoolmaster, who became joint owners of the new *Chronicle and Quartette*, the Marlitts being allowed one-third of the profits in consideration of their putting in their time upon the paper as they had done heretofore, Rob taking upon himself the full duties of editor (in consultation with the new proprietors), and Dick doing capitally with the advertising.

Before the year was out, the boys, who had been in constant correspondence with Colonel Liddon, and had kept him supplied with their paper, received a handsome offer of positions on his own daily if they cared to come out to Chicago. They preferred, however, to remain near their sisters, whom they succeeded in sending to Boston just after Christmas. Mr. Shaghorn had found, at Rob's request, a quiet and refined family where the girls could board while they pursued their respective studies.

Sam Duncan was heard of, several months after his hurried departure from Dunsfield, as the editor of a Montana newspaper, where his peculiar talents probably found full scope. People always said that he left Pineboro just in the nick of time to escape a just retribution for his wrong-doings at the hands of some of the more hot-headed of his neighbors.

The *Chronicle and Quartette* continued to prosper until it became known as the leading newspaper of the county. Pineboro, it may be added, was victorious in the water-supply matter, and this fact, combined with the advent of a railroad, with a handsome granite station, led to a surprising growth and prosperity.

At present writing Madge and Prue have rejoined their brothers in Pineboro, which has swallowed up Dunsfield by annexation, and the four Marlitts have one of the prettiest and cheeriest homes in the town. People call them, as well as their paper, the *Pineboro Quartette*, and rejoice in the prosperity which has rewarded their united courage, energy, and principle.

THE END.



HARVESTING ICE ON THE WATERWAYS OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS AT CHICAGO.—[See Page 362.]

THE LAGOONS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THOSE who have followed Mr. Ralph's articles on "What we shall see at the World's Fair," and who have become familiar with the pictures of that busy scene that already begins to look like a fairyland rather than a fair ground, will remember that the whole out-of-door area of the grounds is traversed by a waterway. In his book, *Chicago and the World's Fair*, Mr. Ralph gives this pleasant picture of what we may expect to see on these waterways:

"The beautiful waters of the system of lagoons pass every one of the main buildings, and all but surround some of them. On their surfaces all the palaces will be reflected, and at night the water will duplicate the full brilliancy of this, the second of the world's expositions which electricity has rendered viewable after dark. The water itself, by-the way, will be shot with brilliant light by scores of electric lamps placed around its borders. A hundred gondolas brought from Venice will loaf luxuriously along these liquid avenues, to be distanced contemptuously by a myriad of swift launches. Their motions on the water's surface will but weakly imitate the fast-gliding artificial denizens of the deep which skilled electricians plan to send hither and thither by means of delicate machinery urged by power stored in the bodies of the toys. At night, when the eyes of these submarine monsters and beauties are lighted by electricity, they will add a strange feature to the general spectacle."

During the winter Jack Frost has laid his icy fingers upon these enchanted waters, and the Chicago folks, with that practical sense and readiness that have made the growth of Chicago one of the most remarkable achievements of modern times, and that promise to make the World's Fair a world's wonder, have been cutting up the frozen surface to fill ice-houses withal.

PETER, THE "MINT BIRD."

IF you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838, or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle that was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. "Peter," one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia mint, and was generally known as the "mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults where even the Treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but he used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon lamp-posts in the streets. Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the mint establishment as the superintendent or the chief coiner. He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the mint yet if he had not sat down to rest upon one of the great fly-wheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later. The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted, with the wings spread to their fullest extent; and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

III.—CHOICE OF A CALLING.—MARKET VALUES OF WORK.

THE first condition of success in life is the *wise choice of a calling*. The youth who would get on in the world must choose a pursuit which will enable him to follow the natural bent of his mind—to exercise and gratify his predominant faculty, his ruling passion. If you have a strong original inclination or fondness for a certain pursuit, you will not have to force yourself to discharge even its difficult duties; that natural bias will insure the intensest application to it as a matter of course. Biography teems with proofs of this. The men who have made their mark in the world have differed from those who have lived and died in obscurity not more in mental power than in their early self-knowledge and perception of their inborn aptitudes. See the boy Murillo filling the margins of his school-books with drawings; Michael Angelo in childhood neglecting school to copy drawings which he dares not bring home; the little Handel stealing midnight interviews with a smuggled clavichord in a secret attic; the young Faraday making an electric machine out of a bottle; Claude Lorraine sketching in his teens flour and charcoal pictures on the walls of a pastry-cook's shop; Chantrey, the predestined sculptor, carving in his boyhood the head of "old Fox," his school-master, in a bit of pine wood!

Were not the greatness of John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist and surgeon, and the choice of his calling shadowed forth in youth by his observations on the incubated egg? Were not the great paintings of West the natural outcome of the fly so naturally counterfeited by him on a sheet of paper when a boy? Even when confronted with the most determined resistance, those inborn constitutional aptitudes will overcome all opposition, and manifest themselves in the divinely appointed way. In vain was the law chosen as the pursuit for Haydn when his soul was bursting with song; stealing away from his family into a retired apartment of his home, he spent the livelong night with his harp. In vain did the parents of young Smeaton strive to change the current of his thoughts when he was working with tools while his companions were at play. To dry law studies, against which every impulse of his nature rebelled, they compelled him to apply himself, until at last, weary of fruitless efforts to thwart the bent of his genius, the father abandoned the incorrigible boy to the dominant force of his being, and, lo! amid the raging waters of the sea arose the Eddystone Light-house, a miracle of engineering skill. Who is that other boy, who, in spite of whippings upon whippings, keeps his lonely vigils in the steeple of the parish church, watching the stars in their courses through the sky? It is the Abbé La Castile, destined to be the first astronomer of his time.

William Pitt, the "great Commoner," was but seven years old when he told his tutor how glad he was that he was not the eldest son, for he "wanted to speak in the House of Commons like papa." The late Lord Westbury, Lord High Chancellor of England, was but five years old when his profession was decided upon and his future eminence foretold. Daniel Webster was but eight when he saw in a country shop a cotton handkerchief with the Constitution of the United States printed on both sides of it, and emptied his pockets of his hoarded pennies to buy it. That night, on the kitchen floor, before the roaring chimney fire, he absorbed its contents into his brain and blood, and from that hour was the predestined "great expounder" and defender of that instrument against its misinterpreters, violators, and foes. So many young men to-day drift helplessly and hopelessly into their life pursuits that the word "vocation" or "calling" has almost become a misnomer; but who can doubt that Sergeant S. Prentiss heard in youth a voice summoning him to the forum and the platform? When he addressed a large public assembly he experienced an electrical excitement at times almost maddening, and seemed to himself to be rather spoken from than speaking. New thoughts came rushing into his mind unbidden, which surprised himself as much as his hearers, and which he said he could no more reproduce than he could make a world.

Will you say that these boys were all prodigies, boys of rare and exceptional genius, and that in ninety-nine out of a hundred youths the bent of their talents is far less distinctly marked? No doubt; but though less decided, it still in most boys exists; and every one should study himself till he learns for what calling nature has designed him. What can be more painful than to discover by many failures and blunders, after you have fixed yourself in the groove in which you must run for

the rest of your days, that you have mistaken your profession? Waste, it is said, is the law of the world; but of all forms of waste, what is more conspicuous in all ranks of society, what more painful to behold, than the waste of talents? How melancholy it is to see men plodding drearily year after year, and all their lives, at tasks for which they have neither genius nor love—cutting blocks with razors, doing, or attempting to do, fine work with broadaxes, fighting the battle of life with the left hand only, or with one hand tied! If there is one fact established by biography, it is that no man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own nature or character; that if we would acquit ourselves well in life, we must so choose and regulate our career as to be aided by our physical constitution and natural inclinations, instead of striving against them.

Find out early, therefore, what nature designed you to be — whether a lawyer, doctor, preacher, trader, or mechanic—and strive assiduously to qualify yourself for the discharge of the duties of your calling. Be careful not to mistake a hasty impulse, a shallow temporary liking, for a real bent or deep love for a vocation; and, on the other hand, when you have pursued any business for some years, and found that it has many difficulties, trials, and perplexities of which you had not dreamed, do not hastily abandon it for another—thus throwing away most of the knowledge and experience acquired—with the expectation of finding your pathway in the latter strewn with roses without any thorns. All callings that are worth pursuing are alike in this—that not one of them is easy. Only after repeated failures following the most earnest and persistent efforts to succeed should a change be made. Remember, too, that those kinds of business which pay best in the long-run are the slowest in beginning to yield a return. Success in them is like the growth of the aloe—for a long time slow and imperceptible. For years you perceive no change; then all at once, when the time comes, there is a crisis, and it shoots up a stalk ten or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers. Stick, then, if possible, to your chosen calling, lest it be said of you, as of a character in Owen Meredith's "Lucile."

> "With irresolute finger he knocked at each one
> Of the doorways of life, but abided at none;
> His course by each star that crossed it was set,
> And whatever he did he was sure to regret."

Finally, whatever your calling, do not be content with a mediocre degree of skill in it. Remember that talent, ability, or skill in it, if it be only of average quality, is of little market value. Only when it rises above the average has it a decided value, and its worth then increases in a geometrical rather than in an arithmetical progression. You may have been told how it is with the precious stones—with diamonds, emeralds, or pearls—that the relative values of large and small ones are out of all proportion to the size. Every increase in size adds to the value in far greater ratio, until, as in the case of the largest and most famous gems, they become of almost priceless worth. So, as a late writer observes, it is with talent and skill. A man may have a talent for music, and may have devoted to it considerable time and attention. Up to a certain point the culture of it will only afford recreation to himself and pleasure to his friends, and at the same time be of very little market value, even though a not very wide gulf divides him from professional players receiving fabulous sums for their services. Set your mark, then, high. Twenty or thirty per cent. more toil may win for you a hundred per cent. more remuneration. Do not hearken for a moment to the suggestions of the sirens Ease and Pleasure. Why is that gray-headed man yonder a bookkeeper at a thousand or fifteen hundred a year instead of making a fortune like his school-fellow, a leading lawyer or accomplished engineer? Because in an evil hour he found his present employment set before him, nothing to do but to add up columns and strike balances or make out bills—no exertion of thought, no risk of failure, but a secure income—and he yielded to the temptation, the result of which is the pursuit of a monotonous ill-paid calling in which there is no chance to rise.

It is not because he works so much harder than this man, or even than a weaver, that a great lawyer, engineer, or railway superintendent is paid so much more for a day's work. It is the peculiarity of work of every kind, as I have already said, that a small addition to the expertness makes a large addition to the remuneration, and that the higher the grade of work, the more glaring is the difference. Daniel Webster said to a young lawyer who complained that the profession was overcrowded, "Young man, there is always room enough at the top." At the point of skill at which only three or four men have reached, out of so many hundreds, there will be little competition and high pay. When there are services which only one man—a Webster or an Edison—can perform, he can name his own price.



A LITTLE WITCH.

BY A. I. WILLIS.

I'D like to be a little witch and go up in the sky,
Where I could leap from cloud to cloud as they go sailing by.
This is my broom, on which I'd ride as witches do, you know;
The dust-pan I should leave behind because I hate it so.

I wonder how Tip would behave, as through the air we'd float;
Of course a witch would have a cat—just notice his black coat.
It's getting blacker every day, and just as soft as silk.
Stop crying, Tip; I hate to go down cellar for your milk.

My cap? Why, mother made it; it's just like witches wear.
Oh dear, I wish there were some witches flying through the air,
Perhaps they'd come and help me; I'm keeping house to-day.
But I just hate to do the work when mother is away.

I've got to sweep the kitchen, and wash the dishes too,
And brush the walls and dust around; it's such a lot to do!
But, there! it's no use talking; I'll *be* a witch, not shirk,
And play I came down on my broom to do this very work.

DR. BEN.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

RAYMOND BLAKE and his sister Louise were walking down the village street one spring day on their way to take the train into town, where each attended a high-school. Louise had known sixteen happy years, every one of which had left its best imprint in her rosy face, and shining brown eyes that looked very directly upon the world as she knew it. Her brother swung her lunch-box and books in the strap with his own as he made his way over the ground with long strides and ringing tread. They never could keep step, because, though only seventeen, he was much taller than his sister.

"Oh, do stop, Ray," she said, as they passed the butcher's. "There's plenty of time. We have at least ten minutes to spare, and I do want to see these flowers."

There was a fine array of blooming plants displayed for the first time that morning. The sidewalk booths were quite filled, and people were grouped around, pricing them. Mr. Parks, the butcher, was trying to attend to everybody, and was beginning to realize that he could not do it easily.

"Ben, Ben," he called. "Come out here and help."

"He's not here, sir," said the clerk from within.

"Confound that lazy fellow! I wish I had hold of him. He has no right to slink off just at the busiest time. Ben!" he roared, getting red in the face, but not noticing that his customers looked at each other, some amused, others disgusted.

No Ben replied, but the butcher had lost at least one customer by his violence. Louise shrugged her pretty shoulders when he began to shout, and said, "Come, let's get out of this."

She and Raymond walked leisurely toward the station, but when they were a block away from the store a crowd of small boys came tearing around the corner, almost upsetting the girl. Behind them, in hot pursuit, was a big fellow, about Raymond's size and age, his black eyes blazing, and his face filled with wrath. He stopped suddenly a little before he reached the corner, and, apparently forgetting his anger and the causes, stooped down over a small dog that lay on the ground. It was a sorry creature, with matted and mud-splashed hair, and to its tail was tied a battered tin can. But the boy took no notice of that. He felt of the animal's legs, and growled a protest as he found that one was broken. He did not see Raymond and Louise, who stood watching him at the corner.

"Poor fellow! poor old fellow! It's a shame; but we'll fix you up all right. There! there!" and the boy patted the little creature's head with one hand, while with the other he reached out for a stick lying near. This he hastily cut into rough splints, and proceeded to set the broken leg. When he came to bind it up he felt in all his pockets as if for a handkerchief, but found none.

"Hallo, Ben," said Raymond, stepping forward. "Want some help?"

The boy's face, which had been relaxed as he bent over the suffering animal, hardened again into its accustomed lines. "Dun'no'; guess I'll get along," he almost growled.

There had been times when Raymond, going along with his chums in careless happy fashion, had not noticed Ben, and these supposed slights were hard to overlook. He had never spoken to or been addressed by Louise.

"Don't you want a handkerchief or some sort of rag to tie it up with?" persisted Raymond.

"Here," said Louise, holding out a stout and partly worn one. "I'm so glad I have it."

She rapidly tore it in strips and gave it to the boy. He took them with a gruff "Thankee," and began skilfully to put them in place. Just then a loud whistle sounded, and the two hurried away, Raymond saying, with a laugh, "Grumpy, wasn't he?"

"Well, I don't wonder," said Louise. "Just think how his father speaks to him. I only wonder the boy isn't worse. But how nicely he took care of the poor dog!"

Meantime Ben, unconscious of his father's need of his services and wrath at his absence, finished his work, lifted the dog, and carried him along to the side door of the house, just back of the meat shop. No one there noticed him. He went in and up to his room, depositing the animal on a mat. Then he went down for some milk. A large-boned, plain-faced woman watched him with anxiety, fearing he would spill it on the speckless floor. She lived but to keep things clean.

"There," said Ben at last; "I've put the dog in my room. Don't you touch him, or let any one know he's there, do you hear?"

Mrs. Blodgett heard. She was afraid of this big fellow, for whose father she had kept house a number of years. "Your pa was callin' an' callin' awhile ago," she said.

"Let him call," responded Ben, surlily.

But he went out to the shop at once, nevertheless, and received his scolding in stolid silence. The father was a hard, cross-grained, headstrong man, who had no ideas of anything better for his boy than his own meat blocks and knives. He had early proposed to bring him up to the business, and to that end had compelled him to leave school as soon as the law allowed. Ben, who did not remember when things had been different, had grown to be what he was under the hard grinding life he led—a life unsolaced by any sympathy or love or human interest. He was not one who liked his fellow-beings. If he had not learned early to shrink from everybody, and hide himself behind a cloak of ill-humor and gruff speech, he might have grown to like them. As it was, he avoided them all, and no one had found the key to his real nature.

He was passionately fond of animals, and had always been known as the boy who would "lick any feller for hurtin' a dog or cat." He resolved himself into a society of one for the prevention of cruelty to dumb things. It never occurred to him to include other members, and none of the boys joined him in his good work.

For the rest, he was disrespectful when he dared to be to his father, and constantly shirked his work in the shop to be off in the woods and fields, where birds and flowers were his only companions. Whenever he was at home he remained in his room studying. A queer thing indeed for such a boy to do, but there were several subjects he was bound to learn. They were physiology, anatomy, or anything bearing on the science of medicine or surgery. Ben had a decided leaning toward that, and was doggedly watching his chance to slip away from the meat blocks, and into some place where he could enter in earnest upon his beloved study.

It wasn't long before Louise, going down to order some things for her mother, was waited upon by Ben. She spoke pleasantly to him as she went in, and asked after the dog.

"He's better," said Ben, looking furtively over at his father.

"Where did you learn how—" she began, stopping as Ben dived into the refrigerator for some meat. When he came out his father had stepped outside.

"He doesn't know about the dog," said the boy.

"Oh, doesn't he?" said Louise, with ready sympathy. "I'm sorry. But where did you learn it all?"

"Books, and lookin' around," said Ben.

He had been surly and short so long with people whom he considered more fortunate than himself that

he couldn't change at once. But there was a plain directness about the girl that he instinctively felt was genuine, even if her father was well-to do. He had always had a feeling against people who were prosperous and happy, being neither himself.

"I think it's perfectly splendid!" exclaimed the girl. "To think of knowing just what to do if any one should be hurt! You might save a life! Why don't you be a doctor?"

"He won't let me," the boy replied, looking gloomily outside to where his father stood.

Just then Mr. Parks returned, and the conference was ended. But a strange glow and warmth at Ben's heart surprised him all day.

"I'm interested in Ben," declared Louise to her brother the next chance she had to talk with him. "I do feel sorry for that boy, because he wants to be somebody, and his father will not let him. Anyway, I'm going to tell Dr. Hammond about him as soon as I see him."

Dr. Hammond was a rising young physician who had chosen Edgewater to build up a name and practice in. He had certainly succeeded, and his fame as a skilful surgeon was reaching beyond that town.

When Louise spoke enthusiastically to him about Ben Parks, Dr. Hammond laughed.

"That rough fellow!" he said. "You must be mistaken. He would bungle at anything but butchering."



HE STOOPED DOWN OVER A SMALL DOG THAT LAY ON THE GROUND.

"Well, he bungles at that, I'm sure," said the girl, with some spirit. "His father is always scolding him for not doing well. And Ray got into his room one day. He says there was a litter of bones and books and papers everywhere. There were all sorts of old works on anatomy and surgery—things he has picked up at second-hand, I suppose. And Ray says he has chloroform; what for, do you suppose? To kill sick or badly wounded animals—his 'hopeless cases,' you know. I think the boy ought to have a chance."

"Let his father give it to him," said Dr. Hammond, lightly. "He probably would make a good veterinary surgeon."

"Veterinary surgeon!" Louise gasped. "Well, I'm sorry you won't talk with him; but he'll get a chance somehow, because I believe it's in him to succeed."

Ben's strolls in the woods had given him considerable knowledge of plants, not technical, but none the less practical. He knew the whereabouts of strange flowers and orchids and ferns, and could tell just how much shade and sun were needed in their situations. And he rendered some good help thereby to his new friends, after he had known them some time. Meeting them one Saturday, he was stopped by Raymond's question: "Say, there, Ben, do you know anything about orchids? Give us an idea where to look for the ——," naming a variety not easily found, but which Louise desired for a special part of her botanical study.

"Can't," said Ben. He was no longer surly, but it was his habit never to waste any words. "Too much for you to find. You might hunt all day, even after I told you."

"Come along with us, then."

"See this basket? Not to-day," said the boy, disgustedly. "It's Saturday. I'll go next Saturday. I'll get off somehow;" and he went on whistling.

That was something new for him. He had not used to whistle, but it was a good avenue between that strange shut-in self and the outer world. People began to modify their opinions of Ben Parks when they heard him whistle.

Next Saturday the three started in a wagon, with lunch, trowels, tin box, and all the nicely convenient outfit that Louise possessed. If they seemed somewhat fine and fussy to Ben, used as he was to scratching about the best he could with his big jack-knife, and improvising baskets out of leaves or a newspaper he might chance to have in his pocket, he did not say so. The day was fine, the party happy, and the hunt successful. Ben took them straight to the right place.

It was late in the morning when they reached their destination and had secured what they wished, and after a further exploring tour and a merry lunch they started for home. Ben had got off from his Saturday's work without the ceremony of asking, and he felt that it would be quite as well for him to be home for the late afternoon and evening trade.

"Hallo! hallo! Give us some help here, will you?" The voice, coming from a man in a field skirting the road, startled them in the midst of their talk and laughter. Ben stood up in the wagon, and a glance showed that another man lay prostrate in the hay field.

"Some one hurt," he said, leaping from the wagon, and running across the field. Raymond followed more slowly, and Louise, with a girl's instinctive feeling that she did not want to see, staid, glad that some one must hold the horse.

A word with the frightened laborer who had called, and a look at the one on the ground, told Ben that an artery had been cut in the latter's leg, and no time was to be lost. He loosed a stout kerchief knotted around the injured man's neck, and fastened it above the wound. No strong enough stick was near, but he inserted his closed jack-knife in the bandage, first putting a little stone

in exactly the right place to press on the artery. A few twists of the knife sufficed to check the spurting stream, and he said, cheerfully, "You're all right, my man. Don't be afraid. Drive as fast as you can for Dr. Hammond," he added to Raymond. "Ask your sister if she can do without her umbrella for a while. Throw it over the fence, and hurry right on."

Raymond darted off. The man, meantime, had fainted, and Ben sent his comrade for some water. When he returned with a tin dinner pail full, the boy surgeon used it so effectively that by the time the umbrella was brought the man was beginning to revive. It was warm in the sun, but they could not move him, and Ben never ceased his pressure on the knife that held the bandage tight and safe. By his direction two farm utensils were stuck in the ground, and a coat stretched from them to the umbrella that was set over the wounded man's head. In this little tent he lay, watched every minute by Ben, who was eyed with admiration by the other laborer.

It was not long before the doctor came dashing up, followed afterwards by Ray and Louise. He did not notice Ben, or see who it was, until he began to undo the bandage. Then he said, "Neatly done. Who was it that knew so much about it?"

"That isn't much," said Ben, carelessly.

"Oho! you, is it?" said Dr. Hammond, in surprise. "You're the fellow that wants to be a doctor, I believe." Then, as if not expecting a reply, he bent his energies to catching and tying the severed artery, allowing Ben to help in little ways, until the gaping wound was sewed up, and the farmer who employed the men had appeared on the scene, and conveyed his wounded help home.

"That was very well done, my boy," said Dr. Hammond, as they went toward the road.

Ben reddened with pleasure, but all he said was, "Glad I could help the poor fellow."

"I'll see you again," said the doctor, leaping into his carriage and driving hastily off. It was time for his office hours.

Louise heard his last remark, and was delighted. "There's your chance, Ben," she said. "He'll send for you, of course, and don't you fail to go, do you hear? It would be as good as going to a medical college to study with him."

"I'll have both, maybe," said Ben, lifting his head and looking very determined. And that determination, coming with fresh impetus at such a time, was enough to carry him through the difficulties that beset him at home, even after Dr. Hammond had got his father's consent to let him depart from the meat blocks, and become his assistant for a while.

But difficulties only seem to make some people strong, and they acted that way on Ben, so that by the time he graduated from the medical college he had grown to be one of the fine fellows of his class, a class of which the faculty was justly proud.

"He'll make a good veterinary surgeon, will he not?" said Louise on that occasion, whispering mischievously to Dr. Hammond as they met in the group waiting to congratulate the young physician.

"How often are you going to taunt me with that?" he asked, in mock despair. "Haven't I admitted my mistake in the most humble manner? I knew there was good stuff in the boy that day on the field. I saw his steady head and hand, and selfishly wanted to secure his services. It was all selfishness, I'll admit, Miss Louise. That is the motive of most of our acts."

"I will not remind you of your words again," said Louise, soberly. "You have done a great deal for him since. How happy he looks, and even his father seems proud of him at last."

Then they pressed forward to shake hands with Dr. Parks.

LUCKY FINDS.

BY PHILIP MARSTON BRASHER.

MEN sometimes gain fortunes by odd streaks of what is called luck. The following story proves that, but it is a poor plan to stand and wait in hope that a streak of good luck will come your way and drop wealth into your pocket, for such accidents rarely happen, and for winning a fortune there is nothing like steady, honest industry. This story is of two men who found a valuable mine at Leadville, Colorado, and is true, but the many tales floating about of quick and easy discovery of rich mineral bodies are mostly false.

In 1878 there was a storekeeper in what is now Leadville who was a good deal annoyed by the conduct of a couple of acquaintances in persistently loafing about his place of business. At last, to get rid of these unwelcome visitors, he offered them a "grub stake" on condition that they go on a prospecting expedition. A grub stake is a supply of food or "grub," as miners call it—with tools necessary for prospecting, powder, etc. The person furnishing these things is called the grub-staker, and he has a share in the profits of the enterprise if there are any. The offer being accepted, a quantity of flour, bacon, and other things was got ready; but on looking them over, and finding no liquor in the lot, the prospectors declared that unless a supply of that vile stuff was added to their grub stake they wouldn't stir a foot. This was vexatious, but as there seemed no other way out of the difficulty, liquor was given the two men, and they departed, ostensibly to hunt for treasure hidden in the mountains.

Now, the truth is that these two fellows were bent more on having a sort of picnic than doing a lot of hard work with pick and shovel, so they sought out a nice retired spot where wood and water were abundant, and lived in clover while their supplies lasted. Then it was time to be doing something else, and they started homeward, very likely inventing some plausible account of their adventures, calculated to secure a fresh grub stake. They were not quite graceless enough, however, to return without doing any work at all, so just before reaching their journey's end they began digging a hole in the ground in order to give a color of truth to the story they meant to tell of having really done some prospecting.

In selecting a place for digging this pretended prospect hole our two worthies had taken no pains to search for mineral "indications" in the vicinity, as careful prospectors would of course have done, but just "went it blind," because they hadn't the faintest idea of finding anything valuable there anyway, and were quite indifferent as to results. It so happened, however, that they were on Fryer Hill at the time, under the surface of which lay a marvellously rich store of nature's treasure, and almost at the "grass roots" the two men came upon a quantity of rich silver ore. Perhaps they didn't appreciate the full importance of their "find" at first, but at least here was something in the nature of a success to report to their grub-staker, and back to his grocery store they went with a glowing story of success in their prospecting.

An investigation followed, and development-work on the claim proved beyond a doubt that the mine discovered in this haphazard way was of immense value. It afterward sold for a million dollars, and gave great impetus to the Leadville "boom."

Only a couple of years ago another enormously valuable mine was discovered in Colorado by what may be called a trivial circumstance. In this case the locality was far from Leadville, in southern Colorado, where the famous town of Creede now stands. Creede, by-the-way, grew from nothing into a lively town much as Leadville did - in almost no time.

A prospector named Creede had spent a good deal of time in the mountains of southern Colorado without making his fortune, when one night his jack or donkey strayed from camp and disappeared. It will never be known whether that donkey had privately made up his mind to take a "flyer" in prospecting on his own account, although, judging by results, this view of it seems reasonable enough; but it is quite certain that Mr. Creede was a wrathy man on discovering his jack's absence, and no doubt indulged in expressions highly disapproving of the conduct of any jack that would stray off for purposes of prospecting or anything else. It is a weakness of some jacks, however, to "skip out" whenever a good chance occurs, and at such times there is but one way to remedy the trouble—go find 'em and bring 'em back to camp. This is just what Mr. Creede did, and he never was sorry for it after coming to a full appreciation of what his jack's erratic conduct led to. He walked a long distance to find that jack, and maybe he threw away one club and cut a heavier one at the end of each mile of his tramp. I don't know how that was, but his search was finally successful in a greater degree than there had been any reason to expect, for the beast was grazing on the "croppings" of a mineral ledge, which Mr. Creede "located" and named "The Amethyst." Development-work made so good a mine of it that the locator was offered as much as $1,250,000 for it. He declined all offers, however, and in the summer of 1892 his interest in the Amethyst property was yielding him a profit of $400,000 per month. The moral of this story is that if you are going on a prospecting trip take along a jack that is a pretty good prospector himself.

LIVING DOLLS.

THE prettiest idea for an Easter festival to raise money for the children's hospital is an exhibition of living dolls. To describe it is almost as difficult as explaining Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works, and requires the same quick wit and lively fancy. In the first place, there must be the show man or woman, on whom depends much of the success of the affair.

The dolls are arranged in groups, and are supposed to be run by electricity, and move only when the current is turned on.

The first group was of three baby dolls. One was dressed in a long white slip, with nightcap and little shawl, and lay sound asleep in a dainty cradle. The only movement she made was to turn her head on the pillow, and smile in her sleep. The next was also dressed in pretty slip and close lace cap, from which escaped blond curls of real hair. She raised her head from the pillow, shook a rattle, and said "Ah, goo!" when started by electricity. The third sat in a high chair at a table, holding a tin toy, which she waved in the air. She was a crying doll, and would squall most musically when squeezed at the waist.

Then came the walking doll. Dressed in pretty white slip, and cloak with fur-trimmed hood, and quaint muff in which her tiny hands were hidden, she was carefully "stood up" on the floor, and when the proper force was applied she walked straight forward, stepping very stiffly, and with short awkward motions.

The piano doll was placed upon her stool before a small instrument, and with odd mechanical movements played several selections. A gentleman doll and lady doll in full bridal dress walked stiffly in, preceded by a priest doll in full church attire, gown, surplice, and all, while the piano-player rendered the "Wedding March" in a very queer jerky manner.

The talking doll was a real mechanical wonder. Her jaws worked nervously, her eyes blinked, and the words dropped one by one from her stiff lips. She said the wildest things, with absolutely no emphasis or emotion, and looked straight ahead with strange staring eyes that made one feel uncanny.

The dancing dolls were two plantation darkies, dressed in brilliant tropical style, and when wound up their jolly grin and nimble skipping were the delight of all. A rag baby lay across a chair, limp and helpless, with feet hanging loose, and head rolling over on the side. A Dutch doll with wooden shoes, a Norwegian with bodice and cap, a gypsy, a Roman tambourine-boy, a Scotch shepherdess with plaid and crook, followed by her toy dog—all these were much admired. The Father of his Country in knee-breeches and powdered hair, Queen Victoria in coronation robes, Little Lord Fauntleroy in regulation suit, a nun in black robes and snowy cap and collar, the jockey doll, leading a rocking-horse, wearing cap and tight jacket, were other notables.

Rebecca at the Well was such a marvel of mechanism that she could fill the glass with lemonade, offer it to the purchaser, accept the money in return, and even make the proper change in every instance. There were several movable dolls who walked about the room selling popcorn and candy, while some stood by small tables and sold ice-cream.

Between the different groups the curtains fell, and the audience walked about, ate ice-cream, and listened to sweet music made by a band of minstrel dolls, who played on stringed instruments in a manner wonderful to behold. Also a quartet of singing dolls, who sang some old-fashioned songs, keeping exact time, and actually speaking the words so that they were understood, which is more than most of our "sure-enough" singers can do.

A LEAK IN TOPSYTURVYDOM.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ONE winter's day in Topsyturvy land
The moon was glistening like a disk of sand,
And through the brilliant city thoroughfares
The Upsidedownies thronged in rolling-chairs.
They all were merry and prepared for fun,
Because their work, as usual, was not done;
And several of them, since the atmosphere
Was dry as could be, and of dampness clear,
Had put their rubbers on, and said that they
Were ready quite to have a pleasant day—
Although, as each one had a bamboo cane,
'Twas also clear they were prepared for rain.



THE UPSIDEDOWNIES THRONGED IN ROLLING-CHAIRS.



AND WHAT A LOUD INSPIRING CHEER AND SHOUT
DID GREET THE TWO WHO BROUGHT THE COAL-BIN OUT!

Now as they rolled along the streets that day
A sudden whistling filled them with dismay:
A whistle like a sullen fog-horn's sound
Came rumbling up and down and all around.
Each Downie stopped his chair, and standing fast,
Grew flushed of face to show he was aghast,
And then together shrilly they did shriek:
"The toot! the toot! Some pipe has sprung a leak!"
Then many ran down to the engine-house,
And watched the leak-men starting for the douse;
And crying "Leak! leak! leak!" they all pursued
The engine in a mighty multitude.
I went along, and soon we reached the spot
The leak was playing havoc with. And what
A sight it was! There stood a mansion fair,
A wave of water rushing down the stair,
Engulfing in its saturating flow
Each work of art upon the floor below.
How gallantly the leak-men rushed within



DOUGHTY LEAK-MEN WITH THE HOSE OF FLAME.

To save the kindling-wood and family tin!
And what a loud inspiring cheer and shout
Did greet the two who brought the coal-bin out!
Then how the Downies all did hoarsely roar
As there appeared upon the attic floor
Three doughty leak men with the hose of flame,
With which the mighty stream of wet to tame!
The way the water dried and disappeared
Before that scorching flame was truly weird:
And when at last the overflow was stopped,
In very weariness the leak men dropped.
Next morning, as my host sat down to dine,
He moved his chair quite closely up to mine,
And said, "I was a leak-man sixty weeks,
And think I know a thing or two 'bout leaks,
And never in that period did I
Observe a leak as hard as that to dry."
Whereat I said to him, "But, pray, tell me,
Have you no plumbers?" "Not a one," said he.
"The Upsidedownie plan is different
From that which you employ to this extent:
You have a band of men to put out flames,
Which seems to us to be a shame of shames,
Since conflagrations come from carelessness,



THEN IT IS RIGHT AND PROPER, SIR, THAT ALL
SHOULD ANSWER WITH ALACRITY THE CALL.

And those who're burnt deserve all their distress—
And all your folks are forced to pay a tax
To save that one who proper caution lacks.
While bursting pipes, which come from bitter cold,
Which none can help, as far as I've been told,
Which all the care that's possible cannot
Enable man t' escape, you men have got
To remedy yourselves at an expense
Which often multiplies by three your rents.
With us these things are done the other way.
For others' carelessness we never pay;
But if misfortune overtakes a house,
And sudden bursts of pipes bring on a douse,
Then it is right and proper, sir, that all
Should answer with alacrity the call.
In other words, where one can't help his woe
It is our duty, as we think, to go
And help him fight against his dire distress;
But not a thing we'll do for carelessness."

I thought upon this Turvy plan a minute.
And, truly now, I think there's something in it.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

SIX EASTER EGGS.

BY NORA PERRY.

"MARGE, Marge, here is the egg-boy!"

Marge dropped her book and ran to join her sister Elsie, who by this time was on the back piazza talking to a boy who had just driven up in a farm wagon.

"We want two dozen more—all nice big ones, and by to-morrow, for it is only three days before Easter, and they must be boiled and colored to be ready in season."

The boy stared. "Colored?" he repeated in a puzzled, questioning tone.

"Yes," answered Elsie; "colored. Don't you color eggs for Easter?"

"No."

"How queer! But you know about them, of course?"

"No, I don't."

"Not know about Easter eggs? Where in the world have you lived not to know about Easter? I thought everybody—"

"I do know about Easter," interrupted the boy, sharp-



ly. "All I said was that I didn't know about your colored eggs."

"Oh, well, I guess it is Episcopalians mostly who keep that old custom going in this part of the country, and I suppose your people are not Episcopalians, are they?"

"No."

"Well, *we* are, and we've lived in Washington, too, where everybody has colored eggs, and all the boys and girls go to the egg-rolling party the Monday morning after Easter."

"Egg-rolling party?" cried the boy, with such wide-open eyes of astonishment that Elsie and Marge both burst out laughing, whereat the boy flushed up angrily, and seizing the reins was starting off, when the cook called to him to wait until she had the butter-box ready for him to take back.

"Oh," whispered Marge, "we've hurt his feelings, Elsie; it is too bad." Then she ran forward, and said, gently: "'Tisn't anything at all strange that you didn't know about the rolling; Elsie and I didn't until we went to Washington to live, and saw the game ourselves, and had it explained to us. And I'll explain it to you. We have a lot of eggs boiled hard, and dyed all sorts of pretty flower colors and patterns, and these we take to the top of a little hill near the White House, and each one, or each party, starts two or three or more eggs of different colors, and makes guesses as to which color will beat. After the game is over, we exchange the eggs we have, and give away a good many to the poor children. Oh, it's great fun."

The boy laughed. "Fun! I should call it baby play!" he said, derisively.

"Well, *you* can call it baby play if you like," returned Marge, with great dignity, "but the 'baby play' has come down through a good many years; it is an old Easter custom that was brought over from England by one of the early settlers at Washington."

"I—I didn't mean—I'm sorry—" began Royal, stammeringly, when

"Royal! Royal Purcel!" called out a voice, and a little fellow scarcely more than six or seven years old came running up the driveway, and made a flying leap into the wagon.

"Do you belong to a circus?" cried Elsie.

"No; wish I did. I belong to Royal."

"Who is Royal?"

"Who is Royal?" repeated the child, making a cunning impudent face at her.

"He means me. My name is Royal—Royal Purcel; and he," nodding towards the child, "is my brother."

"Royal Purcel! *What* a funny name! It sounds—"

"Don't, Elsie," remonstrated Marge.

"It sounds just like Royal Purple," giggled Elsie, regardless of her sister's remonstrance.

Rhoda Davis, the cook, coming out just then with the butter-box, Royal thrust it hastily into the back of the wagon, and without another word or glance at the sisters, drove off at a headlong pace.

"Well, I never saw such a tempery boy as that in my life," said Elsie. "A boy that can't take a joke I don't think is much of a boy."

"Them Purcels allers was pretty peppery, and I guess they're more'n ever so now," said Rhoda.

"Why?" asked Marge.

"Why? Because they used to be the richest farmers about here; they owned pretty nigh all Lime Ridge once. Now they hain't got nothin' but that little Ridge farm. It's a stony little place, and how they manage to get a livin' off of it beats me."

"How'd they happen to lose so much?"

"Oh, the boy's father took to spekerlatin', and then some banks they had money in bust up."

"Well, he needn't fly up at everything because he isn't rich," said Elsie. "That's regular cry-baby fashion. He's a royal purple cry-baby, that's what he is, and I mean to call him that; see if I don't;" and Elsie laughed in high glee as this mischievous idea struck her. And while she and her sister were discussing Royal and his temper, Royal was discussing that very temper with himself.

"To think of my being such a fool as to show mad before those girls. I'm a regular sissy," was his final conclusion as he drove down the road.

The next morning bright and early he was up at the Lloyd's with two dozen fine big eggs. "As handsome a lot of eggs as I ever see," commented Rhoda as she took them in.

"Are they going to color them all?" asked Royal.

"I s'pose so. Here are some of their old ones—they've been b'iled as hard as stones; they'll keep forever," and Rhoda handed out of the open window a little basket of colored eggs.

"But some of these are painted," said the boy, taking up an egg with a pattern of flowers on it.

"No, they ain't, they're jest colored in a dye-pot. Them that looks as if they was painted were tied up in a bit of figgered calico, and b'iled, and when they come out of the b'iling they took the calico off, and there was the figgers set on the eggs. See?"

"Yes, I see," and Royal turned the egg round thoughtfully for a moment, then suddenly put it down and started off towards his wagon on a run.

"Land sakes!" called out Rhoda, "what's come to you all at once to set off like that?"

"Muskrats!" shouted Royal, with a laugh, as he jumped into the wagon.

"Ben a-settin' traps for 'em, eh?"

Royal nodded as he went rattling down the driveway.

"Did Royal Purple bring the eggs?" asked Elsie Lloyd, a little later.

"His name ain't Purple, it's Purcel," corrected Rhoda, innocently.

Elsie giggled. "Well, did Royal *Purcel* bring the eggs?" she asked.

"Yes, there they be."

"Oh, oh! aren't they beauties?"

"They be, that's a fact," agreed Rhoda. "Royal, he's done his best for ye now, anyway. He's kind o' quick, like all the Purcels, but he's real accommodatin'."

"So he is, Rhoda, and I'll give him one of the prettiest eggs we turn out for being so 'accommodatin',' and we are going to have some extra pretty ones this time. See this, now, and this, and this," and Elsie whipped out of her pocket several bits of bright calico. One was a pattern of tiny rose-buds; another, a little lily on a blue ground.

"The lily ones will be just lovely if they turn out well, and they will be the real Easter egg with that lily pattern," said Marge, enthusiastically.

By Saturday afternoon a goodly array of eggs of all colors and patterns were "ready for company," as Elsie and Marge expressed it, for on Saturday night a party of their friends were coming to them for a three days' visit. It was about an hour after these friends had arrived, and they were all hanging admiringly over the pretty display of eggs, that a box was brought in by one of the servants. It was neatly tied, and directed in a bold round handwriting to "Miss Elsie and Miss Marge Lloyd."

"What *can* it be?" said Marge, wonderingly.

"We'll open it and see," cried Elsie. And suiting her action to her word, she cut the string and lifted the cover, and there she saw six eggs undyed, but each painted delicately with a different design. On one was a cross with a tiny vine running from the base; on another, a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley; and another showed a little bough

of apple blossoms. On the remaining three the subjects were strangely unusual: a palm and tent, with a patch of sky; a bird with outstretched wings, soaring upward with open beak, as if singing in its flight; a cherub head with a soft halo about it.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the girls in a chorus; and, "Who *could* have painted them?" wondered Marge; and, "Who *could* have sent them?" cried Elsie.

In vain they hunted for card or sign of the donor. They could find nothing to give them the slightest clew.

"Perhaps, papa, it is Mr. Archer," said Marge at last, turning to her father. Mr. Archer was an artist friend.

"Oh no, this isn't Archer's work; it's a novice's work, though very promising," her father replied.

"Cousin Tom's, then?"

"And too strong for Tom."

"Then it must be Jimmy Barrows."

"Well, it may be Jimmy. We shall know when he comes with Tom on Monday. It's bold enough for Jimmy, but I didn't think he had so much fancy."

And finally it was settled that it could be no other than Jimmy Barrows. Jimmy was a great friend of their cousin Tom; but while Tom was only an amateur artist, Jimmy was studying to be a professional one.

"It's such fun to have Jimmy do these, and send them without a word," said Elsie to her sister.

"Such a generous thing to do, too. I wonder if he would like some of *our* eggs as specimens? We might give him one of each kind."

"Oh, Marge, don't think of offering him those calico-colored things—anybody who can paint like this!"

"Very well; but, Elsie, which one are you going to give to Royal Purcel?"

"To Royal Purcel?"

"Yes; don't you remember you told Rhoda you were going to give him one for being so accommodating?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten. Well, here—I'll give him this—it's the very thing," and Elsie snatched up a bright purple one.

"Oh, Elsie, don't!"

But Elsie fairly danced with glee, as she cried, "I will, I will; it's the very thing—royal purple to Royal Purple!"

The young visitors, when all this was explained to them, joined in the merriment; but Marge, kind, tender little Marge, hid away one of the blue and white lily eggs, to get the advantage of Elsie's mischief, by bestowing *that* upon Royal.

But Royal was quite out of Elsie's thoughts by Monday morning. It was a beautiful morning, and by nine o'clock, when Tom and Jimmy Barrows arrived, the lawn and sloping knoll at the east of it were bright and dry with sunshine. On the piazza the various baskets of eggs were standing, only "Jimmy Barrows's gift" had been set aside as "too good to use."

"My! haven't you got a lot, though?" cried Tom, as he surveyed them. "But what are these in the box here?"

"Yes, what are they?" sparkled Elsie. "Ask Jimmy Barrows."

Jimmy, with a wondering expression on his face at this remark, came over and looked down at the treasured eggs. "Who did these?" he asked, quickly.

"'Who did these?'" mimicked Elsie. "Oh, you needn't try that. We found you out at once, or *I* did."

"You think I painted 'em—I sent 'em?" queried Jimmy.

"Of course I do. Now, Master Jimmy—"

"Miss Elsie, just as true as I'm standing here, I never saw them before."

Elsie shook her head at him, but Jimmy did not see her. He was lifting the eggs and examining them.

"No, honest. I didn't paint 'em, Miss Elsie. I wish I had, but I can't do things like that—yet. I can draw as well, am a better draughtsman, maybe, but I haven't got the ideas. The fellow who did these has got a lot of original ideas."



"SEE THIS, NOW, AND THIS."

Mr. Lloyd came forward here with great interest. "Did any of you," turning to Elsie and Marge, "ask who brought the box?"

"Yes," answered Elsie; "I asked Ann, and she said, 'a bit of a boy brought 'em'; she didn't know who he was."

"Ask Rhoda to come here; she knows the neighborhood."

Rhoda came, and Mr. Lloyd put the matter before her. Had she any idea who the "bit of a boy" was?

"I didn't see him, but it might be Bert Purcel," answered Rhoda. "Folks get him to do errands sometimes. He's just drove up with his brother to bring the chickens. I'll send him 'round, and you can ask him."

"Did you leave a box here Saturday night?" Mr. Lloyd inquired, pleasantly, when the boy stood before him.

The red lips began to frame a "No," then closed tightly together, while the slim little figure whirled about and made an attempt to leap over the piazza railing—an attempt that would have been successful if one foot had not caught in a stout vine.

Royal, waiting in the wagon at the back porch, heard a sudden cry, and hurried to see what had happened. He found Bert scrambling to his feet, brisk and angry. The child made a dash towards his brother, and seized his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Royal. No answer, but a renewed tug at his hand to draw him away.

"The little fellow tried to jump the piazza railing, and fell," explained Mr. Lloyd, laughingly.

"Papa just asked him a question—if he brought us a box Saturday night, and as he didn't want to answer he ran," spoke up Elsie.

"I didn't, I jumped!" cried the child.

Everybody laughed.

"Can't *you* tell us?" asked Marge, looking at Royal. "*Did* your brother bring it?"

"Yes," answered Royal, flushing up.

"And whom did it come from—who sent it?" asked Elsie, impatiently. She waited a moment for an answer. As none came, she asked still more impatiently, "Do you *know* the person who sent it?"

"Yes," in a hesitating voice.

"Did the person tell you not to tell?"

"No," in the same hesitating voice.

"Then why in the world *don't* you tell? You've no right to keep it back like this. It is our affair, not yours, and so it is our right to know who it is. Don't you under-

stand that we don't want people to send us things—presents—and not know anything about who it is?"

Royal looked startled, and the flush on his face deepened. Elsie thought she had conquered him, and chirped out an encouraging, "Come, now, who was it?" But to her surprise the boy flung up his head with an angry movement, and with a defiant glance at her, said, stubbornly, "I've a perfect right *not* to answer your question, and I sha'n't."

"Well, of all the brazen—"

"Elsie!" warned her father, "don't say anything more."

"You'll let me say one thing more, papa. Rhoda told us that this boy was very accommodating, and he brought me such nice big eggs. I thought he was, and meant to give him something to show my appreciation, and I'd like to give it to him now. Here," taking something from her pocket, "give this to your brother," she said to little Bert, who stood eying her curiously. The child's hand opened involuntarily. Into it dropped a *royal purple* egg.

Royal saw and understood. "Give it back to her!" he cried.

Bert, feeling the passion in his brother's voice, drew off, and *flung* the egg with all his might at Elsie. Luckily for her, it missed its aim and whizzed past, striking some article with a breaking crash beyond her.

"Oh! oh! oh! it's fallen on the painted eggs!" cried Marge, "and," running forward, "it has spoiled the lovely cherub head; see, the shell is all cracked to pieces!"

"You horrid, wicked boys!" cried Elsie, in the next breath.

But Royal heard nothing of these comments. The moment he saw that Bert's recklessness had injured no one, he had turned away with him, and was now driving out of the yard, scolding the youngster roundly for his action, and not a little subdued himself at what might have been the result of it.

"Papa, I think they ought to be punished, and the big boy made to tell," exclaimed Elsie, when she found the two were out of her reach.

"What did you say was the name of the boys?" asked Jimmy Barrows, who had taken up the cross and vine egg, and was peering at it very closely.

"Purcel."

"Well, just look at this," and with the tip end of a tiny knife blade Jimmy pointed out something in the delicate vine tendrils that had hitherto escaped notice. It was the name "R. Purcel," cunningly inwound in the tendrils. Every one crowded up to inspect this discovery.

"It must be some relation of the boy's, and that is why he felt he had a right to keep it secret," said Mr Lloyd.

"But it was Royal's present, whatever relation he got to paint the eggs for him—for it was only Royal who knew about *our* eggs; and this is the way we've paid him!" cried Marge, with a glance of indignant reproach at Elsie.

"I don't think he got anybody to do it for him; I—I think he did it himself," spoke up Jimmy.

"Royal Purcel! that—that farm boy?" shrieked Elsie.

"Yes," answered Jimmy, "I thought so all the time, when you—when he was standing under—under your questioning fire." And Jimmy laughed.

"But how did he learn?" cried Elsie, in astonishment.

"I don't think the boy has had much instruction," said Jimmy. "I think he has great natural talent, and has had very little opportunity to study." Jimmy was now peering at the palm and tent egg, and "See, here's the name again, in this thready grass," he said, "and he has probably marked all the eggs in this cunning way."

Jimmy was right. On the bird's wing, 'mid the lily leaves, and on the apple bough, they also found R. Purcel hidden deftly from casual observation.

Elsie was silent as, one after another, these discoveries were made. Finally she could contain herself no longer, and burst out:

"To think of his painting all these beautiful things and giving them to us—to me, when I've been such a horrid little cat to him! Oh, papa, I must do something I just must!"

"Well, I should think it would become you to say you are sorry and to thank him," said Mr. Lloyd, smiling.

"But, papa, I want to take the pony-carriage and go after him, and ask him to come back to the egg-rolling; and if Jimmy Barrows will go with me—"

"I'd be delighted, Miss Elsie."

"He'd make it easier—he'd know what to say, and Royal would know what to say to him; the others will excuse us, he won't be long. Oh, may I may we, papa?"

"Well, as you seem to have settled everything, I don't see but I must."

But Elsie did not wait to hear more. She knew she had not only her father's consent, but his approval, and was off like a flash to order the carriage.

If the Lloyds had been better acquainted in Lime Ridge, Royal's work would not have been such a great surprise to them. A good many of the Lime Ridge people could have told them of the boy's talent and how it had been discouraged by his family. There was no money now to support and educate him in that direction, and it had been arranged with an old friend who was in the wool business that the boy should go into his employ as soon as he had graduated from the Lime Ridge High-School. This was considered a very lucky prospect for him, but Royal hated it. From a little fellow he had shown a great love for pictures, and had covered every scrap of paper he could find with crude drawings.

When he was eight years old a visitor had given him a box of paints and brushes. Two years later he had become acquainted with an artist who was staying a few weeks at Lime Ridge, and went with him on his sketching tramps. With him he learned something about an artist's methods, and received from him as a parting gift various artist's materials that he had made industrious use of.

The whim of painting the eggs and sending them to the sisters had come to him as a sort of apology to them for his exhibition of temper, and he had no idea that his name, so palpable to his artist eye, would escape their observation as it did. He expected his gift and its motives to be recognized at once. Instead, he was questioned as if he were nothing but an ignorant errand-boy, and bitterest of all, even when he had confessed to such knowledge of the painter, the possibility of his being the painter himself not for a moment suspected. But while he stood leaning over the farm gate thinking these bitter thoughts, a stout little pony was bringing him what he little dreamed of. "Catch me ever going amongst 'em again—an overbearing lot of city folks," he was saying to himself, when, patter, patter, patter, round the turn of the road came the stout little pony, and before the boy could make a movement to get away, Elsie Lloyd had jumped from the wagon, and stood in front of him.

"I've come to ask you to go back with us, and forgive me for being such a horrid little cat to you. I didn't understand. I thought—" and then in a perfect jumble of words Elsie went on, and poured forth her contrition and explanation, at the same time introducing Jimmy Barrows, who knew just what to say, and said it with such effect that Royal's spirits went up with a bound, and almost before he knew to what he had consented, he was sitting on the little back seat of the phaeton, talking with these "city folks" as if they were his best friends, as they turned out to be.

All this happened four or five years ago, and to-day where do you suppose Royal Purcel is, and what do you

suppose he is doing? In Mr. Carr's mills, learning to pick and buy wool?

Not he. He is in Paris, with Jimmy Barrows, studying hard and supporting himself by making business illustrations for various newspapers. It is humble work, but it serves for his support while he is preparing for higher things; and the "higher things" are not far off, for two or three of his sketches in oils have attracted the attention of the critics, and he has furnished a set of drawings for a child's book that has been well paid for and well spoken of. And Jimmy Barrows wrote home to Tom Lloyd the other day: "Royal is going to be a howling success, as I always prophesied; but what a time your uncle and I had to persuade his family of this possibility, and to get him off from that wool-picking. But I guess they began to believe we were right when this spoiled wool-picker wrote them last week that he'd paid the last cent of his indebtedness to Mr. Lloyd. Houp-la!"

"'A howling success!' And it's all through me," laughed Elsie, as she read this portion of Jimmy's letter; "for if I hadn't eaten humble-pie, and run after Master Royal that morning, he would not have met Jimmy Barrows, and might have been wool-picking to this day. Yes; it's all through me and my humble-pie. Houp-la!"



THE TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ONE is sometimes inclined to think that the eastern side of the great Treasury Building in Washington, with its colonnade of Ionic pillars 336 feet in length, must be the most beautiful bit of building since the day of the great temple of the Serapeion at Alexandria, in Egypt. And when one sees it by moonlight, it seems as if beauty of light and shade and of flying lines could go no further.

The Treasury Building stands on the side of a hill, so that while the south front rises high in air, overlooking the lovely river view, the Monument—a lance of light—and the Avenue to the Capitol, the northern portico is lower, and one descends into a partly paved sunken area, set with flower beds and a fountain, before mounting the opposite steps. The other side faces the President's house and the sunset, greensward and waving trees, and fountains, and about its superb portico are flowers and shrubs. The eastern side is injured, of course, by the absence of space before it; but it is impossible now to push Fifteenth Street out of the way, and we have to take beauty where we find it.

The building is in the Ionic style, that stone which is not granite being painted to resemble it; the ground-plan occupies nearly six hundred feet in length by half as much in width; it is three stories in height; and many of the huge pillars which rise to the stone balustrade capping the whole—over thirty-one feet—are of single blocks of stone. There is an attic besides, and there are two good stories in the basement. Inside, it is built around two hollow squares, and it seems a little city in itself.

There are nearly two hundred large airy rooms within the walls, besides the sub-basement and attic, and a labyrinth of halls and corridors, on which the gold of the Treasury is freely lavished in gilding, and which, with the stone stairways, are quite striking. The rooms, with few exceptions, are luxuriously carpeted and richly furnished; and it would be hard to find anything more splendid than the great "cash-room," which you see to the best advantage from a balcony high up on the lofty sides, looking down on the busy scene below of people buying bonds and certificates and changing money. The walls are completely lined with panels and pilasters of highly polished and many-colored marbles, green and black, yellow, dove-color, and white, making an uncommonly effective combination. From the windows of the rooms on the south and west are charming landscapes and river scenes; but people are not there for the sake of looking out of windows, and there are few drones in that tremendous hive.

With a "pass" from the Treasurer we may walk through the Redemption Division, as it is called, where the worn-out bank-bills are received and cancelled and destroyed. You would be amazed to see the skill with which fragments of bills that have been soaked in water nearly to a pulp, scorched and crisped by fire, or gnawed by rats, are pieced together on paper the size of the original bill, so that their value can be found. When all is done, they are placed under a glass, which is also of the same size as the bill, and is divided into sections that will show very nearly the precise fractional part of the bill which is missing; so that if a tenth part of a one-dollar bill is gone, the bill is at once seen to be worth but ninety cents. The women do this work with surprising accuracy and dexterity. It is not always pleasant work, for the money is sometimes fearful stuff to handle when it comes in to be counted—reeking with filth, and having a shocking odor. That which is to be destroyed or replaced with new is put on a machine run by a turbine wheel, which punches the packages in several spots so that it would be nearly impossible to use the bills again, and it is then taken to a peculiar furnace to be burned, where the coloring matter, chemical and metallic, of its substance makes a curious vividly tinted slag.

It is a special favor if you are invited to enter the Counting Division, a visitor. You are usually allowed, however, to observe the process through the doorways; and probably you never saw anything in your life, not done by machinery, equalling the swiftness and precision of the counting of the bills, which is done altogether by women. A few of the counters are experts, and are famous for the manner in which they do their work. You yourself could not count the rapid movements of their fingers if you tried; and they not only count the bills, but keep the run of the number of the series in red letters too, and you can only stand and wonder at their marvellous doings.

There is a library of eight thousand volumes of good reading in the building for the use of the employés. In the photographers' rooms are not only the fac-similes of the accounts sent to be verified, but likenesses of all the counterfeiters who have ever been captured; and there are a good many other unusual things to detain one.

Another written permission is requisite in order to visit the vaults, where the treasure of the sovereign people is kept. For so skilful and eager are thieves that too much precaution cannot be used; and of course every one has some curiosity to see the visible accumulation of so much wealth. These vaults are enclosed within other rooms; they are of steel and chilled iron, and have an immense thickness, covering a space of fifteen by twenty feet. One is directly over another, and they contain some millions of dollars boxed up in parcels and bags.

Not far from these vaults is the one in which the bonds of the national banks are kept, each in a sort of pamphlet-case, lettered on the back and ranged on shelves. You have some singular sensations possibly when the trusty guardian turns up the gas in the dark place, and allows you to stand within arm's-length of all the wealth of the land, so far as banks represent it. There are two other vaults in the basement, which visitors do not penetrate.

In another building a separate department of the Treasury work is carried on, that belonging to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which is, in some respects, the most remarkably organized branch of the government. An order from the Secretary of the Treasury asks the chief of this bureau to admit visitors, if he sees fit; you sign your name in a registry, and an intelligent guide, familiar with all the workings of the bureau, accompanies you, and explains everything, from the first counting of the blank sheets and their wetting down to the last counting, before which last counting, and ascertaining that the number is correct and all the sheets are there, no one of all the employés in the bureau is allowed to leave. Heat and noise and a stifling atmosphere salute you on your entrance to parts of this unpleasant place; shafts and wheels are driving at full speed; and hundreds of men and women are flashing about the place, hurrying to keep pace with the engines, in ranks as far down the halls as you can see. Here are men daubed to their elbows in a thick green paint or ink, with which they prepare the steel plates, covering them and polishing them off, slipping them on the presses the moment they are ready, a girl on the other side ready too with a sheet of paper to slip over them, when down goes the lever, and out comes the sheet covered with printed greenbacks, with revenue-stamps, or with postage-stamps, for here is printed nearly everything of the sort that the government uses.

Of course the work is very unhealthy, for in one thing alone, if the flesh is anywhere scratched, the arsenic of the green color is apt to poison it. It is not pleasant to see the young girls and elderly women, many of whom were born and bred in easier circumstances, driven by want to such hard work from early in the morning till late in the day, and at need even on Sundays, in the bad air, through all the sun-baked summer months. Yet the pay is better than similar work receives anywhere else in the country, and the work is honorable and valuable. Many of the workers are very skilful, and have applied their brains to the improvement of the machinery, never reaping any benefit themselves, however, as the government claims all the powers of those to whom it pays a salary. Thus wonderful things have been invented and applied, particularly in the engraving division, the principle of which the inventors give to the department, and for which they never receive any recompense, as they would for their patent rights were they not employés. This engraving division is very interesting; the most finished engraving in the world is said to be done here.

Here you see old men, who have spent their lives in the Treasury, working on exquisitely delicate designs, and young men studying that stroke of the steel implements which will give the light and shade that the picture they are copying demands. Here is a machine that engraves on steel, and seems almost to think; and here is a little machine with a steel roller just the size for one of the certificates to be wrapped once around it; to this roller—it having first been softened—the engraving on a steel plate is transferred in relief by pressure; the little roller is then hardened again, and a plate of steel which has been softened in the same way by abstracting the carbon is placed under it; then the foot touches the lever, and the roller runs to and fro over the little plate till it has been printed with the certificate "backwards," when it is hardened by restoring the carbon, and is then ready to be sent to the printing-room, be covered with ink, and have certificates printed from it. But there is no end to the new contrivances and designs, even to those for perforating the paper between the stamps, to be found here, and there is nothing to be seen in Washington more interesting than all this elaborate and complicated process of making money, of whose details we have merely hinted.

The clerks employed in the Treasury, men and women, can be numbered by regiments; they are of all ages and of every grade. Many of the women are those who have "known better days." They are sometimes the daughters or widows of famous legislators or soldiers, who were too busy, or too honest, or too indifferent, in serving their country, to serve their families also. They were reared in more or less luxury, without a thought of earning their living, which, however, they could hardly do in a lighter or pleasanter way than most of them do now; and when any one intrudes among them with whom they should not be forced to associate, they know how to ignore the intruders.

Except in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the hours are longer, they go to the office at nine in the morning and leave it at four, having had a brief intermission at noon; and after that they are free for social purposes, and go where they choose into society. Many, however, have no desire for gay society; and the nine hundred dollars of their salary (a few have twelve hundred) is all they have with which to support themselves and those dependent on them. They live in narrow quarters and in a small way, and feel it an injustice when they see men at desks beside them receiving a great deal more money for doing the same work, and sometimes for not doing it. To them, and to many men with families and no other source of income, the yellow envelope of dismissal would be a death-blow. The country stands to them for the breath of life, and something of the halo of home surrounds the Treasury Building.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"THEY haven't come back? Ken hasn't come back?" repeated Robin, in a bewildered way, although it really seemed to her like something that she had known for a long time.

"You don't feel anyways queer, do you? Saul told me not to tell you right off sudden, because girls faint away, and it's a lot of trouble to bring 'em to," said practical Thanny.

"Tell me all about it, quick, Thanny!" said Robin, imperatively.

"Well, you see, 'twas jest when they was startin' back

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

from Kingstown. 'Twas 'most dark, and there wa'n't a capful of wind; but Saul he calc'lated there'd be more outside, and they could manage to get home. Them fellers staid too long uptown. They was up to something; Saul says so. They had a lot of stuff in bottles and boxes that they got at the 'pothecary's. They went up to the lib'ry, and looked at books and things. Cap'n 'Lias Sylvester see 'em there, and he told Saul. Saul says they didn't care nothin' about the mackerel more'n as if they was minners."

"Thanny, will you tell me where Ken is?" cried Robin.

"Well, I'm a comin' to it. Saul said not to make you faint away, because it's an orfle job—"



ANNETTE APPEARED HOLDING A LAMP OVER HER HEAD.

"Has Ken run away to sea?" Robin's voice shook, in spite of all her efforts to control it.

"I don't see as I am a-goin' to tell you if you keep breakin' in," said Thanny, in an aggrieved tone. "Nobody knows what they was a-goin' to do with all them boxes and bottles, but they hain't run away to sea."

Robin drew a long breath of relief.

"It's worse 'n that, at least for Dave Freneau," continued Thanny. "You see, it was 'most dark, and jest outside of the harbor they come near goin' kersmash into something. Saul says it might have been only a log, but he thinks 'twas the wand'rin' buoy. You've heard about her—how she got afloat three or four years ago, and jest goes a-sailin' round? Joe Peters saw her off the Banks, and some says she's been clearin' off to Chiny, but she comes home to the Cape every summer, and don't go off till about the time of the line gale."

"Yes, yes, I've heard of it. Thanny, what happened to the boys?"

"Ain't I tellin' you? The *Scud* came nigh runnin' into the buoy; and fetchin' her round sudden, Dave Freneau got hit by the boom, and knocked off into the water. They think his head hit against the anchor that was layin' up in the bow. Anyhow, when they got him out—Saul and Ken and Hank Freeman, they all jumped after him, and got him into the tender in no time—they couldn't fetch him to. He was livin' and breathin', but he didn't know anything. They put right back to the wharf, and got a doctor, and the doctor had him took up to his house. He said it might be a pretty bad case, and it might not; but Ken he wouldn't leave him. He's a-stayin' to take care of him, and he said you needn't be scared nor worried. And—and somebody's got to tell Annette, and I ain't a-goin' to."

"I'll go and tell her. Poor Annette!" said Robin; "I suppose she will want to go down to Kingstown."

"It—it's kind of dark," said Thanny, digging in the sand with his heels in an embarrassed way, "and if you was goin' anywheres else I wouldn't let you go alone, but me 'n' Annette Freneau don't get along."

"Never mind, Thanny, Moira will go with me if I want any one," said Robin, carelessly, as she turned away.

She went around to the back porch and called to Moira. Jean came running out at the sound of her voice.

"Who is hurt? Dave Freneau? Oh, what if it had been Ken? If you're going to tell Annette, I'm going too."

Moira grumbled about her old bones and the dangers of Honeypot Marsh. Dave and Annette lived in a little house which had once been a shooting-box on the edge of the marsh. Will-o'-the-wisp went flitting about the marsh, and Moira was in deadly terror of him.

The little house had been abandoned by its owners, and the French family had occupied it rent free for nearly a year, their rights undisputed except by an army of mice and spiders, which Annette's energy had at length put to rout. It was a rough place, but invitingly neat and bright inside.

They knocked loudly in vain, until at length the door was suddenly thrown open, and Annette appeared, holding a lamp over her head, its light showing a very cross face, with heavy brows contracted and thick lips pouting.

Annette was tall for fifteen, and her face would have been attractive if it had not been so cross. Her cheeks had a pretty color, her large mouth showed the whitest of teeth, and the jet-black hair that was combed straight back from her white forehead hung in a heavy braid almost to the bottom of her dress.

"Why you not stop knocking when I say I come?" she demanded, angrily. "I hollair that I come, but I have my hands in the bread. What is the matter? Why you look so at me?"

"Dave!" said Robin; and the color went out of Annette's face as a lamp is blown out by the wind. "We hope it isn't very bad, but there has been an accident," continued Robin. "Dave was knocked off *The Flying Scud*, Cap'n Saul Baker's boat. His head was hurt, and

the doctor thought he would better stay at Kingstown. My brother staid with him."

"I wish he keep away from your brother! I wish he keep with himself! Why has not your brother got hurt instead of Dave?" cried Annette, shrilly. And then her voice broke suddenly. "Oh, my Dave! my Dave!" she sobbed.

"I thought perhaps you would like to go down to Kingstown if the boys didn't come home to-morrow," Robin said. She had taken Annette's hand, and pressed it sympathetically, but Annette snatched it away roughly.

"How can I go? If I never see my Dave again I cannot go. I have not the money. I have not the cent!" She opened her hand, and shook her pocket expressively.

"I haven't the money, either," said Robin. "Not enough to go in the cars, but I thought we might go in our boat, if you were not afraid. I wouldn't dare to go so far outside alone, but perhaps Cap'n Saul Baker or Steve Prettygo would go with us."

"Go with those men that have laugh and call me names? I will not!" cried Annette. "How *could I go?* They would turn me off from work, and Dave would starve. Now that wicked Mr. Rawlins have come here—he that have let his man rob and ruin my father—it will be worse!"

"I don't believe he is bad; you said the girls were so nice, Robin," said Jean, who never lost an opportunity of expressing her opinion.

"You say he is not bad?" cried Annette. "That is because he is like you; all you rich people that rob the poor."

"Oh, Annette, we're not rich!" said Robin. "We're as poor as—as—"

"*Va-t' en!* Clear out!" cried Annette, shutting the door with a bang.

"The saints presarve us! If iver I seen the loikes iv thim Frinch!" cried Moira. "The haythen spache iv her do be enough to drive a Christian wild!"

"You might have known she would be rude to you, Robin," said Jean. "She is rude to every one; she is perfectly horrid."

Both Jean and Moira had expressed these unqualified opinions in a loud tone, and Annette's window was open. Annette's head was suddenly thrust out of it, the long braid waving wildly.

"*Va t' en!* Clear-r-r out!" she repeated, shrilly. "Paddy of the petticoats, and you, Jean of the clove lozenges. Shame on you for a cheat, Jean of the clove lozenges!"

Jean's face was scarlet in the moonlight. "You ought to know better than to—than to—have anything to do with such dreadful people," she stammered. "See what you get by it. And mamma doesn't like it at all."

"What does she mean by clove lozenges, Jean?" asked Robin, wonderingly.

"I—I—What is that?"

Robin thought that Jean was only trying to evade an explanation in this mysterious matter of the clove lozenges; but Moira cried out in terror, and, turning to Robin, saw close behind them an advancing light.

"Jack-o'-the-lanthern! Niver let on that ye sees the rashkill!" cried Moira, running as fast as her old legs would carry her. Jean ran also, and Robin was tempted to follow—it was a lonesome road, and the fears of the others were contagious—when suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs reached her ears.

"I beg your pardon. Why, it's Miss Robin!" The lantern which the rider held up showed her Duke Rawlins's face. "I'm trying to find the house where that Freneau boy lives," he said.

"You have just passed it: the trees hide it," said Robin. "But Dave isn't there." And then she told the story of the accident.

A wrinkle of anxious sympathy grew between Duke's brows as he listened. "They'll need help more than ever," he said. "Father didn't like old Freneau. I suppose he *was* insolent. I'm afraid he won't want his children in the factory. I want to give them a little money."

"They wouldn't take it," said Robin. "At least, I don't think Dave would, and I'm sure Annette wouldn't."

Jean had come up, reassured and full of curiosity. "Indeed she wouldn't take it! She'd tell you to 'va-tong, clear out!' as she told us," she said, with a better imitation of Jean's manner than of her French.

Duke looked disheartened. "I don't know how to get along with girls so very well, anyway," he said. "But a fellow like me, who knows what it is to suffer, thinks about the hard times that such people have."

"If they should be really in want of anything, I will let you know," said Robin. "I think you are very good," she added, heartily.

"Boys don't usually care, you know," explained Jean. "If they have a bicycle and a gun, they don't think of anything else."

Duke suggested that he should ride along with them to save them from another possible fright, but Robin positively declined the escort, knowing that Moira would only draw a peaceful breath when he and his lantern were out of sight. In fact, they found Moira at a safe distance, fairly quaking with terror, and she insisted upon feeling of Robin and Jean's bones, to be sure that they were sound. And she beguiled the homeward way with thrilling tales of people who had been "led asthray by that ould rashkill Jack o'-lanthern."

In the middle of the night Jean awakened Robin, standing beside her bed, like a ghost, in her white nightgown.

"I can't sleep till I tell you about the clove lozenges, Robin," she said, with a dry sob.

Robin had been dreaming that Annette had turned into a Will-o'-the-wisp and was beguiling her into the Honeypot, and then, suddenly, she was the wandering buoy, with a face as long as the reflection of a face in a spoon, and was pelting her with clove lozenges.

"I don't believe it is anything so very bad, Jean," she said, for Jean's repentance was apt to be out of proportion to the offence. "Won't it keep until morning? I'm so sleepy!"

"I can't sleep at all, Robin," answered Jean, dolefully. "I don't know how the twins will grow up. And to think of that girl knowing it and all! And old Mr. Sears looked very queer."

"What did you do, Jean?" Robin was wide awake by this time, and had drawn Jean down beside her on the bed.

"You see they had a great many clove lozenges down at Bethune's store, and they were not so very fresh. I suppose people would buy the other kinds out of the box, and the clove ones would be left—they are not so nice as peppermint and checkerberry, you know—until there was a great lot of them, and they sold them for a cent a paper. Little Hannah Blodgett told the twins, and Rosy wanted to go down and buy some. She said she didn't like clove lozenges very well, but they were so much for a cent. They had three cents apiece and I had four, and just as we got there an idea popped into my head. We bought ten papers of the clove lozenges, and then we went into old Mr. Sears's store and asked him to change them. I didn't say we had bought them there, but of course he thought so. I said we didn't like clove very well, and I thought we would take the money's worth of mixed candy and dates. Robin, he gave us thirty cents' worth. Of course he thought we gave three cents a paper for the lozenges. Oh, Robin, what shall I do? And little Joey Fickett, whose sister works in the glass factory with Annette Freneau, saw us. He was in both stores;

I remember it now. That's how Annette knew. Joey ran back to Bethune's. I think he was going to do it himself. Isn't it dreadful, Robin? And I have thought a great deal about the twins' morals; I really have."

"It is pretty bad, Jean, certainly," said Robin, gravely, concealing her opinion that this sharp practice on guileless Jean's part was a little funny also. "I think you will have to go down and tell Mr. Sears about it, and pay him the difference, for of course he wouldn't have changed them if he hadn't supposed you bought them of him."

Jean shrank visibly. "Oh, Robin, I believe you are worse than papa would have been, only I didn't want to worry him. Do you think I *must* go and tell him?"



JEAN'S CONFESSION TO MR. SEARS.

"I would go for you," said Robin, "but that wouldn't be the same thing. It isn't such a dreadful thing, Jean. He will know that you didn't stop to think."

"I suppose it must have been the devil," said Jean, plaintively.

"I'll lend you the money if you are short," said Robin, after a little pause, during which she had carefully computed that she had twenty cents which could be spared.

"Short!" echoed Jean, expressively. "Perhaps you think I have four cents every day in the week—like a Vanderbilt or somebody. It's too bad to take your money, but I'll pay you, Robin. I'll go to see Mr. Sears the first thing in the morning. I shall almost hope that the earth will open and swallow me, but I'll go."

The stores at Quansett were three-quarters of a mile away, but Jean returned from her trying errand before breakfast-time.

"It wasn't *quite* so bad as I expected," she confided to Robin, who was helping Moira to make breakfast cakes. "Not quite so bad, although Mr. Sears laughed, and looked as if he didn't like it very well either, and Granny Nickerson kept chuckling and chuckling to herself. The store wasn't open, so I went around through the garden into the house. Mr. Sears was writing at that queer old secretary in the room with the wainscoting and the polished floor. Joey Fickett did try to change his lozenges, but Mr. Sears wouldn't do it; he said he began to think something was wrong. And before night half the children in Quansett had come to change clove lozenges. Bethune sold out. Oh, Robin, I was so ashamed! Granny Nickerson looked through and through me with her little sharp eyes. You would have thought she hadn't seen anybody so dreadful in all the hundred years that they say she has lived. When I said, 'Robin said I must pay the difference,' she said: 'Who is Robin? Oh, you're the minister's daughter. Then it must have been your sister Robin who shook Winky Smith for tormenting a cat. She took the cat home, a little starved yellow thing.' 'Oh, that was our Phœbe Cowslip. She's fat enough now,' I said. 'That was the way Robin got her, I remember now. She's always getting some starved creature and feeding it.' She kept asking me questions about you, and I said that you took care of us all, because papa was ill, and poor mamma was so sensitive that she couldn't help crying at everything, and Ken was only a boy. I said, 'If you're a hundred, as people say, you must know what boys are.'"

"Oh, Jean, I'm afraid that wasn't very polite!" said Robin.

"'I know more'n that; I know what girls are, too,' she said, and she kept giving those dreadful little chuckles, and of course, considering what I had come for, I felt well, awfully cheap, and wished I hadn't said anything about boys. She wanted to talk about you, and I praised

you up but I said, too, that you made us walk Spanish, and she chuckled more than ever, and said it was well that we had you. When I came away she called after me that we should remember the clove lozenges, you and I both, as long as we lived. I think I shall, but she needn't have said it! And she told me to tell you to go on taking care of suffering animals, for there were too many who didn't think anything about them. But you mustn't think too much of cats, or you would be an old maid, and live to be a hundred! Isn't she the very funniest old woman you ever saw? I looked back through the window as I went away, and she was hitching across the floor—she went just as if she had been wound up like a walking doll, and she pushed Mr. Sears away from the secretary, so that she could sit down and write. What do you suppose she wanted to write, Robin? They say that she hasn't any relations in the wide world."

The day passed without any news from Ken. Dave was probably seriously injured, Robin thought, and Ken would not leave him; that was like Ken. But if Dave could be moved, the question of expense might be a serious one to the boys. It was probable that their joint finances had been absorbed by those mysterious purchases at the druggist's which had so disturbed the inquiring mind of Thanny Baker.

Robin slept lightly, and was wide awake in an instant when a little shower of gravel tinkled on her window in the gray of the morning. She sprang up with a joyful expectation of seeing Ken. But it was Annette Freneau who stood down in the driveway with a sullen tear-stained face upturned to the window. She held something in her hand, carefully folded in a napkin, which she opened as soon as she saw Robin.

"Behold! it is a tartine! It is made of the little marsh strawberries, and they are sweet. It is for peace. It is because I was angry and said bad things. You have meant to be kind—as well as you knew how. I do not think you are like the meddlers; they enrage me. So it is for peace, and to say that I am ashamed, that I have made the tartine. Will you have it?" Annette's expression was serious and anxious.

"Why—why, you needn't have, you know, but I'm sure it is very nice, and I shall like it very much," stammered Robin, somewhat at a loss for words, since her previous experience had never included a "tartine of peace." She ran hastily down stairs. "We will row over to the Point and see if we can get Cap'n Saul to take us down to Kingstown in his boat. See! it is too rough outside for the *Mary Ann* to-day." They were standing on the piazza, and Robin pointed to the white-caps.

"I care not for roughness, if I come to my Dave," said Annette, with tears in her great black eyes.

The three girls went over to the Point together, Robin and Jean rowing, and Annette hindering more than she helped by energetic but unskilful steering.

Saul Baker was already at his boat landing with nets and lines. "I don't see exactly how I'm goin' to make it pay," he said, when the girls had made their errand known. "But I agreed to fetch up some groceries for Mr. Sears some day this week, and there is a fair wind, and I can't help thinkin' consid'able about them boys myself. I guess I'll go. I'll be over to your slip in half an hour."

The *Flying Scud* was a somewhat clumsy fishing boat, scarcely worthy of her name. But "give her a fair wind and somebody that knew how to handle her, and she was pretty sure to get there," as Cap'n Saul said. The wind was variable to-day after they got outside, and the sea choppy, and Annette grew white about the lips—a circumstance which had the effect of raising Thanny's spirits. Seasick people would not be apt to "fire things," he reflected.

All the choppy waves were passed at length, and the *Flying Scud* thrust her blunt nose up through the numerous vessels that lay at the long, long Kingstown pier. The girls made their way quickly up to the main street of the town, with its rows of little shops, which on one side had the sea at their back doors and on the other were overshadowed by great sand dunes, which threatened to slide down and swallow them up—a queer, foreign looking little street, with dark Portuguese faces here and there, and picturesque ear-ringed sailors. A fat and shuffling old man, the town-crier, was going along the sidewalk ringing a bell, and announcing in a monotonous chant that the bark *Peveril*, of so many tons burden, had arrived from a foreign port, and those who followed him far enough could learn of just what the *Peveril's* cargo consisted.

"I know it never grew like any other town," cried Jean. "It blew here, sand and all, right out of a story-book."

A group standing in front of a little fruit and confectionery shop brought Robin to a sudden halt. "Wait just a minute, girls! There are Julia and Martha Hallett, and Miss Ferris, their governess."

The Hallett girls were dressed in the daintiest of summer finery—far too much finery for the occasion it was—and Robin was aware of it; but she became at once painfully conscious of the salt-water stains and the conspicuous darn of her old boating-dress, and of the general disreputableness of Jean's outgrown brown flannel.

"What do you care for those girls?" cried Jean; and Robin flushed, half with shame and half with anger, at Jean's quick discovery of her weakness. An older sister and mentor should not have weaknesses. "Come along! You'll never have any fun if you're clothesy," continued the sharp little sister.

"Is it of me that you are ashamed?" cried Annette, who, in her way, was quick also. "Ah, those girls! It is I who know them!" Her face flushed and darkened into a fierce scowl. "I will not walk on the same ground with them! I will not—"

She broke away from her companions to run across the street, when suddenly she caught sight of another person in the group, who had been hidden by the Hallett girls' draperies and feathers. It was Ken. Robin and Jean saw him at the same moment. Annette rushed into the group, pushing the girls roughly aside, and seizing Ken by the arm.

"Where is my Dave? Is he alive? What have you done with my Dave?" she cried, fiercely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO RIDE.

BY H. C. MERWIN,

AUTHOR OF "ROAD, TRACK, AND STABLE."

THERE are many different kinds of riding, but the foundation of them all is the same. A cowboy could soon be turned into a fox-hunter or a polo-player; and a man who can sit a horse well at one gait will easily learn to sit him at all gaits, or even in jumping.

The best way to begin is, I think, to ride bareback. However, there is one danger in such a course; you will, if you are not careful, fall into the habit of hanging on by means of the bridle—of steadying yourself by the reins; and this is about the worst habit that a rider can have, for it spoils the horse's mouth. All good riding depends on two things, on "hands" and "seat." By hands is meant the manner in which you handle the reins, restraining, controlling, and guiding the horse; by seat is meant the manner in which you sit upon and cling to the saddle. It is not possible to have good hands unless you have a good seat, for unless you sit firmly and easily

upon the horse, you will depend in part upon the reins to keep you steady, and in that case your hands will be altogether bad. The very essence of hands is to avoid dragging on the bit, to manipulate it delicately. A man is said to have hands when he has a light, sympathetic touch on the reins—a touch that responds to the horse's varying pressure on the bit, and which regulates to a nicety the strength of the pull. Anybody who wishes to become a real horseman should do his best to acquire hands. But, again, it is possible to have a good seat and bad hands; that is, you may sit your horse well, but have a heavy hand on the reins, using more force than is necessary, a habit which ruins the horse's mouth.

What are the rules for obtaining a good seat? Fortunately they are very simple; and anybody who will attend to them earnestly can learn to ride well without a teacher. The first and chief rule is this, *cling to the horse* (or saddle) with your *thighs and knees*. If you keep your knees pressed against the horse, your feet will take care of themselves. The second rule is to sit erect and well down in the middle of the saddle, neither leaning backward nor leaning forward; and the third rule is to keep your elbows in and your hands down. The proper position for your hands is within two inches of the horse or saddle. A fault which young riders often fall into is that of clinging to the horse with the calves of the legs, but not clinging with the knees. Sometimes a rider commits this fault to such an extent that as he comes toward you, you can see daylight between the inside of his knee and the saddle. This is very bad, and any one who rides in this way is liable to be pitched off by a sudden movement of his steed. It may be necessary at times, however, as when a horse plunges or shies, to cling with the calf, in addition to the thigh and knee.

When I say "cling with your thighs and knees," I do not mean that you should actually cling all the time. A man keeps on a horse in two ways, by grip and by balance. In riding an ordinary horse at an ordinary pace, you can keep on (without much clinging) by balance, thus allowing the muscles of your legs to be relaxed. But if your horse begins to shy, or you want to jump him over a stone wall, then you must ride chiefly by grip, by the use of muscle—by clinging with thighs and knees. You should not cling all the time, because to do so is fatiguing; and therefore to ride well, and to be capable of riding fast and far, a man should ride both by grip and by balance.

Another necessary caution might be added at this point. Stiffness and rigidity must be avoided—the body must give and keep time to the movements of the horse.

In riding bareback avoid, as I have said, holding on by the reins. If, in an emergency, you must grasp something, let it be the horse's mane. Do not advance to a saddle until you can run your horse at full speed, and still feel perfectly at home on his bare back. The saddle should be of the English pattern; that is, of the simplest form possible, flat, with a low pommel, which is the forward end, and with a low cantle, which is the hind end. It is only in such a saddle that you can sit well down on the horse, as you would sit upon a chair. Have no "hoods" or coverings of any kind on the stirrups—you should scorn such an assistance as that for ordinary riding; and be sure that the stirrups are large enough and well roughened, so that your feet will not slip in them. The proper length of the stirrup-leather may be determined in this way: Sit in the saddle with your feet hanging loose, and adjust the leather so that the bottom of the stirrup touches your ankle bone; then they will be of the right length. When your feet are in the stirrups the toe of your foot should be a little higher than the heel. It is usually considered that for galloping the stirrups should be a hole or two shorter than for trotting; and if your stirrup-leathers are right for a big horse, they will probably seem too long when you bestride a pony.

By all means learn to ride at first with the ball of your foot only in the stirrup. When it comes to racing, jumping, hunting, or polo-playing, you will want to thrust your feet in as far as the instep. In excessively cold weather, also, that may be the only way of keeping your feet warm while you are riding. But you should practise the other method until you are so skilled in it that no sudden or violent movement of the horse will displace your foot, either by throwing it out of the stirrup or by making it slip in farther. You may have to ride for a year or more before you attain this degree of proficiency; and even if you finally adopt the "home" position of the foot as your ordinary mode of riding, you must still go back occasionally and practise the other method, or else you will soon find yourself unable to ride in that way. In riding a long distance it is much less fatiguing to have the ball of your foot only in the stirrup.

An excellent training can be got by riding on a saddle without stirrups, especially at a trot, and more especially on a horse whose trot is hard. A captain in an English cavalry regiment famous for the excellence of his "seat" used to say that he had profited more by riding without stirrups on a hard-trotting horse than he had by all his hunting and steeple-chasing.

At first try to sit close to the horse at the trot as well as at the gallop, and afterward learn to rise at the trot, which is easier both for you and for the horse. How this is done can scarcely be told in words. Watch some good rider, and try to copy his movements. In fact, you can help yourself greatly in learning to ride by observing a master of the art—by noticing how he sits in the saddle, how he holds the reins, how he moves.

And now as to mounting. Stand opposite the near shoulder of your horse, turning half-way toward his tail; hold the reins in your left hand, just tight enough to "feel" his mouth, and also grasp a lock of his mane near the saddle with the fingers of your left hand. Next put your left toe in the stirrup, keeping the stirrup steady, if necessary, with your right hand. Then seize the cantle (the back end, so to say) of the saddle with your right hand, and spring up from your right foot till you stand with your left foot in the stirrup, being careful not to touch the horse with the toe of that foot; then, after a moment's pause, throw your right leg over, being careful again not to touch the horse with it as you do so. A short man would usually have to spring from his right foot before, instead of after, taking hold of the cantle. A young man should be able to vault into the saddle without touching the stirrup, and a little practice in a gymnasium on a wooden horse would enable him to do so.

Suppose that the horse which you are going to ride has never been ridden before—how shall you begin? If he is an intelligent animal, well brought up, he will probably allow you to mount him, provided that you do it very slowly and cautiously; but if he be stupid or timid, you can begin by having him carry a bag of oats. I had lately a horse that had thrown the only man who ever attempted to ride him, and when I prepared to get on he showed unmistakable signs of an intention to do the same by me. So I called the oats into play. A bag, half full, was tied up, and he was allowed to smell of it. When an effort was made to put it on the saddle he showed excessive fear, but by proceeding gradually, and by soothing and coaxing him, we were soon able, first, to put it on gently, and at last to throw it on the saddle without disturbing him. At the next lesson, after going through the same process, the bag was tied to the saddle, and he was first walked and afterward trotted about with it on. I then put my foot in the stirrup, immediately withdrawing it, however, for he became alarmed. Then I tried again, and after a few attempts, finding that he was not hurt, he



AN EASTER DANCE.—Drawn by Otto W. Beck.

submitted. The next step was to raise myself in the stirrup, and this again alarmed him at first, but gradually he became accustomed to it, and at last I slowly and carefully put the other leg over, and in a few minutes more I was riding him about. I do not think the whole lesson occupied more than twenty minutes. Of course the horse was held by a groom during the process.

In mounting a young, green horse, you should be extremely patient and gentle, lest you should get him into bad habits which he might retain for the rest of his life. Remember that your object is not simply to get on his back, but to do it in such a way that mounting him will be an easier task the next time. Mount your horse first in the stable, then close to the stable, and finally, a month later perhaps, in the open. If you are obliged to dismount on the road, and are doubtful of your ability to get back, lead the horse up to some building if you can find one, and if not, to a tree or a fence. It is astonishing what a difference the presence or absence of such a background makes. Be sure also to have a firm grasp on the reins, in case the horse should start just as you were mounting. Do not haul yourself up with the reins, but be prepared, mentally, to pull up the horse if necessary.

I assume that, to begin with, you will use but one pair of reins and a simple bit, such as a leather-covered bit or a plain snaffle. Should the reins be held in one hand or in two hands? Both ways are correct, and you should be familiar with both, so as to employ now one and now the other, according to circumstances. To put on the saddle and bridle properly is a matter of great importance. The bit should hang just above where the tusk (or side) tooth of a horse grows; in mares this tooth is missing, but the relative position of the bit should be the same in a mare's mouth. If the bit is drawn too tight in the animal's mouth, it is extremely uncomfortable; if, again, the bit hangs too loose, it is not so bad, and yet even this mistake will make some horses worry and fret so that there is no pleasure in riding them. Another common fault is to buckle the throat-latch too tight. Most often the horse holds his head down while this strap is fastened, and its length is adjusted to that position; whereas, when he lifts his head it will be found that the throat-latch is too tight. As to the position of the saddle, if the horse has a well-shaped back, it is difficult to get it wrong; but if any mistake is made, it will be in putting it too far forward. If the horse has very low withers, it will be impossible to fix the saddle so that it will remain in the right place; it will work forward, and this must be counteracted by using a back-strap and crupper, or, less effectively, by putting a thick pad between the forward part of the saddle and the withers. A leather saddle-cloth should be used; and, after riding, the saddle should be left on, the girths being loosened, till the horse cools; or else it may be taken off, the back sponged with water, and a blanket or light cloth thrown over the place.

I have said little about the training of a saddle-horse. He should be taught to bend and arch his neck, to "give" to the bit; he should be taught also to keep his hind legs well under him, and he should be made supple and flexible. All this can be done with almost any young horse, and he will be better for the experience even as a driving-horse, though not perhaps as a trotter. To show how it can be done would far exceed the limits of this paper; but the information is contained in many books —in the beautiful Badminton volume on riding, for instance, in *Patroclus and Penelope*, by Colonel T. A. Dodge, and in *Horsemanship for Women*, by Theodore H. Mead. The last-named, a small and inexpensive work, contains an admirable series of lessons to be given by the rider to his or her horse.



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER FAMILY.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.

A CAPTIVE KING;

OR, THE HOSTAGE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

THE great palace of Versailles was blazing with lights. Courtiers and pages were hurrying and scurrying up and down the marble staircase. Through the lofty corridors ladies in huge hoops, high-heeled shoes, and top-heavy head-dresses jostled the gentlemen in silk coats, lace ruffles, and powdered hair. A baby boy, a Prince of the house of Bourbon, a descendant of sixty-six Kings, had just been born, and as it was Easter Sunday, he was (contrary to the usual etiquette on such occasions) to be christened that very evening.

It was a wonderful event, according to the record in the register of births of the town of Versailles. "In the year seventeen hundred and eighty-five, the twenty-seventh of March, the very high and mighty Prince, Monseigneur Louis Charles of France, Duke of Normandy, born on this day, son of the very high and mighty

and excellent Prince Louis-Auguste, King of France and Navarre, and of the very high and excellent Princess Marie-Antoinette-Joséphe-Jeanne, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France and Navarre, was baptized in the King's Chapel by Monseigneur the Prince Louis René Edouard, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Grand Almoner of France," etc., etc.

It would take too long to tell the names and titles of all the godfathers and godmothers of his royal highmightiness. The christening over, the King and court heard the Te Deum sung in the chapel, after which there were fireworks and illuminations in the gardens. The grand master of ceremonies despatched the news to Paris, and soon the city was in an uproar. The cannon of the Bastille sent forth a salvo of artillery, which was answered by the guns of the Invalides, and altogether the noise was as deafening as it was a few years later, when the infuriated citizens destroyed the Bastille, and after that the throne, the King, the Queen, and even the little boy whose birth had caused such great rejoicing.

Already there were dark clouds arising in the distance that threatened to destroy the royal family, but no one in the palace noticed them, and on the 24th of May, when the Queen in all her radiant beauty made her grand entrance into Paris to return thanks for the birth of her second son, the skies seemed clear, and the mutterings of the discontented were unheard amidst the cheers that greeted the grand cortége.

Seated in a gilded coach drawn by eight white horses, and surrounded by fifty body-guards, the fair young mother went first to the cathedral Notre Dame, thence to St. Genevieve. Afterwards she dined at the Tuileries, and supped at the Temple Tower, and the whole affair wound up with a blaze of fireworks on the Place Louis XV.

All this time our little Prince slumbered peacefully in his cradle, as unconscious of the future as his parents, who little dreamed that soon the people's cheers would be changed to curses, the Temple would become their prison, and the beautiful Place Louis XV. the scene of their execution.

When the young bride Marie Antoinette first came to France she was petted, praised, and flattered. She became the mother of four lovely children, one of whom died in infancy. In the celebrated picture by Madame Vigée Le Brun, the Queen is seated, holding our little hero, her second boy, upon her knees. Beside her stands her eldest born, the unfortunate Marie Thérèse, usually called Madame Royal until after her marriage, when she became the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The eldest boy, the first Dauphin, points to the empty cradle in which his baby sister, the Princess Sophie, passed her short life.

This beautiful painting was exhibited at the French salon of 1788. The King admired it greatly, and had it taken to Versailles, where it hung in one of the rooms through which the Queen always passed in going to and returning from mass. In 1789 occurred the death of the eldest boy, and Marie Antoinette could never look at the picture without weeping. It was accordingly removed, and Madame Le Brun in her memoirs says, "It was to this fact I owe the preservation of my work, for the bandits and fish-women who came shortly after to seek their Majesties at Versailles would have certainly pierced it through and through, as they did the Queen's bed."*

Upon the death of his brother, the little Duke of Normandy, four years old, became heir-apparent to the crown of France and Navarre. He now received the title of Dauphin, a name that binds a Prince to all the obligations of future royalty. From this time on the boy belonged to the state, he was the "Child of France." His father and mother recognized the fact, and endeavored to direct his training and education so that, like Josiah of old, he might do "that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and decline neither to the right hand nor to the left."

The portrait of him by Greuze shows that he was remarkably beautiful. He had large blue eyes with long lashes, fine complexion, and dark chestnut hair that curled about his head and shoulders. But we are told that his manners were more charming than his face; there was a kind of distinction in his appearance that set him apart from other children, and he was so bright and amiable that he excited admiration wherever he went. One writer says, "You admired him when you saw him; you loved him when you heard him speak." He was a most tender-hearted, unselfish little fellow, sometimes a little disobedient and impatient of control, but he idolized his mother, and yielded willingly to her slightest wish. He had a governess and tutor, but the King and Queen personally superintended his education and gave him his first reading lessons. He learned readily, and frequently caused much amusement by his quick wit and bright remarks. Once during a lesson he was heard making a hissing noise with his lips. The Queen coming in, reproved him, whereupon he replied, "I was saying my lesson so badly that I hissed myself."

Another time, while running heedlessly among some rose-bushes, he was told to be careful or the thorns would scratch his face.

"Thorny paths lead to glory," he quickly answered.

His mother pointed out to him the true meaning of the maxim, and added, "What glory would there be in putting out your eyes for the sake of running and playing? The heroes of France before they talked of glory defended the crown with their fortunes and their blood."

"Well, dear mamma," he answered, "I will make it my glory to follow your counsels and obey you."

He was passionately fond of music and flowers, and he took great delight in listening to his mother's singing, sitting quietly in his little arm-chair by her side while she accompanied herself on the harp or piano.

In a corner of the park at Versailles he had a small garden, in which he cultivated his flowers with great care. Every morning the Queen, on awakening, would find by her bedside a little nosegay, placed there by her son. One day he was found digging with such industry that his face was covered with perspiration, and the Duc de Maillé, seeing how warm he was, started to call a gardener. The child objected, saying: "I would rather do the work myself. Mamma would not like the flowers so well if they were cultivated by any one else."

He was very fond of his little dog Moufflet; and on a certain occasion, when the Prince had seized and hidden a flute belonging to a page, the Queen, to punish the child, ordered Moufflet to be shut up in a dark closet. The dog, of course, scratched and whined; and the Dauphin, with tears in his eyes, ran to his mother, saying: "Moufflet is miserable; but he was not naughty, and he ought not to be punished. Please let him out, and put me in his place." The change was soon made, and his little Royal Highness remained in the closet till the Queen thought fit to release him; then, without a word, he found the flute and restored it to the page.

All this time, while the fashionable men and women were passing their days in pleasure between Paris and the splendid palaces of Versailles and Trianon, the poor people of France were growing poorer and poorer. Many of them were suffering with hunger, and their murmurings grew louder and louder. They began to hate the King and Queen and the nobles who seemed to monopolize all the good things of life. General De Lafayette had returned from America to France. The people of the United States had gained their freedom. Why should not the people of France do the same?

* During Bonaparte's reign this picture was stored away out of sight at Versailles, and after the Restoration it was again exposed to public view.

The great French Revolution was on its way; but the gentle child in the park at Versailles saw only the fountains, the flowers, and the sunshine. He knew nothing of war's alarms, till, suddenly, a terrible day arrived—the 14th of July, 1789.

The revolutionists took up arms. They rushed to the Arsenal of the Invalides and seized cannon and muskets. With these they attacked and destroyed the Bastille, and released the few prisoners. The news was carried to Versailles, but the King could not be made to realize that a revolution had commenced. The people wished him to come to Paris. "If the King does not come soon, we must go and see him at Versailles, demolish the palace, drive away the courtiers, and take care of our good King in the midst of his children," they cried. Louis decided to go. On the morning of July 17th he set out for the riotous city. He left Versailles at ten in the morning, after first hearing mass and partaking of the sacrament. It was as if he expected to meet his death. The Queen wept and prayed. When he entered the city the people were silent. A single voice cried, "Long live the nation!" He reached the Hôtel de Ville; the people were sullen. He faced the multitude. Lafayette handed him a cockade of blue and red, the colors of the city; the King placed it in his hat and said to the people, "You may always count on my love." Then the fickle crowd shouted, "Long live the King!" and some tried to embrace him. He returned to Versailles unharmed, but he was sorrowful and disquieted; the cry "Long live the nation!" still rang in his ears.

Meanwhile the Queen, trembling for her husband's safety, spent the entire day in the greatest alarm. The children never left her, and the Dauphin was constantly running to the window, anxious to be the first to announce his father's return. Always endeavoring to reassure his mother, he would throw himself into her arms, saying, "He will come back, mamma; he will come back. Papa is too good for any one to seek to harm him." When the King did arrive, he and the Queen embraced each other with tears in their eyes. Louis had not softened the people of Paris.

The storm commenced again, and soon it burst upon Versailles. Another terrible day arrived—the 5th of October. Food was scarce in the city, and there had been a banquet at Versailles. A troop of furies marched through the streets of the capital crying: "Bread! bread! There is no more bread in Paris. On to Versailles!"

Drums beat. Fish-women with disordered hair, men in torn and ragged clothes, thieves and beggars joined the throng. The ringleaders armed themselves with hatchets, knives, and pikes, and took the road to the King's palace. Past the Louvre, the Tuileries, through the Champs Élysées they marched heedless of a heavy rain that was falling. They stopped when they reached the place where the National Assembly was in session, and one of the rioters made a speech, saying, "There is no more bread in Paris, and some means must be devised for supplying the people."

Then the King, who was there, replied: "My friends, if you are unhappy it is not my fault. I am still more unhappy than you." And he gave orders to the keepers of the granaries in Versailles to deliver all the wheat that could be spared.

This quieted the mob for a time, and General Lafayette arrived. He was commander of the National Guard, and he declared that order would be maintained, and answered for the safety of the King. The royal family went to bed and to sleep. Lafayette had been on duty seventeen hours and needed repose. He too retired. Apparently all Versailles was resting, but "crime sleeps not." The furies, the fish-women, the rabble were only waiting for daylight to complete their work. Before sunrise they had forced the gates, entered the palace, taken possession of the royal apartments, and killed the guards who endeavored to defend the passage leading to the Queen's bed-chamber. Marie Antoinette made her escape through a secret door, and down a little staircase which communicated with the King's room. The governess, Madame De Tourzel, conducted the children to the same apartment, while the vandals in their fury cut to pieces the bed which the Queen had just quitted.



THE LITTLE DAUPHIN.—After the Painting by Greuze.

Meanwhile the National Guard was aroused, and came to the rescue. Lafayette arrived, and found the royal family all assembled in the King's bedroom. The Dauphin said to the Queen, "I am hungry, mamma." "Be patient," replied his mother. "It will soon be over." She stood at one of the windows looking down upon the mob that filled the court-yard. The rioters shouted for the King. Louis went out upon the balcony. Then came cries for "The Queen! the Queen!" Lafayette advised her to show herself. Taking her daughter by one hand, the Dauphin by the other, Marie Antoinette stepped out upon the balcony. "No children!" shrieked the people. "The Queen! the Queen alone!"

Without a word the brave woman handed her children to the King, and again showed herself. She folded her arms, and gazed calmly down upon the surging crowd below. A shout of admiration burst from the throats of the fish-women. Her dignity and beauty disarmed even those who longed to kill her. "Long live the Queen!" they roared. But a change of sentiment took place as soon as she was out of their sight. "To Paris with the King!" was the next cry. They seemed to think that if the King could be kept in Paris there would be no lack of bread.

Again Louis decided to go, this time with his family. They were finally all placed in their carriages, and the march to Paris commenced. Such a procession was never before seen. First came the greater part of the troops that left Paris the day before. Each soldier bore on his

bayonet a piece of bread as a symbol that the insurrection was made in the cause of hunger. Following them came the fish-women, the thieves, and beggars. Some walked, some rode in cabs, some were astride the cannon. The men brandished the arms they had captured from the body-guard, who marched along like captives, some without hats or belts.

"We shall want no more bread," shouted the women. "We are bringing the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy."

It was some hours before they reached the Tuileries, their future home. As the royal family, with its horribly fantastic escort, passed the gardens of the palace, a young man stood looking at the strange spectacle. With a gesture expressing contempt, he turned on his heel, exclaiming, "Has the King no cannon to sweep away this scum?" This young man was an officer in the French artillery, and his name was Napoleon Bonaparte.

For a long time no one had lived at the Tuileries, and the children shuddered as they entered the gloomy building. "Everything is very ugly here," exclaimed the Dauphin.

The Queen placed her hand on his mouth. "Louis XIV. lived here, my son. We must not be more particular than he," was her reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EASTER SONG.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SING a song of Easter,
A song of happy hours,
Of dashing spray, and shadow play,
And lovely springing flowers,
Of birds come home again to build
Beside the cottage eaves,
Of waking buds, and rushing floods,
And dance of rustling leaves.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song that means a prayer,
Of want and love to One above
Who keeps His world in care:
A song for all on this green earth,
For dear ones passed away,
Sing clear and strong the joyful song,
The song of Easter day.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of pure delight,
A song that starts in merry hearts,
And swells from morn till night;
An Easter song that children lift,
Without a jarring chord,
That thrills afar from star to star,
To praise the children's Lord.

WHAT WE SHALL SEE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

III.

THOUGH I am acting as a guide to the Chicago World's Fair far ahead of next summer's crowds, because I have seen the whole great work laid out, yet I cannot continue step by step to tell of each building and section. That would require a whole copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We must therefore merely glance at the fair grounds as if we were passing over them in a balloon, with the power to see into all the buildings.

I think the two things that will most interest my young friends are the Midway Plaisance and the Transportation Building. The Plaisance is a queer avenue leading away from Jackson Park, but enclosed in the fair grounds. It is the only part of the fair where we must spend money to see the sights. I call it "the gimcrack corner," but for all that, it is mightily interesting. Here we come upon a wonderful panorama of the Alps, so real-looking that we almost think we are in Switzerland. Near by is a collection of wild animals far greater than even P. T. Barnum ever owned. It is the property of the world's greatest animal-dealer, a German, who keeps caravans and hunters forever travelling in Africa and Asia to collect ferocious beasts.

Close at hand is an Irish village, where people from Donegal are making fine lace, and near them is a bath-house for swimmers and for the taking of all sorts of baths. Across the street you may coast on a sled on real snow even in July, the snow and ice being made by chemicals. In another place you may see glass-ware made—a very interesting kind of work; and, again, you may walk into a village precisely like one in Borneo, with all the strange-looking natives and their wives and children living just as they did at home. We certainly will not pass by the beautiful village of the people of Tunis and Algiers, among whom are some fierce mountain folk from northern Africa, called Kabyles. Their shops, their churches, their restaurants and theatres, their sword swallowers and magicians and snake-charmers and dancers, we should have to travel half 'round the world to see again.

We will drop into a Moorish palace, and look at a million dollars in gold heaped on the floor. If we stoop forward to touch one coin, the whole mass will sink through the floor into a safe of steel. In a German village we may eat in a house like one in Germany that is 1000 years old, while women dance like country girls and men sing like seraphs. A street like one in Cairo, full of Egyptians, an Austrian village, a house like one in Julius Cæsar's time in Rome, a copy of a Sandwich Island volcano belching fire—all these we will look at, and then, if we choose, we will take seats on the edge of a wheel 250 feet across, and be carried that distance up above all the buildings on the grounds. After that we may sit in a car and be carried around a corkscrew track to the top of a tower like the leaning tower of Pisa, only to be let down again swiftly, going 'round and 'round like a top.

We may choose to walk from music hall to music hall, and from music stand to music stand, to hear the famous bands of Europe and to see the gorgeous clothes of the musicians. Or we drop into the Clam-bake House—quite a big building, by-the-way—and look down on a tremendous coal fire, protected by a grating, and covered with clams, potatoes, chickens, and all the savory things that make up a Rhode Island clam-bake. Farther on we will come to the Wooded Island and see a most beautiful Japanese temple, with scores and scores of Japanese men, women, and children around it. There we shall see a great display of Japanese flowers, and, better yet, many of their tiny stunted trees, which, even though they be a hundred years old, will reach only to my knee at the utmost, and will look as old and gnarled and knotty as if they were giants of the forest.

Out on the pier on the lake-front we may walk on a moving sidewalk that rolls along on wheels at the rate of four miles an hour. In another place we may ride on a railroad swifter than any we ever saw. The tracks are kept covered with water, and the cars slide along as if they were greased. We may stop a moment at the biggest cannon in America or in the world. It weighs 122 tons, is as thick as a Pullman car is high upon its wheels, and is more than fifty feet long. From this great cannon, built by Krupp, the great gun-maker of Germany, we see a war-vessel like one of our new fighting ships. It is built of brick and rests on the lake bottom, but we would think it a real ship if we did not know better. A crew of sailors and a museum of naval curiosities will interest us for an hour on board that queer vessel.

A better exhibition of American Indians than any man has seen in twenty years will greet us near by, close to

the lake-front. Members of all our tribes, in paint, feathers, and bead-work, will be seen, as they used to live when very wild, with their wives and children by them. And all the races of North and South America, some living and some represented by figures, will keep us a long while. We shall see their houses, ruins, arms, tools, clothing, and all that the famous Professor Putnam has gathered between the Arctic Ocean and Patagonia.

But let us go to the Transportation Building. Before we enter it we come upon trains of the best American cars and the biggest locomotives. We see odd-looking railway trains from England, France, and Germany, and cars built to carry wounded soldiers from battle-fields. schools to prove that children can be kept amused and interested while they are learning. And here are men lecturing about queer countries and peoples, and taking the children, after each lecture, to see the people they talked about. On the roof are children fishing, playing games, and chasing butterflies, for a netting encloses the roof. Near by are the buildings erected by New York State and Pennsylvania. We look at both beautiful structures with peculiar interest, because in them are to gather the 100,000 members of the Round Table who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, there to greet one another, and see many famous writers whose works they have read.

We go on to the Electrical Building, and see electricity



THE ALGERIAN VILLAGE.

We will not stop at the postal cars, because elsewhere is one full of post-office employés hard at work sorting letters. In the Transportation Building we can walk into the sleeping-rooms and dining-saloons of great ocean steamships, and see wonderful models of foreign men-of-war. And I only wish I had space to tell of the beginnings of land-and-water travel around us. Here is, indeed, everything that ever savage or civilized man rode in since the world began. Here are bladder boats, rafts, skin canoes, dugouts, birch-bark canoes, the gold barge of the Doges of Venice, ships like Columbus's, old four-decker men-of-war, junks from Asia, house-boats from England and from Kentucky—every sort of boat that ever was. And here, also, are ancient chariots, ox-carts, jaunting-cars, a howdah on an elephant's back, chairs on men's backs, sedan chairs, jinrikishas, Indian travoises—all sorts of vehicles that ever were made, including sleighs, sleds, toboggans, and snow-shoes.

As we walk to the Electrical Building we pass a great house for the care and amusement of children. In there we see models of all the children of the world—their strange clothing, queer cradles, their beds, and all their toys. Here are men and women teaching Kindergarten harnessed like a horse to do our bidding. It is there trained to lift elevators, move fans, turn itself into grate fires, to iron linen, to keep refrigerators cool, to light buildings, run cars, to light mines underground, to open doors, and I don't know what not. We pass on to Machinery Hall, and see engines bigger than ever the world had seen before. We spend a half-day in the Fisheries Building, looking into glass tanks full of all the fishes in America, except whales, and in another part of the building we see lifelike models of all these fishes, while out-of-doors are fishermen's camps, and their beautiful boats and rods and nets. We see the wonders in the Mining Building and half a dozen other buildings, and once, when we are late at getting away, we seem to see the whole World's Fair spring into flame. Search-lights blaze from the towers, electric lights gleam all over the buildings, and line the water with a beading of fire. Fountains that were white all day are now like melted jewels of every color. Flaring, flaming torches dart their flames about on the Fine Arts Building, and we learn that every night the great park is set ablaze and lighted like noonday in this manner. Regretfully, indeed, we turn and wish the gay scene good-night and good-by.

THE TREASURE PIT ON MONA ISLAND.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"IF we only find a great rock, that will be the biggest lark I ever heard of. Won't it be sport to see Uncle George dig!"

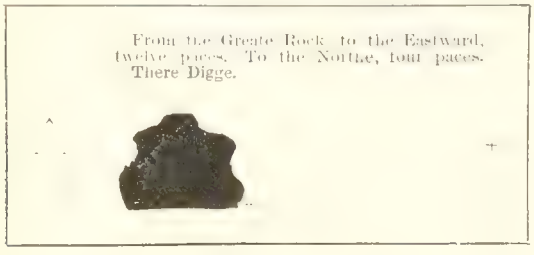
"Of course we'll find a rock. You don't suppose there's a West Indian island without a rock, do you? Get it out and let's have one more look at it. We may have a chance to bury it to-morrow night."

The two boys, who were speaking in low tones, were making ready for bed in a very small state-room in a very small schooner that was carrying them from Mayaguez, in Porto Rico, to Mona Island, that lies midway between Porto Rico and San Domingo.

They were Ned and Roy Eaton, but no stranger could have told which was Ned and which Roy, for they were twins, with the same features, the same forms; and in the sixteen years of their lives they had always been dressed precisely alike and had been constantly together, so that one had no little trick of speech or manner that the other did not have.

Ned snuffed the candle that gave them a dim light, gave the bolt on the door an extra push, opened his steamer trunk, and took out a small hard-wood box, no bigger than a cigar-box, bound with rusty iron bands. The corners of the box had been tipped with iron, as could be seen in one or two places; but the whole thing was so covered with rust and shells and patches of sand hardened into stone, that it was difficult to tell what it was made of. Plainly the box had been buried in wet sand, or had lain in the sea for many years.

Ned raised the lid and took from the box the only thing it contained—a folded sheet of parchment, looking every bit as old and worn as the box itself. This parchment when opened out was as large as a full sheet of foolscap, and in its centre were three lines of scrawly, half-illegible writing, and beneath the writing a diagram, which the boys examined for the twentieth time.



"Ain't that a darling?" Roy exclaimed, under his breath. "If I found that on an island, I should spend half my life looking for the 'greate rock,' and the other half 'digge-ing.' It will set Uncle George crazy. Wasn't it cheap at two dollars?"

"Wasn't it, though?" Ned answered. "I saw it in that curiosity shop in Broadway a dozen times; but it just struck me when we were getting ready for this trip, 'There's the thing to play a little joke on Uncle George with,' so I bought it. I don't believe the parchment belongs with the box, though. I think the box has been buried somewhere for a long time, but the parchment, I think, was just fixed to make it sell."

"No matter," said Roy; "it looks as old as the hills, and Uncle George will bite at that bait, sure. Now I'll tell you the way we'll work it. We'll camp near the beach, I suppose; and we'll slip out at night when the tide is out and bury it in the sand with one corner sticking out, so they'll be sure to find it in the morning. Before morning the tide will have washed away our footprints, and all the marks of our digging."

"That's it, exactly!" Ned whispered. "We've got to be careful. If father catches us playing a trick on Uncle George, there'll be trouble."

The father and Uncle George the boys referred to were sleeping in the opposite state-room. They too were brothers, though not twins. Uncle George Eaton was a very wealthy man, with so little to do that he devoted almost his entire time to the collection of antiques. His brother Edward, the boys' father, had long before nicknamed him "The Antiquary," and not without reason, for he was continually visiting odd corners of the world in search of old and curious things. He had dug up half the surface of Sanibel Island, in Florida, looking for Indian relics; had spent months in Japan gathering rare coins; and once hearing of an extremely old boat dug from the soil in Iceland, had gone there post-haste and bought it.

Mona Island promised to be a particularly rich field for the antiquary. Isolated, seldom visited, it lay in the track of many of the earliest Spanish and French ships that visited the American continent, and not a few of them, as well as hundreds of vessels in more recent times, left their bones upon its rocks. Frequently old coins and other old things were found upon it.

Uncle George drove his favorite nephews wild with delight when he invited their father to bring them along and accompany him in his visit to Mona. The plan was to go to Mayaguez, Porto Rico, by steamer, and there charter a small schooner to carry them to the island. They were now in the last stage of the journey, and expected to be landed upon Mona the following morning, with the big tent, the provisions, the tools for digging, and all the other things they had brought along, including Chalk, the coal-black Jamaica boy, whom Uncle George always took with him in these trips to do his cooking.

Uncle George would have spoiled the boys with his kindness if their father had not occasionally interfered. Uncle George said yes to everything they asked, but father occasionally said other things. So on their second morning on the island, with their tent pitched directly beside a great isolated rock that might well pass for the one mentioned in the parchment, when their trap had been duly set, and they were slyly watching the two men walking up the beach, they were particularly glad that it was Uncle George himself who discovered the corner of the box sticking from the sand, and who drew it out in triumph, and opened it.

In a moment both men were in the tent, Uncle George with his open parchment in his hand. "Stir up lively, boys; stir up lively!" he shouted. "Here's a find. 'From the greate rock to the eastward, twelve paces,'" he read. "That's the rock here beside the tent. Here's the very picture of it. Get the compass, Chalk. Bring along the shovel, boys. We've tracked a pirate's treasure as sure as you're born. Come along, all hands. No breakfast till we find the treasure."

The boys asked questions as innocently as they could, and their father told them what it all meant. When they arrived with the shovels, Uncle George had already paced off the ground.

"Here's the spot!" he cried. "All pure sand; the easiest digging in the world. My, what a morning's work! Give me a shovel."

Uncle George began the digging himself, and for five minutes he made the sand fly. But though he soon made a considerable hole, there was no sign of a treasure-chest. "Your turn, Edward," he said at length to his brother. "We'll take it in turns. This is easy digging, but it tires my weak back. With a will, old man. Imagine you are a boy again."

The boys almost died with suppressed laughter to see their father digging for treasure where none had ever been buried. But they dared make no sign.

"Now, Roy," their father said in a few minutes, "take your turn. Here's the shovel."

It was a relief to Roy to step into the hole and begin to dig. He had been afraid every minute that he should burst into a fit of laughter. As their father stepped out of the hole, he stumbled and almost fell. And how Ned did laugh, as though it were the funniest thing in the world; but it was only an excuse for laughing at something else.

Ned took his turn at the shovel after Roy, and then Uncle George again, but the boys' father refused to dig any more.

"I'm not used to digging," said he, "and am sore already. No treasure that ever was buried should induce me to throw another shovelful. You had better be cautious too, George, and let the boys dig."

Uncle George laughed at the warning, and worked manfully when his turn came again. But in the midst of it he dropped the shovel with an expression of pain, and clapped both hands against the small of his back. "I'm afraid I have wrenched my weak back," he groaned. "I should have taken your advice, Edward; but it's too late now. I shall be laid up for a week, I suppose, as I have been before."



WHENEVER THE SOUND OF SHOVELLING CEASED THEIR FATHER CAME OUT AND CAUTIONED THEM AGAINST BEING IDLE.

"Don't think of touching the shovel again," his brother urged. "Come to the tent and I'll rub you with liniment. The boys can do the digging. You have quite a hole already, but I don't see any sign of a buried treasure."

"That is nothing," Uncle George answered, as he raised himself carefully out of the hole. "These light sands shift with every wind, and I should not be at all discouraged if we went down twenty feet without finding anything. It is a hillock now; it may have been a hollow when the treasure was buried. Keep at it, boys; there is work before you."

As Uncle George hobbled to the tent, his brother holding him by the arm, the boys looked at each other in dismay. They would have been still more dismayed if they could have seen how rapidly Uncle George's back improved when he was hidden by the canvas wall, or have heard the conversation.

"Let the boys dig," said Uncle George, with a merry laugh. "Exercise is good for young muscles."

"I'll keep the young ragamuffins at it for a week," his brother echoed, not with a laugh, but in a tone that sounded very businesslike.

When the boys were called in to breakfast, two hours later, they were hot, sore, and tired. But their father and Uncle George talked as though it were a settled thing that they were to keep on digging until the treasure was found.

"When you get deep enough," their father told them, "you will have to rig a windlass, and draw the sand up in a bucket. Then one of you can dig while the other hoists, changing off. I think six hours a day will be long enough for you at the start; so after you have rested an hour at noon, you can quit work for the day at three o'clock."

"I'm so raw now that if a dog should see me he'd eat me for a bone," said Roy.

"Nonsense!" his father answered. "You'd do twice as much work, either of you, in a baseball match, and think nothing of it. Don't let me hear any complaints about it. It's little enough for you to do to oblige your uncle after his bringing you here on such a trip."

The boys dragged themselves back to their work, and continued the thankless task of digging for what they knew was not there. The little soreness of the morning was nothing compared with the terrible aches of the afternoon. But the hole was close by the tent, and whenever the sound of shovelling ceased their father came out and cautioned them against being idle.

"Say, Roy," said Ned, while they were both in the hole, "this is the funniest joke I ever heard in my life. But if you'll tell me who the joke's on, you can have it. Talk about being in a hole! We're getting deeper into one every hour."

"Don't talk to me about jokes," Roy growled. "There's no more skin on my hands than on a crowbar, and my back's all tied in knots. But what will it be after a week of this?"

"Do you think we'd better own up and get out of the scrape that way?" Ned asked.

"Own up?" Roy exclaimed, poking his shovel viciously into the sand. "I'd dig through to China first."

"So would I," said Ned. "So we may as well make the best of a bad bargain, and see it through."

When they quit work in the afternoon, Uncle George hobbled out to see what progress they had made.

"You've done nobly, boys," he told them. And indeed the hole had grown wonderfully. "Don't be discouraged because you don't find anything. I should not be at all surprised if it took a week. You've no idea how this loose sand drifts sometimes."

After he had gone away, Chalk left his cooking to see the boys and the work they had done. "Dat berry nice hole, mawsters," said he. "Mebbe you hab to dig him all ober agin to-morrer. If de strong wind he come to-night, he dribe de sand all back agin. De treasure he down deep; Maws Gawge say so, an' he know."

The next day saw a repetition of the first day's work, except that the great hole was so deep that the sand had to be hoisted out with a bucket. Ned and Roy were ready to drop, only, as Roy said, "I'm so stiff I should have to fall over straight, like a stick."

That night at supper, however, while Chalk was working over his fire outside, the boys overheard part of a conversation that filled them with alarm. Their father and Uncle George were evidently talking about Chalk.

"He is the only other person here," their father said. "We have not seen another soul on the island. The boys I am sure of as far as honesty goes, but you can't be sure of Chalk."

"I should rather lose my whole collection than think such a thing of old Chalk," Uncle George replied. "He has been with me for three years, and I have always found him honest. It certainly has a very strange look."

The boys had no chance to talk that night, because they all slept in the tent together, with Chalk just outside the door; but next morning as soon as they were alone in the hole, now almost a well, Roy whispered,

"Ned, do you know, I believe they think Chalk has stolen the treasure."

"I'm afraid they do," Ned replied, "from what they said last night. It stands to reason Chalk can't have stolen it, as it never was here. But since he's suspected, the only decent thing we can do is to own up to the trick we have played. I should rather dig for a month than give ourselves away so; but it's not fair for us to let Chalk suffer on our account."

"That's what I think," said Roy. "I wanted to own up last night, but I had to speak to you about it first. Let's go right into the tent and tell Uncle George."

A minute later both boys were in the tent, eager to confess everything to Uncle George.

"There's no treasure-box there, Uncle George; it was all a little trick that Ned and I were going to play."

"I brought the box and parchment down from New York," Ned broke in. "I bought them in an old curiosity shop, and Roy and I buried them on the beach. We didn't intend to tell, but we found that you suspected Chalk of stealing the treasure, so then we couldn't keep quiet any longer."

"You admit that you brought that box from New York purposely to trick your uncle George, who has been so kind to you—do you?" their father asked.

"Yes, sir," Ned answered. "We're both very sorry, but we think the joke has been rather upon us after all, as we have had to do all the digging."

"And now you acknowledge it solely to save Chalk from the suspicion of stealing the treasure, do you?"

"Yes, sir! That's the only reason."

"Very well," their father continued. "Wait a moment, George" (for he was about to interrupt). "I have a little confession to make myself, since the boys have acted so honorably about it. To begin with, Chalk has never been suspected of stealing the treasure, because we knew from the start that there was no treasure there. Let me say, boys, that it was the most stupid and the worst-managed trick that ever was attempted. When your uncle George found the box in the sand, he turned to me the minute he saw it, and said:

"'This box and parchment have been for sale in a curiosity shop in Broadway for more than a year. I have seen them there a score of times, and examined them, for I thought at one time of buying them. The boys are playing a trick upon us. But leave it to me, and we will turn the tables upon them.'

"I intended to keep you digging for at least a week," Mr. Eaton continued, "to punish your impertinence. But your uncle George was too soft-hearted. The first afternoon he got a rusty iron pot and filled it with sand, and covered the top with gold and silver coins, and that night he buried it in the bottom of the hole, covered with a stone, intending to let you find it, and so bring your digging to an end. But I went out later and dug it up, because I thought you deserved more punishment. Your uncle did not know of my digging it up, and when you did not find it yesterday, the inference was that some one had stolen it. When he spoke of Chalk, I encouraged the suspicion, and took care that you should hear of it, to see whether you would be manly enough to tell us the truth, and so exonerate poor Chalk. You were, and I am proud of you for it, and we will say no more about your stupid trick."

"Not another word," said Uncle George.

"Indeed we're very sorry, Uncle George," said Roy.

"And indeed you have good cause to be, boys," Uncle George answered, "for your bones will be sore for a week with the digging. But let Uncle George have a word to say. I think your father worked you entirely too hard for a harmless little joke like that. I find that most people who have fine boys don't know how to appreciate them. Now when we go home I intend to take you by way of Havana, in one of the big Spanish steamers; and you shall have such a good time there that you'll forget all about the search for treasure on Mona Island."

"AS FLAT AS A FLOUNDER."

SOME of you may have heard the saying, "As flat as a flounder," and have not stopped to think about it. What I wish to tell you is why this fish is flat, and what happens because it is flat.

If you have ever seen one in market or elsewhere, you know that the upper and under parts of its body are of different colors, and that its two eyes are, strangely enough, both on the same side of its head. If you were to see one in the water, you would notice that it swam not upright, as other fish swim, but lying over on one side, with its two eyes on top.

Now all these things—the flatness, the two eyes together, the twisted mouth, the differently colored sides, the peculiar swimming—come from the fact that the flounder is not and never has been an over-brave fish.

We cannot blame the poor creatures much, because they have no way to defend themselves, as sword-fish and some others have. Their neighbors enjoy eating them; they know that they are weak, and so they took, ages ago, to hiding at the bottom of the water. This has been done so long that now they have actually lost the power to come to the surface. Other fish rise or sink by means of an air-bladder. Those of our friends that used theirs and rose were pounced upon and eaten. The poor little scared ones that hid at the bottom and saved their lives had no need for the rising apparatus, and now, as is always the case when an organ is not used, they have lost it.

But when the flounder took to his hiding-place at the bottom, he did not settle himself at all comfortably, according to our ideas of fish comfort. Instead of an upright position, with the two sides equally up, he chose, for some reason, to lie over entirely on one of them, with the other side up.

This position accounts for the differently colored sides. That on which he lay was protected always from the sunlight, and lost its color. The upper has come to be the color of the bottom on which he lives, be that color what it may.

That it should be so is not so strange as it seems. A bright flounder shining on a dark bottom is easily seen by its enemies, and seized and eaten. The same would be true of a dark fish in a bright coral home. Those who lived to have families of their own were those whose color was most like the color of their home. Only the safest color was transmitted, and so, the world over, members of this family are the color of sand or mud or gravel or shell or coral, according to the place of their abode. Some are even knotted and rough in a way that makes them wonderfully like their home. We find, for the same reason, arctic animals white like snow, and desert insects the color of sand.

Another result of the flatness of this flat-fish family to which the flounder belongs is that its eyes are both on the top of its head. We can best see how they have gotten together, and how other changes have taken place, by noticing the growth of a young flounder. In the very beginning of its existence the baby fish is a clear, transparent little thing. Its two eyes are where well-regulated eyes should be, on opposite sides of its head, and it swims vertically in the water, as do other fish.

But in a few days the influence of a long line of flounder ancestry is felt. He too takes to lying over on one side—generally, but not always, the left. The exposed skin darkens. In this position the view of the under eye is somewhat limited, and it squints upward toward a larger one. It begins to move; it turns the corner and comes to the top. There it takes a stand. The mouth twists upward, and the young fish swims along sidewise at the bottom of the water.

MARY M. WINSTON.

PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII.

NO little interest has been felt in America, and indeed in the English-speaking world, during the past two months in the young Princess of the Sandwich Islands. She was in England at school when a revolution drove her aunt the Queen of Hawaii from the throne. Since then she has been in America to ask the President of the United States to consider her rights as the successor to the throne when he decided the proposition of the present provisional government that the United States should annex the Hawaiian Islands. She has now returned to England, but has announced her intention to visit America again so as to go to the World's Fair in Chicago. Meantime the fate of the Hawaiian monarchy remains in doubt, as Mr. Cleveland has withdrawn the treaty of annexation from the Senate, and has sent a commission to Hawaii to inquire into the sentiment of the people, and report upon their desires.

The Hawaiian Islands are in the mid-Pacific, about 2100 miles from San Francisco, and the only stopping-place in the North Pacific between America in the West, and China, Japan, and Australia in the East. This geographical position has given Hawaii an importance that otherwise would not have been hers. Army and naval men who consider these islands with reference to their strategic value in time of war, say that the country which controls them when a canal shall have been dug in Nicaragua or the Isthmus of Panama, will also control the Pacific Ocean. Such as these have urged that the United States should annex Hawaii at once. Other writers have urged that the possession of the islands would be an element of weakness instead of strength, because the islands were so remote that they could only be defended by a navy stronger than that of any antagonist the United States might have. Still other opponents of annexation base their objections on the fact that it is not American policy to have remote dependencies.

These islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and named by him after the Earl of Sandwich, who was then the First Lord of the British Board of Admiralty. Captain Cook estimated that the people numbered 400,000. They are not negroes, as some ignorantly suppose, but belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race. Their hair is black and usually straight, though sometimes it waves a little, as is the case with Princess Kaiulani's hair. The complexion of the Hawaiian is a reddish-brown, which shines like burnished copper. They are usually of small stature, but the men and women of the ruling class are generally large. But the natives of Hawaii are surely dying out. Captain Cook found 400,000 of them in 1778; in 1823 the American missionaries estimated the native population at 142,000; in 1878 the native population had decreased to 58,000. This population is augmented by foreigners from China, Japan, America, Germany, and England. The Chinese are more numerous than the foreigners from any other one country, but the Americans are the most influential, owning the land and being the leaders in commercial and political affairs.

The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands when first introduced to the great world by Captain Cook were not fierce savages, but a mild-mannered people of friendly disposition. It was an inviting field for the missionary, and thither went several Americans in the early part of this century. By 1820 these teachers and preachers had reduced the Hawaiian language to written characters. Later the people were converted to Christianity, and now there are schools, and the people may fairly be called semi-civilized.

Princess Kaiulani's mother was Princess Likelike, a sister of the late King Kalakaua, and also of the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, and her father a Scotchman named Archibald Scott Cleghorn. Princess Kaiulani does not belong to a royal family that is royal by a long descent from kings, for there have been varying methods of succession in Hawaii. Sometimes it has been hereditary; sometimes by election, and sometimes by appointment. The grandfather of Kaiulani was a chief, but he was allied to a royal house, as he married a niece of King Kamehameha. Of this marriage there were three children—King Kalakaua, Queen Liliuokalani, and Princess Likelike, the mother of Kaiulani. Kalakaua became King by election; he named his sister, Liliuokalani, to succeed him; and she in turn, shortly after her succession in January, 1891, named Kaiulani as heir to the throne. So this young daughter of Mr. Cleghorn has only been a Princess a little over two years.

King Kalakaua was a great traveller. He went to Europe several times, and paid visits to the United States. In one trip he went all round the world. His avowed intention was to study the manners, customs, governmental systems, together with the industries of the great countries of the East and West, so as to adopt in his island kingdom the best features that came under his observation. But Kalakaua was not a very wise man. There was not a very long interval between him and the savagery of his ancestors. So the King's travels were not profitable to him or to his people. What appeared to interest him more than anything else he saw was the royal state that was kept up by Old World rulers. The simplicity of his court in Honolulu was distasteful to him after his return from the grand tour. His first exploit was to have a great coronation ceremony. This cost so much that it very nearly bankrupted his people. Then he built a palace that cost $350,000; and then he spent $75,000 to celebrate his fiftieth birthday. Shortly after he celebrated the funeral of a relative with so much pomp and splendor that the cost reached $60,000. These extravagances had to be paid for by a population of less than 60,000 people. The King had no private fortune, and all these expenses were paid directly from the treasury or from loans for which the kingdom was responsible.



PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII.
FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY E. CHICKERING, BOSTON.

Dissipation and high living wore out Kalakaua, and he died in California in January, 1891. His sister succeeded him. She recently attempted to replace the constitution wrested from Kalakaua with one not so liberal. There was a revolt. A provisional government was formed, and the marines from the United States man-of-war *Boston* were landed to preserve the peace. The provisional government then sent a commission to Washington asking that the United States should annex the islands. The American Minister, pending these negotiations, established an American protectorate, and raised the American flag.

The young Princess whose full name, as set down in the *Almanach de Gotha*, is Victoria Kaweknu Kaiulani Lunalilo Kalaninuiahilapalapa, was born in Honolulu in 1875, and is therefore seventeen years old. She is said to be a bright though serious girl, fond of music and painting, and with a high ambition to learn all good and useful things so that she may be a wise Queen if she ever ascends the Hawaiian throne.

"CUT IN HALF COTTAGE."

A SWISS STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

"I TELL you, Jacques, that I *will* have it so, whether you like it or not."

"And I tell *you*, Philippe, that if you are going to talk like that, you had better do it somewhere else. This is *my* house just as much as yours, and if you don't agree, you can go out of it as soon as you like, and good riddance."

It was a pity to hear two fine young fellows give each other such bitter words about a trifle, more especially as they happened to be brothers, but so it was.

Having been left by their father's death joint owners of a small upland *chalet* (cottage) among the sunny Swiss hills that overlook the Lake of Geneva, Philippe and Jacques Arnault (who, like a good many people in other countries besides Switzerland, were just a little too fond of having their own way in everything) got into more than one dispute over the ins and outs of their housekeeping, or their respective shares of the profits upon their stock, till at last, like hot-blooded young fools as they were, they came to high words about some trifling difference which was only fit to be laughed at, and the quarrel ended in the utterance by Jacques of the defiance just quoted.

For a few moments after Jacques had spoken, Philippe (who was the elder by about a year) sat silent. Then he rose and answered with a stern gravity which showed that he fully meant what he said:

"Very well. If you want to get rid of me I shall not need to be told twice. To-morrow morning we'll divide the stock and the money, and I'll be off."

And without another word he turned and went up the steep ladderlike stair.

Jacques for a moment was sorely tempted to go after him and make friends again, for his warm heart smote him at the thought that the brother from whom he had never been parted yet was about to leave him, and to leave him in anger. But, like many other foolish lads before and since, he thought it more manly to persist in going wrong than frankly to own that he was in fault and try to set himself right; and so the words that might have cut short this silly quarrel were never spoken.

Philippe Arnault was not the man to go back from anything that he had once said, and the first thing next morning he began to prepare for his departure in earnest. The goats, the furniture, and what little money they had were easily divided between the two brothers, but the house itself, of which they were joint owners, how were they to divide it?

In a similar case two Irish brothers had agreed that each of them should take one side of the house, when Mike at once chose the inside, and Denis the outside. Thereupon Denis went out and thrust a firebrand into the thatch, "Ye may do what ye plaze wid your half, but I mane to burn mine."

Not knowing this instructive story, however, the Arnault brothers were at a nonplus. But Philippe was not to be so easily balked. Mounting the roof, he deliberately sawed through it close to the chimney, and then with axe and saw cut the cottage right in two, and carted away his half of it, with the aid of two or three huge wood-carts belonging to his neighbors, to the other side of the mountain that overhung them on the west. Meanwhile poor Jacques, thus left alone in a house literally divided against itself, repaired as he best might his abridged dwelling, which was soon known throughout the whole country-side by the name of "Le Chalet Coupé" ("Cut-in-half Cottage").*

But so far as Philippe himself was concerned, this strange removal turned out to be a very good thing. The story of the "divided house" quickly went through all the villages that lay near the site of his new home, and with it went the fame of the skill and handiness with which young Arnault had done all the building and carpentring that was needed for it. In a trice he was taken on among the workmen who were putting up a new hotel a few miles down the valley; and as the work went on during the whole summer, and his goats throve meanwhile in their new pastures, our hero had every reason to be satisfied with his change of place.

Month after month went by, and, the first bitterness of the quarrel having long since died out, Philippe's heart, softened by his good fortune, began to regret his estranged brother more and more. He called to mind how often in the lonely place where they had lived he and Jacques had been alone in their little cottage for days and days without any company at all, and who could tell whether now that *he* was gone poor Jacques might not be sitting there all by himself, with no one to speak to or to consult as to his plans?

The thought of that sad and solitary figure haunted Philippe in the midst of many a gay merrymaking, and when he sat alone at night the name of "JACQUES ARNAULT" carved on a beam of the divided cottage, whose strange mutilation told only too plainly of the unnatural separation of its masters, stared him in the face like a written accusation. At last when the great harvest festival began to draw nigh—the time of happiness and good-fellowship for every Swiss household—Philippe could bear it no longer.

"I *must* go and see how he is getting on," said he to himself, "for if he were sick or in trouble and no one with him, I should never forgive myself."

And that very evening at sunset he took his stout pikestaff in his hand and started off over the mountain.

It was soon quite dark, but this mattered very little to a man like Philippe Arnault, who could have gone blindfolded along any hill path in the whole district; and meeting a party of four or five peasants who were going the same way as himself, he joined them, and they all went on together.

Now it happened that on that very night Jacques too was thinking of that quarrel, and bitterly regretting it. Things had not gone as well with him as with his brother. He had to work very hard, and earned but little by his labor; and that evening, having come in from it hungry and tired out, he had fallen asleep by the fire directly after supper, and the regrets that troubled his waking hours continued to haunt him even in his dreams.

He dreamed that his brother Philippe was sitting on the other side of the fire as of old, and that out of it there flew a tiny spark, which fell right between them, and instead of going out, sprang up suddenly into a vast sheet of flame, which completely hid them from each other, and smote upon him so sorely with its smoke and heat that he gave a start and a cry, and awoke.

Awoke—to what? To find his grim vision terribly true, for the timbers around him, dry as tinder from the long summer heat, were fast kindling into a blaze, and the house was actually burning over his head.

A few moments more and he would have been stupefied by the smoke, and would have sunk helplessly into the flames; but with a last desperate effort he dragged himself to the door, tore it open, and staggered forth into the fresh night air. Just then a loud shout was heard from behind, and by the fitful glare of the firelight he saw half a dozen men, who were hurrying up to his assistance.

A tall man, who appeared to be the leader of the party, and who seemed quite familiar with all the ins and outs of the house, darted round to the back of it, and flinging open the goat-pen, set free the poor frightened beasts, whose cries as the flames neared them were piteous to hear. Two others rushed into the house and began to drag out the furniture, while the rest, seizing the pails and buckets that lay around, flew down to the stream for water.

But though they all worked manfully, and though Jacques himself, when his faintness had passed off, seconded them with might and main, all their efforts were vain to save the house, which was soon one great blaze above and below. Jacques had barely time to drag out his money-bag from its hiding-place ere the burning rafters, crashing in one by one, drove back the bravest of the amateur firemen, and when daylight came nothing was left of Cut-in-half Cottage but a heap of ashes.

Then Jacques Arnault discovered for the first time that the tall stranger who had aided him so stoutly, and who had had his hair singed and his right hand badly scorched in doing so, was no one else than his banished brother Philippe.

"It's *my* turn now, you see, lad," said Jacques, with a somewhat shamefaced air. "I drove you from your home, and now I am homeless myself."

"Nay, not quite so bad as that, I hope, Jacques," cried the elder man, clapping him heartily on the back with his unhurt left hand. "The goats are saved, anyhow, and so are a good many of your things, thanks to these good neighbors here; and as for the house itself, I'll tell you what we can do about that. My half of the old cottage is still standing on the other side of the mountain, and you shall come and live there, and help me to make it big enough for us both. I've been sorry for that quarrel of ours many a time since it happened, but we'll never quarrel again, anyhow."

And indeed they never did.

* I myself passed this curious dwelling in one of my Alpine marches, and learned its history from a peasant of the place.—D. K.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

SIMON, *the miller.* PRISCILLA, *his daughter.* JACK, *a sailor.*

SCENE. *A dairy, or a farm-house kitchen; window at back. Table with pans of milk, pats of butter and cheese.* Priscilla *discovered churning.* Simon *reading the newspaper.*

[The words to be sung *slowly* and *distinctly* by one voice behind the scenes. The actors may join in the chorus if desired. To be acted in pantomime.]

THERE was a young maiden whose name was Priscilla,
The beautiful daughter of Simon, the miller;
A dairymaid she, who made butter and cheese,
While sighing for Jack, who sailed over the seas.

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[Priscilla *dances down centre to first bar, turns and dances up to second bar, then down, then up, hopping first on one foot, then on the other, in time to music.*

Old Simon was rich and had plenty to spare,
But he also was mean, and as cross as a bear.
His pretty young daughter he ceased not to scold
As he sat by the fire and counted his gold.

[*He opens box of coins and jingles them.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*They dance back and forth together,* Simon *shaking a purse of coins. At the end of chorus he locks up his money.*

Then he called for his hat and he called for his cane,
And off went the miller to grind out his grain.
"Now, mind what I tell you," he growled as he went,
"You sha'n't wed a sailor who has not a cent!"

[Priscilla *assists him to put on hat and coat. Exit* Simon, *scolding.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[Priscilla *dances, weeping.*

That day, while Priscilla was busily churning,
Her father came in, from the village returning,
And with him a peddler, his pack on his back,
And a smile on his face that resembled her Jack.

[Priscilla *resumes her churning. A slight pause. Enter* Simon *and* Jack, *disguised as a peddler in a linen duster, large hat, and blue spectacles, carrying pack containing all kinds of merchandise.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*All dance.* Simon *between* Priscilla *and* Jack

Old Simon was chuckling, and kind as could be;
"Come, come, pretty daughter, here's something to see!
Choose out for yourself all the gowns you desire,
And the ribbons and laces you most do admire."

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[Jack *unpacks his wares.* Simon *and* Priscilla *dance, she occasionally glancing at the pretty things.*

The peddler spread out all his wares in a row;
"Here's a kerchief of blue, and a cap with a bow,
An apron all trimmed with most exquisite lace,
And a bonnet with flowers that just suit your face!"

[*Pause in the singing while* Priscilla *puts on the various articles.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*All dance,* Priscilla *between* Simon *and* Jack

"Here are hosen of red, and some dear little shoes!"
"Take them all," cried the father; "you have but to choose.
All his goods you shall have, and my fortune as well,
If you'll marry this merchant, good Nicholas Snell."

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[Priscilla *dances apart from the others, turning her back on* Jack.

Priscilla in rage tossed the shoes to the floor;
"I'll tell you again, as I've told you before,
I don't want your money, I don't want your mill,
I'll wed but my sailor, and wed him I *will!*"

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*All dance,* Priscilla *apart, as before.*

Simon hobbled away, with a shake of his fist;
"You'll marry this merchant, rash maid, I insist!"
The door had scarce closed with a thundering whack
When standing before her she saw her dear Jack.

[*Exit* Simon. Jack *throws off the linen duster and blue spectacles, and discloses himself in sailor suit. Tableau. Pause.*

"Priscilla, forgive me! This trick I have played
To find out how true you would be, my fair maid!
Thus disguised, I have entered the village by stealth,
And your father believes I'm a peddler of wealth."

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*They dance back and forth.*

With a song and a dance they went tripping about,
Without any fear that they might be found out,
And forgot, in their joy, that old Simon was near,
When at the back window his face did appear!

[Simon's *face appears at window, or, if it is impossible to have a window, from behind a door or screen.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[Priscilla *and* Jack *dance. As they come down stage* Simon's *face appears. As they go up, it disappears, etc.*

He brandished his cane as he entered the door;
"Go, go, you bold sailor, and come here no more.
Come, pack up your wares, and be off with you, quick!
You've entered my house by a rascally trick."

[*Enter* Simon *in great rage.* Priscilla *and* Jack *strike attitudes of terror.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*All dance apart,* Simon *shaking his cane.* Jack *and* Priscilla *follow him with imploring looks.*

With a look at Priscilla, Jack ran to his pack,
And found there a bottle marked "Poison!" in black.
"Let us drink, dearest maid, and in death be united;
Rather die than survive with our happiness blighted!"

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[Priscilla *and* Jack *dance together, he holding large bottle with conspicuous label.* Simon *dances alone, looking anxiously at them.*

Then without giving Simon a moment to think,
They filled up the glass and were just going to drink,
When the father relented, and shouted, "No! no!
My children, my blessing I freely bestow!"

[*Tableau of reconciliation.*

CHORUS.—Sing tural li lural li lural li la, *etc.*

[*All dance,* Priscilla *between* Simon *and* Jack. *At end of chorus,* Priscilla *and* Jack *kneel;* Simon *joins their hands. Tableau.*

CURTAIN.



FREDDY'S LETTER.

"What are you doing, Freddy?"
"Writing a letter to Uncle Jim."
"Indeed? What are you saying to him?"
"Excuse those blots."

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

Visitor. "Why, Maud, your grandmother is not very old."

Maud. "Well, she must be, 'cause yesterday she was telling me what a good boy George Washington was, and how'd she know it she didn't see him?"

AN APOLOGY.

Papa (*sternly*). "What was that noise I heard outside just now?"

Robbie. "Please, sir, I fell down stairs, but I didn't mean to, and mamma never told me not to."

QUITE AN APPETITE.

Mamma. "What, Mark, have you come home to luncheon? I thought you took your luncheon to school this morning."

Mark. "Yes, 'm, I did; but I ate it all up at recess."

THESE NEW STAMPS.

Papa. "What are you crying for, Frank?"

Frank. "My—my stamp album's so—so small that I can't get all the new stamps on the same page."

A GREAT PRESENT.

Uncle Ned. "What are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?"

Oliver. "I'm going to ask papa to get her a football, and I'll show her how to play."

EXPLAINED.

"Are you the best scholar at school, Frank?"

"Oh no, they haven't got any best one now, 'cause he's got the measles."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Papa. "Why, May, you are too big a girl to play with dolls."

May. "Oh no, papa. This is a big doll."

A QUEER HIDING-PLACE.

"Marvin, I found your ball in papa's best hat this morning," remarked mamma. "What was it doing there?"

"I guess it was hiding from me," answered Marvin, "because I've been looking all over for it."

JACK'S COMPOSITION.

"Babies sleep all day, when nobody else wants to sleep, and cry all night, when nobody else wants to keep awake."

A SUGGESTION.

"Papa," suggested Mary, as she listened to her father and mother talking about the garden for the coming spring, "don't you think peanuts would be just as pretty as flowers growing in the front yard?"

A SAD MISHAP.

"Jack, where are my slippers?"

"I don't know, papa. I hid them this morning, and forgot where I put them."

A PROBLEM.

"It's very funny," remarked Sam, thoughtfully, "that sleds have runners when they don't do anything but slide."



KEEPING ALL-FOOLS DAY AT PELTYVILLE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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ELSIE'S LOST CHANGE.

A STORY OF ALL-FOOLS DAY.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

MRS. KENYON thought a good deal of Elsie Fitch. Elsie had lived with her for three years, and was a pretty-looking and generally obedient little girl. Everybody thought that it was very good in Mrs. Kenyon to take her from the workhouse, after the poor child's mother died there, and Mrs. Kenyon thought so herself. Sometimes she groaned over Elsie's shortcomings, for in spite of the child's good disposition, she was what Mrs. Kenyon called "dreadful careless."

It was, accordingly, a great trial to that excellent woman when she found that she had no change in her purse one morning, and that she must send Elsie down to buy some postage-stamps and some needles and thread at the "Bridge," as the cluster of shops and stores was called, nearly a half-mile from the Kenyons' house. Mr. Kenyon had started off early for the cutlery at the "Bridge," where his work lay; Mrs. Kenyon had a great washing to do; the village tailoress was coming in the afternoon to make some absolutely necessary clothes for Mr. Kenyon; two letters must be written to some relatives, who were about to make them a visit; and, altogether, there was nothing "to do for it," as Mrs. Kenyon said, but to give Elsie a ten-dollar bill and send her to the "Bridge" for the needles, thread, and postage-stamps.

Accordingly, Elsie put on her little red shawl, perched her navy-blue soft felt hat on top of her little head, pulled her two short light braids of hair from under the elastic behind, and, with a serious look in her blue eyes, received Mrs. Kenyon's parting instructions. That energetic person stood on the door-step, with an old silk handkerchief bound about her head, and the skirt of her gown pinned up around her waist. Her hands were red and steaming from the tub, out of which she had just taken them, and her dark eager face wore that worried and preoccupied look which properly belongs to wash-day in the country.

"Now, you be carefuler than you ever were in your life before," she was saying, with all the earnestness of her nature. "Don't you stop to look around a mite. Keep saying over all the while, 'Thread, needles, stamps—thread, needles, stamps.' Count the change every time, and hurry back as quick as ever you can, for I shall worry every minute you're gone. And don't forget it's



the 1st of April. Don't try to pick up everything you see. You know what lots of people got taken in last year on All-fools day. I never saw such a time as there was then.' You remember how the Smith boys and the Raddle boys stuck things down on the sidewalks, don't you—and how they put tar on lots of things? Well, look out, and don't get fooled, and *count your change*.

"Oh, mercy!" she sighed, as the bobbing little figure disappeared through the gate with an obedient "Yes, ma'am." "I don't seem as if *I* was so dreadful heedless as that child is when I was ten years old; but maybe I was. If she should lose that ten-dollar bill, I don't know what we should do!"

The last fragment of the little red shawl fluttered round the first corner of the street, and Mrs. Kenyon went back to her work, calculating, as she did so, the length of time that should elapse before Elsie might be expected back.

"At the rate she walks, stopping to look at every ant that crosses her path and every bird she hears in the trees, it will likely take her half an hour to get to the post-office," she said to herself. "Then her other errands will take her half an hour more. Likely as not, they'll have to send for change. It's half past eight now; she ought to be back before ten—but she probably won't be. Oh me!" And with an expression of acute anxiety on her face, Mrs. Kenyon went to "rubbing out" the clothes in her tub.

Ten o'clock came, but no signs of Elsie appeared to Mrs. Kenyon's watching eyes. Fifteen minutes more crept slowly by, and then the distracted woman could bear the suspense no longer. She set the boiler back on the stove, threw the last garment into the "rense," turned down her dress skirt, smoothed her hair hastily, and was soon walking toward the corner around which she had seen Elsie's little red shawl flutter nearly two hours before.

"I haven't got a minute to spare," she sighed to herself, as she hurried along, getting out of breath as she did so; "but I might as well let the washing go as to go crazy, and that's what I shall do pretty soon if I don't find that girl."

When the corner was fairly turned, Mrs. Kenyon almost shrieked with alarm; for there, seated on a great stone by the road-side, with the soft spring sunshine falling as if in pity upon her funny little flaxen braids, sat the missing child, crying as if her heart would break.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here?" cried Mrs. Kenyon, with a terrible misgiving at her heart. "You haven't—" She could not utter her suspicions.

"Yes, I have," sobbed the little girl, between awful gasps. "Don't whip me, Mrs. Kenyon. I didn't mean to. Oh, I can't think how it could have happened! Oh, I'm so so-o-r-ry. Here's fi-i-fty cents, and it's all I've got left. I—I had a hole—in—my mitten."

"I told you to put it into your handkerchief, and tie it up hard. I showed you how."

"Yes, ma'am; but I thought my mitten was an awful good place, and I—I di-idn't know there was any hole in it." And Elsie went off again into a series of miserable, wailing howls.

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you?" cried Mrs. Kenyon, with a wild light in her eyes, and shaking the little girl fiercely. "I wish you would learn to mind! I never whipped you but once; but I've a great mind to whip you for this—now I have, I tell you! Only fifty cents left! And where do you suppose the rest is?"

"I do'n't know!"

"And do you mean to say you haven't even looked for it?" shrieked Mrs. Kenyon.

"No; I s'posed I must hurry right home, an' I just got as far as here, an' then I thought I would count the change; and I took off my mitten, and there wasn't anything there but fifty cents, and I just sat down and cried!"

"And here you've sat crying, as like as not, a whole hour!" exclaimed angry Mrs. Kenyon; "and all the village have been picking up your change and making off with it! You naughty, naughty little thing! Why, you ought to have hurried and told me the minute you found out that you had lost it, and then we could have gone to hunting, and told everybody we knew, and set them to hunting, too; but, I presume, there's no use now. What did the things come to, anyway?"

"Seventy-five cents," whimpered Elsie; "and he gave me a five-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill, a one-dollar bill, two fifty-cent pieces, and a quarter."

"And all you have got is the one little fifty-cent piece!" moaned Mrs. Kenyon.

"No, it isn't, Mrs. Kenyon," protested Elsie, with dignity. "I've got the stamps and the needles and the thread!" And she proceeded to fish these valuables out of her pocket.

Mrs. Kenyon took them impatiently, and thrust them into her own capacious pocket.

"We mustn't waste a single minute in talking," she said, despairingly. "I don't suppose it's any use, but we must go right off and look for the money. Now come along and tell me how you went down. I suppose you went along by Mrs. Purinton's terrace, and then cut across by our church. Then you went along by High Street till you came to Main Street, and then you went down Main Street straight to the bridge. Did you go to the post office first?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, we'll go over every inch of the ground, and tell everybody we see. I guess I sha'n't get much washing done to-day! Hurry along!"

In ten minutes the news was spreading that Elsie Fitch had lost eight dollars and seventy-five cents of Mrs. Kenyon's money, and several kind-hearted people were assisting in the search for it, though they had not yet reached Main Street.

They had scarcely turned the corner which introduced them to this thoroughfare, when Mrs. Kenyon gave a cry and pounced upon a two-dollar bill, which lay as flat as though it had been especially smoothed out, and with a small pebble resting on it as though to hold it down, in the very middle of the sidewalk.

"April fool!" shouted a small boy, who had been watching the bill from the branches of a tree opposite, and who had astutely imagined it, as had a dozen or more other people, to be a clever fraud in honor of the day.

"I guess not!" shouted Mrs. Kenyon, triumphantly, shaking out the bill in proof of her own words, while Elsie fairly danced up and down in delight. They looked the unexpected treasure carefully over, and felt no doubt that it was a part of the lost "change," while the small boy, much crestfallen, came down from his perch and watched the operation.

"Lots of folks have been by that bill," he affirmed, sadly, "and they all stopped, same as I did, and looked at it, and then they thought it was an April fool, and didn't darst touch it."

"Well, there's only seven dollars and seventy-five cents lost now," sighed Mrs. Kenyon, hardly allowing that she was even a little relieved, "and 'tain't likely we shall ever see a cent of that, but we might as well look." So they took up their march again, re-enforced by the crestfallen small boy.

At last they reached the post-office. There was a flat shelf not far from the stamp window, toward which they naturally went first, and there, on that shelf, lay a silver quarter.

Mrs. Kenyon pounced upon it, just as she had upon the two-dollar bill. As she did so a muffled chuckle sounded from behind the window.

"Got sold that time, didn't you?" asked the cheerful voice of the postmaster's assistant.

"Not specially, that I know of," responded Mrs. Kenyon, triumphantly. "I've lost a silver quarter, and I guess likely that's it."

"Wasn't it nailed down?" inquired the clerk.

"Not a bit of it; came right up the minute I touched it. I'll take it, if you haven't any objection," and Mrs. Kenyon opened her purse and put the coin into it.

"That quarter has been there for more than an hour," said the clerk. "Last year somebody got in and put a silver dollar there when nobody saw him, and stuck it down so that it couldn't be picked up. I supposed this was another trick, and so did everybody else. Lots of people have come in and looked at that, and winked at me, and said, 'That won't work two years, you know,' and gone off with a great opinion of themselves."

Mrs. Kenyon told him about the lost "change," and he corroborated Elsie's story so far as he was concerned in it, for he had sold her the stamps.

It seemed that Elsie had stood at the little shelf when she had stuffed the change into her mitten. Undoubtedly she had left the quarter there.

From there they proceeded to the little shop where Elsie had bought the needles and thread. The whole story was then rehearsed to good Mrs. Hawkins, who kept the shop, and a thorough search of the premises was instituted. Nothing appeared, but suddenly Mrs. Hawkins said: "Don't you remember, Elsie, you went out in the back yard and watched the boys playing marbles awhile? Maybe you lost something out there."

"What's this?" she said, a moment later, as she stooped over something in the dead grass. And she presently extracted from it a fifty-cent piece.

"I—I don't see how I could 'a' lost anything out here, Mrs. Hawkins," faltered Elsie. "I wasn't out here more than a minute, was I?"

"No, child, you wasn't. And that's a fact, Mrs. Kenyon. Don't scold her; she feels bad enough, I know. Well, I'm glad to have found even so much of your lost money, Mrs. Kenyon, and if any more turns up, I'll let you know right away."

Mrs. Kenyon's wrath at learning of Elsie's delay "to see the boys play marbles" was somewhat appeased by the finding of the fifty-cent piece; and after looking about a little more to no purpose, the searching party was ordered homeward.

"We've had more luck than I had any right to expect," sighed Mrs. Kenyon, as they went along the street, scrutinizing every crack and cranny with the greatest care. "But that five-dollar bill is the most important thing of all, and of course I don't expect ever to see that again."

"Maybe we shall," piped up Elsie again. But Mrs. Kenyon shook her head at her crossly, and refused to see any more light.

It was a long journey home, there were so many people to tell the story to—a story of much interest now that three of the lost pieces had been found. But at last they were at their own gate again.

Just as they were wearily passing through it, bidding good-by to the various neighbors and children who had accompanied them, joyous cries were heard coming up the road, and around the corner of the hedge appeared the mighty figure of Captain Bellows, the very fattest and jolliest man in town. He was waving a bill as he shouted, "Hooray! Hooray!"

"The best joke!" he exclaimed, merrily, as he came panting up. "My wife bet me a mince pie that she could fool me to-day, and I bet her a new bonnet that she couldn't. Just now I went out to split some wood, and there, tucked right in the front of my wood-pile, the side next to Main Street, was something that looked like a dollar bill, sorter tucked like in among the sticks. I laughed to myself when I saw it, and says I, 'No, you don't, Susanna!' and I never touched it—not I! And presently I went in, and says I, sorter careless like, 'Lots o' money lying around loose these days, ain't there?' and I tips a wink to Susan. But she never flinched, and she says, prompt enough, 'I wish I knew where.' And I says,



"LOOK OUT AND DON'T GET FOOLED, AND COUNT YOUR CHANGE."

'Pity about you not knowing!' And I thought sure I had got ahead of Susan Bellows, when I found out, going down to the post-office just now, that you had lost some money. Then I marched back to the wood-pile, and pulled out the bill brave as a lion, and, sure enough, it was a regular good dollar. I don't see how on earth it got into my wood-pile. Might 'a' blown there, likely. But what do you think! Susan says she's fooled me, and wants that bonnet right away. How's that?"

The good Captain wiped the perspiration from his jolly face, and went off into explosions of laughter.

"Well, you shouldn't bet, Captain Bellows, that's sure," remarked Mrs. Kenyon, virtuously. "But I'm glad enough to have my dollar bill back again. I only wish it was the five. As you say, a little gust might have come along and blown the bill right into your wood-pile, though it would puzzle a tinker to tell how. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Mrs. Kenyon was really almost transported by the finding of this money, and began to believe that she might, after all, get back the whole of the lost change.

But Captain Bellows left, and the afternoon wore away, and nobody came to bring the precious five-dollar bill, though, with talking over the matter with the tailoress and the dozen or more curious neighbors who wanted to hear all about the wonderful story of Elsie and her misfortunes, the time passed sooner than might have been anticipated.

The supper dishes were cleared away, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon and Elsie were nearly ready to go to prayer-meeting, when they heard the first bell ring—there were always two bells for prayer-meeting—and then stop, long before the usual time for concluding that important exercise. A moment after, the old sexton came rushing in with his eyes almost bursting from his head.

"See here," he cried, without preface or apology. "Did you lose some money to-day, Mrs. Kenyon?"

He was shaking a bill in his hand furiously as he spoke, and Mrs. Kenyon actually turned pale as she saw it. It seemed as though the whole day had been a dream.

"Yes," she faltered, as though she were going to faint away; and Mr. Kenyon, seeing how she was overcome, went on and told what had been happening.

The old sexton only waited to hear the main facts in the case, when he handed over the bill, which proved to be a five-dollar one, and broke in, in a solemn voice:

"Well, this must be yours, but I don't know where it came from any more than you do. It fell right down on my head when I began to ring the bell. At first I thought it must be an April-fool joke," continued the old man, "and I kinder hesitated to pick it up. But I shut the door to, so that nobody could see what happened, and then I picked it up, and it was sure enough a good bill. Fell right down on top of my head the first minute I struck the bell. How do you account for that, Mr. Kenyon?"

"There hasn't been much wind to-day," remarked Mr. Kenyon, thoughtfully.

"But the same little gust that sent one bill in among the sticks in Captain Bellows's wood-pile might have lodged another one on the top of the church door, or somewhere like that," mused Mrs. Kenyon aloud, "and then when you went to ring the bell, the jar and the draught might have made it fly down on your head."

"It dropped like a spider-web or something right down from the ceiling," repeated the old sexton.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Kenyon, when she was telling the wonderful story to her friends after meeting, "I'm thankful to have such honest neighbors, and such an honest girl, though she is dreadful heedless, and doesn't always mind. But I must say, and I'd advise you the same, if you ever have to send a child out with a ten-dollar bill, do it on the first day of April."

But the very queerest thing of all is yet to be told. It is that this story is almost literally true.

ATHLETIC TEAMS AT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JUN.

ALMOST every preparatory school now organizes and supports an athletic team, and the remarkable records constantly being made at interscholastic athletics show what by hard work and continual practice even half-grown boys may accomplish in the way of athletics. Sheldon's performance at Andover, when he broke the world's record for the standing high jump, and Hickok's record with the hammer at St. Paul's, are instances.

Let us first consider the question so often asked as to how large a school must be before it can form an athletic team. Every school large enough to have a nine or an eleven is large enough to support an athletic team. One of the advantages of such a team is the variety of athletic exercises that it promotes. Not every boy can become a successful football or baseball player, but every boy, no matter how seemingly weak or undersized he may be, can find a place in track or field athletics. Roddy, the great Princeton athlete, took up running by the advice of a sensible physician for relief from threatened consumption. He became one of the fastest quarter-mile runners in America, and has represented the Manhattan Club in England and France with great success. Borcherling, the present holder of the intercollegiate record of $6.52\frac{4}{5}$ for the mile walk, is another example of what perseverance and practice will do in making an athlete. He tried nearly everything in track athletics, including the jumps, sprints, weights, and some of the distance runs, and all without success, and when he finally settled upon the walk as his specialty, he was guyed so unmercifully by unappreciative upper classmen, that he was compelled to train on the gymnasium track during the noon hour when there were no spectators to applaud his efforts. This last year he defeated the previously invincible Collis, of Columbia, and established new collegiate and intercollegiate records.

The first thing to do, of course, after the school has decided to form a team, is to get the boys together and elect a captain. The whole success of the attempt depends upon a suitable captain. He must be an influential fellow among the boys, should have some knowledge of track athletics, and, above all, should be brimming full of enthusiasm in regard to his team. Many a good team of star athletes has been defeated through the indifference and indolence of its captain. He must (especially in the smaller schools) be one who will take a personal interest in every boy on the team, and be prepared to prescribe for numerous ailments, real and imaginary, and listen sympathizingly to all their ambitions and complaints.

In a preparatory school, where the position of captain usually includes that of trainer, his second qualification must be practical knowledge of all branches of track athletics. Of course if the services of a regular professional trainer can be secured, so much the better; but few schools can afford this expense, and in almost all cases the captain must train the team. Nearly all schools have a few athletic graduates who will be glad to revisit the old school two or three times during the season and give the team a few general points, at the same time keeping the captain posted on the latest athletic news and methods. The latter, too, should endeavor in every way to extend his athletic knowledge by attending whatever large athletic meetings he can, and, if possible, becoming acquainted with athletes and trainers. It is astonishing how quickly a bright boy who is interested in such matters will become theoretically proficient in all branches of track athletics, and will soon be fully capable of coaching his team in all the events, from hurdling to pole-vaulting.

The preliminary training for the team should commence at a school about the same time that it commences at college, viz., right after the Christmas holidays. The fall term is, of course, devoted to football; but as soon as the school reassembles again after Christmas, the captain, who presumably has been looking up all his available material during the fall, should get the boys together and commence some regular system of light training. Whatever system he adopts, he must keep this one fact always in view, namely, that the winter's work is undertaken solely to keep his men in good condition, to store up energy which can be drawn upon when the actual racing season begins.

For the runners the following programme, which has been used with a few variations at Yale, Princeton, and Harvard for the past few years, may be followed:

About four o'clock let all the runners meet at the gymnasium, dressed in sweaters, jerseys, knickerbockers, long stockings, and *tennis* shoes (these shoes will be found far easier on the feet than the ordinary shoe), and, whatever the weather may be, take slow cross-country runs of from two to three miles, occasionally varying the routine by a five-mile walk at a good pace—honest up-and-down, heel-and-toe walking that makes one sharply conscious on the last mile of the existence of the muscle that runs down the front of the leg.

When the run is over, after allowing a short interval of rest, until the quick breathing of the squad has become long and deep again, come fifteen minutes of light work on the chest weights, or, better still, some regular series of body movements, which may be easily learned from any instructor in gymnastics, beginning with the neck muscles and going right down the body, until every one, even to the little "tendon Achilles" back of the heel, has been limbered and stretched. A shower-bath, tepid at first and gradually becoming colder, of about thirty seconds, followed by a brisk rub with coarse crash towels, completes the day's work, and the squad will sit down to supper or dinner with the appetite of the true athlete.

It may not come amiss to speak a word or two concerning diet. The old-fashioned idea was to deprive an athlete of all the luxuries of the table, give him meat half raw, and limit his drinking until he became fairly feverish from thirst. But the best modern trainers are becoming more and more lenient in the matter of diet. The Yale training table, for instance, differs but little from any good family table, except in the fact that oatmeal water is substituted for ordinary water, merely because it is safer, having, of course, been boiled, while heavy pastry, confectionery, and coffee are tabooed. Plenty of oranges, the best cuts of the different meats, boiled water, bread and butter, rich milk, and simple desserts form the ideal training diet. Many of the best athletes are noted for their slackness in dieting. It is a campus legend that "Billie" Harmar, the holder of the Yale and for some years the intercollegiate record for the mile, was accustomed to consume a quart of ice-cream on the day of the race as a sort of "stayer."

Sleep is the most important factor in all training. Nine hours of sleep are indispensable, especially with a school team, where most of the boys have not yet attained their full growth. *Every member of the team when in active training should be in his bed by ten o'clock.*

There is not room in an article like this to give specific directions. As to the actual track training for each of the different events, any good athletic trainer can give valuable assistance here, and whichever of the numerous systems in vogue is adopted should be systematically followed out. The captain should remember, too, that different boys require different amounts of work. A strong, heavy boy can stand, and in fact requires, harder and longer work than his lighter-built companion, who gets into condition easily, and can be depended upon to run a good race if not spoiled by overwork. Myers, for instance, the famous ex-athlete, who still holds several world records, when training for the quarter, thought nothing of doing a few fast hundreds and two-hundred-and-twenties in the morning, finishing off by running a quarter under fifty-two seconds, and then coming out again in the afternoon and jogging off a mile. Such an amount of work, however, would prove decidedly disastrous to most runners.

If a school can afford a regulation cinder track it is, of course, the best thing; but if not, a trotting course, or even a field with good springy turf on which an oval track of an eighth or quarter of a mile can be marked out, will be quite sufficient to develop a good team.

One word, in closing, to the captains of school teams. They should not be discouraged if there are apparently no men available for certain events. By careful coaching almost any boy that is willing to work can be made to succeed in an event. Sprinters, to be sure, are born, not made; but success in nearly all the other events is merely a matter of hard work. The Yale team for 1892 was an illustration of this. When the season opened but one or two of the old team were left in college, but the captain at once proceeded to *make* a team. Men who had never jumped were taken and constantly coached, until at the end of the season they were doing five feet eight inches in the high and twenty-one feet in the broad jump. There were no low hurdles, so one of the sprinters was selected, taught the hurdle step, and coached day after day by good trainers, until he became skilful enough to win points both at the Yale-Harvard and the Intercollegiate athletic meetings. It was the same way, too, in some of the other events, and the result was that by this plan of *making* athletes out of untrained men Yale had the best athletic team that has ever yet worn the blue. What is done at college can be done at a preparatory school, and every school that numbers enthusiastic workers among its athletes can build up a successful team.



THE HAUNTED KOGOOSLE.

HE THINKS HE IS BEING PURSUED BY DEMONS, WHILE REALLY THEY ARE ONLY HIS OWN TRACKS.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC

CHAPTER III.

THE Hallett girls shrank away from Annette, as was quite natural, since the elbows which she had used so freely were quite sharp, and Ken shook off her grasp from his arm somewhat impatiently. But he answered her gently enough:

"Dave got a bad hurt, poor old chap. I've just been to the station to see about getting him home. Why, Robin — Jean!"

The Hallett girls saw them at the same time, and there was a chorus of effusive greetings.

"It's such an age since we've seen you, and we're so lonesome since the Rawlins girls went home!"

"We must hurry," interposed Robin. "We are going to take Dave Freneau home in Cap'n Saul Baker's boat."

"Oh! the French boy who was hurt? I am so sorry for him!" said Julia, with a kindly glance at Annette.

"There's no need of your going to the doctor's, Robin," suggested Ken. "He will send Dave down to the wharf in his carriage. Annette can come if she likes." Annette clasped her hands with an eager gesture.

"Tell Annette how Dave is; she is so anxious," said Robin.

"He seems *well* enough; he is almost strong enough to walk," answered Ken.

"If he is getting strong so fast, that is everything," said Robin, joyfully.

"No, it isn't everything," answered Ken, gloomily, as he walked off with Annette towards the doctor's.

What was the mystery about Dave? Did Ken mean

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

that he was maimed or disfigured for life. This thought haunted Robin in the midst of the Hallett girls' chatter, as they made their way to a trim little shop which boasted as much peacock blue and yellow glass as any city apothecary shop of them all.

Julia and Martha Hallett both invested in candy to a great extent, and then Julia spent so much time in inquiring about the rival merits of a variety of freckle lotions, that Robin despaired of ever finding an opportunity to make her modest purchase.

She had a vision of Cap'n Saul wrathfully setting sail and leaving them, to their fate, of the *Flying Scud* becalmed in the dead of the night, miles from home, and of Dave Freneau made desperately ill again by the discomfort and delay.

The purchases were completed at last, and Robin hurried off with her little bottle, positively declining the urgent invitation of the Hallett girls to have some soda-water.

"Here! did you take that piece of paper off the desk?" she heard some one call out to the clerk, from an inner room.

"I don't know but that I wrapped something up in it," returned the clerk. "The paper ran short, and one of them was in such a hurry. There was some writing on it, but I didn't think it amounted to anything."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the proprietor, appearing in the doorway of the inner room. And they heard him add to the clerk: "I made a note on that paper of the queer mixture that that boy wanted the other day. We didn't have half the stuff, you know. He seemed so excited about it that I had some curiosity. But I dare say it doesn't amount to much."

Robin was scarcely conscious of hearing what he said, in her anxiety to be off; but afterwards she remembered.

They found the rest of the party already on board the *Flying Scud*, and Cap'n Saul very impatient. Robin caught sight of Dave sitting up in the bow; he looked a little pale, but quite like himself, and sat up as if the cushions and shawls which they had provided were quite superfluous. But Annette, sitting beside him, had a distressed and tear-stained face. "What did she mean by behaving like that, when Dave was so much better than they had dared to hope?" thought Robin, indignantly.

"Come down here a minute, Robin," called Ken, as she was going to speak, first of all, to Dave. Ken was in the stern taking charge of the helm. "I wouldn't go up there yet, you or Jean, either; I want to tell you something first," he added, mysteriously.

Cap'n Saul's voice broke in, shouting to Thanny to "shove her off," and the next instant a wild chorus of cries came from the wharf.

"Oh, wait a minute, do, please—wait a minute and take us too! We coaxed Miss Ferris—the train is so hot and cindery. And we don't mind in the least if it is fishy!"

Julia and Martha Hallett were both shouting together, while Miss Ferris, their governess, was uttering feeble expostulations and prophecies of seasickness.

Thanny stayed his hand at once, and Cap'n Saul helped them on board with alacrity.

Robin was deeply perplexed by Annette's tears and Ken's mysterious behavior. The girls had broken in upon his explanation, and there was no opportunity for it now.

Dave had to move now and then, as the sail shifted, and when he came in sight of the group below he looked at them with a wondering, unrecognizing gaze. He smiled slightly in response to Jean's smile and nod, but Jean said, aside:

"Dave Freneau seems so queer! He looks just like himself, but he acts as if he were somebody else."

"He says he does not want to go home!" cried Annette. "He does not know where it is. He does not know that I am his sister! He has forgotten everything! It is as if he were not my Dave at all!" Annette's voice broke in sobs. "Oh, make him remember, make him remember!" Dave surveyed her with an air of abstraction, as if it were a scene in which he had no part. He had a long, grave, intellectual face, with no resemblance to Annette's, except in the black eyes and heavy brows.

"Oh, Ken, will Dave ever be himself again?" asked Robin, seizing an opportunity to perch herself beside Ken, who was still at the helm.

"The doctor doesn't know. Some part of his brain was hurt, which affects his memory. People who were hurt so *have* recovered."

"What will they do, Ken? We can do so little to help them," said Robin, anxiously.

"You don't know the worst! You *would* think that what we were doing was boys' play!" said Ken, his thin boy voice hoarse with feeling. "His father had told him his great invention; he never dared to write anything down, because he had been cheated. It was a new way to color glass; cheaper—ever so much cheaper—and the colors wonderful! He wasn't crazy or dreaming. I've seen specimens that he has done. He was years and years in bringing his idea to perfection. Dave said the first thing he could remember was his father working at it. Mr. Rawlins's manager tried to get it for nothing, but it wasn't a success then. When he found out the one thing that had been lacking, and success was certain, the excitement brought on the fever of which he died. But he wasn't delirious when he told Dave! And, Robin, there was a fortune in it—a fortune for him—and he was going to share with me! What if we are only boys? Don't you see it was *sure!* And now the secret isn't written on a scrap of paper anywhere, and Dave has forgotten!"

"Do have some candy, Miss Ferris!" It was Julia's voice which broke in as the group drew nearer. "You needn't be a bit afraid of seasickness, for the water has grown quite calm"—as indeed it had, to Cap'n Saul's dismay.

"Well, if she won't have any, Jean, you must carry all the rest home to the twins and Traddles. Now, don't look at Robin! She can't have her way about everything in this world. Here's a nice, fresh piece of paper to wrap it in—no, it isn't either; it's all written over. The idea of that apothecary clerk doing candy up in paper all written over with a lead-pencil!"

"Never mind; it's only on one side," said Jean, who in truth was ignobly eager for the candy.

"Catch it!" said Julia, doing the piece of paper up into a ball and tossing it to Jean. "Oh, there it goes overboard! I didn't mean to throw it so far. How stupid! You can't get it, Thanny Baker—there it goes bobbing off."

Like a flash of light the recollection came to Robin of what the apothecary had said about the writing on that paper! The boy who had wanted the queer stuff might have been—probably was Dave. Old Freneau's secret might be written somewhere, after all. "Oh, get it, get it, *get it*, Thanny!" she cried.

"Take care, Thanny! You'll go overboard!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Try, try, Thanny! I'll hold you," said Robin, with an eagerness which seemed to the rest of the party quite out of proportion to the occasion.

"Never mind, Robin," said Jean; "I can put the candy into my pocket without any paper. The twins and Traddles won't mind."

"The candy! You're always thinking about candy!" said Robin, with an impatience at which Jean was surprised, and justly offended. "Just one more try, Thanny!"

And Thanny, with Robin clinging desperately to his

legs, thrust out once more the long oar with which the *Flying Scud* was propelled when the wind failed her utterly, and triumphantly drew in the little ball of crumpled paper which Julia Hallett had thrown into the water.

"I should like to know of what use it is, all soaked with salt water?" said Jean.

"Let me have it, Jean! I want to see what is written on it," said Robin.

"I didn't know you had such a bump of curiosity," said Martha Hallett. "Open it carefully or it will tear. You can scarcely read a word. It's only a prescription, anyway. 'Oxide' of something, and 'silicate'; what does that mean?"

Robin slipped the wet and crumpled paper into her pocket. The queer words might mean something to Ken, or even join some broken links of poor Dave's memory.

The wind arose suddenly—in obedience to their persistent whistling, the Hallett girls declared—and the *Flying Scud*, in spite of her clumsiness, made such good speed that they reached Quansett as the first of the village lights began to gleam through the dusk. Miss Ferris had telegraphed from Kingstown for the carriage to meet them there, and they found it waiting; and Julia insisted, in spite of Annette's scowls, in stowing Dave and her into it, saying they could set them down at home without going out of their way.

"Old Granny Nickerson died last night," said Cap'n Saul, as he came on board again from the wharf. "She had another stroke, and just flickered out like a candle; so Jim Gross said."

"And I saw her only yesterday morning, and she was so lively," said Jean. "But she looked as if a breath would blow her away."

"A fellow wouldn't want to live as long as Granny Nickerson did unless he had better luck than I have," said Ken, dejectedly.

"There ain't no such thing as luck, commonly speakin'. Stiddy day's work, and there you be," said Cap'n Saul.

"If Cap'n Saul could only convince Ken of the truth of his thrifty maxims he might give up foolish schemes that hindered him from his duty, and were sure to end in disappointment," thought Robin. She almost wished that she had let the paper be lost; and yet she told him, as they climbed the bluffs, what it might mean to him.

Ken listened, breathing heavily with excitement. "Why didn't you tell me? I would have staid and carried it back to the apothecary if it wasn't all plain!" he cried. "It isn't likely that any other boy would have bought stuff so queer that the apothecary would write it down. Give me the paper, quick, Robin!"

"Wait until we get into the house, Ken. I'm afraid of tearing it more. It's carefully folded at the very bottom of my pocket," said Robin. "Don't think too much about it, Ken; there are so few words."

"Well, our ship has come in," cried Robin, cheerfully, as they entered the house. There was one thing always to be done—to make things cheerful at home. "We thought we should be becalmed, but—"

"Robin dear, you have heard?" exclaimed her mother, coming to meet them at the door, and clasping Robin in her arms. "Dear old Granny Nickerson—"

"But she was so old, mamma, and it was peaceful," stammered Robin, who, not having been acquainted with Granny Nickerson, could not feel any of the grief which she thought was making her mother hysterical.

"Oh, my dear, it isn't that. One cannot mourn; your father says one need not mourn," said her mother. "But she has remembered you."

"Remembered me? Why, I hardly ever saw her!" cried Robin.

"Remembered you handsomely, darling, though—though not perhaps altogether as we could wish, since she has bequeathed to you Adam, her long-tailed monkey, and Banquo, her white cat, as well as her cranberry meadow."

"Her cranberry meadow to Robin! Why, it's worth two thousand dollars!" cried Ken. "And there's going to be a tremendous crop this year. Why to Robin?"

"She seems to have discovered in some way that Robin was fond of animals, and she wished her pets to be well taken care of. She had bequeathed them and the cranberry meadow to several other people and then destroyed the wills, she was so anxious. The last will was drawn up and signed only yesterday forenoon. Lawyer Chase said he was afraid that the excitement caused the stroke. But since she had had two, it was likely to come at any time."

"The clove lozenges! How queerly things happen!" cried Jean. "It was all the clove lozenges. That's what she meant to do when she said we should remember them as long as we lived."

"Clove lozenges?" repeated her mother, pressing her hand to her head. "My dears, what with long-tailed monkeys, and white cats, and cranberry meadows, and—and now clove lozenges, I am quite bewildered. And the dear children are so wild over the monkey that it's a little trying."

A shout from the direction of the study confirmed this statement, and Mrs. Dinsmore retreated.

"Oh, Wobin, papa turned us out, he's so tired. And he cwacks nuts wiv his teef. See him! see him!" cried Traddles, who was small for four, and not much larger than the queer wizened old monkey, who perched himself upon the newel-post and cracked nuts in his sharp little teeth with the air of being perfectly at home.

"Mr. Sears brought him and the nuts," explained Prim, the serious-minded twin, "and he isn't dangerous. You needn't be afraid, but I don't think Traddles ought to take him to bed, as she wants to."

"Oh, Robin, put some nuts in your pocket and see him grab them out. Papa did, but we don't dare to," said Posy.

Robin obligingly put a handful of the nuts into her pocket, and instantly the monkey's long lean arm was thrust down into the pocket, while he scolded in so funny and fascinating a way that the children were almost in convulsions. He made so energetic a grab that the nuts flew in every direction, and Prim picked up Robin's handkerchief in a far corner. It was great fun to see him gather up the scattered nuts, and screaming out angrily if the children attempted to touch one.

"He tried to get the handkerchief. I think he would have torn it to pieces. He wants everything," said Prim, returning quite pale from the corner, to which the monkey had followed her.

He had retired behind a hall settle to crack his nuts in peace.

"I must go and see papa," said Robin, breaking away from the group.

"Wait a minute, Robin. Give me that paper," said Ken. "I don't know how I could have forgotten that for a moment."

Robin thrust her hand into her pocket, into the very bottom where the folded paper had been, but there was nothing there except the handkerchief which Prim had restored to her.

Robin grew red and pale by turns. "The monkey! he must have taken everything out," she exclaimed. "Oh, why didn't I think? But it must be right here. Perhaps Prim picked it up with the handkerchief."

But Prim was sure that she had picked up nothing with the handkerchief.

Ken moved the settle, and routed the monkey from his retirement. There was no scrap of paper anywhere.

"Perhaps he chewed it up and swallowed it," suggest-



THE MONKEY'S LONG LEAN ARM WAS THRUST DOWN INTO THE POCKET.

ed Prim. "I think that was what he wanted to do with the handkerchief."

"He couldn't have done anything with it so soon. You lost it before you got home. You never took any care of it!" cried Ken, angrily. "Wasn't it enough for you to let it be thrown overboard, and never tell me anything about it? anything so precious as that. You *ought* to have understood, the very first thing. You would have if you would only have believed what a great thing it was that Dave and I were doing!"

"Oh, Ken, it *was* in my pocket! I felt it when we were coming up the bluffs! Oh, I wish I had given it to you then!"

"It's such a lot of good to wish now," sneered Ken. "To think of letting a monkey put his hand into your pocket when you had a fortune in it on a scrap of paper!"

"I was so surprised about Granny Nickerson's legacy, it drove everything out of my mind," said Robin.

Ken was preternaturally calm as he turned away. If he should slam the door when he reached his own room it would be almost a relief, thought Robin. Of course it was weak and unmanly to give way to temper like that; she had often on such occasions administered a sisterly reproof; but now there would be a crumb of comfort in seeing Ken so like himself as that. He did not do it, however; he walked deliberately up stairs, and shut his door in a most dignified manner.

"Now he will surely run away to sea," thought Robin. "The paper may be in some nook or cranny that we overlooked," she said to herself. "I am not sure that we looked under the little rug by the study door." She mustered courage to look over the baluster, and saw Ken, with a bit of paper in his hand; there was writing upon it, which he was trying, with frowning brows, to decipher. "Oh, Ken, you have found it!" she cried, joyfully.

"It's a piece of it! I found it right here by the outer door. I don't see how we could have overlooked it."

"Perhaps he stuck it into some crack, and it fell down," suggested Robin.

"It's small wonder that *you* should overlook anything," growled Ken, remembering, suddenly, that it was appropriate for him to be cross.

"Can you read it, Ken? Can you tell what it means?"

"*You* come here," said Ken.

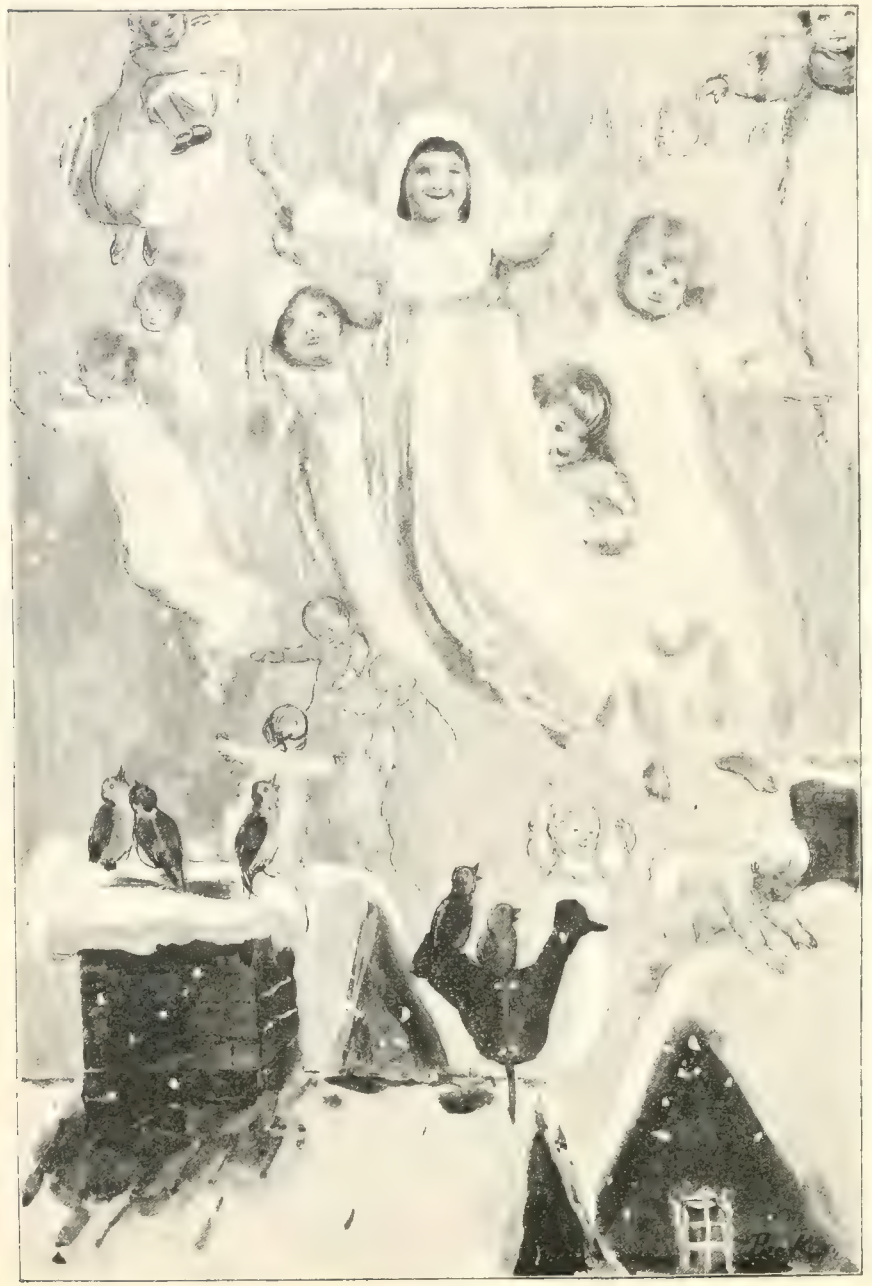
Robin looked over his shoulder. "4 Teckin oni moame, 50 cts.," she read, slowly, aloud. "I don't know what it means," she said; "but then, I shouldn't, of course. I suppose it's some coloring matter for gl—"

"'Sh-h-h! Do try to remember that it's a great secret!" said Ken.

"I didn't see that on it yesterday," said Robin. "It doesn't look like the same—"

And then a light flashed upon her—the meaning of those mysterious words! But should she tell Ken?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SNOWFLAKES.



RAIN-DROPS.

APRIL WEATHER.—Drawn by Otto W. Beck.

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

III.—THE RISE AND FALL OF JOHN COMPANY.

THERE is perhaps more of the poet's fancy than actual fact about some of the lines in our familiar missionary hymn which makes "India's coral strand" rhyme with "Afric's golden sand," but the reference to the spicy breezes that "blow soft from Ceylon's isle" is correct enough, and it was probably the pleasant scent of those very breezes which first called attention to the great and wonderful land of India.

Portugal was the first European nation to open up trade with India on her own account, her intrepid navigator Vasco da Gama having in 1494 found an all-sea route thither around that formidable and stormy promontory which Diaz eight years before had prophetically called the Cape of Good Hope.

For some time the Portuguese navy rode triumphant in every part of the Indian Ocean; the treasury of the court at Lisbon was enriched by the tribute of many Indian Princes and the monopoly of a most profitable commerce. During this period the history of the Portuguese presents a series of events without a parallel in the annals of fact, and scarcely surpassed by the wildest fiction. All the talents and virtues which ennoble the discoverer—courage, coolness, patience, and loyalty—were displayed in the winning of their empire; all the vices of conquerors inflamed by avarice and fanaticism disgraced them after its establishment.

But they were not left very long alone in this lucrative field. In 1594 the Dutch sent their vessels around the Cape of Good Hope to secure a share of the profitable traffic in Asiatic luxuries, and with such good success that before many years not only was the bulk of the business in their hands, but also territorial possessions more extensive than those held by their rivals, who, after a hard fight to keep them out, gave up the struggle as hopeless, and resigned themselves to the situation.

The next claimant for the right to make money out of India was Great Britain, or rather an association of British merchants. They got the idea from the renowned Sir Francis Drake, who visited the East Indies in the course of his remarkable voyage round the world, and brought back such glowing accounts of these little-known regions that in the year 1600 "good Queen Bess" was moved to grant a charter of incorporation to "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies." This charter, like others of that time, was exclusive, prohibiting all other Englishmen from trading within the space included between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn—*i.e.*, the whole of the Indian and Pacific oceans; a monopoly that the company continued to enjoy until 1813, when the Indian trade was thrown open to all. Thus began the famous East India Company, popularly known as "John Company," which, starting with a small settlement in Surat, obtained by the grace of a native ruler, grew and prospered through two centuries and a half of varied and romantic experiences, during which it decided the fate of Rajahs, Kings, and Emperors, putting down one and setting up another, and drew under its direct rule no less than 100,000,000 of people, with 70,000,000 more under allied sovereigns more or less subservient to its influence.

To make clear how all this was accomplished would, of course, require a big book. Only a mere outline can be given in this article. The first expedition sent out by the company consisted of five small ships under command of Captain James Lancaster. They were laden with cloth, glass, cutlery, lead, and tin, and the profits of the undertaking were so satisfactory that other and larger fleets followed in quick succession. Some idea of these profits may be gained from the fact that a cargo of cloves, which cost the company only £3000 in Amboyna, realized in London the magnificent sum of £36,000.

Not all the transactions, to be sure, proved quite such bonanzas as this one, nor was the English company permitted to have its own way without let or hinderance. The Portuguese did not at all like the idea of a fresh rival in the field, of which they had once been sole masters, to their great profit, and they were disposed to be very troublesome, until the company's fleet, under Captain Best, gave a decisive beating to a much superior Portuguese force off the port of Swally, in 1615. This victory served a double purpose. It disposed of the Portuguese, and it produced a profound impression upon the natives, who had hitherto believed them to be invincible, and thereby made matters much easier for the Englishmen in future.

The Dutch had next to be reckoned with. They too were strongly opposed to British competition, and did everything in their power to thwart the company's designs, even going so far as to massacre the members of the settlement at Amboyna in the year 1622. But in spite of all opposition from either European competitors or hostile natives the British persevered, and bit by bit their power and possessions grew.

Their plan was first to obtain permission to plant a trading station, or "factory," as it was called. Presently the factory developed into a fort, the fort into a fortified town, and so on until it became the capital of an extensive district. In this way Madras, Calcutta, and other cities of renown had their beginning.

Some of the incidents of those early days are worth noting. Thus the demand for ships was so great that the ship-building yard at Deptford was unable to meet it, and another yard had to be obtained at Blackwall, in which was built the *Royal George*, of 1200 tons, the largest vessel hitherto constructed in England. In the year 1645 the Emperor Shah Jehan showed his gratitude for the services Surgeon Boughton of the *Hopewell* rendered the beauties of his zenana by granting important concessions to the company; and in 1668 King Charles II., for an annual rent of ten pounds, transferred to them Bombay, which had come to the British crown as part of the dower of Catherine of Braganza.

With the Portuguese and the Dutch out of the way, the company for a time had plain sailing, until their rapidly growing wealth attracted the attention of the native rulers, and they found that in order to resist their increasing extortions they must needs set up a regular army and naval establishment—in fact, that while continuing to be traders, they must also be chiefs and conquerors.

Then began a new era in the company's history. During the following century and a half there were few years free from wars or rumors of wars. Brilliant successes and disheartening reverses alternately rejoiced and saddened the hearts of the shareholders and stirred the pulses of the English people. The period is illuminated by the fame of great commanders, wise statesmen, and admirable administrators—the names of Warren Hastings, Robert Clive, and Sir Eyre Cook; of the Marquises of Cornwallis, Wellesley, and Hastings; of Generals Holt, Napier, and Pollock—with others hardly less noteworthy from a roll of heroes scarce to be equalled in the history of any other land.

Above them all, the names of Clive and Hastings stand pre-eminent for the romance of their careers. That of the former, indeed, was no less pathetic than romantic. The son of a small land-owner in England, Clive seemed to be such an idle scapegrace of a boy that his friends were glad to get rid of him by despatching him to Madras as a clerk in the service of John Company. Poor of pocket and shy of disposition, detesting the dry drudgery of the desk and haunted by homesickness, he twice at-

tempted suicide, and it was only on the second failure that he flung down the defective pistol with a conviction that destiny had better things in store for him. His opportunity came a few years later, when, having resigned his clerkship for a commission in the company's army, he came forward with a daring scheme for the relief of Trichinopoly, then besieged by the French and their Indian allies. His scheme was accepted, and proved a brilliant success. He twice defeated the French and their Indian allies, foiled every effort of the dashing Dupleix, and razed to the ground a pompous pillar that the too sanguine French Governor had set up in honor of his earlier victories.

The defence of Arcot for fifty days with 320 men all told, against a besieging force numbering no less than 7500, which finally retired in disorder; the marvellous victory of Plassey, when, to wreak vengeance upon Surajah Dowlah for the awful crime of the Black Hole of Calcutta, he attacked him with only 3000 infantry against 50,000 foot and 14,000 horse, and sent the whole vast army in headlong rout before him, losing only 23 killed in the action—these and similar astonishing exploits raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame, and proved that Pitt had not spoken too strongly in calling him a "heaven-born general."

But, alas! the clouds that had shadowed his early days reappeared in the very zenith of his career. Returning to England broken in health by his mighty exertions, he was met by false and cruel charges of abuse of power and extortion. He personally refuted these accusations, but took them so keenly to heart that in a fit of deep melancholy he died by his own hands in November, 1774, when he had just completed his forty-ninth year.

Warren Hastings, whose name and fame are inseparably associated with Robert Clive's, had an equally unpromising start in life. His chance came when he obtained a seat in the Calcutta Council in the year 1761. If Clive was the ideal commander for those troublous times, Hastings was the ideal statesman and administrator. What the one gained by astounding daring and strategy, the other retained by strong and sagacious statecraft; and as if to complete the parallel, Hastings on his return to England was assailed, as Clive had been, with a startling array of charges based upon his administration of affairs in India. Burke and Sheridan exhausted the resources of their oratory in denouncing this conduct.

The House of Commons sustained the charges. He was consequently impeached before the House of Lords. But after a memorable trial that lasted more than *seven years* he was honorably acquitted by that august tribunal, and retired to a life of well-earned ease and dignity for nearly a quarter of a century in Daylesford, the original home of his family, which, when a boy, he had vowed he would recover before he died.

The work of conquest and consolidation so well begun by Clive and Hastings was steadfastly carried on in the face of difficulties and set-backs by their successors in council and in the field, some of whose names were a little while ago mentioned. The Mysore wars, the Mahratta campaign, the great battle of Assaye, when General Wellesley (who afterwards became the Duke of Wellington), with only 4500 men defeated a Mahratta force of 30,000 foot and 20,000 horse, the capture of the imperial city of Delhi by General Lake, the conquest of the warlike Goorkhas, the bringing to terms of the fierce Afghans, the crushing of the Sikhs—what wonderful feats of arms these were!

And all this was done by the servants of a corporation, not of a King or Emperor. Again and again, in spite of strong opposition, was the charter of the company renewed. The last renewal would have carried it on until 1873. But in 1857 broke out the sepoy rebellion, with all its appalling consequences. The company was unequal to the task of coping with it. The limit of its power had been reached. To save India to the British crown it was necessary that the British government should assume the charge of this vast empire. Accordingly, in the following year this was effected, and the long and romantic career of John Company came to an end.

For more than two centuries this remarkable organization had filled a place in human history no other company ever approached. For a whole century it had ruled an empire of its own worthy to be ranked among the great empires of the world. And besides paying fine dividends to its shareholders, what had it done for its subjects?

Among many benefits conferred upon them were these: the security of person and property from the cruelty and rapacity of tyrannous rulers, the establishment of civil and religious liberty; the abolition of slavery, widow-burning, thuggism, and infanticide; the building of roads and bridges connecting the different parts of the country; the introduction of the steamboat and the railroad, and of those twin agencies in promoting civilization and uplifting mankind, the printing-press and the Bible.

A glorious record truly; and if there be some spots upon the sun, let it not be forgotten that but for the East India Company the great Empire of India might be to-day no higher in the scale of civilization than Persia or Afghanistan. Taking it all in all, John Company deserves to be considered the savior of India.



UNDER THE WEEPING-WILLOW.

Said a rosy little maid
To a man within the shade
Of a graceful weeping-willow by the way,
"Kind sir, will you please tell
Why you hold your umberel
O'er your head upon so fine a summer day?"

"Little lass," the man replied,
"While it cannot be denied
That the day is very fine, as you have said,
Yet you cannot fail to see
That beneath a *weeping* tree
One must keep the *tears* from falling on one's head!"

A CAPTIVE KING;

OR, THE HOSTAGE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

II. A PRISONER IN A PALACE.

LIFE at the Tuileries was indeed a contrast to the pleasant parks and palaces at Versailles, and at first the Dauphin found it very difficult to accustom himself to such a dismal place. The day after his arrival, hearing some noise in the garden, he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying, "Is to-day to be the same as yesterday?" Alas! there were plenty of occurrences to terrify a child; but the Prince and Princess soon resumed their lessons. They had their regular occupations, and it was the Dauphin who imparted a little life and gayety to the sombre surroundings.

They had been in the Tuileries but a short time when one day, seeing M. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, the boy ran to him, saying, "What is it you do to papa and mamma? Everybody weeps here."

Another time he asked M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which was in the Royal Library. M. Bailly asked him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal. Without hesitation came the reply, "I like best the one who defended his country."

The Abbe d'Avaux was the tutor, and taught his pupil geography, writing, arithmetic, and botany. The boy also took lessons in dancing, and learned to play tennis. He was occasionally permitted to dine out with his governess, and once a week he was taken to visit a lady who had a large garden, where he could run about and play with other children. The time soon arrived for his sister to take her first communion. The day before, the thoughtful little boy said to Madame de Tourzel: "I am very sorry I have not my garden. I should have gathered for my mamma and my sister to-morrow two beautiful bouquets."

Perhaps it was on account of this remark that a little plot of ground at the end of the terrace was set aside for the child. He was delighted with his new possession, and was permitted to pass three hours a day cultivating his flowers and feeding the birds and rabbits. A detachment of the National Guard always accompanied him, and he was well pleased with his escort. He wore their uniform, and was taught the use of a diminutive musket; but a beautiful sword with an agate handle and a silver hilt set with emeralds was his greatest treasure.

Before leaving the palace to go to his garden he frequently went through a short drill. One day, just as he had finished and was starting off, the officer on duty said to him, "Monseigneur, as you are going out surrender your musket!"

All the martial spirit of a long line of Kings arose within the Dauphin's breast, and he peremptorily refused. Madame de Tourzel reproved him.

"If the gentleman had said 'Give me your musket,' that I would have done," answered the little soldier. "But surrender it!"

He attracted a great deal of attention when he was at work in his favorite spot, and when there were not too many spectators he would invite them to enter. Once when there was a large crowd he turned to them, saying: "Excuse me, gentlemen. I am sorry that my garden is so small, since it deprives me of the pleasure of receiving all of you." He then, with graceful gestures and winning smiles, presented flowers to those who approached.

One day a woman entered the enclosure, and presented a petition, saying, "Your Royal Highness, if I could obtain the favor I seek I should be as happy as a Queen."

The child took the paper, raised his eyes with a mournful expression, and replied: "Happy as a Queen? I know a Queen who is very good, and yet she weeps the whole day long."

This same garden where the son of Louis XVI. held his little court was afterward the play-ground of three other sons of Kings, not one of whom ever sat upon his father's throne. They were Napoleon II., the Duc de Bordeaux, and the Comte de Paris.

About this time there had been formed a regiment of boys called the "Royal Dauphin." Our little Prince was chosen Colonel, and all wore the uniform of the National Guard. At first there were only about two hundred members, but the numbers increased daily till there was quite an army of boys, all in tiny white gaiters and three-cornered hats.

Twice a week the "Royal Dauphin" formed in front of a certain house, and with drums beating marched from there to the top of the Faubourg St. Denis, where they were drilled by a regular military instructor. After two hours' exercise they marched back, and dispersed to their homes.

The "Royal Dauphin" was now permitted three posts of honor—the palace, the Mayor's hotel, and the house of the Commander in-chief. When the young soldiers defiled before the Tuileries, they always received marks of approval from the royal family. The King would salute their flag, and the Dauphin expressed great delight with his comrades. But in those days popular sentiment in Paris was ever changing, and soon the children's brigade was ridiculed, the revolutionists calling it the "Royal Bonbon."

When war's alarms again disturbed the peace, the children were fired with the same military spirit as their parents. The "Royal Dauphin" not only paraded the streets side by side with the National Guard, but its little sentry-box stood by the big sentry-box, and finally the boys asked to have passwords, like their parents.

This request was denied. The regiment took part in the funeral ceremonies over Mirabeau, but that was its last public appearance. As M. Beauchesne has said, "The tragedies in the streets were becoming too serious to allow children to take a share in them."

In the spring of 1790 the King and family enjoyed a brief period of happiness at St. Cloud. The children were delighted to be where they could pass their time in the open air. Then followed a grand convocation in Paris, called the Festival of the Federation. Louis XVI. took the oath to a new constitution, and the Queen, who was in a gallery, lifted the Dauphin in her arms and showed him to the people. It is said "the child instinctively raised his hands as if to invoke the blessing of Heaven." "Long live the King!" "Long live the Queen!" "Long live the Dauphin!"

One would have thought that peace was established, but all this while anarchy was spreading; the King was a King in name only. The next time he attempted to set out for St. Cloud a body of soldiers rushed upon the royal family as they sat in their carriage. Muskets were brandished, and the people said the King should not proceed. Lafayette cried, "The King shall go, though I employ force." No authority was respected. "Hold your tongue," cried one of the mob, "the King shall not go." Neither did he. The weeping children were carried back to the palace; the King was a prisoner in the home of his ancestors.

Existence now became so miserable that the royal party at last resolved to make an effort to escape. Preparations were kept as secret as possible: not even the children were told. The plan was to go to Montmédy, a fortified town under the command of General de Bouillé, a stanch royalist, who, like Lafayette, had distinguished himself in the American war.

It was a desperate undertaking. There were six hun-

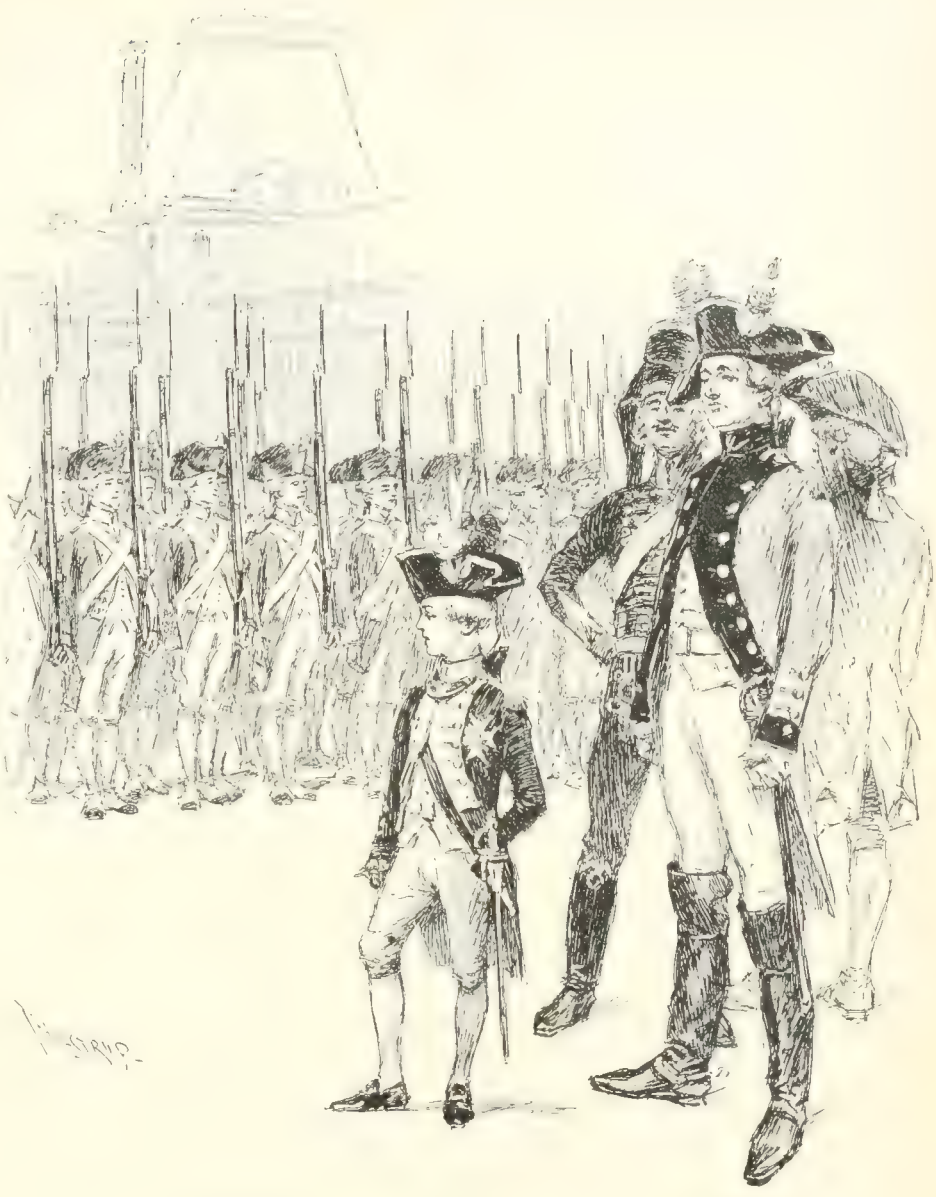
dred National Guards on duty at the palace. Sentinels were everywhere watching day and night; some slept before the doors of the bedchambers. In the daytime the officers in command would pretend they were only paying the homage due to royalty; but the King and Queen well knew it would be impossible to escape by day.

Marie Antoinette had discovered a door hidden by a piece of furniture. Through this they could gain access to each other's rooms, and could also make an exit into the court-yard.

At last the appointed time arrived; the family retired as usual. As soon as the servants left them, the King, the Queen, and the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth, arose and dressed. The Queen aroused the sleeping children. "Awake," she said, softly, to the Dauphin, "awake; you are going to a place of war, where you will command your regiment!"

The boy immediately sprang up, crying, "Give me my sabre and my boots, and let us go." Alas! he had to be dressed as a little girl, and he said to his sister, "I think we are going to play a comedy, because we are all disguised."

He was wrapped in a shawl and placed at the bottom of a carriage, where his aunt, on entering, accidentally stepped upon him. He had been told he must be quiet, so he uttered never a word.



A REGIMENT OF BOYS CALLED THE "ROYAL DAUPHIN."

At last they all reached the outskirts of the city, and established themselves in an enormous travelling coach drawn by six horses. Madame de Tourzel was with them.

The first part of the journey was successfully accomplished, but it was the 20th of June, the shortest night of the year, and morning soon dawned. They met with few adventures till, at one of the stages where the horses were to be changed, the King was recognized by a man named Drouet, a violent revolutionist. He mounted a horse, and galloped on in advance of the fugitives. It was midnight when they reached Varennes, the last station before Montmédy. Drouet was there before them. He aroused the authorities. The horses were not ready. The alarm-bell began to ring. All Varennes arose and came forth. The King showed the passports provided for him; he was recognized by several people. The family entered a grocer's shop. Some one in the crowd declared he knew the King and family. The Queen spoke up sharply, "Well, since you recognize him, treat him with the respect that is his due."

A few loyal soldiers arrived, and it was proposed that the King should mount a horse and force his way through the crowd. Louis hesitated; he waited for Bouillé; meanwhile the children slept.

"To Paris! to Paris!" shouted the crowd beneath the windows. Two of Lafayette's aids came dashing into the town. They brought a decree from the National Assembly ordering the arrest of the royal family.

The King snatched the paper they presented, and, after reading it, exclaimed, "There is no longer a King in France." It fell on the couch where the children were reposing. The Queen picked it up, saying, "It would soil my children's bed."

The little ones were awakened. The Dauphin's eyes were heavy with sleep. He looked inquiringly at his mother, while those about him admired his beauty and asked him questions about his journey. His sister whispered, "Oh, Charles, you were mistaken; this is no comedy."

"I discovered that long ago," he sadly replied.

His mother took him in her arms, and carried him through the crowd to the carriage. By eight o'clock the royal family were posting back to Paris.

Throngs of people collected at every town. Shops

were closed; every one was in a state of excitement. When they stopped to change horses they were frequently insulted. Some members of the National Assembly were sent to meet them. One of them, named Barnave, entered the carriage containing the King's family. His heart filled with pity at their sorrowful plight. He took the Dauphin on his knee. "Are you not sorry to return to Paris?" he asked.

"No, I am glad to be anywhere with papa, mamma, my aunt, and sister, and Madame de Tourzel," was the sweet reply.

"It is indeed a mournful journey for my children," said the King. "How different from that to Cherbourg!"

The little boy leaned over, took his father's hand and kissed it. The King pressed him to his heart, calling him as of old in happier days, "My dear little Norman!"

"Do not be sad, papa," said the child, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Some other time we'll go to Cherbourg."

At one house where they stopped to dine they were treated with civility. The Queen, on leaving, said to her son, "Will you not thank the lady who has been kind to us here, and tell her I shall not forget her?"

"Mamma thanks you for the kindness you have shown us," he exclaimed, "and I love you for having pleased mamma."

At last they entered Paris; thousands upon thousands of people lined the streets. Clouds of dust nearly suffocated the travellers. Notices were put up in conspicuous places, "Whoever cheers the King will be flogged; whoever insults him will be hanged." No one dared to cheer, but insults were frequent.

At the entrance to the Tuileries the body guard was attacked. A struggle followed. M. Huë, one of the King's attendants, was at the gate when the carriage arrived. He reached out to take the Dauphin, but an officer of the Guard seized the boy, carried him into the palace, and placed him on a table in the Council Chamber. The Queen, alarmed for the safety of her child, was the last to enter. The gates closed behind her. They were prisoners indeed.

A guard was placed about the Tuileries, two soldiers were installed in the Dauphin's room. When he was in bed he called M. Huë, and inquired: "What does it all mean? As soon as we reached Varennes they sent us back again. I cannot tell why; can you?"

As the officers were present, M. Huë was obliged to caution the Prince not to speak to any one of the unfortunate journey. The next morning the child said he had had a frightful dream. He thought he was surrounded by wolves, tigers, and wild beasts who wished to devour him.

Another year was passed in the palace of the Tuileries. The family was under constant scrutiny, and every precaution was taken to prevent a second escape.

After a time the Queen was permitted to walk with the Dauphin in the garden. "Mamma," he would exclaim, as he danced about in delight, "how I pity the people who are always kept in-doors."

He was very fond of La Fontaine's fables, and he often quoted them most opportunely. Once while watching some birds he stumbled and fell. Quickly rising, he laughingly said, "I am as bad as the astrologer,

> "'Un Astrologue un jour se laissa choir
> Au fond d'un puits. On lui dit: Pauvre bête,
> Tandis qu'à peine à tes yeux il peut voir,
> Penses-tu lire au dessus de ta tête?'"

On another occasion he came in very hungry from a long walk. For some reason the meal was delayed and the attendant reprimanded. "Don't scold," said the boy; "that will not help me to eat any sooner."

> "Patience et longueur de temps
> Font plus que force ni que rage."

The children's studies were resumed, and the good Abbé d'Avaux was again their tutor. At their first reunion the teacher called the Prince's attention to their last lesson, which was on the three degrees of comparison.

"I suppose you have forgotten all about them," he remarked.

"Not I," replied the boy. "Listen! When I say my Abbé is a good Abbé, that is the positive degree. The comparative is when I say my Abbé is better than another Abbé; but when I say my mamma is the best and dearest of all mammas, that is the superlative!" and his mother, who was present, clasped him in her arms, while her eyes filled with tears.

One day the Queen was permitted to visit, with her son, the picture gallery in the Louvre. They arrived at an hour when several artists were there copying the great masters. The child's beauty and winning manners greatly interested all present, and M. Bertrand de Molleville has given the following little anecdote of the occurrence.

"While the Queen was speaking, the little Dauphin, a boy beautiful as an angel, was singing and jumping about the room, with a little wooden sword in one hand and a shield in the other. An attendant came to fetch him to supper, and in two bounds he was at the door.

"'My dear,' said the Queen, 'are you going without bidding adieu to M. Bertrand?'

"'Oh, mamma,' replied the charming child as he skipped away, 'M. Bertrand is quite one of our friends. Good-night, Monsieur Bertrand.'

"'Is he not a fine little fellow?' said the Queen. 'It is fortunate for him he is so young. He cannot grieve as we do, and his gayety is a consolation to us.'"

If he did not understand the troubles, he learned to be very discreet.

One evening they were playing games in the rooms of the governess. The Dauphin asked his tutor to think of something new, and the Abbé proposed that each should tell a story. When the boy's turn came, he related a very remarkable incident connected with the events of the revolution.

The governess was astonished, and said, "Who told you that story?"

The child noticed her surprise, and saw also that his tutor looked grave and displeased. Fearing he might cause trouble to the person who first told it, the little Prince answered, "Madame, Monsieur the Abbé arranged that each should tell a story, but it was not in the game that one should declare where he learned it."

One of his favorite books was the *Adventures of Telemachus*. It is narrated that when the Cretans were to choose a King, the candidates, among other things, must answer three questions. One of them was, "Who is the unhappiest of all men?"

When the Abbé read this passage, he was interrupted by the Prince, who exclaimed: "Let me, Monsieur l'Abbé, answer the question as if I were Telemachus. The most unhappy of all men is a King who has the affliction to see his people disobey the laws."

Another time he was in his mother's apartment, and seeing the Abbé approaching, he begged the Queen to help him on with his little suit of armor, saying, "I wish to surprise the Abbé."

"Well, now that you are armed," said his mamma, "how shall I announce you?"

"Say, if you please, it is the Chevalier Bayard on his return from Marignan."

The Abbé was greatly amused, and asked the child why he chose the name Bayard.

"Because, like him, I wish to be without fear and without reproach."

A few days after this a toy lantern was given to him. This he lighted and carried about the room, pretending to be seeking for something. After various turnings, he came up to the Abbé, and taking his hand, said, "I am more fortunate than Diogenes. I have found a man and a good friend."

For a time, owing to political changes, the family enjoyed a little more freedom. The Queen was allowed to take her children to the Opera, and the little Prince, happy and radiant, attracted all eyes. It is said "the people became gentle and compassionate as they looked on the family that had been so severely tried." At all events, the Dauphin beheld for almost the first time a crowd of people not in open revolt.

The tranquillity did not last long. It was the lull that preceded the storm; the revolution was soon to break forth again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INTERESTING BEGGAR.

ONE afternoon, while strolling along the Calle Ancha in Cadiz, I met several acquaintances at the corner of that street and the Plaza Constitucion. We stopped for a friendly chat, and were about to separate, when my attention was attracted to a handsome French poodle-dog at my side, seated on his haunches, and looking up in my face. His comical little countenance expressed so much intelligence that I stooped and patted him on the head, when he commenced barking and violently working his fore legs, after the manner of dogs who have been taught "to beg."

"What can he wish?" said I. "Surely not my cigar?"

But having seen dogs who were fond of tobacco, I held my cigar towards him. As soon as he smelt it he snorted and bounded away, only to return immediately and resume his previous position.

I was now puzzled, but seeing several beggars in the neighborhood, concluded that he belonged to one of them, and desired a piece of money. Taking a large "copper" from my pocket, I held it before his eyes. So great were his manifestations of delight that I was certain I had divined his wants. I threw the money to him, which he caught in his mouth, and running across the street, disappeared into a bakery. To our astonishment, he emerged from the shop in a few moments, bearing in his mouth a neatly wrapped bundle. One of my friends tried to take it from him, but he would not allow this, and insisted on placing it at my feet. I picked it up, removed the wrapper, and found a large bun dusted with sugar. This he ate with great relish. We remained for a while to see if he would besiege another passer-by; but no, he had had enough for the present, and coiling himself up in the doorway, settled down for a quiet nap. This exhibition of intelligence I think worthy of note, and particularly so for the reason that the dog was apparently acting independently, there being no one near to prompt or direct him.

ELECTRIC SPARKS AND GAS-LIGHTING.

HOW does it come about that an electric spark lights the gas, and why does the coil give a spark?

First, let us ask why a match takes fire when we strike it. The "head" is made up of a mixture of phosphorus and sulphur with some other lively chemicals. These two elements have a very strong tendency to unite with the oxygen in the other chemicals of the match head and in the air; or, as the chemists say, they have a strong affinity for oxygen. But observe, the union does not take place at ordinary temperatures. The affinity only comes into play when a certain degree of heat is reached. This is known as the kindling temperature, and the union itself is what we commonly call burning. When we strike a match against a rough surface, the friction makes heat, the kindling temperature is reached, and the match head inflames.

Now, our illuminating gas is made up for the most part of two elements, carbon and hydrogen, both of which also have a strong affinity for oxygen. But, like the phosphorus and sulphur, they will only unite with it when their kindling temperature is reached. In lighting the gas with a match, all we do is to heat the gas up to this point. But we may light it just as well by any other means that will give the required heat. A piece of red-hot wire will do it. The electric spark will do it. There is very little heat in the spark itself, but then we need very little. It is degree of heat that we want, not quantity. If we can make one tiny particle of hydrogen hot enough to unite with oxygen, it will heat up its neighboring particles, and so the flame spreads in an instant.

To understand why the spark coil makes a spark, we must remember its construction. We have several pounds of wire, that is, several hundred feet, wound around a soft iron core. When a current passes through the wire, the core becomes a strong magnet. When the current is broken, the core ceases to be a magnet. At the same instant a strong current is momentarily induced in the coil. It is known as the "extra current," and is strong enough to jump through the air between the two little wires over the gas-burner, thus making a spark, and lighting the gas. A current of electricity is always induced in a wire when it is near a changing magnet, or near another wire in which a current is made or broken. The extra current in the spark coil is due to both of these causes, the magnetism of the core changes, and also, if we may so express it, the retreat of the original current along the turns of the coil induces secondary currents in the neighboring turns. Without the spark coil there would be no extra current, and consequently no spark.

Have I made all this clear? I hope so.

C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.

THAT most wonderful, most beautiful, and most sacred of all books, the Bible, exceeds all others in the extent of its circulation not only in numbers, but in point of territory over which its circulation extends. Translations of it have been made into almost every known language. The American Bible Society alone has printed it in the following tongues:

English, Welsh, French, French Basque (Pyrenees), Spanish, Catalan (eastern Spain), Portuguese, Norwegian (in German type), Arabic, Syriac (ancient), Syriac (modern), Arabic (Mesopotamia), Ebon (Marshall Islands), Kusaien (Strong's Island), Gilbert Islands, Ponape (Ascension Island), Swedish (in German type), Finnish (in German type), Dutch, German, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian (in Roman type), Italian, Bulgarian, Esthonian (Russia), Esthonian (Dorpsat), Armenian (ancient), Armenian (modern), Mayan (Yucatan), Mortlock, Hawaiian, Zulu, Benga (West Africa), Grebo (West Africa), Mpongwe (West Africa), Dikele (West Africa), Mohawk, Choctaw, Cherokee, Seneca, Dakota, Ojibway, Muskokee, Delaware, Nez Perces.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has, besides printing the books in the languages above-named, put forth editions in two hundred other tongues and dialects, including two dozen native African dialects, and including every nation in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia.

Everywhere in the world the Holy Writ is being sent. When Stanley made his tour of Central Africa, tons of volumes were to be found among his supplies, and the authorities quoted announce that thousands of copies are even now travelling on pack and on sledge through the frozen polar regions to people who have not only never heard of this book, but to whom books of any sort whatever are entirely unknown. It is estimated that in ninety years the Bible societies of America and abroad have distributed over 230,000,000 copies.

Here is the way the first verse of the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah appear when translated phonetically into the language of the Gilbert Islands, and set up in Roman type:

"E a tekateka kaña te kawa ni kamaroa, ae on irouia aomata!

"E a riki kaña n aine ae e mate buna!

"Neie kakanato i buakoia botanaomata, ae te toka i buakon aba aika burawinti.

"E a riki kaña n te tia añañab ai nakon te uea!"

In the Zulu Bible, of which a short while ago an edition of 6000 copies was printed, the first verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of the Second Chronicles, which in English reads thus:

"Ahaz was twenty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem; but he did not that which was right in the sight of the Lord, like David, his father;" becomes in Zuluese,

"Uahazi wa qala ukubusa e neminyaka e ngamashumi amabili, wa busa e Jerusalema iminyaka e ishumi nesitupa; kodwa a kenzanga okulungileyo emehlweni ka Jehova, njengo Davida uyise."



BOTH OF A KIND

THE TOY RABBIT ONLY ENJOYED THE APRIL-FOOL CANDY, AND THAT WAS BECAUSE IT WAS ALSO STUFFED WITH COTTON.

A BONY HORSE.

ARTHUR. "That poor horse is all worn out, isn't he, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Why do you think so?"

ARTHUR. "Because he is so threadbare."

A LOOPHOLE OF ESCAPE.

ANDREW. "Hurrah, mamma, I haven't got to take a bath to-day."

MAMMA. "Why haven't you?"

ANDREW. "Because the cake of soap is all worn out."

LAURIE told his father that the rector said all children in the Sunday-school who had not been already baptized, must bring their names to him, so that he could attend to the matter of their baptism.

"I was afraid maybe I hadn't been," he explained; "and I didn't want to tell him so."

"Why not?"

"Why, if I was baptized, what would my name be, then?"

WILLIE D. was given the word "gone," which he had missed in spelling, to write fifty times upon his slate. Before he had finished doing this, his mother was called away. When she returned, she found the slate awaiting her, with fifty gones on one side, and on the other, "I have gorn over to Tom's."

HIS MENTAL GRASP.

GEORGIE. "Auntie, what does irony mean?"

AUNTIE. "It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day."

GEORGIE. "I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony, 'Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake?'"

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



"I do not want to go to bed;
I will not go!" cried naughty Fred.
But it was growing very late;
The clock had long ago struck eight,
And so mamma, impatient grown,
Went off and left him there alone.
But hark! Creak, creak! upon the stair;
It was the Sand-man walking there.



In through the door he looked, and said,
"What! Frederick will not go to bed?"
In vain did Frederick kick and bawl,
The Sand-man would not heed at all;
He tumbled Fred into his sack,
And off he bore him on his back;
Away he went out through the door,
Away for many a mile and more.



At last the Sand-man, weary grown,
Sat down to rest upon a stone.
Then Frederick turned himself about,
And quick he whipped his jack-knife out;
Ke—scritchy—scritch! He cuts a slit
And softly clambers out of it.
All this the Sand-man has not known;
And now Fred brings a great round stone;



He softly slips it in the sack
That hangs upon the Sand-man's back.
Says clever Fred, "He will not see
He has a stone instead of me."
And now the Sand-man grunts and sighs,
And slowly he begins to rise.



And Frederick hears him sigh, "Alack,
How that boy thumps about my back!"
The stupid Sand-man never sees
Where Frederick crouches on his knees;
But there he hides, till out of sight
The old Sand-man has vanished quite.



But Fred, a thankful boy was he,
As home he hastened joyfully;
And ah his mother! with what joy
She welcomed home her little boy.
"Dear mother," cried repentant Fred,
"I *will* be good, and go to bed."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

SYLVANUS AND RUPERT.

BY H. C. MERWIN,

Author of "Road, Track, and Stable."

I.

ALMOST from the time that he was born it had been the ambition of Sylvanus Lambert, a farmer's son, to have a horse of his own. Every cent that he made or that was given to him he put away for this object, and when he reached his fifteenth year the fund was big enough for the purpose. One of the neighbors owned a fine chestnut colt, three years old, upon which Sylvanus had long kept an eye. At every spare moment he used to steal away and watch that colt in the pasture. He had made friends with it by little gifts of equine dainties, such as an apple, a carrot, or a lump of sugar; and whenever Sylvanus came in sight the colt would prick up his ears, neigh, and trot forward to meet his young friend. On his fifteenth birthday, then, Sylvanus, clutching a roll of bank-notes deep sunk in his trousers pocket, marched up to the neighbor's house, bought the colt, and led him home in triumph. A dozen times that evening the new owner went out to the barn to make sure that the colt was really there—a live colt, eating actual hay, and his own property. I need hardly say that he was the proudest, happiest boy for five hundred miles around. Sylvanus was bent upon having a box stall, but his father (who had agreed to provide food and bedding for the colt in return for such work as he could do on the farm) scoffed at the plan as unnecessary and expensive. *He* never kept a horse in a box stall in his life, and "he didn't believe in 'mollycoddling' horses, anyway." But Sylvanus had drunk in some new ideas. Every fall, when the County Fair was held, he studied the ways of the men who kept trotters, and he devoured every paper or book upon the subject of horses that he could find. Thus he had learned a good deal (the fact is, any man or boy, no matter what his situation, can learn anything that he has set his heart upon).

Well, Sylvanus knocked down a partition, made use of a little vacant space, and with his own hands built a snug box stall, eight feet by sixteen. Thus the colt could walk about, or lie down with all four legs straight out, as horses like to do. Sylvanus had no hay-rack, his plan being to feed the hay from the floor, which is the best method, but he put up a small wooden box for an oat manger. He also fixed on the wall over the manger a



little rack made of wooden slats to hold a lump of rock-salt. Thus the colt could take a lick at the salt whenever he needed it. If horses are given salt only once a week or so, they are apt to take a great deal. This makes them very thirsty, and then they are likely to drink too much water, and so get colic. Many fine horses have died of colic. Besides, the weekly feed of salt is very often forgotten, and the horse suffers for want of it.

The matter of bedding gave rise to another objection from the boy's father. Sylvanus wanted to have it under his colt all the time, day and night. In this he was right. The more a horse lies down, the better for his feet and legs, and if you give him the chance, he will soon form a habit of lying down in the day-time, as well as at night. Sylvanus made another change in the old customs; he laid some planks on the ground, at the southerly side of the barn, and on fair days he put the bedding there to dry. Thus he economized the straw. In fact, they found that a bale of straw would last the boy's horse as long as it would last one of the other horses. The other horses were bedded only at night, and were given so little that it got very dirty, and had to be thrown away the next morning. But the chestnut colt had a deep, soft bed, which, being dried, could be used several times. The farmer made another discovery that winter. Sylvanus blanketed his colt; on an extra cold night he gave him two thick blankets. The other horses had no blankets. How, then, did they keep warm? Why, by burning more fuel inside of them; that is, by eating more hay. There was a cold snap that winter which lasted two weeks. Mr. Lambert had scales in the barn, and the hay given to each horse was weighed. During that cold snap Mr. Lambert's horses ate one-third more than usual. They made a big hole in the hay-mow, whereas the boy's colt, being kept warm by his blankets, ate no more than at other times, and of course he was more comfortable, and looked sleeker for being blanketed.

In the spring there came a long, cold, wet spell. The roads were very muddy. Most of the horses in the neighborhood suffered from mud fever or "scratches" in their legs and feet; but the chestnut colt escaped this. Why? Because Sylvanus took pains to dry his legs when he came in. He first rubbed them with straw, and then put on flannel or woollen bandages, which he made himself out of some old stuff that his mother gave him. As soon as the colt's legs were dry the bandages were taken off. The legs of a horse should never be washed, except in very hot weather, and then only when the horse is perfectly cool, as, for example, when he is groomed in the morning. Nothing could be more absurd than the old custom of washing the horse's legs when he came in hot from his work. Of course it chilled them; and the chill often produced swelling or mud fever or scratches.

Another thing: When the roads were wet and slushy, Sylvanus put a little vaseline, and once a week some glycerine, on the colt's heels, to prevent them from chapping. "Scratches" is a kind of chapping. Also, when the colt came in wet, Sylvanus would put two thick blankets on him. In such a case (though you would not expect it) the water goes to the top blanket. After a while you can take that off; it will be very wet, but the other blanket and the horse will be perfectly dry.

At least once a week through the winter, and more often twice a week, Sylvanus gave his colt a bran mash. A bran mash is made as follows: you put six quarts of bran in a pail, pour on boiling water, stir the mixture, and cover it with a cloth, or otherwise, so as to let it steam and cook for about twenty minutes. Then you give it to the horse, warm in winter, cold in summer. A bran mash tends to keep a horse healthy, especially when he is not doing much work; and it is an excellent thing after a long drive on a hot day. On cold nights a bran mash with a pint or quart of whole corn in it makes a good feed. In summer, grass takes the place of bran.

That winter the chestnut colt made himself useful in carrying the children to the district school, where he was kept, with several other horses, in a rough stable which the farmers had put up for the purpose. At the noon recess he had his oats and hay while the children ate their lunch, and they usually gave him an apple, sometimes even a piece of ginger-bread. It was astonishing how exactly he could tell the hour of twelve, when it was time for the children to come out and for him to be fed. There was no clock in the building, and the teacher's watch was very uncertain, but the colt always gave warning if school was not dismissed promptly at noon. About five minutes after twelve he would neigh several times; and then, if school still kept, he would rap the boards in front of him with his forefeet. "Please, ma'am, I hear that colt calling for his dinner," some scholar would say; and this was always accepted as positive proof of the hour.

II

In the spring, Sylvanus Lambert's chestnut colt (and, by-the-way, he named him Rupert) did a good deal of light work on the farm, and in early summer he drew a hay-rake over thirty or forty acres of mowing land. Thus he more than paid for his board. It had been the custom on the farm to groom the horses only once a week—on Sundays; but Sylvanus cleaned his colt always once, sometimes twice a day. It did not take long; about twenty minutes of hard work. Grooming is a very important thing for a horse. Even oxen if cleaned every day keep fatter and in better spirits than those which are neglected; and if this is true of oxen, still more is it true of horses. Sylvanus's manner of grooming was as follows: first, he went over the colt with a mane or "dandy" brush made of stiff bristles; then he did the same with the brush which accompanies a curry-comb, rubbing it round and round, and continually cleaning it with the curry-comb, but *never touching the horse with the curry-comb* (to do so makes dandruff, and injures the coat). Next, he rubbed the colt with a wisp of wet hay or straw, and finally he polished his coat with a cloth. It only remained to sponge the dock (where much dust collects), to clean his feet, washing the bottom of them, and to brush out his mane and tail. Sylvanus never overlooked the top of the head, the inside of the ears, the crevice between the jaws, the root of the mane, and other spots which lazy grooms neglect.

Well, the summer passed away, and October 1st approached—the opening day of the County Fair. At this fair or "cattle show" prizes were given for horses, cows, sheep, and in fact for all kinds of domestic animals. Sylvanus had taken a prize several times for his bantams, and once for a yoke of young steers, but this year he had far more important business on hand, for he had entered the colt in the class of "Gentlemen's Roadsters." In that class the prize was given to the horse best suited for pleasure-driving in a light wagon, so everything was taken into account—the looks and behavior of the horse, his walk, his trot, his shape, etc. Sylvanus was full of excitement about this competition, and all through September he was training the colt, teaching him to walk fast, and to trot fast without breaking, and getting him into good hard condition. He had also bought an old road-cart for ten dollars, and painted it himself. It did very well. The harness, too, was an old one, but the boy had washed and oiled it so nicely that it looked almost as good as new. At last the long-expected day arrived. The chestnut was groomed to perfection; Sylvanus wore his best clothes, and he drove the colt with an air which, in itself, added at least fifty dollars to the value of the turn-out.

In the class for "Gentlemen's Roadsters" there were six or eight horses entered, and some of these were faster and better bred than Rupert. Consequently Sylvanus did not feel very cheerful about the prize; he would have given ten years of his life to win it, but he hardly dared to hope.

And now the judges rang their bell, and the horses in the "Gentlemen's Roadster" class were summoned to the track to be judged. The bell rang again to secure attention, and then the chief judge cried in a loud voice, "Drive your horses once round the track at a WALK!" And they all started. Sylvanus had taken pains to make Rupert a fast walker, so at this gait he showed very well; whereas some of the horses would not walk at all, but insisted on trotting.

Again they drew up at the judges' stand; and now two or three of the horses were very restless and impatient, starting and backing, and altogether not acting like "gentlemen's road horses," which are supposed to have good manners. Sylvanus felt a bit encouraged. Then came the next trial. "Drive your horses once round the track at a SLOW TROT!" yelled the judge, as before. And now Rupert was at his best. He threw his fore legs with a round graceful action, kept his hind-quarters well under him, arched his neck, was obedient to the rein, wound in and out among the others (Sylvanus was shrewd enough to make that display), and altogether did as well as possible. When they pulled up at the judges' stand Sylvanus's face was aglow with hope and his legs trembled with excitement. But alas! he found the next round not quite so pleasant.

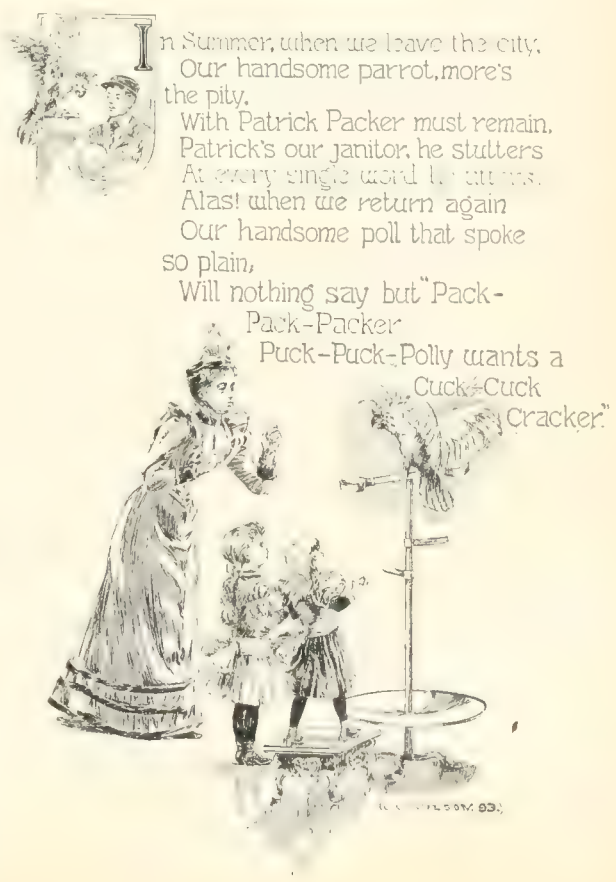
Again the bell rang to secure attention, and again one of the judges called out a command: "Drive your horses once round at FULL SPEED!" This was the opportunity for which the drivers of the fast horses had been waiting and longing. Off they all went with a rush, whips cracking and men shouting. Several horses broke and galloped, wild with excitement. Small chance now for *them*. The chestnut colt trotted steadily, pegging away at a good, rattling, fifteen-mile-an-hour gait; but he could not keep up with three of the others. These three were very fast long-stepping horses. They tore around at a great pace, and came in in a bunch six or eight lengths ahead of Rupert. The rest straggled along behind him. "If it were only ten miles, instead of half a mile!" Sylvanus groaned to himself.

And now for the last time they all came to a halt in front of the stand, in order that the judges might inspect each horse as to his soundness, age, etc. Here a thing happened that was lucky for Sylvanus. One of the three nags that had just beaten Rupert was driven by a man who knew much about horses, but who treated them in the old-fashioned rough whipping style. The horse was afraid of him, and being excited by the fast trot and by the crowd about him, for the horses were all huddled together, he backed and shied. This made the driver angry, and from force of habit he "went under him," as he would say, with the whip. When the horse felt the whip he jumped. This frightened one or two of the others. There was a rumpus; one of the judges nearly had his toes run over, which made him angry. In short, the horse that caused the trouble was marked down for bad conduct, which left only two dangerous rivals.

Of these two, one was very slightly lame in the off forefoot. The weather had been dry for a long time, and in such weather horses' feet are apt to become dry and hard. If the frog is so stiff that you cannot move it with your finger, as if it were a piece of gutta-percha, then the foot is too dry, and should be "stopped." Cow-dung mixed with earth, or moss, or a wet sponge stuffed inside the shoe, and kept in place by a little strip of wood or steel, is a good stuffing. Washing the bottom of the foot twice a day will usually keep it moist and healthy. But this horse's feet had been neglected; he was lame, very slightly so, but still there was no doubt about it, and so his chance of winning the first prize was lost. The third horse of the three speedy ones that had out-trotted Rupert was a handsome bay colt, sound and smooth; quite as handsome naturally as Rupert, but he did not appear to advantage. His owner used often to say, "I don't care to put on style." And so he drove the colt to a muddy wagon, and in an old harness with badly shaped blinders, which almost spoiled the beauty of the colt's head. This man had another favorite saying, "I don't believe in babying horses." Consequently the bay colt's hair "stared" and looked rough, for he had not been blanketed on the cool frosty nights of late September. The judges ought not to have been influenced by these drawbacks, but, being human, they probably were influenced by them without knowing it.

When they came to examine the chestnut colt, on the other hand, there was nothing to find fault with. His coat was as sleek as satin. He wore an open bridle, thus displaying his fine large eyes, and he carried no check. While they looked him over, he arched his neck, and pawed the ground gently, to show his pride. He even tried to poke his nose into the waistcoat pocket of one of the judges, as if he suspected an apple to be hiding there. In short, his manners were not only good, they were attractive and pleasant. It was a close thing between him and the bay colt; but at last, after much hesitation, the judges fastened the precious blue ribbon to the bridle of Rupert. Sylvanus had accomplished his great ambition!

That same day a horse-dealer from New York offered him three hundred dollars for the colt. Sylvanus declined. He had no more intention of selling Rupert than he had of selling one of his brothers or sisters. But when Mr. Lambert heard of this offer, he began to think that perhaps, after all, it really did pay to "mollycoddle" horses.



POST-OFFICES ON WHEELS.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ

DO you know that letters often travel faster than railroad passengers, even those who patronize the famous "limited" trains? When the Post office Department organized its first post-offices on wheels—started the Railway Mail Service—its guiding-mark was to have letters travel as fast as passengers. A letter will now often outstrip a passenger six hours to St. Louis, twelve hours to Kansas City, and twenty-four hours into some other points. Let me give you an example: a fast passenger-train leaves Jersey City for Chicago at 6.30 P.M., reaching Chicago at 9.30 P.M. the next day. If the mail left by this train, it would have to "close" at the New York post-office at 5.30 P.M., a very inconvenient hour for merchants who have a large and important mail to get off for the West. So the fast mail-train is not despatched from Jersey City until 7.40 P.M.—an hour and ten minutes later than the passenger-train. The mail for this train does not close until 7 P.M., yet reaches Chicago only fifteen minutes later than the passenger-train, having gained fifty-five minutes on it. This mail-train gets to St. Louis at 1.45 A.M. as against 7 A.M. for the passenger-train; and pulls out of St. Louis at 3 A.M. for Kansas City, where it arrives twelve hours ahead of the passenger-train. These fast mail-trains consist entirely of postal-cars, with perhaps a car or two for special express matter.

Now let us see how things were done under the old system. The mail for points in Illinois was sent in bulk to Chicago, where it was "rehandled," often at a loss of twenty-four hours, and distributed to large cities like Springfield, where it was again rehandled for the larger towns, from which, in turn, the mail for smaller places would be forwarded. You can readily imagine how long a time a letter for some Illinois village would be detained in the various "D. P. O.'s" (distributing post-offices) in which, under the old system, it had to be rehandled. Since 1864, when the Railway Mail Service was established, the entire system of rehandling at "D. P. O's" has been done away with. A "primary separation" is made in New York; for instance, the mail for Chicago and other large cities being put up in separate pouches, the rest is "massed" as "Illinois," and sent in bulk to the postal-cars, where the minute divisions are made, and put off at the points of destination or the junctions nearest these; the aim being "to keep the mail moving, and distribute it as it goes."

Suppose we follow the route of a letter forwarded by the Railway Mail Service from the New York Post-office to its destination. Take a letter addressed, "Mr. Harold Jones, Rolphs, Maryland." At the New York Post-office this letter is thrown into one of the pouches for the New York and Washington Railway Post-office, a train of full postal-cars. The full postal-car, which is from 40 to 60 feet long, and given up entirely to the postal service, is used only on important routes. It is fitted up with large cases of pigeon-holes, sortation-tables, and pouch racks, in which hang pouches open and ready to receive mail matter. In the compartment postal-car only a portion of the car is thus fitted up, the balance being for baggage or express, or the car may be a combination postal and smoker. The clerk opens the pouch and dumps the bundles of mail matter on the table. He cuts the cord of the first package that comes to hand, and begins distributing the letters according to routes in the pigeon-holes, finally making separate packages of the letters intended for various routes, and throwing each into its proper pouch. Rolphs, the town in which Mr. Harold Jones resides, is considerably off the main route. The pouch with the package containing the letter is transferred at Philadelphia to the Philadelphia and Crisfield Railway Post-office, a compartment car which leaves Philadelphia at 8 A.M. Here the letters are again sorted, and that for Mr. Jones is pigeon-holed and tied up with others for the Townsend and Centreville Railway Post-office, which leaves the Philadelphia and Crisfield car at Townsend at 10 A.M. Here it gets into a pouch for Price's station, whence it is conveyed by stage to Rolphs, a small place on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay where they shoot ducks. Besides the letters for Rolphs, which came through from New York, all those received *en route* reach this little place at the same time that Mr. Harold Jones receives his.

The most striking feature of the service, and one which is always watched with the greatest interest, is the capture of a mail-pouch by a train dashing along at full speed. The contrivance which makes this feat possible is peculiar to the service in the United States. The illustration, from a snap-shot of my own, explains it better than any description could. The pouch is lightly suspended from a crane. As the train whizzes past, the mail-clerk opens out an iron rod, the "catcher." The pouch, as the rod strikes it in the middle, folds over it, and is drawn into the car. The rod is also known as the "snatch-pole," and by various other local names. The pouch is made of canvas, not of leather like those in general use. It is tied in the middle, and hung upside down, and the mail is put in the upper section; otherwise it might swing around, and its lock be apt to strike the clerk. In the "Middle States" division some 2200 pouches are caught every day, and the failures average only two a day.

Since 1889 appointments to the Railway Mail Service have been made under civil service rules; but even before that no incompetent clerk, no matter how powerful his political backing, was retained. Herein lies the secret of the fame, world-wide one might say, that the service has attained. It has served the interests of the public, not those of political machines. This is a matter of vast importance, for as it requires about four years' experience for a clerk to become thoroughly familiar with his duties, a change in the force every four years would simply prostrate the service. Such a change would doubtless raise a storm of protest, for in no branch of the government would inefficiency be sooner brought home to the people than in the Post-office Department. Vast business interests would suffer, private communication would be interrupted, and the world's progress would suddenly be checked. If you remember that three-quarters of our vast foreign mail (both outward and inward bound) passes through the New York Post-office, and that an enormous percentage of this is handled by the Railway Mail Service, you will readily perceive what a disastrous effect the crippling of this branch of the postal service would have on international commerce.

The training of a clerk in the Railway Mail Service is necessarily severe. His first appointment after he has passed the civil service examination is really no appointment at all. He is simply "named" as a "substitute" without compensation, unless he chances to make an occasional run in place of one of the regular clerks. As a substitute he finds opportunity to familiarize himself enough with the requirements of the service to receive an appointment on trial at $800 a year. His regular work will then be little more than lifting pouches in and out of the car, or shifting them in the racks; but he should be able to find time to memorize the distribution for a certain section of the line. This requires that he should know by heart the names of from 900 to 1500 post-offices, and whether they are on the main line or not, or, if not, at what junction letters for any particular office leave the line. He is examined every month at a table and pigeon-holes at the headquarters of his division. Cards bearing the names of all the offices in the section on which he is examined are given him to distribute in the pigeon-holes according to routes, and a record is kept of



MAIL-BAG WAITING TO BE PICKED UP BY A PASSING TRAIN.

the results. If he acquits himself creditably, and the chief clerk in his rolling post-office reports favorably on his mental, physical, and moral qualifications, he is promoted, when a vacancy occurs, to the next higher grade at $900 a year. Meanwhile his monthly examinations continue, and he is obliged to add section after section to his knowledge, until, as they say in the service, he knows the "requirements of his route," which means on important routes the memorizing of from 15,000 to 20,000 offices, and the lines by which they are reached. He has then a chance of promotion to Class III. at $1000 a year; and if he makes the best record in this class he goes up to Class IV. at $1150, and finally to Class V. at $1300 a year, above which lie the higher appointments of the service.

In these Post-offices on Wheels a careful record is kept of all errors made in the offices from which the pouches are received. On every package of letters is a slip like the following:

37-Denver, (D) Colo.

Matter found in this package not in accordance with the address should be noted on the back of this slip. Reports of "Missent" or "Misdirected" packages (LETTERS) should be accompanied by the slips found on such packages, or include a transcript of the Clerk's and Despatch Nos., the Address, and "Postmark" (with date) appearing thereon.

Despatch No.——

Clerk's No. **POSTMARK.**

If in sorting the letters the clerk in the postal-car discovers one addressed to a place on another route, he notes the error on the back of the slip, and when the slip is returned to division headquarters the clerk who made up the package has his attention called to the error.

The Railway Mail Service has the same attractions as railroading—quick travelling and a constant and exciting change of scene. There is more or less exhilaration in being ever on the move. Yet all is not so rosy as it seems. For instance, the rule of so many days "on," with the same number of days "off," seems an attractive feature to most applicants. But take the double round trip from New York to Pittsburg—six days "on" followed by six days "off." The hours are from 1 A.M. to 9 P.M., and after such a run the nerves of the clerks are more or less unstrung. Then during the six days off reports must be made out, facing slips for the next runs prepared, and other details attended to, so that a clerk may not extract more than one or two days of solid vacation during the six. Sundays and legal holidays he knoweth not.

The statistics of the Railway Mail Service are most interesting. All the cars in the service would make a train twenty miles long, which would require several miles of locomotives to draw it. During the year ending June 30, 1891, the last fiscal year of which the statistics are ready, these cars travelled over a hundred and forty million miles, or about as far as from the earth to the sun and half-way back again. In round numbers the service handled eight billion five hundred and fifty million items of mail matter, including seventeen million items of registered mail matter, each of which required a record and a receipt; while some two hundred and fifty million items were rehandled for city delivery—that is, sorted in the "R. P. O.'s" (railway post-offices) for branch offices and carriers' routes, thus most materially expediting the delivery of city letters.

The clerks of these Post-offices on Wheels are exposed to considerable danger, the postal-car being in about the most dangerous position on the train. In a recent West Shore disaster the postal-car was thrown into the Hudson, and the clerk was able to save himself only by swimming. A whole regiment of clerks—1072—has been disabled within ten years.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"I'D ought to have charged, Thanny," said Cap'n Saul. He had shown his disturbed feelings by short answers and an extreme reserve as soon as they had left their passengers at the bluffs, and as they touched the wharf at Lobster Point they burst forth uncontrollably.

"Ain't you 'shamed now, Saul Baker, to think of such a thing as chargin' Ken and her!" cried Thanny, hotly.

"If it had been them alone I wouldn't, if mackerel was hollerin' to be ketched," said Cap'n Saul; "but I hain't no call to spend my time a-carryin' of them Frenchies round, specially when I know they ain't up to no good, but only a-puttin' of mischief into Ken Dinsmore's head, where there is enough a'ready, jest as there is in any boy's head, accordin' to nater, only some has got sense enough to overbalance it, and some hain't. If Ken and Miss Robin—that ain't nothin' but a gal, anyhow—if they want to stoop to them Frenchies, 'tain't no business of mine, but yet I'd ought to show 'em what I think about it, and chargin' would be a good way. You needn't

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

look kind of sneerin', Thanny Baker, it's more that than 'tis the money, though it's the money consid'able too. Them Hallett girls and their teacher paid me half a dollar apiece. I said that was enough, considerin' I was comin', anyhow, and havin' them aboard didn't make no great difference. But how came I there that time and the time before? You needn't say that I fetched up groceries enough for Sears either time to make it pay, because I didn't."

"I wouldn't be so mean to a feller that got his head stove in," muttered Thanny.

"If he'd been doin' his day's work, instead of goin' down there to get some kind of stuff to blow folks up with, he wouldn't have got his head stove in," said Cap'n Saul. "And 'tain't neither, no more'n mine. I expect he knows jest about as much as ever he did, 'n' that ain't no great."

"I wish I knew what that stuff was," said Thanny, forgetting his indignation against his brother in his curiosity.

"So long as we can get stiddy days' works you and me can get along without no queer stuff out of the 'pothecary's," said Cap'n Saul. "But now you look a here. I'm jest goin' to make out a bill for that feller's passage, and you've got to carry it over. It's bright moonlight, and it won't take you but a few minutes. I'm so subject to soft spells that I darsen't wait till mornin'. It's my duty to do it, and I'm a-goin' to."

Cap'n Saul sat down at once, without any regard for his supper, after finding a scrap of paper, a scarce commodity in the little house at Lobster Point, and laboriously made out a bill. There were times when even Cap'n Saul wished that he had an "edication," and this was one of them.

"Pot-hooks and hangers don't come nat'ral to me, and that's a fact," he remarked, mopping his face with his bandanna handkerchief after half an hour of labor. "I don' know but you'd have done it better, Thanny; but I don't calc'late there's much amiss with the spellin'. I expect I am kind of a nat'ral speller, for I never learnt. If folks has got brains they can get along without edi cation."

"I wouldn't have done it, anyhow," said Thanny. "And I ain't a-goin' to take it over."

But, nevertheless, Thanny did. When Saul's mind was made up, he had found that resistance was useless. He grumbled while he was eating his supper, and he muttered about "mean folks" as he closed the door, but he went.

"I shall be ashamed to look her in the face again," he said to himself as he rowed along. "If I was carryin' it to Annette Freneau, I wouldn't care. She'd ought to be charged. I know what I'll do; I'll take off half of it. Then there'll be only fifty cents for bringing him home. Saul will be all over it by to-morrow, and if Ken pays him fifty cents, it will be all right; I don't believe he will take that."

So half the bill was torn off, and committed to the waves in little bits between Lobster Point and the bluffs, and it seemed likely that Ken was destined to remain in ignorance of the fact that Cap'n Saul had drawn up a bill against him for carrying Dave Freneau down to Kingstown. The other half of the bill Thanny thrust under the front door, without ringing the bell.

"I'm in hopes they've gone to bed or something, and won't find it, and it will get swep' up in the morning," said Thanny to himself, as he turned away, wiping a not unmanly moisture from his eyes with his sleeve. "I like them folks. I set by 'em all, and I do hate a mean feller," he continued, feeling himself to be as unhappy and ill-used a boy as ever scrambled barefooted down the bluffs.

It happened that the younger members of the family had all gone to bed, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dinsmore saw the bit of paper at the hall door, and Ken, going down, as Robin had meant to go, for one more search for the scrap of paper which the monkey had stolen, swooped eagerly upon this fragment of Cap'n Saul's bill, and had no suspicion of his mistake.

"4 Teckin oni Moame!" Perhaps it was not remarkable that he could not read it. Cap'n Saul's "nat'ral" spelling was certainly different from "edicated" forms. Robin had been completely mystified at first; she had thought that "4 Teckin" must be a certain amount of oxides, or silicates, or perhaps of "*oni Moame*," whatever that might be. Perhaps if she had not seen Cap'n Saul's bills before, its true meaning might not have dawned upon her as it did.

"You can't make it out, can you?" said Ken, anxiously. "But of course you can't, if I can't," he added. Ken never liked to admit Robin's superior quickness.

"I don't know anything about such things, you know—drugs and chemical preparations," said Robin, slowly.

"I shall send it down to the apothecary. I must go down; it won't do to risk anything. Of course he will understand this, and it will help him to remember the rest. I feel as if I could hardly wait until morning!"

"Per—perhaps we shall find the—the rest of the paper," suggested Robin.

"I've looked everywhere; the monkey probably swallowed it," said Ken. "Don't make me think about it! It's enough to drive a fellow crazy. As if there were not troubles enough in this house without a monkey!"

Robin lingered in the hall after Ken had gone into his room and shut the door. She felt a strong impulse to cry out to Ken that she was deceiving him. She heard him slowly saying over the mysterious words, as if he hoped by many repetitions to discover their meaning, and she could scarcely restrain herself from laughter, which would certainly have ended in tears. She could not explain now, for Ken would be so angry; the one thing that he could not endure was to be "fooled" and made ridiculous. And, after all, if he should discover what the writing meant, he need never know that she had read it almost at once.

The next day was stormy. When Robin looked out of her window, in the gray of the morning, the waves were churning white spray, and tossing it over the Chunks as if they were determined to get rid of the only rocks they found to fret them along the whole cape; and the window-panes were beaten by gusty winds and rain.

Neither the *Mary Ann* nor the *Flying Scud* could go to Kingstown to-day! That was Robin's first thought, and she heaved a little sigh of relief. But she met Ken in the hall with a frown on his face as heavy as the sky's.

"I can't stand it anyway, Robin. I *must* go down to Kingstown," he said, and there was a tremor in his voice which touched Robin's heart. "I shall walk over to Sandford, and go down on the train. I say, Robin, you have some money, haven't you?"

"Oh, I haven't, Ken dear! The housekeeping money has run short this month, and we've had to piece out in every way," said Robin.

"Of course you would try to hinder me," said Ken, cruelly. "Though one would think you had done about enough. I shall go to my father."

"Don't do that, Ken! he hasn't any, and it will worry him," said Robin, earnestly. "I wouldn't try to hinder you, it is very unjust to say so, although I do think it is better not to depend on great chances like that, which may not amount to anything, especially for a boy. It's so much like gambling! It makes one all—all feverish and discontented. It's better to do just the best one can, every day, even in a hard place—we are in a hard place, Ken, for proud people."

"My pride isn't silly like yours! I don't want you to think it is!" cried Ken. "I don't hustle the twins and Traddles out of the way because they are a little sticky and have outgrown their dresses, and I don't give my mind to covering up the darns on the drawing-room chairs with horrid little tidies, and I wouldn't stay away from the Hallett girls' party because I had only an old dress, and then have my eyes red for a week because I didn't go! And I wouldn't be ashamed of taking people out sailing, and think my brother ought to do it, when he has much more important business, when everybody thinks it's clever for a girl to manage a boat, too."

"I know I'm silly about some things," said Robin, with hot cheeks, "but I'm trying to get over it. And, oh, Ken, if you would try to get over being restless, and study, as papa wants you to!"

"Why don't you try Cap'n Saul's style—'stiddy days' works, and there you be!' It's much more to the point than your girly preaching."

"It's true! what Cap'n Saul says is true!" cried Robin. "If he is a little—well, a little stingy, although it doesn't seem right to say so, for he has always been generous to us."

"I suppose you think it is a good thing that Dave Freneau got injured for life, so that the secret of making a great fortune has slipped away from him, and I shall go fishing for a living, or keep mumbling away at Latin declensions that go in at one ear and out at the other!" said Ken, bitterly.

"How can you say such things, Ken, when I feel so sorry for Dave and Annette, too?" cried Robin.

"I can't quite realize that boys like you and him could —could do such great things as you expected," she added, candidly; "but I am sorry enough that the discovery is lost. It seems dreadful that it might have been valuable, when Dave and Annette are so poor that one can hardly see how they are going to get on at all. We *must* help them, Ken!"

"I should like to know how we are going to do it, unless that scrap of paper helps the apothecary to remember the whole. It's easy to stand there preaching. If you were anything like a sister you would get the money for me to go down to Kingstown. Papa trusts everything to you. He would give you the money, and never ask what it was for. And you won't get it for me—you who made all the trouble by your carelessness. You are just exactly like a girl!" With this climax of reproach Ken went out into the rain, slamming the door behind him.

He looked almost capable of walking to Kingstown. But Robin could not ask her father for money, not even to restore Ken's good-nature. And, moreover, it would be utterly useless for him to go with that scrap of paper. What would he say when some one quicker witted than he, or more accustomed to Cap'n Saul's written dialect, should read it to him? She would be obliged to pretend that she had been deceived also.

"T'anny Baker do be afther bring'n' over a pair o' foine lairge mackerel," said Moira, as Robin entered the kitchen. "He said 'twas his brother sent 'em, but I'm think'n' himsel' was the manes iv it. A big hairt he have in his bit body, and it's niver too starmy for him to be do'n' a good turn."

But it was in fact Cap'n Saul, who, repenting before daylight of the bill, which was to work more mischief than he knew, had selected two "stunners" from his catch, and despatched Thanny with them—a peace offering like Annette's tartine.

"I want to see Thanny. Has he gone?" said Robin, quickly.

"He do be breakin' wood in the shed. Sure oursilves have a roight to break our wood and catch our fish," said Moira, who had her own opinion of "Masther Kin," and was privileged to speak her mind. "And I tould him so, but he says he's wantin' to aise his moind. Now what iver would ail the crathur's bit moind?"

But Robin had gone; she was pushing open the woodshed door, to find Thanny, with his jacket off, manfully attacking a pile of logs.

"Thanny, don't speak loud; it's very private. Do you know how a bit of paper, something like a bill, in Cap'n Saul's writing, came in our hall?"

"I was hopin' she'd sweep it up," groaned Thanny. "I'd ought to have tore it all up. I wouldn't have fetched it, only he made me. He's some stingy right along, Saul is, but when he's uncommon stingy he's always sorry afterwards. I tore off 'for carryin' him down to Kingstown, fifty cents,' and just left 'for takin' on him home, fifty cents.' Saul told me to tell Ken that he kind of made a mistake, and he mustn't think anything about it; there wasn't nothin' to pay. But I don't want to say anything to Ken; he's—he's so kind of sharp when he thinks folks are mean. So I'll jest let you fix it."

"Yes, you can leave it to me," said Robin, eagerly. "I'm afraid we impose on Cap'n Saul, and on you too, Thanny; you're always doing something for us."

"Land—*me!*" cried Thanny, his round freckled face aglow with delight. "I never have such tip-top times as I do when you and me are all hands of the *Mary Ann*, takin' folks out, real skipper fashion, as we did the other day, with a spankin' breeze; but Annette Freneau ain't the style of girl that suits me!" Thanny's face had darkened suddenly, and he shook his head doubtfully.

"Poor Annette! She has so much trouble," said Robin.

"That ain't any reason why she should fire things at folks's heads," said Thanny.

"Cap'n Saul ought to be paid," said Robin, meditatively. "You tell him that I will see that he is."

"You're a-layin' it up!" exclaimed Thanny, dolefully. "And I told him you would. But I don't want to hurt his feelin's tellin' him such a thing as that—that you're a-goin' to pay."

"Ken would want to, I'm sure, if he knew about the bill," said Robin. "I'm afraid we have come to think that the *Flying Scud* almost belongs to us!"

"You won't tell Ken about the bill, will you?" said Thanny, eagerly.

"He may find out, because he has it; he picked it up, but he—he doesn't know what it means. You know, Thanny, Cap'n Saul doesn't spell just like every one." Robin stammered somewhat in the effort to express herself delicately.

"He makes up his own spellin'," said Thanny, not without a touch of pride. "He says book-learnin' ain't of any account, for 'twon't lay up nothin', nor make more'n a hundred cents to a dollar."

"You mustn't think so, Thanny; you must go to school and learn," said Robin, earnestly.

"Saul he wants me to—it's kind of queer, but he does. And I'm to be head of the 'rithmetic class; folks will be apt to cheat you if you don't know 'rithmetic, if Saul does say that he can do all the sums he needs to on the fingers and toes that nature has given him. Say, Miss Robin, did you know there's goin' to be a lightnin' calc'lator to the show that's comin'? And I'm goin' to find out how he does it. Say, do you s'pose old Freneau knew anything about makin' glass that everybody don't know? He made his boasts, but Saul says 'tain't likely. Hallett & Close—Hallett & Rawlins 'tis now—they've got so much money that they can find out anything. Saul says so. I wisht I knew what Ken and Dave was buyin' to the apothecary's? There's some stuff aboard of the *Scud* now. Ken said it was too dark to take it home last night, and that it wasn't much use anyhow. I didn't want to fetch it over, for fear I should get blowed up. Some of it looks like lead, and some of it is



SHE FOUND THANNY MANFULLY ATTACKING A PILE OF LOGS

kind of shiny, and it don't smell like nothin' at all! I shouldn't wonder a mite if Annette Freneau was a witch."

"Thanny! you are as ridiculous as Moira with her fairies. A Yankee boy, too! I'm ashamed of you," exclaimed Robin.

"Now you jest look a here, Miss Robin!" said Thanny, earnestly. "When I was a-goin' home from here last night, after fetchin' over the bill, I went aboard the *Scud*, jest to take another look at that stuff, 'cause I couldn't seem to get it out of my mind, and if one of them bottles wa'n't a-shinin' jest like fire coals! You'd better believe I run. I expected nothin' but what a genii like them in the book that Steve Prettygo lent me would rise right out of it. No, I ain't afraid of a Jack-o'-lantern, like Moira, neither! I know what *they* be; but I never did see stuff in a bottle look as if 'twas afire!"

"I suppose there are chemical preparations that look like that," said Robin, reflectively.

"I'd like to know, but I wouldn't darst to ask Ken; would you?" said Thanny.

"I shouldn't like to, because it's probably a secret," said Robin.

"Oh, Miss Robin, it ain't true, is it, that Granny Nickerson left you her monkey? Moira's always tryin' to fool me," said Thanny, suddenly struck by a new idea.

"Yes, it is true; and, Thanny, she left me her cranberry meadow, too," said Robin, feeling that the friends who often shared her troubles ought to be told of her good fortune.

"The great big one down by Honeypot Marsh! Gee whittaker! And there's going to be an awful crop this year. You'll have to look out for 'em. I'll help you." Thanny's cherubic, freckled face fairly shone with delight at the prospect. "But that monkey has got a bad name; he's awful mischeevous. They say he carried off two ten-dollar bills out of Mr. Sears's money-drawer, and he never found 'em. Most likely he chewed 'em up and swallered 'em. If he carries anything off you won't never find it. A sailor down to Kingstown was going to give me one once, but Saul wouldn't let me have it. They're real good comp'ny, but there ain't any profit in 'em. That's what Saul says."

Jean appeared at this moment with the monkey perched upon her shoulder. She was followed by the twins and Traddles, an admiring, excited procession.

The monkey immediately justified Thanny's opinion of his unprofitableness by seizing his hat from his head and climbing with it to a high beam, where he squatted, chattering, and with an evident intention of tearing his trophy to pieces.

Thanny shouted to him sternly in vain, but Robin's happy thought of shaking a stick at him threateningly caused him to toss the hat down dexterously upon Traddles's delighted head, when Thanny seized it and brushed it with his sleeve, his thrifty little soul full of alarm.

Ken did not return to breakfast. Moira somewhat allayed Robin's anxiety by reporting that he had refreshed himself with "the bit and the sup" from the pantry before he went. She thought that he had probably gone down to the Quansett House, where he often spent a day, having acquired a reputation among the guests by his skill at bowls and tennis. But he burst in upon her—she was watching for him in the hall—late in the evening, rain-soaked, and with his face as haggard as such a fresh boy-face could possibly be.

"I have been to Kingstown. How did I get there? Well, I walked part of the way, and borrowed money for the rest. It isn't a nice thing to do; it isn't what a fellow would choose, but I couldn't wait when there was a chance. And I've been fooled! I'm the laughing-stock of the town!" Ken's boyish voice was harsh and shrill. "The whole Cape will ring with it. The writing on that slip of paper was that clown Saul Baker's! I knew it as soon as a fellow in the apothecary's read it to me. 'For takin' on him home, 50 cents.' A bill, I suppose—for me, likely enough. Why did you say it was a piece of that paper? How queer you look. Did you know what it was, and let me make a fool of myself like that?"

Robin shrank from his fierce look and tone, and covered her face with her hand.

"Look me in the face and tell me whether you knew it," cried Ken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A PILLOW FIGHT.—Drawn by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

A CAPTIVE KING;

OR, THE HOSTAGE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

III.—THE TARGETS OF THE SANS CULOTTES.

THE 20th of June came round, the anniversary of the Varennes journey and of the oath of the Tennis Court, as it is called. It was resolved that this would be a fitting time to present a petition to the King, as well as to plant a tree of liberty in the Tuileries garden. The leaders went about making speeches.

Mobs were formed; the crowds increased till there were thirty thousand people, armed with guns and pikes, ready for the fray. Santerre, a brewer, led the march. Flags bearing curious devices waved above their heads; some carried torn breeches on the ends of their spears. "Long live the Sans-Culottes!" they cried.

They entered the Tuileries gates and rushed into the palace. The royal family were thrown into the greatest confusion. Crowds surged into the private apartment of the King, and a butcher presented the petition, which was full of abuse. The noise was deafening. "Where are you going to send the heads of the King and Queen?" they cried.

A group, with Santerre at their head, found their way to the Council Chamber. They called for the Queen. She appeared at the end of the room. Some of the body-guard pushed a table in front of her to keep off the crowd. It was a weak defence. The Princess stood by her mother's side. They placed the Dauphin on the table. He was astonished, but showed no signs of fear.

The women were furious. They cried, "Place the red cap on the Prince Royal."

The Queen, ever calm, allowed the head-covering of the revolutionists to rest on the boy's fair curls. The child looked into his mother's eyes and smiled. A market-woman stood before the table and poured forth a torrent of abuse. "What have I done to you?" asked Marie Antoinette. "You have been deceived; I am the wife of your King, the mother of your Dauphin. I was happy when you loved me."

Like a true Parisian, the woman's emotions quickly changed. She wept, and begged the Queen's pardon. Some of the people said, "The Austrian is brave; the Dauphin is beautiful." Even Santerre was impressed. The mob dispersed. The invasion had lasted five hours.

Some Deputies remained and questioned the royal children. One asked the age of Madame Royal. The Queen replied most truthfully, "My daughter, sir, is of an age already to feel too deeply the horror of such scenes."

They tried to test the Dauphin's knowledge of history. One carelessly mentioned the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He was reproved by his companion, who said: "Why do you speak of that? We have here no Charles IX."

"And no Catherine de Medicis," quickly added the Prince.

At ten o'clock the children were asleep; but the King had been in great peril, and the ravages made in the palace were visible everywhere.

In all the terrible events that succeeded the 20th of June the boy constantly endeavored to comfort his father and mother. The Queen one day remarked sadly that she wished she knew the people who hated her. Her son ran to her and embraced her, crying, "Surely, mamma, everybody loves you."

It was no longer safe for him to visit his garden. He was often seen with his little face pressed against a window-pane wistfully gazing at the people, who were free to take their rambles about the palace; but he never murmured.

In the mean time the revolutionists began to fear an invasion of foreign troops. The French nobles and the King's brothers who had emigrated might well have been expected to exert themselves to save the King.

The Queen's relations were also feared. A report was spread abroad that Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland were about to collect an army to deliver the royal family of France. An insurrection committee was formed in Paris. On the 10th of August another attack was made upon the Tuileries. The Swiss Guards and a few loyal subjects wished to defend the King. The young men cried, "Long live the King of our fathers!" the old ones, "Long live the King of our children!" They raised the Dauphin above their heads and swore to die for their country.

It was night-time when the mob again entered the palace. Louis refused to have a drop of blood shed in his defence. After a time it became evident that for the royal family to save their lives they must seek refuge in the building where the National Assembly was in session.

To reach the legislative hall they were obliged to pass through the Tuileries garden. The Dauphin, led by the Queen, "kicked the dried leaves before him." Soon the crowd saw them, and pressed upon them. The child could scarcely walk. A tall grenadier lifted him from the ground.

"Death to the tyrant!" shouted the mob.

"Do not be afraid, they will not harm you," said the soldier.

"Not me, perhaps," sobbed the child; "but my father."

At eight o'clock in the morning they reached the room where the Assembly was in session. Then commenced a scene of carnage and pillage in the palace they had just quitted. The men so anxious to defend the King were massacred. The shouts of the assassins, the cries of the wounded, reached the ears of all within the legislative hall. People kept coming and going. Men covered with blood brought in and laid before the President diamonds, silver dishes, documents, and gold, taken from the royal apartments, while the royal family, packed closely together in a box where reporters usually sat, were spectators of the fearful scene.

A man named Danton headed a deputation from the Commune, and appeared before the bar, defying the power of the National Assembly. The Communists poured forth invectives against the King, demanded his deposition, and even spoke of his punishment.

"The Tuileries is on fire," cried one, "and we will not arrest it till the vengeance of the people is appeased." Every few moments the King and Queen would hear of the death of their faithful friends. Finally the decree deposing Louis XVI. was passed, in the presence of the sovereign himself. The Presidential chair was vacated, the Commune of Paris was triumphant.

It was decided that "the King and his family shall reside within the precincts of the legislative body till tranquillity shall be restored in Paris."

The physical and mental sufferings of the royal family had been intense. For sixteen hours they had been without food, a bit of fruit and a few drops of currant water their only refreshment. The Dauphin, exhausted, finally fell asleep on his mother's lap. The Queen had not even a handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his brow or the tears from his sister's cheeks. The building they were in had formerly been a convent. At three o'clock in the morning they were taken to some small unfurnished cells above. Supper was procured. Only the children could eat. The Dauphin remembered his dog, and wept for it. His good Aunt Elizabeth said: "Dear child, be consoled. There are sorrows more cruel. Continue to love God, that He may preserve you from them."

At ten the next morning they were again conducted to

the legislative hall. Before they started the Queen embraced her children, saying: "Poor things, how cruel it is to have promised them so fair a heritage, and to say this is all we have to leave them. All ends with us."

The Dauphin seeing all about him weeping, began himself to cry.

"My child," exclaimed his mother, "I have also my consolations. Misfortune has given me better friends than those it has caused me to lose."

Within the Assembly the tortures of the previous day commenced anew. The Procureur-Générale arose and said:

"Legislators, France is free; the King has at last submitted to the law. There remains to Louis XVI. nothing but the right to justify himself. The Temple may serve for the habitation of the King and his family."

At last, on the 13th of August, 1792, after three days passed between the box of the Assembly and the convent cells, the members of the King's family were conducted to the Temple.

They were accompanied by a few soldiers of the National Guard, who marched on foot with arms reversed, making no effort to subdue a noisy crowd that followed, jeering, through the streets. The carriages were left in the court-yard, and the prisoners walked to the entrance. They were met by Santerre. No heads were uncovered; the King was addressed as "Sir." Outside, the mob shouted, "Long life to the nation!" Louis XVI. and his family entered the melancholy fortress which Marie Antoinette in better days had called "that villanous Tower of the Temple," saying she had always hated it.

Louis Charles, or Charles as his family called him, was now seven and a half years old. Clèry, his father's "faithful servant," speaks of the boy at this time as follows:

"Often by his originality, the merriment of his character, and his little drolleries, he made his parents forget their sad situation; but he felt it himself. Although so young he recognized plainly enough that he was in a prison, and perceived how strictly he was watched by his enemies. Never have I heard him speak either of the Tuileries or Versailles, or of any object which might have recalled any painful reminiscences to the King or Queen. If he saw a municipal arrive who was more good natured than his colleagues, he would run at once to the Queen, eager to announce to her, with a marked expression of pleasure, 'Mamma, to-day it is M. So-and-so!'"

For a time the family were allowed to pass their days together, though they were more or less separated at night. When they arrived at the Temple, the King and Queen were accompanied by a few members of their household, but in a short time an order was issued to bring away "all persons who were not members of the Capet family."

Madame de Tourzel and the Princess Lamballe were rudely torn from their friends, and taken to another prison. The children were inconsolable, and each night the Dauphin repeated the following prayer:

"Almighty God, who hast created and redeemed me, I adore Thee. Preserve the life of the King, my father, and those of my family. Protect us from our enemies! Give Madame de Tourzel strength enough to support the weight of the misfortunes which she endures for our sakes."

The King arose each morning at six o'clock, and prepared the lessons intended for his son. At ten they all assembled in the Queen's room, and devoted themselves to study, little Charles learning his French, Latin, history, and geography, while Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth attended to the instruction of the Princess. These were the happiest hours the captives knew, for while the lessons lasted they forgot their griefs and troubles. Sometimes after supper the King would amuse the children by having them guess riddles or enigmas, but even these innocent recreations were to be interrupted. On one occasion the guard on duty objected to some copies from which the child was writing, saying the boy should be made acquainted with revolutionary works. The lessons in arithmetic were suspended, because while learning the multiplication table the guard imagined they were teaching the child to communicate in cipher.

Soon, too soon, the September days arrived. An army of German and French nobles was marching to rescue the King. The black flag floated from the public buildings, alarm bells rang from the steeples. At two o'clock on the 2d of September the massacres commenced, the prisons were invaded, all suspected of being the King's friends fell beneath the hatchets of the mob. The Princess Lamballe was one of those assassinated. Her head, placed on a pike, was carried by a howling mob to the Temple. The shoutings, the threats, and menaces were all distinctly heard by the royal family.

Truly the more the King's friends did for him, the more he was obliged to suffer. At last he was brought to trial, and it was forbidden him to see his family during the proceedings. On the morning of December 11th, while the father was giving his son his reading lesson, two municipals entered, and told the King, whom they addressed as Louis Capet, that they had come to take the "Little Capet" to his mother. A few days after Louis demanded to see his family. It was finally decreed that "Louis Capet may see his children, who shall not be permitted till the close of his trial to communicate with their mother or aunt."

The King refused the terms. He would not deprive the mother of her children.

The result of the trial was a foregone conclusion. On Christmas day the King made his will; on the 17th of January, 1793, he was condemned to death. A final effort was made to save him; Thomas Paine, an American, exerted all his energies in the King's cause.

"The man whom you have condemned to death," said Paine, "is regarded by the United States as their best friend, as the founder of their liberty. That people are at present your only ally, and they have just asked you by my vote to delay the execution of your decision. Do not give the English despot the pleasure of seeing you send to the scaffold the man who delivered your American brethren from tyranny."

It was of no avail. The King must die.

The parting from his loved ones is too sad for pen to picture. He told them of his trial, and gave his children religious advice, and made them promise never to think of avenging his death. Taking the Dauphin on his knee, he said, "My son, you have heard what I have just said; but as oaths are something more sacred than words, swear with your hands held up to Heaven that you will obey your father's dying injunctions."

With tears streaming down his cheeks, the boy obeyed, while the public criers in the street below were announcing the sentence of the King's death and the hour of his execution.

The Queen begged to be permitted to pass the few remaining hours with her husband. She was at last induced to leave him by the promise of seeing him the next morning. With sobs and tears they said adieu. Marie Thérèse fainted. They never met again.

At dawn the drums of Paris began to beat. The family in the Tower arose. An unusual stir in the city was audible. Trampling horses and the voices of soldiers were heard in the court-yard. The King was ready to depart. He descended the stairs, and crossed the yard between two rows of pikes and bayonets. He turned his eyes toward the tower that contained all that was dear to him. Another roll of drums announced his departure.

Within, the Dauphin tore himself from his mother's

arms, rushing from one municipal to another exclaiming, "Let me pass, gentlemen, let me pass. I must speak to the people, that they may not kill my father."

The King ascended the scaffold with a firm step. "I die innocent; I pardon my enemies; I pray God that my blood will not fall back upon France." The roll of drums drowned his voice. The axe of the guillotine fell. Marie Antoinette was a widow, her children fatherless.

The revolutionists declared that "royalty was forever abolished." The fugitive nobles thought differently.

When news of the regicide reached the King's brother, he immediately proclaimed the accession of his nephew.

"We declare that Louis Charles, born on the 27th day of the month of March, 1785, is King of France and Navarre under the name of Louis XVII., and that by right of birth as well as by the fundamental laws of the kingdom we are, and shall continue to be, Regent of France during the minority of the King our nephew and lord."

In Suabia a funeral service was performed in honor of the "most sovereign lord Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre." At the close the Prince de Condé delivered an oration, in which he said:

"Gentlemen, you know it is a standing principle that the King of France never dies. May Heaven preserve from all impending danger that precious, charming child, who, born to fortune, knows naught of life but the misfortune of having been born! But whatever may be the fate that awaits him, it cannot be displeasing to Heaven that we yield to the first impulse of our ancient loyalty, and pour forth ardent prayers at the foot of the altars of our God. The King is dead! gentlemen, the King is dead! Long live the King!"

The cry was repeated by all the nobles there. Its echo reached the ears of Robespierre and Marat. It was the Dauphin's funeral-knell.

England, Spain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia might all acknowledge Louis XVII.; the real King of France was the guillotine. The reign of terror had begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REAL AFRICAN SWELL.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE Old Sailor was in a state of excitement. He did not wait for the boys to go down to his humble dwelling and endeavor to persuade him to tell them one of his surprising yarns. He ran up to their house instead, and bursting in with a rush, exclaimed:

"Mebbe you will and mebbe you won't; 'tain't fur me fur to go fur to say. But ef you don't, you is chumpish."

"What ever do you mean?" cried Henry.

"Cap'n Gawge Hennery Bagg, wot were skipper o' the brig *Ellen Mush* w'en I war fust mate o' her, an' wot got wracked on the east coast o' Afrikee, are come to visit me, an' ef you don't come down an' hear wot he's got to say, you'll be mighty sorry."

The boys sprang up and at once followed the Old Sailor, who led the way to the village hotel. Perhaps his statement that Captain Bagg had come there expressly to visit him was a slight exaggeration. At any rate the Captain had just returned from a long visit at the summer home of a wealthy steamship owner near the pier.

"Cap'n Bagg," said the Old Sailor, "here is them two young gen'lem'n wot I war a-tellin' ye about, wot has so much fondness fur hearin' about my adwentures on the briny deep."

Captain Bagg shook hands with the boys, and said,

"And I suppose they would like to hear a story from me."

"Yes!" cried both boys.

"Well," said the Captain, "it was this way. This Old Sailor was my first mate on the brig *Ellen Mudge*."

"*Mush*, I allus called her," said the Old Sailor.

"And," continued the Captain, "we were bound from New York to Mozambique. We had a beautiful run of it down to the Cape of Good Hope. I daresay I counted my chickens before they were hatched, for we had not fairly begun to make northing before it piped up from the south-southeast, and the weather speedily grew worse and worse till it was blowing a real gale. I hove her to on the starboard tack, and soon the wind hauled more to the eastward and blew harder than ever. Two days and nights we were hove to, and neither I nor your old friend there had any rest. On the afternoon of the third day a hand forward sung out, 'Land, ho!' There it was, sure enough, dead under our lee, and a raging, howling sea breaking on the rocks. To make a long story short, at five o'clock I let go both bowers in seventeen fathoms. We dragged, and I ordered the masts cut away. We stopped dragging, but in a short time our terrible pitching snapped one cable, and the other could not hold her; so in we went, crashing broadside on against the rocks.

"I will not pain you by telling you how my men were swept overboard. All I need to say is that your old friend and I were carried off the poop deck by a monster sea, and that was all I knew till I found myself clinging to a huge rock. I climbed up and reached a sheltered niche in the side of the cliff, where I remained all night. In the morning I searched for my men, but found not a trace of any one save our old friend here, who had also reached a high part of the rocks. Our comrades were all drowned, and the brig was broken in three pieces. So we climbed to the top of the cliff, and saw a fine level piece of country running back from the sea. Behind a clump of trees about a mile away rose some smoke."

"An' I says to you, says I," exclaimed the Old Sailor, "there are a camp o' savages, an' we'll probably be fried, broiled, or fricasseed fur breakfast."

"You did," continued Captain Bagg; "and I answered that I was too hungry to care much who ate so long as there was some eating going on. Well, we crept through the high grass till we were near enough to see through the bushes. And what do you think we saw?"

"Twenty fierce cannibals in war paint grouped around a fire eating their horrid meal!" exclaimed Henry.

"Not at all," said the Captain, smiling. "We saw a very neat garden, full of rose bushes, surrounding a very pretty white house. It looked for all the world like a modest country residence in England. While we were wondering what sort of people could live in such a house away out in the wilds of east Africa, a man appeared in the garden. He had on a straw hat and a white flannel suit, and was smoking a cigarette. His hat was pulled down so low in front that we could not see his face, but his dress and his manner assured us that he was an Englishman. So we stepped out and advanced boldly. I said, 'Good-morning, sir,' and he looked up. And what do you suppose?"

"What?" exclaimed the boys.

"He was a genuine African, as black as the coal in your father's cellar. He took the cigarette out of his mouth, put a single eye-glass in his left eye, and after blowing a cloud of smoke, said, 'When did you come up?' 'Up where?' I asked. 'Up the river, of course.' 'What river?' said I. 'Why, the Nile,' said he. 'You all come up the Nile, don't you?' 'I did not come up the Nile,' I replied. 'I came from the sea.' 'Really,' he said; 'but it doesn't make a bit difference; here you are. But I really don't see that you can do anything. It's all been done to death, ye know, my dear boy, quite too dreadfully done to death, really.' 'What do you mean?' I asked him. 'Can it be possible that you don't know where you are?' 'Not exactly,' I said. 'I'm somewhere

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A CAPTIVE KING;

OR, THE HOSTAGE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

IV.—DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

THE Queen, with her children and Madame Elizabeth, continued to drag on a mournful existence in the Temple. Marie Antoinette's features showed how much she suffered; her beautiful hair had turned white, but she hid her griefs as well as she could, and went on with the regular instruction of the children. They were so isolated that they seldom heard of the agitations sweeping over Paris.

Another plan of escape was talked of. For a time the captives allowed themselves to cherish a hope, but the prison guards were doubled; perhaps the plot was discovered. The Queen said, "We have had a happy dream," and resigned herself to her fate.

Five months after the King's death the Committee of Public Safety decreed that the son of Capet should be separated from his mother and committed to the care of a tutor.

The time selected for taking the child away was ten o'clock at night. He was awakened suddenly, and cried, "Mamma, do not leave me." The Queen tried to argue and reason with the guards. "The Commune cannot think of separating me from my son," she said. "He is so young, so delicate; he needs my care so much."

She wept and prayed and resisted, till they threatened to use force. Finally, realizing that she was powerless, she drew the boy to her, and said, in a sad, solemn tone: "My child, we are about to part. Remember your duty when I am no longer present to remind you of it. Never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, and straightforward, and your father will bless you from heaven above."

She kissed him, and his jailers led him away. He attempted to break from them. Seven men escorted this defenceless child to the apartment formerly occupied by his father. There they left him with the man that was to be his tutor. This tutor was named Simon. He had



been a shoemaker. He was Marat's friend, and also one of the most cruel beasts ever spoken of in history. He hated [illegible] and tore up all those belonging to the prisoner. He drank too much liquor, and used bad language. Was an accomplished person to superintend the education of a King."

[illegible] days after leaving his mother the boy was very [illegible]. He would sit motionless and speechless, or plunged in despair. Once he raised himself, and exclaimed, indignantly: "I wish to know what law it is by which you are ordered to separate me from my mother and keep me in prison. Show me the law; I wish to see it."

"Silence, Capet!" cried Simon. "We are not fond of reasoners."

I will not attempt to tell you of the persecutions Simon inflicted upon his captive. This tender-hearted boy, this child born to splendor in a palace, bore his sufferings with a firmness worthy of his ancestors.

Simon hated religion; he hated the aristocracy; he hated the harmless little boy. The child's curls were cut off, and the republican cap rested on the temples that might have worn a crown. When he said his prayers, Simon threw jugs of cold water over him.

"If the Vendéans were to set you at liberty," asked Simon, "what would you do to me?"

"I would forgive you," replied this descendant of St. Louis.

There was one thing the boy could never be made to do, and that was to say "Vive la République!"

"I command thee to say it!" cried Simon. "Thou *shalt* cry 'Vive la République,' or" A gesture here told what might be expected.

The child looked fearlessly at his persecutor. This time it was the descendant of Henry IV. who spoke.

"You may do whatever you like, but I will never say it."

The next day the command was, "Say the republic is eternal."

"There is nothing eternal," was the answer. This time the punishment was inflicted. Simon's wife was a little less vicious than her husband.

"Let the boy alone," she said.

"It was your own fault," declared Simon, addressing the little King; "you well deserve punishment."

"I was wrong," sobbed the child. "I was wrong; God is eternal; and none but Him."

Why dwell upon these scenes? Even Simon grew weary of his own brutalities and gave up his charge.

Louis XVII. was removed to another cell, a dungeon, and placed in solitary confinement. Even the doors here were closed, and his food and water were passed to him through a narrow loop hole. Here for six months the little King of France and Navarre suffered in silent agony. His mother and his aunt had both given up their lives on the scaffold; his sister was imprisoned in another part of the tower. Day by day this little hostage of the French Revolution wasted away. He grew too weak to make his bed, his clothes were in rags, and his only companions were spiders, rats, and beetles. Two guards kept watch at his door, but they never spoke except to call out in the silent watches of the night: "Capet, where are you? Get up; come here!" Trembling with cold and fear the boy would drag himself from his bed and answer, "Citizen, I am here; what do you want with me?"

"To see you. Now go back to bed!" was the reply.

At last came the downfall of Robespierre. Young Colonel Bonaparte was making himself heard. Barras, the new commandant, visited the Temple. He was startled when he saw the condition of the boy, and a change for the better was soon effected. The prisoner was now allowed two attendants, who soon learned to love him, and were as kind to him as they dared be. The Committee of Public Safety well realized that this feeble child was still King of France and Navarre. They had no idea of releasing him; his attendants must not be too kind.

The boy was ill, dying of an incurable disease brought on by bad air and bad treatment. Nothing interested him, he seldom spoke, and seemed indifferent to all that was going on. He was ignorant of his mother's death; he never saw his sister. Lasne and Gomin, his keepers, tried to divert him. They gave him cards and dominoes. One day while shuffling the latter Lasne was reminded of a scene he had witnessed at the Tuileries when he was a Captain in the National Guard.

Away back in 1791 the children in the regiment of the Royal Dauphin had presented their Colonel with a set of dominoes skilfully wrought from a piece of marble taken from the Bastille. On the back of each domino was a golden letter, and when all were placed in order, the inscription read, "Vive le Roi! vive la Reine, et M. le Dauphin." One of the cadets presented the dominoes, repeating these four lines, which were printed in gold on the box:

"Débris affreux échappés, la terreur des Français,
Vous voyez les destins changés en jouets;
Puissent-ils, et servant [illegible] de votre enfance,
Du peuple vous prêter l'amour et la puissance!"

("The relics of that frightful hold, the terror of our land,
Behold transformed to harmless toys to grace the Dauphin's hand.
May they, while at your childish play they speed the passing hour,
Remind you of the people's love and of the people's power.")

As Lasne recalled the scene the little King's eyes grew bright, and he remembered the verses when they were repeated. Then Lasne spoke in praise of the "Royal Dauphin," and added, "The little Colonel would have been worthy of his regiment."

Raising himself, and glancing about to be sure no one heard him, the little soldier whispered in Lasne's ear, "Did you see me with my sword?"

Sometimes they would sing to him. One refrain from "Richard Cœur de Lion" would make him smile,

"Et zig et zoc,
Et fric et froc,
Quand les bœufs sont deux à deux,
Le labourage en va mieux."

("And zig and zag,
And fin and fag,
Oxen going two and two
Carry better in the plough.")

Another couplet ran:

"O Richard, O mon Roi,
L'univers t'abandonne."

("O Richard! O my King!
Forsaken, shamed by all.")

True to his principles, however, if a revolutionary song was attempted he appeared not to listen.

Early in May, 1795, the young King's condition was so bad that his attendants were obliged to write on the register, "Little Capet is ill." The next day, "Little Capet is very ill," and finally, "It is feared he will not live."

Physicians were sent to him, but he grew worse daily. His sister Marie Thérèse hearing he was ill asked to nurse him, to see him. She was refused.

In the mean time they were fighting for him at La Vendée. All sorts of stories were floating about Paris. Some said he had been abducted, and this verse was found posted in a conspicuous place:

"Guilty nation gone astray
And to cruel plagues a prey,
Wouldst thou from thy bosom chase
Famine, dearth, and all their race?
Put the baker's journeyman
In his father's shop again."

One of the physicians succeeded in having the patient removed to a larger room, where there was a window free from bars. He suffered tortures during the removal and after; he was so unaccustomed to the light that it dazzled his eyes, but the fresh air blowing in was very grateful. As soon as he was able to see he turned a look full of affection on Gomin.

"Are you not glad to be in this room?" asked the doctor.

"Oh yes, very glad!" he replied, but his voice and smile were so feeble that all hearts were touched.

The rule compelling the child to pass the night alone was still in force. The doctors insisted that little Capet should have a nurse constantly. Before the order could be granted it was too late.

Gomin, entering the room one morning, found the patient looking better. "Well, you are not suffering so much," he said.

"Not so much," was the answer.

"That is because you are in a room where the light and air may enter; that ought to comfort you."

The boy looked up at Gomin, and the tears rolled down his thin cheeks as he sadly answered, "Always alone; my dear mother remains in the other tower."

To divert him, Gomin told him that one of the guards formerly on duty there had been imprisoned.

The gentle voice replied: "I am sorry. He is more unfortunate than I am; for, don't you see, he deserves his misfortune."

The next day, his last on earth, Gomin said to him, "How unhappy I am to see you suffer so!"

"Take comfort," answered the little captive; "I shall not suffer always."

Then Gomin knelt down and prayed. The child remained so calm and quiet that Gomin said, "I hope you are not in pain now."

"Oh yes, I am still in pain, but not nearly so much, the music is so beautiful!"

Now there was no music to be heard, and Gomin, surprised, asked whence it came.

"From above."

"Is it long since you have heard it?"

"Since you knelt down. Do you not hear it? Listen!" And raising his hand, he opened his beautiful eyes which shone with a new radiance.

Gomin, unwilling to dispel the illusion, appeared to listen.

After a few minutes the boy again started; his eyes sparkled; he cried, "From amongst all the voices, I hear that of my mother."

A moment later an expression of sadness stole over his features. Ever and anon he would look toward the window, but made no reply when asked what he saw.

Soon Lasne came up. He sat down by the bed. The child looked up at him, and said: "Do you think my sister heard the music? How much good it would have done her." He then turned eagerly toward the window. "I have something to tell you!" he exclaimed, joyfully.

Lasne came closer and took his hand. The child's head rested on the keeper's breast, but the little lips were silent; his troubled heart had ceased to beat; the prisoner had escaped from his chains.

Thus passed away the little captive, the last of a long line of monarchs. He died June 9, 1795, aged ten years and two months. His kingdom was not of this world; his crown is a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

The news of his death was soon known all over Paris. The people that remembered the generous heart and charming manners of the Dauphin at Versailles and the Tuileries spoke of him with tenderness. One poor woman came sobbing to the Temple, asking to see again the dear child who had made her welcome to his little garden. She was told she could not enter.

"People are always allowed to go to see the dead," she exclaimed. "I want to lay the flowers he gave me on his coffin."

On the heart of an old soldier shot at Quiberon was found a locket containing a withered rose. "Given by Monseigneur the Dauphin, Paris, 1st August, 1790," was written on the back.

One hundred years have passed since, on January 28, 1793, Louis XVII. was proclaimed King of France and Navarre. Battle, murder, and sudden death have visited Paris more than once since then, but the ravages in the beautiful city have been repaired. If you look for the gloomy old Temple you will find a handsome square and market-place. A graceful column marks the site of the Bastille, and a fountain sparkles in the sunlight where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette met their death so bravely. But the cruel captivity of the little Dauphin is a blemish that will never be effaced from the pages of the history of France.

In 1798 a French writer wove an ingenious tale of the flight of the Dauphin from the tower, his escape to America, and the substitution of another child in his place. Since then numerous pretenders have arisen, each declaring himself to be the true Dauphin, but it has been proved beyond a doubt that one and all were impostors. The only semblance of Louis XVII. in America is a wax figure that has been on Nantucket Island for over a hundred years. The figure was purchased in France in 1786, when the boy was one year old, and brought to this country by Captain John Coffin. It has always been looked upon as a curiosity, and a correct likeness of the little captive King.

THE END.

A MODEST WISH.

"ARE you going to Japan, papa?"

"Why, no. What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, I just wanted to know, because I want some Japanese stamps *awfully* to trade at school."



"Said the moon to the cats,
And the mice, and the bats,
'The glass in that old owl's eyes
Makes him feel very blue,
For he cannot see through
For all that he looks so wise.'"



WORK AND PLAY COMBINED.

ANENT [illegible] writer on inventive genius tells a story of a certain Mr. August Pirch, who is the happy possessor of a dozen merry children. Mr. Pirch, so the story goes, had a piece of land that could not be used for the want of water, since it was far from any available stream or other body which might prove of use in the fertilization of his acres, and how to irrigate the land without spending a large sum of money was a mystery which for a long time Mr. Pirch could not solve. He figured out the cost of a well, and found that his resources would permit of his digging a sixty-foot well and the purchase of a cheap pump, but how to make the pump work was a question. Suddenly his inventive mind suggested a solution. He remembered his children, and he also called to mind a certain large family swing which he had seen in a neighboring town. He knew the swing would please the children, and he hoped that through it their pleasure might be made to serve his interests. The well was bored, the pump was set up, and the swing was put in working order.

"Here, now, boys," said he when all was ready, calling the children to him, "come out here and get in this swing. I'm going to give you something to play with."

In five minutes the children were flying backward and forward through the air. The pump worked up and down gayly as you please, and a fourteen-inch stream of water flowed from the well. Mr. Pirch's scheme had worked. The children do not know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, and is connected with it by an iron rod which works the pump as the swing moves backward and forward. The scheme has worked well, and it is said that the youngsters pump enough water during their day's sport to irrigate a large tract.

The Dandelion Burglar

BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

YOUNG PEOPLE readers will perhaps recall my previous reference to the whims and preferences of the birds in their selection of building material. The unravelling of deserted nests will often prove an instructive as well as humorously entertaining pastime, revealing in the same fabric evidences of great sagacity and what would appear perfectly nonsensical prejudices, with an occasional piece of positive frivolity. Thus we can readily see the wisdom in the selection of these strong strips of milkweed bark with which this vireo's or yellow-warbler's nest is moored to the forked branch, or the strands of twine with which the Baltimore oriole suspends its deep swinging hammock, as well as the plentiful meshing of horse-hair woven through the body of the nest. The nest of the orchard oriole is even more remarkable as a piece of woven texture. Wilson, the ornithologist, by careful unravelling of a grass strand from one of these nests found it to have been passed through the fabric and returned thirty-four times, the strand itself being only thirteen inches long, a fact which prompted an old lady friend of his to ask "whether it would be possible to teach the birds to darn stockings." The horse-hair in the nest of the hang-bird gives it a wonderful compact strength, capable of sustaining a hundred times the weight of the bird. Upon unravelling one, I found it intermeshed fourteen times in the length of ten inches, which would probably have given a total number of forty passes in the full length of the hair. No one will question the sagacity which such materials imply; but what is to be said of a bird that selects caterpillar-skins as a conspicuous adornment for her domicile? And here is a vireo's nest with a part of a toad-skin prominently displayed on its exterior, or perhaps a specimen such as I have previously described abundantly covered with snake-skins. These, of course, are whims pure and simple.

In the linings of many nests we find an equal variety, but the materials are selected with a definite purpose, a soft warm bed for the young fledglings being the object sought by the parent birds. To this end we find many nests lined with what the ornithologists call "soft downy substances." Examination with a magnifying glass will sometimes show us precisely the nature of this down; whether it consists of wool from a sheep or hair from the deer, 'coon, goat, or horse; whether it is composed of fuzz from downy leaves or spider-webs, caterpillar hairs, or cottony seeds of plants. These last form a favorite nest lining with a number of birds.

I remember once finding a beautiful nest of a warbler whose outer wall was strongly woven with strands of milkweed bark, but the whole interior filled with a felt composed of dandelion seeds, and barely anything else. The nest was old and weather-beaten, and the mass had been reduced to a consistency resembling thick brown paper, with an occasional seed protruding. Originally this soft mass must have been at least a quarter of an inch in thickness. The dandelion seed is an occasional ingredient in many nests. We can readily understand how a bird with an eye to a downy snuggery for her young might be tempted to gather an occasional seed, but it takes a host of dandelion seeds to make a thick cushion such as this which I have mentioned, and we might well wonder at the labor involved in the accumulation of such a mass. A cloudy dandelion ball in the grass doubtless looks inviting to the nest-builder, but how much of this tuft would the bird be able to secure in her bill when a mere touch or breath perhaps is sufficient to scatter the ball to the breeze? No; I cannot believe my bird of the dandelion nest wasted her energies in picking up a single seed here and there from a dandelion ball, or perhaps on the wing. A discovery of a few years ago has shown me how dandelion seeds may be cleverly gathered by a shrewd nest-builder, and how a whole nest may be feathered with them without much labor.

For some years I was puzzled to account for a peculiar mutilation which I often observed on the dandelion. It was always at the same place—the calyx of the blossom—the green portion which encloses the bud, and after blooming, closes again about the withered flower, and so remains while the seeds are growing. Most of my readers have seen dandelion flowers in all their stages of



growth. The flower usually blooms for three mornings. By this time all the tiny yellow flowerets which make up the yellow cushion have bloomed. The green calyx now closes, to remain closed for a week, while the stem generally bends outward, and thus draws the withered flower toward the ground, often hiding it beneath the leaves. During this week of retirement the stem continues to wither sideways, and the flower is busy ripening its seeds, each yellow floweret having a seed of its own, from which there grows a slender hairlike stalk with a tiny feathered parachute at its top. Gradually these little feathery ends push upward inside the calyx, and on the seventh day, lo! the withered dandelion has appeared again at the top of the grass. It now has a tiny brown cap at its top, or perhaps has just lost it, and gives us a glimpse of a white feathery tuft peeping from its top. This little brown withered cap is all that is left of the original golden blossom of two weeks before, now a shrivelled mass, which has gradually been pushed upward and out by the growing seed tuft. In another hour perhaps the calyx will again open, and bend down against the stem, while the bed at the bottom to which the seeds are attached will round upward through the feathers outward in the form of a ball. This rounded seed bed, or receptacle, as it is called in our botany, shortly withers, and the winged parachutes take flight at the slightest zephyr, whereas at first a smart breeze would have been required.

Now all this is by-the-way, for not every one understands how the dandelion ball is made. I know a little bird, however, who has found it out to her advantage. I have just alluded to a certain mutilation of this calyx which puzzled me. I have shown one of these calyxes in my title picture, at the right, one-half of it being torn off, and disclosing a cavity. Where are the seeds? "Ah! some rare caterpillar has done this," I exclaimed when I first observed the burglary. In vain I hunted among the leaves to find him. Again and again I found my rifled dandelion, but never a sign of the burglar. But one day I surprised him at his work. It was no caterpillar, but a tiny black bird with a beautiful rosy band in his tail, and which proved to be that butterfly among the birds, the redstart. I hardly knew what he was doing out there among the dandelions, and presumed he was after my mysterious caterpillar, until I chanced to see him alight near by with a white tuft in his bill. Yes, a tuft with feathery parachutes in a bunch on one side of his bill, and a compact cluster of seeds on the other.

In a moment I was among the dandelions from which he had flown, and soon found my empty calyx, from which an entire dandelion ball had been taken at one pinch. I lost no time in tracing out the nest in the foot of an apple-tree close by. A dainty fabric it was, exquisitely adorned with gray lichens and skeletonized leaves, its interior very plentifully lined with the seeds of the dandelion, more so than is usual with the nests of this bird. On two occasions since I have seen other small birds of the warbler kind suspiciously rummaging among the dandelions, and have afterward discovered the empty calyx. There is probably more than one dandelion burglar.

THE BIRD WITH THE HUMAN HEART.

SO do the Arabs speak of the stork. "He has the heart of a human parent," say they, as they observe him, silently and persistently guarding the nest where his mate is sitting. So tender and affectionate do the Mohammedans believe this bird to be, that they assert that its love for human children is as great as for its own offspring, and the Mohammedan mother is delighted when she sees the stork building its nest upon the top of her house. She construes it into a prediction of good fortune, and believes that the happiness of her household is insured for that year.

The Marabouts are an order of priests among the Mohammedans who have a tradition that the storks were once Marabouts, who for some great sin were transformed by Allah into these solemn birds. Often at nightfall the stork may be seen upon the house-top standing on one leg, with head uplifted, as it utters at regular intervals a plaintive, doleful cry. The pious Moham-



[illegible] to each other as they pass over. Look, the Moslem says, the May Arabia sweet harvest!

Long ago the stork was sacredly protected in Mohammedan countries, but it is held in great reverence by the faithful, and whoever shoots or injures one is subject to the penalty of the law.

The ancient Greeks regarded the stork with reverence as the parent bird of homes and households, and that region of country was esteemed fortunate which was frequented by storks. It is the bird of Holy Writ. It is conspicuous in the beautiful poetry of Job and Jeremiah and David, where its domestic habits and tender solicitude for its young are so frequently mentioned. Numerous stories are told of the mother stork that will risk her own life to save her little ones. There is a well-authenticated account of a stork that during a fire in a village of Holland made every possible endeavor to rescue her little ones from the flames, and when she found her efforts useless, flew to the nest, covered her young with her wings, and perished with them. It is even asserted that these birds are as sagacious and faithful as the dog in their appreciation and remembrance of a kindness. They have been known to warn and succor each other in time of danger, and to recognize with expressions of affection and gratitude the person who has shown them a kindness.

Their wonderful knowledge of times and seasons seems almost like an inspiration. In this they are unerring, so that the peasantry of Norway and Sweden and Russia can safely predict the spring when they see the first stork flying through the air. They are the truest "citizens of the world," living in almost all countries. Southern France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, and Constantinople are their winter homes. Holland, Russia, Sweden, Norway, England, Denmark, and Germany, all give them welcome as the heralds of spring and summer.

So fond is this bird of human habitations that its nest is more frequently found upon tops of houses than in trees. In the north of Europe nests are very often built for them on the tops of farm-houses, and they do not hesitate to avail themselves of the convenience. It is no unusual thing to find several nests upon a mosque in Mohammedan countries, and this circumstance confirms the superstition of the Mohammedans that the stork is a Marabout in disguise and humiliation, and still retains his love for the sacred edifice. In Constantinople they are to be found in great numbers, and morning and evening flocks of them may be seen sitting upon the domes of the mosques, or sometimes standing, with one leg drawn up under the wing, as if they were undergoing a sort of penance, and not for the world would the pious Mohammedan drive them away.

The Arabians in the making of their almanacs are guided by the movements of the stork. How and where he flies and when and where he alights are indications sufficiently sure upon which to base a prediction relating to the season. "As weather-wise as the stork" is an Arabian proverb, and another proverb among this people so given to the making of proverbs, runs, "He who hates the stork does not wish good fortune."

THE BICYCLOPÆDIA BIRD.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"BOO!" said something.

And Jimmieboy of course was startled. So startled was he that, according to his own statement, he jumped ninety-seven feet, though for my own part I don't believe he really jumped more than thirty-three. He was too sleepy to count straight anyhow. He had been lolling under his canvas tent down near the tennis-court all the afternoon, getting lazier and lazier every minute, and finally he had turned over square on his back, put his head on a small cushion his mamma had made for him, closed his eyes, and then came the "Boo!"

"I wonder," he said, as he gazed about him, seeing no sign of any creature that could by any possibility say "Boo" however.

"Of course you do. That's why I've come," interrupted a voice from the bushes. "More children of your age suffer from the wonders than from measles, mumps, or canthaves."

"What are canthaves?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Canthaves are things you can't have. Don't you ever suffer because you can't have things?" queried the voice.

"Oh, yes indeed!" returned Jimmieboy. "Lots and lots of times."

"And didn't you ever have the wonders so badly that you got cross and wouldn't eat anything but sweet things for dinner?" the voice asked.

"I don't know exactly what you mean by the wonders," replied Jimmieboy.

"Why, wonders is a disease that attacks boys who want to know why things are and can't find out," said the voice.

"Oh my yes. I've had that lots of times," laughed Jimmieboy. "Why, only this morning I asked my



papa why there weren't any dandelionesses, and he wouldn't tell me because he said he had to catch a train, and I've been wondering why ever since."

"I thought you'd had it; all boys do get it sooner or later, and it's a thing you can have any number of times unless you have me around," said the voice.

"What are you, anyhow?" asked Jimmieboy.

"I'm what they call the Bicyclopædia Bird. I'm a regular owl for wisdom. I know everything—just like the Cyclopædia; and I have two wheels instead of legs, which is why they call me the Bicyclopædia Bird. I can't let you see me, because these are not my office hours. I can only be seen between ten and two on the thirty-second of March every seventeenth year. You can get a fair idea of what I look like from my photograph."

As the voice said this, sure enough a photograph did actually pop out of the bush, and landed at Jimmieboy's feet. He sprang forward eagerly, stooped, and picking it up, gazed earnestly at it. And a singular creature the Bicyclopædia Bird must have been if the photograph did him justice. He had the head of an owl, but his body was oblong in shape, just like a book, and, as the voice had said, in place of legs were two wheels precisely like those of a bicycle. The effect was rather pleasing, but so funny that Jimmieboy really wanted to laugh. He did not laugh, however, for fear of hurting the Bird's feelings, which the Bird noticed and appreciated.

"Thank you," he said, simply.

"What for?" asked Jimmieboy, looking up from the photograph, and peering into the bushes in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the Bird itself.

"For not laughing," replied the Bird. "If you had laughed I should have biked away at once, because I am of no value to any one who laughs at my personal appearance. It always makes me forget all I know, and that does me up for a whole year. If I forget all I know, you see, I have to study hard to learn it all over again, and that's a tremendous job, considering how much knowledge there is to be had in the world. So you see, by being polite and kind enough not to laugh at me, who can't help being funny to look at, and who am not to blame for looking that way, because I am not a self-made Bird, you are really the gainer, for I promise you I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"That's very nice of you," returned Jimmieboy; "and perhaps, to begin with, you'll tell me something that I ought to want to know, whether I do or not."

"That is a very wise idea," said the Bicyclopædia Bird, "and I'll try to do it. Let me see; now, do you know why the Pollywog is always amiable?"

"No," returned Jimmieboy. "I never even knew that he was, and so couldn't really wonder why."

"But you wonder why now, don't you?" asked the voice, anxiously. "For if you don't, I can't tell you."

"I'm just crazy to know," Jimmieboy responded.

"Then listen, and I will tell you," said the voice. And then the strange bird recited this poem about

THE POLLYWOG.

"The Pollywog's a perfect type
Of amiability.
He never uses angry speech,
Wherever he may be.
He never calls his brother names,
Or tweaks his sister's nose;
He never pulls the sea-dog's tail,
Or treads upon his toes.

"He never says an unkind word,
And frown he never will.
A smile is ever on his lips,
E'en when he's feeling ill.
And this is why: when Pollywog
The first came on the scene,
He had a temper like a cat's—
His eye with it was green.

"Now, just about the time when he
Began to lose his tail,
To change into a croaking frog,
He came across a nail—
A nail so rusted that it looked
Just like an angle-worm,
Except that it was straight and stiff,
And so could never squirm.

"And Polly, feeling hungry, to
Assuage his appetite,
Swam boldly up to that old nail,
And gave it such a bite
He nearly broke his upper jaw;
His lower jaw he bent.
And then he got so very mad
His temper simply went.

"He lost it so completely as
He lashed and gnashed around,
That though this happened years ago,
It has not since been found.
And that is why, at all times, in
The Pollywog you see
A model of that virtue rare
True Amiability.

"Now I dare say," continued the Bird—"I dare say you might have asked your father—who really knows a great deal, considering he isn't my twin brother—sixteen million four hundred and twenty-three times why the Pollywog is always so good-natured, and he couldn't have answered you more than once out of the whole lot, and he'd have been wrong even then."

"It must be lovely to know so much," said Jimmieboy.

"It is," said the Bird; "that is, it is lovely when you don't have to keep it all to yourself. It's very nice to tell things. That's really the best part of secrets, I think. It is such fun telling them. Now, why does the sun rise in the morning?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"For the same reason that you do," returned the sage Bird. "Because it is time to get up."

"Well, here's a thing I don't know about," said Jimmieboy. "What is 'to alarm'?"

"To frighten – to scare – to discombobulate," replied the Bird. "Why?"

"Well, I don't see why an alarm-clock is called an alarm-clock, because it doesn't ever alarm anybody," said Jimmieboy.

"Oh, it doesn't, eh?" cried the Bird. "Well, that's just where you are mistaken. It alarms the people or the animals you dream about when you are asleep, and they make such a noise getting away that they wake you up. Why, an alarm-clock saved my life once. I dreamed that I fell asleep on board a steamboat that went so fast hardly anybody could stay on board of her—she just regularly slipped out from under their feet, and unless a passenger could run fast enough to keep up with her, or was chained fast enough to keep aboard of her, he'd get dropped astern every single time. I dreamed I was aboard of her one day, and that to keep on deck I chained myself to the smoke-stack, and then dozed off. Just as I was dozing, a Misinformation Bird, who was jealous of me, sneaked up and cut the chain. As he expected, the minute I was cut loose the boat rushed from under me, and the first thing I knew I was struggling in the water. While I was struggling there, I was attacked by a Catfish. Cats are death to birds, you know, and I really had given myself up for lost, when '*ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling*' went the alarm-clock in the corner of my cage; the fish turned blue with fear, swished his tail about in his fright, and the splashing of the water waked me up, and there I was standing on one wheel on my perch, safe and sound. If that clock hadn't gone off and alarmed that Catfish, I am afraid I should have been forever lost to the world."

"I see now; but I never knew before why it was called an alarm-clock, and I've wondered about it a good deal," said Jimmieboy. "Now, here's another thing I've bothered over many a time: What's the use of weeds?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the Bird, with a laugh. "To make lawns look prettier next year than they do this."

"I don't see how that is," said Jimmieboy.

"Clear as window-glass. This year you have weeds on your lawn, don't you?"

"Yes," returned Jimmieboy.

"And you make them get out, don't you?" said the Bird.

"Yes," assented Jimmieboy.

"Well, there you are. By getting out they make your lawns prettier. That's one of the simplest things in the world. But here's a thing I should think you'd wonder at. Why do houses have shutters on their windows?" asked the Bird.

"I know why," said Jimmieboy. "It's to keep the sun out."

"That's nonsense, because the sun is so much larger than any house that was ever built it couldn't get in if it tried," returned the feathered sage.

"Then I don't know why. Why?" asked Jimmieboy.

"So as to wake people up by banging about on windy nights, and they are a mighty useful invention too," said the Bird. "I knew of a whole family that got blown away once just because they hadn't any shutters to bang



"I'LL NEVER BUILD A HOUSE WITHOUT SHUTTERS," SAID JIMMIEBOY.

about and warn them of their danger. It was out in the West, where they have cyclones, which are things that pick up houses and toss them about just as you would pebbles. A Mr. and Mrs. Podlington had built a house in the middle of a big field for themselves and their seventeen children. Mr. Podlington was very rich, but awful mean, and when the house was finished, all except the shutters, he said he wasn't going to have any shutters because they cost too much, and so they hadn't a shutter on the house. One night after they had lived where they were about six months they all went to bed about nine o'clock, and by ten they were sound asleep, every one of them. At eleven o'clock a breeze sprang up. This grew very shortly into a gale. Then it became a hurricane, and by two o'clock it was a cyclone. One cyclone wouldn't have hurt much, but at three o'clock two more came along, and the first thing the Podlington family knew their house was blown off its foundations, lifted high up in the air, and at breakfast-time was out of sight, and, what is worse, it has never come down anywhere, and all this happened ten years ago."

"But where did it go?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Nobody knows. Maybe it landed in the moon. Maybe it's being blown about on the wings of those cyclones yet. I don't believe we'll ever know," answered the Bird. "But you can see just why that all happened. It was Mr. Podlington's meanness about shutters, and nothing else. If he had had shutters on that house, at least one of them would have flopped bangety-bang against the house all night, and the chances are that they would all have been waked up by it before the cyclone came, and in plenty of time to save themselves. In fact, I think very likely they could have fastened the house more securely to the ground, and saved it too, if they had waked up and seen what was going on."

"I'll never build a house without shutters," said Jimmieboy, as he tried to fancy the condition of the Podlingtons whisking about in the air for ten long years—nearly five years longer than he himself had lived. If they had landed in the moon it wouldn't have been so bad, but this other possible and even more likely fate of mounting on the wind ever higher and higher and not landing anywhere was simply dreadful to think about.

"I wouldn't, especially in the cyclone country," returned the voice in the bush. "But I'll tell you of one thing that would save you if you really did have to build a house without shutters; build it with wings. You've heard of houses with wings, of course?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jimmieboy. "Why, our house has three wings. One of 'em was put on it last summer, so that we could have a bigger kitchen."

"I remember," said the Bird. "I wondered a good deal about that wing until I found out it was for a kitchen, and not to fly with. The house had enough wings to fly with without the new one. In fact, the new one for flying purposes would be as useless as a third wheel to a bicycle."

"What do you mean by to fly with?" asked Jimmieboy, puzzled at this absurd remark of the Bird.

"Exactly what I say. Wings are meant to fly with, aren't they? I hope you knew that!" said the Bird. "So if the Podlingtons' house had had wings it might have got back all right. It could have worked its way slowly out of the cyclone, and then sort of rested on its wings a little until it was prepared to swoop down on to its old foundations, alighting just where it was before. A trip through the air under such circumstances would have been rather pleasant, I think—much pleasanter than going off into the air forever, without any means of getting back."

"But," asked Jimmieboy, "even if Mr. Podlington's house had had wings, how could he have made them work?"

"Why, how stupid of you!" cried the Bird. "Don't you know that he could have taken hold of the—"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!" rang the alarm-clock up in the cook's room, which had been set for six o'clock in the afternoon instead of for six in the morning by some odd mistake of Mary Ann's.

"The alarm! The alarm!" shrieked the Bird, in terror.

And then the invisible creature, if Jimmieboy could judge by the noise in the bush, seemed to make off as fast as he could go, his cries of fear growing fainter and fainter as the wise Bird got further and further away, until finally they died away in the distance altogether.

Jimmieboy sprang to his feet, looked down the road along which his strange friend had fled, and then walked into the house, wishing that the alarm-clock had held off just a little longer, so that he might have learned how the wings of a house should be managed to make the house fly off into the air. He really felt as if he would like to try the experiment with his own house.

THE LAST TRIP OF THE "DUCK."

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE season was practically over. The people who spent the summer on Blackfish Harbor had closed their cottages and returned to town, with the exception of the Barlow family. Mr. Barlow considered the autumn the best and most enjoyable time of the year, and generally remained at his country home until the cold weather drove him and his family away. The latter was limited to Mrs. Barlow and Jack, and though it was rather lonely after all their neighbors had departed, yet Jack thought he enjoyed it, for it made his vacation so much longer, while his friends resumed their studies a full month before he was compelled to look into a book.

Blackfish Harbor was one of the most beautiful on Long Island Sound. The entrance was guarded on one side by a steep sandy bluff, and on the other side a point of land ran out into the waters so far that you could not tell just exactly where it ended. The slope was very gradual, and dotted here and there with black rocks, some of which were plainly seen above the waters at high tide, while others further in were entirely submerged. This made the entrance to the harbor rather dangerous, and a light-house was therefore erected a quarter of a mile from shore; and beyond, in a line with the light-house, and right off the furthest point of the land, was placed a bell-buoy to mark the channel. Vessels therefore kept a course between the bluff and the imaginary line as marked by the buoy and the light-house.

As a rule, Blackfish Harbor was like a mill-pond, and as safe as a tennis-field, to use Jack's expression. He was very anxious to have a cat-boat, but Mr. Barlow objected.

"I have no objections to your sailing, Jack," said his father, "because you are a good swimmer, but I do not want you to run any risk with other people. If you had a cat-boat you would want to take your friends out sailing, whereas their parents might object, so we'll compromise on a canoe that will hold but one." With this Jack had to be satisfied. When it came to buying a canoe he thought over the matter for some time, and then concluded to buy a canvas one. "It is safe enough for my use," he confided to his chum, "and isn't anywhere near as expensive as the regulation kind, so next year papa may change his mind about the cat-boat, and not object to buying one, if he doesn't have to pay much for the canoe in the first place."

So the canoe was bought early in the summer. It had a small sail that carried it along at a lively rate when there was any wind, and it also went rapidly with a paddle. Jack thought long about a name for it, and finally went to his father.

"Well," remarked Mr. Barlow, after a minute's thought, "considering it is a canvas-back, suppose you call it the 'Duck.' So the *Duck* it became, and the way it behaved in the water justified its name.



"JACK BARLOW," WAS THE REPLY.

The close of the season was marked by cold and stormy weather, which hurried everybody, except the Barlows, away somewhat earlier than usual. This stormy period proved very tiresome to Jack, and when, about the middle of the month, a warm spell set in, Jack was delighted, for he could go out again in his canoe.

One afternoon he set out to sail around the bell-buoy, the wind being light and the tide favorable. The Barlow cottage was near the shore, about half a mile beyond the light-house, and the sail was not a very long one. The *Duck* glided along merrily, bobbing like a cork over the waters, with a free wind and an ebb-tide. Jack had gauged his time so that when he reached the buoy the tide would begin to turn, so he would have it with him both ways. He sat facing the bow, and fairly revelled in the sail, of which he had been deprived for nearly a fortnight. The light-house was passed, and he had nearly reached the buoy, when he noticed that the wind was shifting and blowing heavier. Several clouds were driving across the sky, which had been clear when he started out, and he turned to look for any weather indications. Above the bluff, which was behind him by that time, he saw a low black cloud. He was startled at the sight, for he knew it meant a squall. The sky behind him was entirely obscured, and he decided that the best thing to do was to go back. But this was easier decided

He had come down before the wind more swiftly than he had anticipated, and the tide had [illegible] against him. He could do nothing. The *Duck* was entirely too light to withstand both forces. The buoy had been reached; in fact, he was just a little way beyond it in the main channel, and Jack thought he would try to get nearer to it. His paddle had been left behind, and there was nothing to do but sail; all the time the wind had increased, and gave every sign of a head if not a steady or long gale.

He turned the canoe toward the land. The waves washed over the sail, and wet Jack to the skin, but the *Duck* still made some headway. Jack thought he would try and make the land where he could, and walk home, instead of attempting to sail. In order to be prepared for any emergency, he cast off his coat. It was lucky that he did so; at that moment a sudden gust filled the sail, shook it a moment, and then laid it flat in the water. Jack was roused to quick action. He was on the side of the boat in a moment, seeking to right it. But what he had done for fun on other occasions was impossible when it became necessary. The canvas boat was really not fitted for use in such waters. The wet sail was too heavy for the canoe; the water crept over the rail, and gradually filled the interior. Jack realized that the boat was filling; he didn't know but it would finally sink, and he came to the conclusion that it would not be safe to cling to for any length of time. He looked around. During the struggle he had drifted nearer the buoy, and was but a hundred feet away; so with instant determination he struck out for it.

The water was cold, and seemed to grow colder every minute, but Jack was a good strong swimmer, and he finally reached the buoy. It was swinging and rocking in the waves, giving forth its discordant clang, but Jack cared not for that. He grasped one of the iron supports, and drew himself up, and sat down on the iron plate. There was plenty of room for him to sit upright, although he could not stand or kneel, but the water dashing over it made him decidedly uncomfortable. He began to wonder how he would get home. His father and mother had gone driving that afternoon, and might not be back until late in the evening. He was glad of this, because they would not worry over his absence, but he wondered if he could get to shore before they returned. They would be greatly distressed if they should come home late and not find him. All this time the bell kept clanging and jangling. Jack measured the distance to shore, and decided that he wouldn't try to swim it. It seemed longer than it had ever looked before, and, besides, the water was cold, and Jack was becoming thoroughly chilled.

The afternoon passed slowly. The wind subsided as the time went on, and finally went down with the sun. The waves ceased their tossing, until finally the bell hushed its monotonous tolling, and brought sweet relief. But by that time it was growing dark. Jack wondered if the light-house keeper would hear him if he shouted. He tried it, but he seemed to make very little sound. He knew he couldn't be heard as far as the light-house. Then the stars came out. The night grew colder, and Jack wondered if his parents had returned by that time. If they should go to the boat-house and find the *Duck* absent what would they think? By-the-way, what had become of the *Duck*? Had it sunk, or was it drifting about the Sound?

Suddenly there came to him a bright idea. The evening was still, the waters calm, and the bell could be heard from afar. He caught hold of the iron supports of the buoy and began to rock to and fro. The clang of the bell sounded harshly on the air. Jack increased the motion and the bell rang violently. The noise was nearly [illegible]ning and terrible to Jack, but the exercise seemed to warm him, and he kept it up for what seemed an hour. By that time he was thoroughly warmed, although wet, hungry, and uncomfortable. The ringing seemed to do no good, and he finally stopped from sheer exhaustion. As the bell ceased its noise he thought he heard the sound of oars. Then he gave a mighty shout and listened.

"Hullo!" cried a hoarse voice through the darkness.

"Hallo!" answered Jack, gladly, "come to the buoy."

The oars resumed their splashing, and in a moment a white row-boat drew near.

"Who's there?" asked the oarsman.

"Jack Barlow," was the reply.

"Why, sonny, is it you?" said the voice, with a chuckle, which Jack recognized as belonging to the light-house keeper, and then the boat drew up alongside the buoy.

It did not take a moment for Jack to crawl into the boat, and he stretched himself out in the stern with a sigh of relief; he was fearfully stiff after having sat so long in a cramped position.

"Waal," remarked the light-house keeper, as he rowed in, "I suddenly heerd the bell a-ringing and a-ringing, and begun to wonder what it was. I knowed no tug had come in, and there wa'n't enough wind or sea on to make it ring, and I says to myself, says I, I'll go and see, and so I come and finds you." Then he chuckled again, as though it was a good joke.

Then Jack told his story, and when he had finished the man's voice was very solemn.

"You was lucky—mighty lucky," said the keeper. "I allus thought that there flimsy thing of yours wa'n't no good. It's lucky you can swim, ain't it?"

When Jack reached the shore and started to the house he met his father and mother just driving in, and was delighted that he was in time to prevent any worry. They listened with interest and alarm to his experiences, and as Jack finished, he added, slyly, "A cat-boat would have staid afloat, anyway."

At which his father answered, thoughtfully, "That's so; but it's too late to get one this year; we'll wait for the spring."

The last trip of the *Duck* was a long one, for she never came into any port as far as heard of.

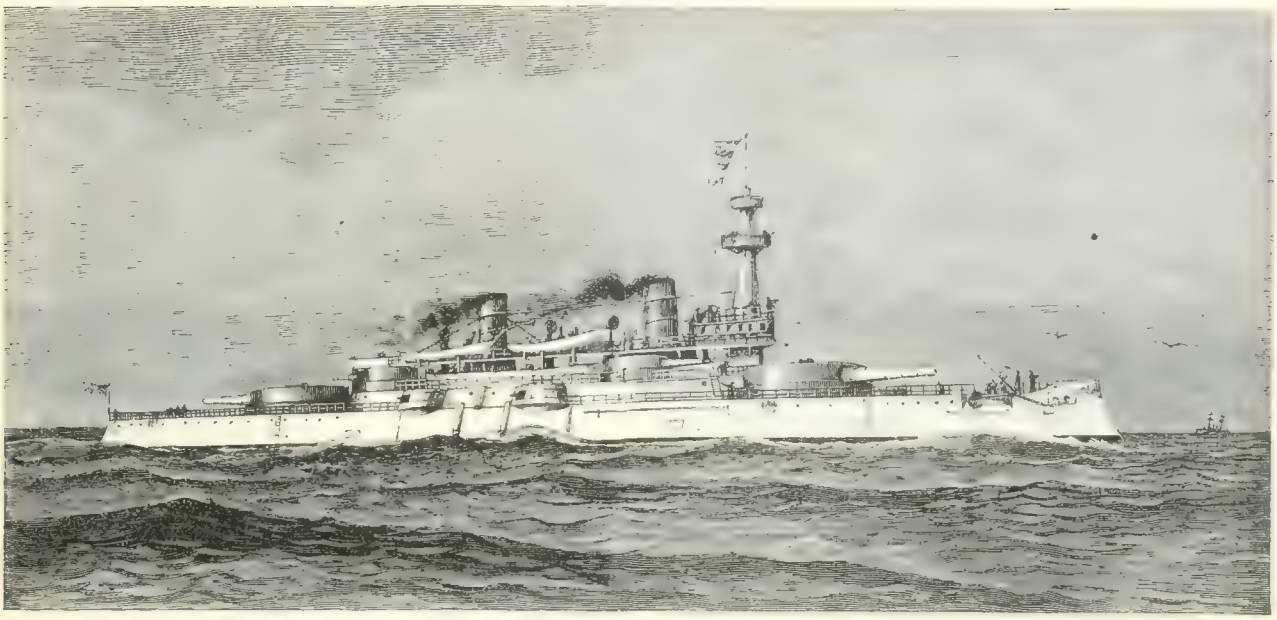
OUR NEW NAVY.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY.

I.—BATTLE SHIPS.

BATTLE-SHIPS will not be found in the fleet that has assembled in our home waters to honor the opening of the Columbian Exhibition. It is true the turret battle-ship *Aquidaban* of the Brazilian navy has a place in the foreign squadrons that will steam up our harbor and receive at anchor off this port the Chief Executive, but high as is her rating, she, like our double-turreted, low free-boarded monitor *Miantonomoh*, can hardly be classed as a battle-ship. The types represented are mainly cruisers, and these run the nautical scale of power, from the armored fliers which so nearly equal the ships of the line, through the protected and partially protected types, down to the lightly built steel and wooden vessels, which compare with the master type as the bow and arrow does to the rifle. There will be seen, too, gun and torpedo boats, despatch vessels and scouts, and special constructions like the *Vesuvius* and the *Miantonomoh*, but unfortunately no battle-ships.

I say unfortunately, for these are the reliance, these measure the efficiency, of all navies; these are the mother ships around which cluster all other types. They constitute the main line of attack and defence, and they



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

would be fine object-lessons to our people, a delight to the eye, not only of the sailor and of every lad who would like to be a sailor, but of those who can appreciate intelligently the greatness of man's triumphs over the forces of nature. It is unlucky, for this reason, that the ice-closed waters of the Gulf of Finland and the early spring date appointed for the review joined in preventing Russia sending the squadron she hoped to have in our waters, for, as usual, her intentions in our behalf were of the best. Had it been otherwise we should have seen the finest international fleet ever gathered in one port, for, spurred on by her example, England and France, and perhaps Italy and Spain, would have sent some of their largest and strongest vessels, instead of the well-appointed but small squadrons selected. On the other hand, we have been spared the humiliation of receiving such splendid representatives by vessels of an inferior class, because owing to delays of many kinds, mainly to the late awakening of Congress to the necessities of a modern fleet, we have not a single battle-ship afloat. Five in all have been authorized, one of the second class and four of the first, but of these only two, the *Texas* and *Indiana*, have been launched.

From the beginning of naval warfare battle-ships have been the principal defence of all maritime people. Their development has enlisted the highest talent, the keenest intelligence, and in each period types have been produced which have justly evoked the praise and wonder of the sea-going races. But great as was the development in the past, never before, perhaps, has equal progress been attained in the same space of time as in the last quarter of a century. At the beginning of the civil war iron-ship construction was in its infancy, and the stately triple-tiered steam line of battle-ships were supposed to be almost invincible; but between them and the mighty ocean fortresses of to-day the contrast is greater than between the war galleys of the Greeks and the vessels that fought with Nelson at the Nile.

The *Indiana*, of our navy, launched in February last, is an excellent type of the modern battle-ship. It is difficult to describe her, for the new ideas demand new terms of description, and unless one has followed the lines of progress these are apt to be confusing and meaningless. Perhaps the best way to understand her appearance is to imagine a steel fort surrounded by armored walls $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and covered by a steel roof 3 inches thick, from each end of which rises a circular battery; fancy next on top of each of these batteries a circular turret mounting two guns, each one weighing 67 tons, and you have the main idea. This in itself would be a strong work for land defence, but to make it available for sea, a vessel is built around it, which must steam through the water at the rate of 16 knots an hour—that is, over 18 statute miles—go half around the world at a 10-knot rate without re-coaling, and carry 1800 tons of coal and 450 men, together with stores and provisions sufficient for six months, and enough powder and shell to sink a fleet. The dimensions of the *Indiana* are—length, 348 feet on the load water-line; width, $69\frac{1}{4}$ feet, and a mean draught of water of 24 feet; displacement 10,200 tons. Of this length, 190 feet are protected by a belt of steel armor, which extends 3 feet above and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the water-line, and is 18 inches thick in its heaviest part. Behind this belt is a backing of wood 6 inches thick; then come two $\frac{3}{4}$-inch plates, and inside of all a coal belt 10 feet thick, the total protection being 12 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick.

The steel batteries at either end, called *redoubts*, are 17 inches thick, extend $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the main deck, and give an armored freeboard, or height of deck above water, of over 15 feet. These redoubts protect the machinery that turns the turrets and loads the guns. The turrets rise above the redoubts, are 17 inches thick, and each carries two breech-loading steel rifle guns, 13 inches in calibre, mounted so as to train their muzzles, when level, $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the water. Each of these guns can be fired four times in nine minutes, and together their energy of discharge is equal to 134,508 foot-tons, that is, equal to a force which, if exerted underneath, could throw a 10,000-ton battle-ship $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet into the air. In turrets along the side, eight 8-inch breech-loading all-steel rifles are mounted $24\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the water, and are so arranged as to fire over the tops of the 13-inch pieces. These guns can be fired once a minute, and with a shot weighing 250 pounds can pierce, at a range of two miles, the armor of many of the armored cruisers of great coal endurance. On account of their great height they can be brought into action early in an engagement, and can be used with great effect against the unarmored and lighter-armored parts of the heavier battle-ships.

In addition to this main battery, the *Indiana* carries four 6-inch rifles, twenty 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two Gatling pieces, and six torpedo tubes—representing in all a weight of armament superior to that of any of the latest battle-ships laid down by foreign nations. All the smaller pieces are protected by armored shields or other contrivances, and the sides of the ship above the belt and between the redoubts are covered with steel plating five inches thick. The engines are of the triple-expansion type, are to develop 9000 horse-power, and give, at the highest, a speed of 16.2 knots, and as an average or sustained sea speed, 15 knots. She has twin screws, a military mast, heavy conning towers, and a ram bow.

The *Massachusetts* and *Oregon* are sister ships to the *Indiana*, and were designed in the Bureau of Construction by Mr. Lewis Nixon, then of the navy, who was detailed for this special work by Chief Constructor Wilson. Officially they are known as coast-line battle-ships, but this title gives a wrong idea of their power. The name was given probably to calm any suspicion that the country was about to embark on an active foreign policy; but it is very evident that a vessel which can operate only in sight of land is not of the first class. These vessels, on the contrary, are capable of proceeding to any part of the world should the honor of the country demand this service.

The seagoing battle-ship *Iowa* differs from the *Indiana* in having a forecastle deck, which gives the attendant advantages of increased freeboard; four of the latter's 6-inch guns have been replaced by six 4-inch rapid-fire guns; and 12-inch guns, weighing 45 tons, have been substituted for the 13-inch, thus enabling hand-power to be used in their manipulation. The length of the water-line belt has been increased more than one-quarter, and additional protection has been afforded to the fighting crews by a splinter bulkhead on each side of the gun stations on the main deck. The wonderful progress made in the manufacture of armor since the *Indiana* class was designed has permitted the employment of a 14-inch belt on the side instead of the 18-inch used in the other ships, and this great reduction in weight enabled the protected space to be increased. The average speed has been raised to 16 knots, and the coal supply has been supplemented by over 200 tons.

Our only other battle-ship is the *Texas*, and she belongs to the second class. Her design was the outcome of a competition in 1887 between native and foreign naval architects, and is credited to Mr. W. John, late general manager of the Barrow Ship-building Company. She is protected by a water-line belt of 12-inch steel armor, which extends along the space occupied by the magazines, engines, and boilers. The ends of this belt are connected by bulkheads 6 inches thick which cross the deck, and are lozenge-shaped, rather, something like this: <>. An armored redoubt 12 inches thick runs diagonally across the main deck, and protects the bases of the turrets and the machinery. The main battery consists of two 12-inch breech-loading rifles and six 6-inch rifles, and the secondary battery of the usual rapid-fire and machine guns and of four torpedo tubes. Each of the 12-inch guns is mounted in turrets 12 inches thick, which occupy diagonally opposite corners of the redoubt —*echelon*, as it is called—the port gun forward, the starboard gun aft. This arrangement—quite a common one abroad at the time the plans were adopted—was intended to give "all-around fire"; but it proved a mistake, for the all-around fire existed only upon paper, and the *Texas* would be more effective if the guns were carried in the centre of the ship on the fore-and-aft line. Otherwise she is a very good vessel, and will make a notable addition to our fleet.

It is difficult to say now when the earliest battle-ships will go into commission, for it is not at all unusual in foreign dockyards to find vessels of this type eight or ten years on the hands of their builders. However, we may hope for better things than this, and it will be a white-letter day when we have twelve battle-ships in commission—eight on the Atlantic coast and four on the Pacific. It will be interesting to see under our flag a modern fleet, each battle-ship with her special attendants—scouts, cruisers, torpedo-cruisers, rams, torpedo-boats, colliers, and other peculiar types—and each squadron with its colliers, despatch craft, and repair vessels, all united in a mighty fleet, which will be able to protect our shores at home and extend our interests and assert our dignity abroad.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU did know! You never thought it was a piece of that paper. You *pretended* that it was, and let me go and make a donkey, a perfect jackass of myself!" cried Ken, growing more furious as he rehearsed his wrongs. "I wish I had told that grinning apothecary what I thought of him, when he knew it wasn't a laughing matter too. I told him enough about it for him to know that, more than I wish I had. On the way I took it over to Dave, and puzzled his poor weak brains over it. He can read letters and figures; I was afraid he couldn't, but he can. If I had had that paper that you let that girl throw overboard, and then let the monkey tear to pieces, I believe I could have made him remember! Now of course he never will get well, after being tormented by that drivel, '4 Teckin' oni Moame'! There's English for you. How should a fellow know what it meant? That apothecary said that a man in his line got accustomed to queer spelling. The minute he read it out I knew it was Saul Baker. I should like to know whether it's a bill, and whether he meant it for me. How came *you* to know what it meant? Or did you only know that it wasn't that paper? You knew just what it was! I remember, now, that you looked as if you wanted to laugh. Yes, you wanted to laugh, you were fooling me so beautifully! A pretty sister you are for a boy to have!"

"Oh Ken! I—I didn't know just at first," stammered Robin, "and when I did, I hated to disappoint you, and you were so angry with me that I felt as if I couldn't tell you. I didn't know that you were going to show it to any one. I thought the storm would prevent. I wouldn't have let you do that, Ken. I meant to tell you. It is too bad!"

"It is *too bad!*" mimicked Ken. "That's what a girl says when she has ruined everything. Just wait till I catch that Saul Baker! A great girl you are to complain of my associating with Dave Freneau when you make such friends of those Bakers!"

"They've been so kind to us, Ken," said Robin. "The *Scud* has been like our own boat. And what could I do with the *Mary Ann* if it were not for Thanny?"

"Oh, well, if they're your kind! You're always copying Saul's maxims, 'Stiddy days' works and there you be.' I suppose you'll be copying his spelling presently," said Ken, conscious, in spite of his unhappiness, of some satisfaction in what he felt was very neat sarcasm. "As for me, I've done with them. I've done with *you*, too." Ken's look and tone were withering as he said this, and poor Robin shrank visibly. "If I should stay here I would never speak to you. But I sha'n't stay. And if anybody knows where I've gone, it won't be you."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

Ken had an irritating consciousness that there was an unmanly tremor in his voice, but to Robin it was only the more impressive on this account.

Robin felt crushed and guilty, but nevertheless she rallied for a little self-defence. "It was silly of me and—and weak, but I only wanted you not to be angry."

"To be weak sometimes is to be wicked," said Ken, with some dramatic effect. (Declamation was Ken's strong point; he came brilliantly to the front on school exhibition days.) He had read that in a book, thought Robin, recognizing the sentiment as one that had struck her in a story that they had both been reading, and it was consequently not so effective as Ken's original reproaches were apt to be. She could have found the spirit to answer it, if Ken had given her an opportunity, but he ran up stairs and locked himself in his own room.

Robin was obliged to explain to his father that Ken had been out in the rain, and was tired and wet. Mr. Dinsmore asked few questions of late, he had grown so feeble, and to-night it was a relief to Robin to escape easily.

"Poor dear boy, he has such a hard time!" his mother said; but she never asked for explanations; they were apt to give one neuralgia.

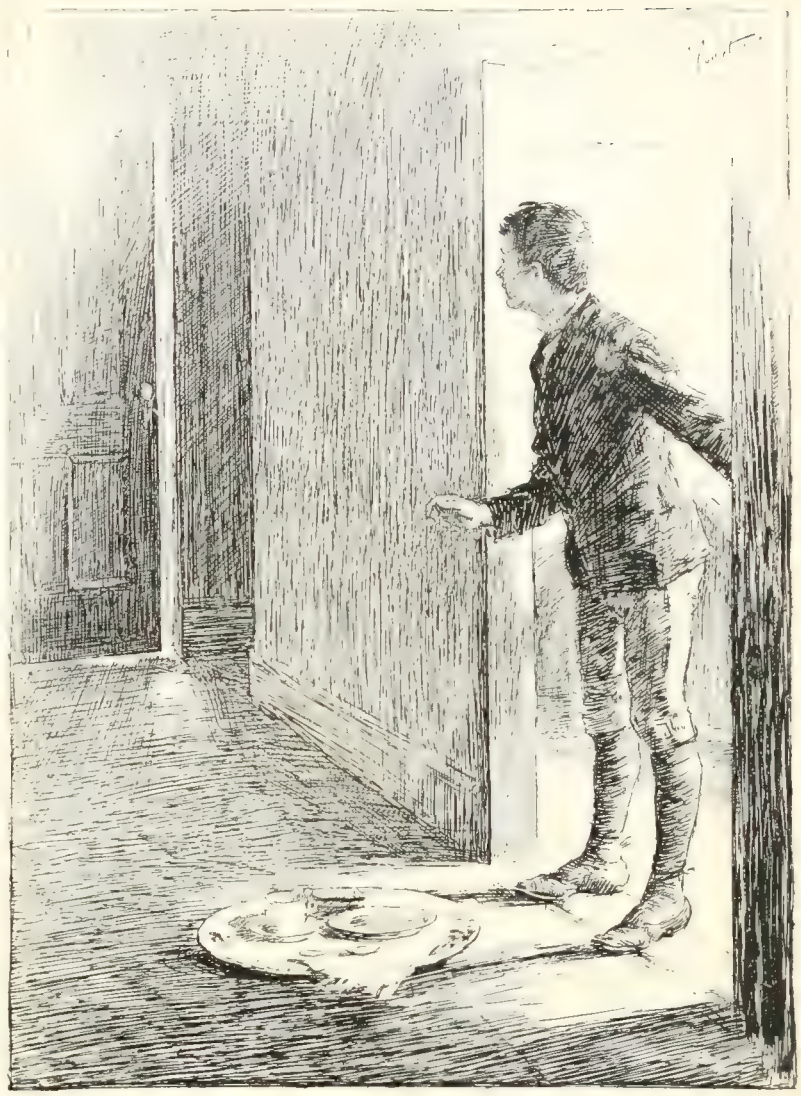
Half an hour later Robin set down a little tray at his door and tapped gently; but there was no response.

"Go away! I know it's you," growled Ken, when she tapped again.

"The clam chowder was so good, Ken, and it's hot," said Robin, persuasively. "And I made such a cup of coffee!"

"Clear out with 'em!" cried Ken, in a way which reminded Robin strongly of Annette's "*va-t'en.*"

She slipped away, leaving the tray at the door, and, listening in her own room, was soon gratified by hearing Ken softly open and shut the door. She was acquainted with Ken, and she knew that the tray was gone.



SHE WAS SOON GRATIFIED BY HEARING KEN SOFTLY OPEN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

"It takes the backbone out of a fellow to be so awfully hungry," Ken was saying to himself. "And it's only Robin, anyway."

Nevertheless he left a little of the coffee; he had meant to leave more, but it was too good; and setting the tray outside the door again, he carefully upset the cup and spilled the coffee. "Now she'll think that Granny Nickerson's Banquo ate the chowder," he said to himself, with great satisfaction. "After all, there are some advantages about having a silly little thing like Robin for a sister."

Robin listened at his door in the chill of the early morning. She was terribly afraid that he would now, in the first flush of his disappointment, carry out his oft-repeated threat to run away to sea. Captain Doane's brig, the *Steadfast*, was to sail from Quansett, on a foreign voyage. It might sail that very morning. But the sound of heavy, regular breathing from Ken's room assured her that he was fast asleep.

"I don't believe he'll go until he is sure that Dave Freneau won't get well," she said to herself, as she crept back to bed. "And there's the great show that's coming to Quansett. He has seemed to think as much about it as if he were a Cape boy, almost as much as Thanny, who has been planning and planning how to see it without spending his money. He won't go away; he's only trying to frighten me." And Robin fell asleep again, almost as comfortably as a girl who hasn't the great responsibility of a brother.

Ken was, after all, not much crosser the next morning than he was in the habit of being of late. He carried out his threat not to speak to Robin, but he was so glum generally that this was scarcely noticeable. He objected strongly to going to Granny Nickerson's funeral, and was only constrained by his father's positive command that such respect should be shown to her memory. To Ken's mind the meadow was so far overbalanced by the monkey and his misdeed that no gratitude was due from the Dinsmore family to Granny Nickerson. He went by himself, surlily, in his flannel blouse and knickerbockers—"A fellow couldn't be expected to dress up," he said to himself, "when all his prospects in life had been ruined by that monkey"—while Robin was escorted by Thanny—Thanny brushed and combed, ill at ease in his Sunday clothes, and burdened with two regrets.

"I never picked up her cane nor her bundle for her, one day, when she dropped 'em," he explained to Robin, as they drew near the house. "I was goin' smeltin', and the fellers were all crowdin' round the best hole in the ice. I don' know why 'tis, but a feller thinks of it and wishes he had, now she's dead." And Thanny gave expression to his feelings in as honest a sigh as was heaved

for Granny Nickerson, whose kindred had all died before [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

"I am glad if he have trouble!" cried Annette, with flashing eyes. "Yes, I am glad, and you need not look at me like that! If you have seen your father wrong out of what was his life, and die too worn out when he come near to get it at last; and now Dave is almost the same as die, and it is all lost!" Annette grew incoherent and tearful; it was plain that remonstrances were of no avail.

"Duke isn't to blame for all that, you know, Annette," she said, gently. "But I'll do all I can to help you."

"You are good. You would, I know, but Dave and I we will burden no one. While the summer lasts we can go on. We have the potato-patch, the little pease, and berries in the woods."

"And we will go fishing, you and I, in the *Mary Ann*," said Robin.

"You make it so that it is no favor that I take," said Annette. "Those others"—Annette nodded significantly in the direction of Sandford—"those others do favor, but they look down. I go fishing with you in the *Mary Ann*."

Annette said this loftily, with the air of conferring a favor, but there was a sob in her throat. "She have a good heart, and the tartine have go to it!" she said to herself, as she watched Robin's retreating figure from the doorway.

Robin had not seen Dave; he was asleep, but she had seen a child's cart full of stones in the yard, and Annette had told her, tearfully, that Dave had found it in the cellar and occupied himself, in most of his waking moments, in drawing it up and down.

"The doctor have say he get over that when he grow stronger," she explained. "The great doctor have come up from Kingstown, and he ask no pay, because he is interested. It is good sign and not bad for Dave to draw the cart, but he must not see me cry. I laugh always, like this, when Dave is awake!" Annette displayed all her dazzling teeth in a grin, so forced that it seemed doubtful whether it could have a cheering effect upon Dave.

"He take more notice, a little, than the first day, but he must not get tired. I will not let him go to the show, and your brother put himself in temper. He say he do not like girls, anyway. That to me is equal whether he like girls or not, but he shall not tire my Dave."

On the last day of the show Ken obtained the doctor's permission and Annette's to take Dave to see the chunky little Canadian ponies. Annette insisted upon going also, not from lightness of heart—that seemed over for poor Annette—but because she could not trust Dave out of her sight. The expense of the outing, which, it must be confessed, had been a matter of serious embarrassment to Ken, was provided from a wholly unexpected quarter.

Cap'n Saul came up the steep sandy path from the slip, with the rolling gait which he had acquired before he was twelve years old, and a sheepish look on his face, which was quite new to it. Thanny, who knew the weak joints in his armor, as we all know those of our own kin, had by continued sly thrusts aroused him to deepest penitence.

"They ain't makin' any ice-cream or frozen pudd'n' over to the minister's nowadays. I expect that means that they're awful short. I don't expect they ever made a mite without sendin' us some. 'Heap it up, Moira,' Miss Robin used to say, when it was going into my pail, 'Cap'n Saul and Thanny both have a sweet tooth.'"

Cap'n Saul and Thanny cooked for themselves in untrained, masculine ways, and these delicacies had been extremely welcome.

"She always makes me take my share of the money, reg'lar, Miss Robin does, when we take folks out in the *Mary Ann*. And I don't want to, neither. There ain't anything mean about *some folks*." With such keen thrusts did sly Thanny arouse his elder brother to repentance.

"I was kind of thinkin' that seein' that French feller got hurt aboard of my boat, mebbe I'd ought to do a little something for him," he said, giving a sailor hitch to his trousers, and with his eyes on the ground, but addressing Ken, whom he met on the lawn, while Robin listened with all her ears from her perch on the piazza railing. "I wouldn't want to give a dollar where it wouldn't be put to a good use, but—but I had one layin' round kind of permisc'us in my pocket, and hearin' you was thinkin' of takin' him to the show, I kind of thought—"

Cap'n Saul at this point extended a silver dollar. "There ain't no profit in shows, generally speakin'; but Thanny was tellin' me that you calc'lated it might set his thinkin' machine to workin' again—and so there 'tis."

He thrust the silver dollar into Ken's somewhat reluctant hand, and rolled away at great speed.

"A fellow wouldn't take it from that old curmudgeon if he had a sixpence that he could call his own! The idea of making out a bill for taking Dave on his old boat when he was going anyway," growled Ken, as he came slowly up the steps. "And a pretty fix he got me into by it too! I don't know how a fellow can bear all that I have to without going out of his mind. To have to cringe to people to borrow money, and to take it from a fellow like that."

"Ken, dear, it is too—"

"I wasn't talking to you," said Ken, savagely, suddenly remembering himself. "I was talking to—"

Alas! there was no one to represent a listener except Traddles's great Dinah, staring, beady-eyed and wooden, on the upper step.

As Ken's searching gaze fell on the doll, Robin's unfortunately quick sense of humor caused her mouth to twitch.

"Laugh! Oh yes, laugh away!" cried Ken, furiously. "What do you care what your own brother has to suffer? and all your doing, too. But you'll think of it again! I'm going to do something *desperate*. I'm not going to live like a beggar any longer. *Desperate*, I tell you; and you won't laugh when you hear of it!"

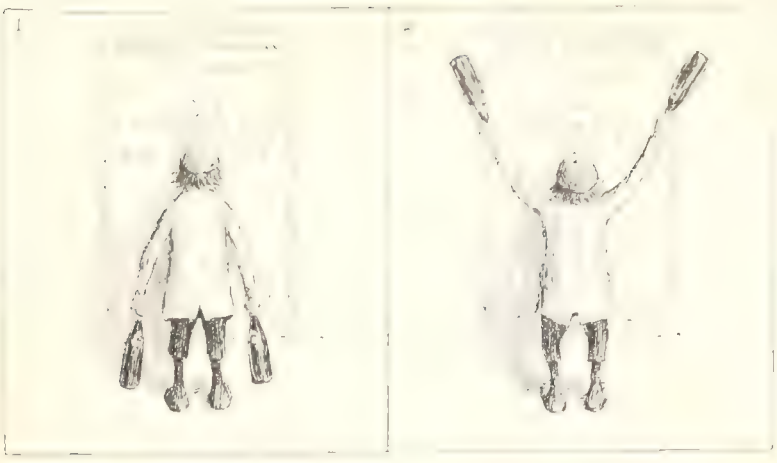
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT PROUD OF HIS ELECTION.

IN this country when it comes to the casting of the ballots, the person elected to the position awarded by the suffrage of the people is always extremely proud of the result, even though he may not be specially desirous of holding office. In other countries, too, the recipient of the greatest number of ballots at the polls is apt to swell with pride over the outcome of the voting; but there is a case on record in Japan where the winner at the polls was not only sorry for his success, but came, through that success, subsequently to wish he had never been born. This was in the village of Awa, and the person honored—or dishonored—by the majority vote was a Jap by the name of Abi Tanihei.

It seems that the village of Awa was harassed by a midnight robber whom nobody could detect. The head of the hamlet summoned the entire male population under his charge, and directed every man to write the name of the person whom he suspected, and to deposit the paper in a box. Fifteen ballots bore the name of Abi Tanihei, the rest being blanks. The man whom everybody distrusted was so much overcome with astonishment that he made a full confession, and went to prison.

In a more civilized country an incident of this sort could never happen, and it is to be hoped that it never will be tried. If Abi Tanihei had really been an honest man it would have made no difference in his fate, which would, indeed, have been a dreadful thing.



THE SEA-SERPENT BOY DELIVERING A CODE OF LAWS OF FOR RECEIVES A SUGGESTION.

AND PROCEEDS TO ACT UPON IT.



HE DOES A LITTLE FANCY WORK,

AND—!!!

"CASH!"

A STORY is told of a little girl who went shopping one day with her mother. On her return home, after having visited some of the large shops in New York, she seemed to be grappling with some very difficult problem. On being asked what she was musing about, she said, "I was only thinking."

"Of what, my dear?" asked her mother.

"I was only thinking that it was funny how many little boys there were named Cash."

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD IN THE LIBRARY.

"SAY, VASEY," said the Picture on the wall to the Sèvres vase on the mantel, "you look blue. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm hungry," said the Vase. "I haven't had anything in me for six weeks now, and I'm beginning to feel mighty empty."

"HULLO, Mr. Time!" said the Statuette to the Clock. "How are you feeling to-day?"

"Very much run down," said the Clock, wearily. "I can hardly move my hands."

"HEAR the wind, how it blows," said the Inkstand.

"Yes," said the Thermometer; "it's very sharp out, too."

"'Tain't half so sharp as I am," said the Scissors.

"OWCH!" cried the Rug.

"What's the matter?" said the Table.

"You've got your foot on my fringe," replied the Rug.

"I DON'T think you Books are very polite," said the Andiron, peeping out of the fireplace.

"What are we doing now?" asked one of the Books.

"Why, you've all got your backs turned toward the rest of us," said the Andiron.

"I SHOULD think you'd get tired," said the Ceiling to the Picture-rod.

"Tired?" asked the Rod. "Why?"

"Why, you're running around the room all day long," explained the Ceiling.

"BE careful!" shrieked the Picture to the Picture-wire. "I should be all broken up if you let me drop."

"YOU think you know it all, don't you?" sneered the Joke-book at the tenth volume of the Cyclopædia.

"No, I don't," said the Tenth Volume. "I only pretend to know things between G and Got."

"I WISH you'd be my friend," said the Register to the Screen.

"Never!" retorted the Screen. "I'll never be the friend of anything that blows hot and cold the way you do."

WAS GOING TO HAVE A REPUBLICAN PARTY.

"I'M going to have a party on my birthday," said Mollie.

"What kind?" asked Jennie.

"Oh, I don't know. Republican, I guess. That's what papa is."



THE GENEROUS ROOSTER.

"CHICK, CHICK, CHICK! COME AND GET THE CORN!"

"NOW SEE ME EAT IT."

"THERE IS NOTHING MEAN ABOUT ME."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

THE STORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

BY EDITH ELMER.

CHAPTER I.

JAKE WILDON was listening for the hundredth or the ten-hundredth time to the story of his father's and elder brother's heroic death. He never tired of hearing the details, and his mother never tired of repeating them.

"It was late in the fall, ye know," she was saying, "a sight colder 'n this. The lake was beginnin' ter freeze over round the edges, an' the fishermen was out fer about the last time. An' it began ter storm—about the worst storm ye *ever* see—an' the fishermen they was glad enough ter run their boats ashore on Manitou Island. They made out ter light a fire on the beach, an' set about it warmin' themselves, fer they was wet through—yer father an' yer brother Charley, an' a dozen more, maybe. Yer brother Charley was jest th' age you are now, lackin'



a month or so jest turned sixteen. He was as likely a boy as *ever* I see, Charley was, an' good lookin' too. I'm not sayin' you can't be a *good* boy, Jake, but yer looks never was anything to boast of."

"I know it, mother," said the boy, running his fingers desperately through his shock of red hair. "Was father handsome?" he added, timidly.

"Well, I don't know," mused Mrs. Wildon. "I don't know as he was rightly what you'd call han'some, but he was considerable better-favored 'n you ever was."

"Perhaps I won't be so bad, mother, when I get my growth," he suggested, deprecatingly.

"Oh, likely enough. 'Han'some is as han'some does' they alluz used ter say, anyhow. All at once," she continued, going back to the story, "som'un spies a sail boat between the mainland an' Gull Rock, makin' fer the Rock with the wind behind her. Som'un says it's the yawl from the light house, an' they all stands up with their hearts a-thumpin' whilst they watch her, fer it's a mighty ticklish business. An' sure enough, jest as she gets abreast Manitou, a puff o' wind takes her on one side an' turns her over. Fer a minute they can't see nothin', but presently the yawl comes ter the top, bottom side up, an' Abel Jeffries calls out (he's powerful sharp sighted, ye know), 'There's two on 'em a-clingin' ter the keel!' Then they stand there an' look at one another, all them great strong men, an' one of 'em heaves a deep breath and says, 'The Lord help 'em!' Thet kinder riles yer father, an,' he says, very quiet an' slow, as he alluz spoke: 'S'pose we see what *we* kin do afore we leave it ter the Lord. Ain't there nobody here thet'll go out there with me in my dory?' An' they all looks at one another again, an' no one says a word, till Charley says, 'I'll go with ye, father.' Him an' Charley pulled fer all they was worth, an' got ter the yawl. There was Andersen, thet still keeps the light, ye know. He was well along in years, and was near done fer, what with the cold an' all. The other man was his assistant—Murphy was his name—Tom Murphy. An' he says: 'Ef ye can't take but one of us at a time, ye'd best take Andersen. He's pretty near guv out. I kin hang on till ye come again.' So they took Andersen, an' went back. An' when the men heard yer father was goin' again fer the other man they tried ter hender him. They told him he was crazy, thet it was jest a miracle they wa'n't swampt before, and he'd orter know when he'd got enough. All yer father says is, 'Murphy's expectin' us,' an' he an' Charley sets out again. They got out an' took off Murphy, an' started back all right. Well, ye know the rest, I guess. They was upset in the breakers an' drowned there, all three, within a hundred feet o' the shore."

Mrs. Wildon rocked backwards and forwards for a few minutes, while her knitting-needles clicked nervously. "I alluz thought thet was kinder hard ter be drowned when they was so near bein' safe. But I ain't complainin'. He was a brave man, yer father, an' Charley was a brave boy, an' I kin alluz be proud when I think of 'em. Thet's more'n some could say as have kept their men-folks longer."

It was fast getting dark, but they had not thought to light the lamp. There were two big logs burning in the open fireplace, and they filled the room with a warm ruddy glow. Jake sat on a three-legged stool with his stocking feet upon the rounds. He had pulled off his rubber boots when he came in out of the rain, and they stood steaming in the corner.

"Jake," said his mother, presently, "I do hope you'll be as good an' as brave a man as yer father was, an' Charley would 'a' been. It 'ud be a more 'n common shame ef you turned out bad with their example before ye."

"Oh, mother," the boy interrupted, earnestly, "I promise you you'll never have to be ashamed of me. Of course I can't promise to be a hero like father and Charley. One never knows how one 'ud act till the time comes. Sometimes I think I've got the stuff in me, and then again I think I haven't. But you'll never be *ashamed* of me."

"I hope not; I hope not. Ye're a steady enough boy. It's this book nonsense o' yourn thet plagues me. It's books, books, books all day 'n' all night. The minute ye come in from yer chores, down ye drop an' set ter readin'. I never see any good come of it yet."

"The books don't hinder me from being good and brave, mother; they help——"

"Yer father nor yer grandfather never needed no such helps. Are ye settin' up ter be better 'n them?"

"It isn't that, mother——" he began.

"Don't talk ter me, Jake. I want my boy ter be a plain honest man, with lots er grit an' no nonsense about him. Ye come o' good stock. Ye'd orter be. There was yer father's uncle Jacob, thet ye're named fer. He was a salt-water sailor, ye know. He died o' yellow fever, in the Indies, caught from nursin' one of his mates. There's ways an' ways o' being brave. 'Tain't given ter all ter do the same things."

There was a long silence.

"Jake," Mrs. Wildon said at last, "to-morrow's Sunday. What are ye layin' out ter do?"

"I thought I'd sail over to the Rock and see Andersen a bit."

"What is it that takes ye over ter the light-house so often, Jake?"

"Why, mother, I like old Andersen, and he's mighty good to me, you know, and he knows loads about fishing and sailing; and then—then—it always seems as if he belonged to me, somehow. I always think of father and Charley when I look at him."

"Yes, thet's natural enough, an' right enough. 'Tain't the books, then, thet takes ye?" she added, suspiciously.

Jake laughed. "Well, not *this* time, mother, for I've read every book there, and there won't be anything more till the Inspector comes along and changes the library."

"I shed think he could find somethin' better ter do 'n thet!" said Mrs. Wildon, scornfully.

Next morning it cleared off finely, and Jake, in the rough sail-boat he had built and rigged himself, was skimming over the blue surface of Lake Superior to the little pile of rocks where the light-house stands. The assistant had gone ashore for the mail, and old Andersen was up in the lantern tower carefully polishing the red glass prisms of the lens. Jake always liked it up there. Everything was so scrupulously clean. The brass-work shone resplendent, and the carefully cut prisms that surrounded the lamp, like the slats of a Venetian-blind, looked like great rubies.

"Well, my boy," said the old light-keeper, "I'm right glad ter see ye. Make yerself 't home."

"Oh, I say," called Jake, suddenly, from the gallery outside the lantern; "what's this steamer bearing down on us? It isn't one of the Lake Superior Transport Company's, nor the *Hiawatha*, nor the *Governor Alger*, nor any of the barges I know; and—why, yes—she's burning *hard coal*, sure as guns!"

"Here, let me see," said the old man, coming out on to the windy balcony. "Praise be ter glory thet thet there lens is a-lookin' her prettiest!" he said, after gazing in silence for a few minutes, "fer thet craft is the light-house tender, laddie, an' the Inspector is aboard her. It's been less 'n a month since he was here last. It's surprisin' how they get around the deestrict so lively now."

Jake could hardly contain his joy. He had often seen the *Dahlia* at a distance, and he was accustomed to regard her monthly visits to the island light-house, bringing oil for the lamp and rations for the keepers and a new set of books for the library, playing the part of the

convenient wreck to these modern Robinson Crusoes, as the great events of the season. They seemed to form the link that bound Gull Rock, or even the far-away mainland where Jake lived, to the great world. Whenever the *Dahlia* came, Jake always hurried over to the light-house the first time he got a chance, to hear the news and see his friend's acquisitions, but he had never had the luck to be on the spot when the tender arrived. All his life he had heard of the Inspector, and had formed a somewhat fanciful image of him in his mind, and now he was going to see him face to face.

Perhaps everybody does not know that all the light-houses and fog-signals and buoys in the country are under the control of a board of army and navy officers and distinguished civilians in Washington, presided over by the Secretary of the Treasury. Our sea, gulf, and lake coasts and the great navigable rivers are divided into seventeen districts, to each of which is attached an army officer of the engineer corps, who attends to the building of new light-houses and the repairing of old ones, and a naval officer, who looks after the appointment, discipline, pay, and promotion of the light keepers, supplies them with all things needful, and makes frequent personal inspections of the condition of each station.

Soon the *Dahlia* was hove to, and the Inspector's dingy lowered over one side and the big supply-boat over the other. The derricks on the deck started moving, and barrels of salt pork and hardtack, dried beans, flour, and sugar were lifted over the side of the ship. The dingy was rowed by two sailors in white duck uniform, and in the stern sat two other figures.

"I suppose that's the Inspector steering?" ventured Jake.

"Bless ye, no, boy. The one with the blue coat an' brass buttons?—that's the mate o' the tender. T'other's *him*."

"Why, the other one just looks like any city fellow in store clothes. He can't be a naval officer," protested Jake, with a note of keen disappointment in his voice.

"Why, Jake, was ye layin' out ter see him in his regimentals—cocked hat an' gold lace an' a sword going clinkety-clank each step? I'm sorry ye're disappointed. This here light-house business is what they calls 'special duty,' an' they don't wear no uniform so long's they're in it. But he's a genu*ine* naval officer, Jakey, don't you be afraid."

Jake *was* a trifle disappointed, but he did not have time to grieve about it, for the dingy was already threading its way among the jagged rocks that bar the approach to the island. The Inspector was a fine-looking man, if his clothes *were* much like other people's. He was about forty-five years old, with a heavy iron gray mustache, and a rare mixture of the soldier, the sailor, and the man of the world about him.

"Well, Andersen, how are you?" he said, heartily. "You've got a new coat of paint on the boat-house, I see. It looks much improved. Why, this isn't your son, Andersen?" he began, catching sight of Jake.

"No, Commander; this is a young friend o' mine come off ter spend the day—Jake Wildon."

"Wildon? Wildon?" repeated the Inspector, as if he had heard the name before and was trying to place it.

"It was his father an' brother thet saved me the time the yawl upset, an' was drowned goin' back fer the assistant," explained Andersen.

"Oh, I remember now. That was a gallant affair. Young man, I am glad to meet you. You had a brave father and brother. You have cause to be proud of them."

"I know it, sir," said Jake, getting very red in the face.

"And when you get a few years older, if you like to enter the light-house service, I've no doubt we can find a place for you."

"Really?" exclaimed Jake, in the seventh heaven. "Oh, I'd like that better than 'most anything. I never did take to the farm, nor never shall."

"The fact is, Commander," said Andersen a few minutes later, when they were up in the lantern tower alone together, "thet Wildon boy has splendid stuff in him. He'd orter do somethin' better 'n enter the service. I ain't sayin' nothin' against the *service*, sir. It's been good enough fer me. But he's an uncommon smart lad, thet Jake. He spends his whole time readin' an' studyin', an' knows more 'n anybody in the township a'ready, without it's the school-master."

"Indeed!" said the Inspector. "Well, if he's got it in him, I know just the opening for him. How did the last oil we left you burn? It was a new kind."

Andersen was afraid the Inspector might forget about his protégé, but as they went down stairs the first person they saw was Jake seated cross-legged in front of the new library, reading over the titles of the books.

"Well, Wildon, do you find anything you like?" asked the Inspector.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Jake, with a radiant smile that quite transformed his homely face; "there's a good many here I never heard of. But that doesn't signify."

The Commander smiled. "Are you fond of the water, Jake? Do you care for sailorizing?"

"It's the only thing I do care for—except books," said Jake.

"Well, now, I'm going to give you a bit of advice, young man. The Congressman of your district has an appointment to the Naval Academy to fill next spring. He has decided to give it to the successful candidate at a competitive examination to be held at Hancock during the Christmas holidays. Now, if I were you, I'd go down there and try for that."

Jake fairly gasped. "Oh," he said, "I *couldn't;* I don't know enough. I don't know near enough to enter college."

"You don't need to," said the Inspector. "They work you hard enough after you get to the Naval Academy. Not half the boys that enter there get into the navy; but they make the entering pretty easy on purpose. They don't want the boys that know the most. They want the pluckiest, manliest boys, from East and West and North and South. They want to give the country boys a chance who haven't had many school advantages. Sometimes they turn out the best officers of all. Reading, writing, and spelling, grammar, geography, and United States history, arithmetic and algebra—I think that is all they ask for at the Naval Academy; and this examination at Hancock will be on the same lines."

"That doesn't sound so bad, except the algebra; I never studied that. But perhaps I could between now and Christmas. Oh, but it's no use," he said, presently, with a sigh. "I can't *afford* to go away to school anywhere. We're awful hard up, mother and me."

"Why, you know, it won't cost you anything at the Naval Academy, if you can find the money to get from here to Annapolis. From the moment you put on its uniform the government pays you a salary of $500 a year, and of course it's more after you graduate."

"Well, now!" muttered old Andersen. "Think o' that! Think o' bein' *paid* ter receive a first-class edication, an' 'most as much as they pay an old graybeard like me, who's been trimmin' lamps all these years! Thet's better 'n the light-house service, Jakey. You'd better do as the Commander says."

"Oh, I'd *like* to fast enough," said Jake, with his eyes aglow.

"Well, think it over, my boy," said the Inspector, kindly.

[illegible] Ferguson pissed out of the room to answer, and the great events of this memorable day were over.

"Ye kin go 'n' ax her ter dance. I'm not goin' ter stand a yer way," said his mother, when he got home, and excited, and poured out his story. "But I'm afeard ter say, I don't take ter this scheme myself. It don't stand ter reason that you'll do better 'n all them rich men's sons down at Hancock an' Houghton, that they can't afford ter do but go ter school all their days, an' it don't stand ter reason the Congressman 'ud give ye the appointment ef ye did. What does he care for *you?* An' what do you want with the Naval Academy, anyhow? It wa'n't meant fur such ez you, Jake Wildon. Do you know how it 'll serve ye? It 'll put notions inter yer head, an' ye won't be fit fer nothin'."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOLD YOUNG KING.

ALEXANDER, King of Servia, was born August 14, 1876, and consequently is not quite seventeen years of age. King Milan, his father, abdicated in 1889 in favor of his son. Milan might have preferred to stay on his throne, but he was such a bad King, and was on such bad terms with his wife that to give the kingdom to his son was perhaps the most agreeable thing to do. Then the ex-King and Queen went their separate ways, and left their young son bearing the title and dignity of King, but not the responsibility.



ALEXANDER, KING OF SERVIA.

For Alexander was King only in name. According to the Servian law he could not reign until he was eighteen years of age, and consequently he was a mere figure head while the regents and ministers of state ruled. These several rulers were apparently no better than the one who had abdicated, and the poor people of Servia had a very hard time of it. The regents took advantage of their position, and fresh abuses of power were perpetrated daily. Meanwhile, it is reported, Russian agents and spies were working to increase the dissatisfaction of the people. But what was to be done? Nobody dared do anything for it was believed that the army was on the side of the regents, and in most foreign countries, as it was in ancient Rome, the party that is supported by the army is the uppermost.

About the first of the year ex-King Milan and Queen Nathalie made up their differences, and then it is supposed that they began to conspire to render their son and the house of Obrenovitch perfectly safe. The young King proved to be in sympathy with their conspiracy, and was fortunate enough to have about him some sagacious counsellors; so a bold stroke was prepared.

On April 13th King Alexander gave a magnificent feast at his palace in Belgrade, to celebrate his success in passing the examination required of Servian students. This was merely a cloak to conceal the conspiracy. The regents and ministers were invited, and they accepted. On the fatal day they all came to the royal dinner, as unsuspectingly as any mouse ever walked into a trap. There were eight at the table, with the King at the head, and everybody must have had a good time at first. But the regents did not have opportunity to finish their dinner; the King was evidently in a hurry, for after the third course the boy arose and said: "Gentlemen, for four years you, in my name, have administered the kingly power. I thank you heartily for the trouble you have taken. I now feel able to administer the power myself, and will exercise it from this moment. I beg you, therefore, immediately to hand me your resignations."

They said they would not resign, and then the King put them all under arrest, and in the morning had them conveyed to their homes under guard. After this he issued a proclamation to his subjects, and before daybreak went out to visit the army barracks, where the troops were under arms. They received him gladly, and the next day the citizens had a chance to testify to their approval, which they did. Shops were closed, the King attended a joyous Te Deum at the cathedral, and in the evening the city was illuminated and everybody seemed happy. And that is the situation at present writing. Just how it will end cannot be foreseen, but Alexander will probably be recognized and continued as King in truth. He has ordered new elections for members of the Servian Skuptschina or Congress; he has appointed a new cabinet, and when the body meets he will say "I have attained my majority and am able to rule." Then with the entire army in favor of this course there is every probability that he will carry his point.

MR. BETHEL'S PAMPHLET.

THERE lived, many years ago, in Ireland, a barrister of the name of Bethel, who was rather proud of his attainments, and who liked to show them off in the writing of pamphlets. One of these, said by those who have seen it to be anything but valuable, was upon the subject of the union between Ireland and England.

Meeting a witty acquaintance some days after the publication of his pamphlet, Bethel was asked by him why he had not informed him of its appearance.

"I wonder you didn't tell me you'd written it, Bethel," said the witty acquaintance. "I never saw it until yesterday, and only then by the merest accident."

"Well, how did you like it?" asked Bethel, who was fond of praise, and was anxious to hear what was forth-coming to gratify his vanity.

"How did I like it?" repeated the other. "Why, it contained some of the best things I ever saw in a pamphlet on any subject."

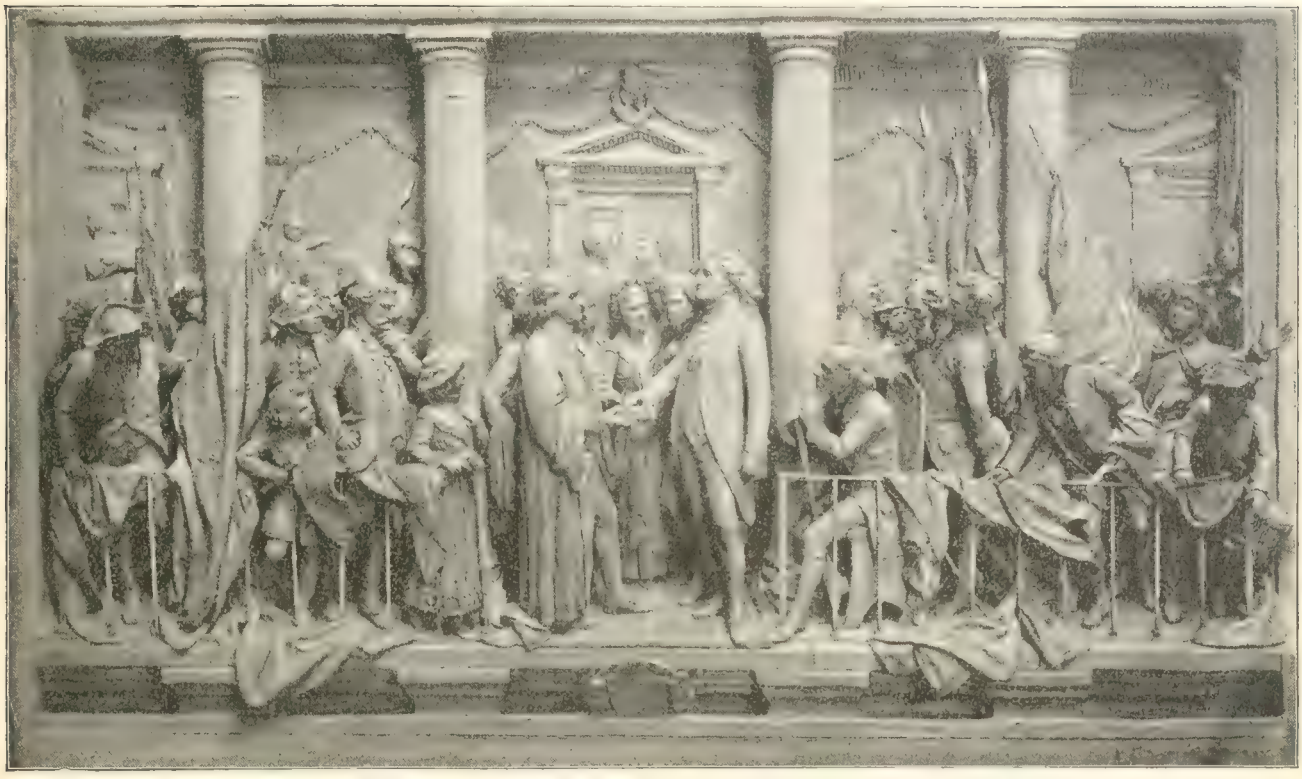
"I am very proud to have you say so," said Bethel—"very proud, indeed. And ah—what were the things that pleased you so much?"

"Mince-pies," said the other.

"What?" cried Bethel, his face turning purple.

"Mince-pies," repeated the other. "I saw a girl coming out of a pastry shop, and she had three steaming hot mince-pies wrapped up in your pamphlet. They were fine. Did you have mince-pies in all of them?"

Bethel's further remarks are not quoted, but it is to be presumed that he turned on his heel and treated his witty friend with silent contempt ever afterward.



THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON. From a Bass-relief by Larkin G. Mead.

INAUGURATION DAY IN 1789.

THE dawn of the 30th of April, one hundred and four years ago, which lifted bright and clear, was greeted in New York city by the thunder of guns firing the national salute, by the ringing of bells, and an early thronging of people upon the streets. The vast metropolis of to-day was then a town of 33,000 inhabitants, which had grown northward only as far as the present down-town thoroughfare, Chambers Street. But it was then both the capital and largest city of the country, which had just changed from a confederation of States to the dignity of a nation, the United States of America. On the 6th of April the first college of electors had met here to open and count the votes which elected the first national President and Vice-President—George Washington and John Adams. Here the first national Congress had just organized, and now in the same eventful month the first inauguration of a President was to take place.

A messenger had ridden at speed from New York to Mount Vernon to notify General Washington of his election, and the next week the great patriot leader of the Revolution was on his way to New York. Travelling in his coach along the route from Virginia, through Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, his progress had been attended by every demonstration of respect and love and loyalty. Venerated as the savior of his country, people flocked from far and near to see him. Many soldiers of the Revolution, coming with their wives, sons, and daughters to see the chief they had followed in the long war, were in the throngs that lined the road-sides and crowded the towns, where laurel emblems and triumphal arches awaited his coming. At Elizabethtown a splendid barge "rowed by thirteen harbor pilots" bore him in state to New York city, where a retinue of gayly decorated boats attended the barge, and the vessels at anchor flung forth all their colors and fired salutes, while, as if to enhance the festivity of the occasion, a school of porpoises leaped and gambolled among the boats.

Now, after a week devoted to the fitting entertainment of the city's illustrious guest, the day of the inauguration had come. The Federal Hall, in which the august ceremony was to take place, stood upon the site of the present Sub-Treasury building, where Broad and Wall streets meet. It had been the court-house of the colony, the Capitol of the province, and at one time the meeting-place of the old Continental Congress. Through liberal public subscriptions of New York citizens enough money had been raised to make it a fitting edifice for the sessions of the new American Congress.

There had been much discussion over the title of dignity that should be accorded to the new President. The one finally settled upon was "His Highness, the President of the United States, Protector of our Liberties."

A procession of distinguished citizens and citizen soldiers escorted Washington in his four-horse coach to Federal Hall. Arrived at the Federal Hall, the soldiers divided into two lines, and Washington, passing between them, was escorted to the Senate Chamber. Vice-President Adams led the way with Washington to the balcony, followed by Chancellor Livingston, Samuel A. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Roger Sherman, Baron Steuben, General Knox, Governor Clinton, and Governor St. Clair, of the Northwest Territory. These statesmen, standing among the pillars of the balcony, were distinguished figures above the dense mass of people who crowded Wall and Broad streets. Washington was conspicuous over all about him by the great height of his stately figure and his dignity of presence, his appearance being further set off by his attire, which presented the splendor of color and material permitted at that period, and which seems so appropriate with the last century's fashion of knee-breeches and the powdered hair, gathered behind into the bag or queue. "The balcony of the hall was in full view of the multitude," wrote Miss Ella Quincy, who saw the ceremony from the roof of a house. "In the centre of it was placed a table with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon it, on a crimson cushion, lay a large and elegant Bible. Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of New York, who was to administer the oath, by John Adams, Vice-President, Governor Clinton, and others. His appearance was most solemn and dignified. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand to his heart, bowed several times, and then retired to an arm-chair near the table. After a few moments he arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand upon the table."

Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, raised the Bible to the lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book, saying gravely, "So help me God!" Then Chancellor Livingston exclaimed, "It is done," and turning to the people he cried, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." At once a flag fluttered forth above the cupola of the hall, giving

the guns, which was answered by the thunderous salutes of the artillery at the Battery. All the bells in the city pealed forth, and a great shout arose from the crowds assembled on streets and house-tops. The President again bowed to the people, and then proceeded to the Senate Chamber to make to the two Houses of Congress his inaugural address. This having been done, Washington, the members of Congress, and the chief officers of the State and city attended divine service at St. Paul's, where the Te Deum was sung, which ended the ceremonies of the day.

The illustration of this great historical event that we give at the head of this article is from the bass-relief by Larkin G. Mead, an American sculptor.

HOW DAPHNE SHARED HER HAT.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"AND what did Aunt Mary say to your new hat?" asked Mamma Ferris, as she untied the strings of the quaint-looking felt hat, with its nodding plumes, which almost hid the sweet little face beneath it.

"She said I looked like a fly under a cabbage leaf."

Mamma laughed merrily. The hat was so very big and the face so very little that the comparison did not seem much out of the way. But Daphne was greatly puzzled; she did not see how she could look like a fly nor how the hat could look like a cabbage leaf.

"What is little missie looking for?" asked Thomas, the gardener, as he saw her stooping among the cabbages. "There's nothing there good to eat."

"I don't *want* to eat 'em," said Daphne, in great disgust. "I only want to see a fly under a cabbage leaf."

Then Thomas laughed, and Daphne wondered what there was so funny about it. "Don't flies live under cabbage leaves when they're at home?" she asked.

"Not as I know of," replied Thomas, with his eyes still twinkling. "I guess they're most at home botherin' people in their houses and eatin' whatever they can find. They don't trouble the cabbages much."

"Then what made Aunt Mary say that I looked like a fly under a cabbage leaf in my hat?" asked Daphne, in great surprise.

"Well," said Thomas, as he tried hard not to laugh again, "a fly is very little, you see, and the hat is pretty big, and so—"

"Well, I don't like my hat, then," said Daphne, very decidedly, "and I wish it wasn't so big."

"Lor, now," exclaimed Thomas, "and the lots o' little girls there is that hasn't got any hat at all!"

The little "fly under the cabbage leaf" wondered whether it wouldn't really be better to have no hat at all than to have one that was so very big.

But mamma declared that it was a very nice hat indeed, that it had cost a great deal of money, and would keep off the wind and cold; and the next day, which was Sunday, Daphne unwillingly allowed herself to be tied into what papa called her "coal-scuttle," and went to church. But all through the service she fancied that people were looking at her; and as they came out from the porch, one lady said to another: "Pretty little thing, but that great hat makes her look top-heavy."

"I think," said papa, smilingly, "that this little girl has a hat and a half; why, it is really large enough for two."

The "little girl" brightened up again at this remark; it fitted in so nicely with what Thomas had said about some little girls having no hat at all, and the head under the big hat was doing a great deal of thinking. If she really had a hat and a half, and one that was big enough for two, it would be selfish to keep it all to herself, and she certainly ought to share it with some little girl who hadn't any hat, or only a small one.

There was a rather unpleasant-looking child in the neighborhood named Tillie Slade, who was generally to be seen swinging on a rickety gate, and making faces at every one of whom she was not afraid. She was a dark, thin little personage, with a perked-up expression on her face, and with her short dress and queer little hat with a shabby feather sticking up in it, she reminded Daphne of the monkeys that go about with the hand-organs. But then she was poor, and her mother worked hard, and she had such a small hat, when large ones were the fashion, that altogether Daphne felt quite tender-hearted as she passed the gate on Monday afternoon.

Tillie was swinging as usual, but she didn't make a face; she was lost in admiration of Daphne's hat. "My!" said she, "ain't we fash'nable, though! Don't you want to change hats?"

The little girl with the big hat was rather startled by this question, but she said, presently: "I'll share it with you if you like; my father says it's big enough for two."

Then quite a consultation took place, which ended in Daphne's going with her humble acquaintance to the milliner's, with the request that she would make two hats out of the troublesome large one.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed that worthy woman, in dismay. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Your hat, Daphne Ferris, isn't a mite too big to look right, and your ma 'ud give you a pretty talking to! You go home, Tillie Slade, and let other folks' hats alone."

This was rather discouraging; but as they were leaving the shop Daphne said, brightly: "I'll tell you how we can share it; you put it on and wear it awhile, and then I'll wear it. How will that do?"

Tillie declared that it was "splendid"; and presently her shrewd, old little face was peering from under Daphne's great hat, while on Daphne's head was mounted the queer little affair with the upright feather in it, which looked so exactly like Tillie. Both were satisfied; and Tillie was strutting along like a peacock in her borrowed plumes, when whom should they meet but Daphne's mamma!

Mrs. Ferris was horrified, as she made the children change hats at once, and carried Daphne off home. But papa laughed until he was tired when Daphne explained to him how she tried to share her hat. Presently her father asked, "If my little girl had had something she preferred to keep, would she have been quite so ready to share it?"

The rose-leaf cheeks grew a deep, deep red as Daphne whispered a brave "*No.*"

LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE successful laying of an electric cable beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean is the greatest achievement of a period which will be known in history as the electric age. The man to whose energy and courage we owe the accomplishment of this great undertaking was described by John Bright, the famous English orator, statesman, and philanthropist, as the most practical benefactor of the world of the nineteenth century. This enterprising man was Cyrus W. Field, of New York, who died last year.

Mr. Field was born from sturdy and distinguished ancestors in Massachusetts in the first quarter of this century. These ancestors would have lived long in the local history even if Mr. Cyrus Field and his eminent brothers had not each achieved a wider fame than that of any of their forefathers. Cyrus Field, when a young man, became a merchant in New York, and by 1853, when still in early manhood, had made so ample a fortune that he retired from business, thinking that he would spend the rest of his life in quietly enjoying himself. And very probably he did enjoy himself, but not quietly. He was

one of the most energetic men who ever lived, and he took pleasure in a restless activity that would have tired an ordinary man to death in a very few years.

Before the formation of the great Western Union Telegraph Company that now owns most of the telegraph lines in North America there were a great many small independent companies operating lines in various parts of the country. For instance, there would be one company operating a line from Boston to New York, and another from New York to Philadelphia, just as, to some extent, railroads are still operated. When a telegraph was extended into the North, West, or South, this was usually done by a new company. Shortly after Mr. Field's retirement from business—a retirement that really meant only an enlargement of the field in which he exercised his great business talents—he was applied to for assistance in building a telegraph line to St. John's, in Newfoundland. The projectors of this line argued that by placing St. John's in telegraphic communication with New York, and operating a fleet of swift ocean steamers between St. John's and England, the distance in time between Europe and America, so far as intelligence and news were concerned, would be reduced to five days. This seemed a very practicable scheme to Mr. Field, and he took it under consideration. When he met the gentlemen who had approached him on the subject, he told them that he approved of part of their project; "but," said he, "why not carry the line across the ocean?"

And in this way the idea of laying an electric cable beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean had its birth. It was too large an undertaking for the company that had in view the line to St. John's, whatever the gentlemen forming the company may have thought of its feasibility. When the idea was submitted to the public it met with almost universal ridicule. Civil and mechanical engineers said the work could not be done, and practical electricians said that even if the cable were laid it would be worthless for telegraphic purposes. Some men of larger comprehension, like Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, and Faraday, the great scientist, believed in the practicability of the scheme, and encouraged Mr. Field to go ahead with it.

It was not, however, until the summer of 1857 that the first attempt was made. The plan adopted was to take two ships, each loaded with half the needed length of cable, and going to the middle of the ocean, splice the two ends together, and then sail in opposite directions until the two shores should be met. The route selected for the cable was that between Valentia Bay, in Ireland, and Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, the distance being about 1600 miles. The ships used in this first attempt were the *Niagara* of the United States navy, and the *Agamemnon* of the British navy. These ships had been lent to the company by the respective governments. These ships met in mid-ocean on the 26th of June, 1857, the cable was spliced, and the *Niagara* steamed towards America, the *Agamemnon* towards Ireland. The cables parted almost at once. Three times more was this effort made, and each time it was a failure. Then the ships sailed back to Ireland. Soon after arriving in Valentia Bay a second method was tried with the same vessels. The shore end was made fast at Valentia Bay, and the *Niagara* sailed westward, paying out her cable. The plan was that when the *Niagara* had payed out her half, the *Agamemnon* should splice on and pay out the remainder. On the eleventh day after the *Niagara* sailed, and after 335 miles of wire had been laid, the cable broke, and the efforts to pick up the ends were fruitless.

When the ships returned, Mr. Field had a meeting of the company in London, and proposed that another effort be made at once. The Vice-President of the company left the meeting-room in disgust, and even expressed the opinion that to persevere in an undertaking so hopeless was even dishonest, inasmuch as it wasted funds that were raised before the impracticability of the enterprise was demonstrated. The Vice-President did not carry with him many members of the company, and Mr. Field had the satisfaction of knowing that he could make at least one more attempt. In the summer of 1858 the same two vessels sailed to renew the effort of splicing the cables in mid-ocean, sailing in opposite directions. They met, spliced the cables, and steamed, the one for America and the other for Ireland, on the 29th of July. This time there was no mishap, and on the 6th of August each vessel reached its destination, and the first Atlantic cable was laid. The first message sent was this: "England and America are united by telegraph. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men.'" The Queen of England and the President of the United States exchanged congratulations, and there was great public enthusiasm. But in three weeks the cable lay silent at the bottom of the ocean. Now the public, which had been very gushing in its admiration of the great achievement, became ashamed of its enthusiasm, and even expressed doubts as to whether any messages had actually been sent over the cable. People ridiculed the whole enterprise, and a less energetic and hopeful man than Mr. Field would have abandoned the project. His friends and his family counselled him to give it up, and it is said that his wife, in a moment of depression and annoyance, exclaimed, "I wish the whole thing was in the bottom of the ocean." Mr. Field quietly, though heartily, replied, "So do I, Mary."

With unabated cheerfulness Mr. Field set about organizing another attempt. He was advised that it would not be worth while to lay another cable until the difficulties of insulation, which destroyed the usefulness of the cable of 1858, had been overcome. To this end electricians and inventors went to work. Before the needed improvements had been made a land line to Europe had been projected by way of Alaska, Siberia, and Russia. This was thought to be much the more feasible plan, and after its inception and encouragement by the governments of Russia and the United States it was harder than ever to get capitalists to put money in the cable scheme. But Mr. Field still preserved his cheerfulness and went ahead with his plans. By 1864 he had secured the capital to renew the enterprise, and by that time too the efforts to make a cable that would answer the purpose had succeeded.

In these efforts hundreds of specimens were made, comprising every variety of form, size, and structure, and most severely tested as to their powers and capabilities, and the result was the adoption of one which, it was believed, possessed all the properties required in a far higher degree than any cable that had yet been laid. Its flexibility was such as to make it as manageable as a small line, and its strength such that it would bear, in water, over six miles of its own weight suspended vertically. The conducting medium consisted not of one single straight copper wire, but of seven wires of copper of the best quality, twisted around each other spirally, and capable of undergoing great tension without injury. This conductor was then enveloped in three separate coverings of gutta-percha of the best quality, forming the core of the cable round which tarred hemp was wrapped, and over this the outside covering, consisting of eighteen strands of the best quality of iron wire, each strand composed of seven distinct wires twisted spirally in the most approved manner by machinery specially adapted to the purpose. Such was the exquisitely constructed cable used on this occasion.

Great attention was also paid to the arrangement of the apparatus for paying out the cable. The machine for this purpose was placed on the deck of the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship ever built. Its position was in the after-

part of the vessel, and somewhat on the starboard side, [illegible] of the masts, and so forth. The cable as it came up from its enormous coils in the hold passed, first, through a guiding groove and over a deeply grooved [illegible] on to the drums, each of the latter being furnished with four deep grooves, each groove being cut one-eighth of an inch deeper than the former to allow for slack. The cable, after winding round these drums, passed on from the last groove over another guiding wheel to a distinct piece of machinery, also standing on the deck and halfway between the brakes and the ship's stern. Here a grooved wheel worked on a sliding frame, furnished with weights fixed on a rod, which ended in a piston inside of a cylinder full of water. This piston being made not quite large enough to fit the cylinder, the water had room to play about it, but with difficulty, so that yielding freely to every alteration of pressure, it could do so to none with a jerk, as the piston required some little time to dislodge the water from one side of it to the other, it acting, in short, as a water cushion. From this last piece of machinery the cable passed over a wheel or sheave projecting well over the stern, and so down into the ocean depths.



PAYING OUT MACHINERY ON DECK.

(From *The Story of the Atlantic Telegraph*, by Henry M. Field. By Permission.)

The *Great Eastern* sailed in the summer of 1865, under the command of Captain James Anderson, who has been knighted by the Queen, and is now Sir James Anderson. After paying out 1200 miles, the cable broke, and all efforts to pick it up by grappling were futile. The *Great Eastern* returned to Valentia Bay. By this expedition it was demonstrated that the insulation of a cable improves very much after its submersion in the cold deep waters of the Atlantic and that its conducting power is considerably increased thereby; that the *Great Eastern*, on account of its steadiness, was well adapted to laying a cable in any weather, and that the machinery worked perfectly. Although the attempt was in the main a failure, it encouraged Mr. Field and his associates. But a new company had to be formed before another effort could be made. "By the time," says Dr. Field, the historian of the enterprise, "the big ship had her cargo and stores on board she was well laden. Of the cable alone there were 2400 miles coiled in three immense tanks as the year before. Of this 748 miles were a part of the cable of the last expedition. The tanks alone, with the water in them, weighed over 1000 tons, and the cable which they held 4000 tons more, besides which she had to carry 8500 tons of coal and 500 tons of telegraph stores, in all some 14,000 tons, besides engine, rigging, and so forth, which made nearly as much more. So enormous was this burden that it was thought prudent not to take on board all her coal before she left the Medway, especially as the channel was winding and shallow." The *Great Eastern* arrived off the harbor of Valentia on the 7th of July, and the next six days were consumed in laying the shore end of the cable, which was very heavy. The shore end was brought off on a bridge of boats stretching from the ship to the cliff. On the 13th of July the *Great Eastern* sailed for Heart's Content, having as companions the English war ship *Terrible*, and the ships *Albany* and *Medway*, chartered by the company.

For five days all went well, and then there was a great scare. A foul flake took place in the after-tank. The engine was immediately turned astern, and the paying of the cable stopped. All hands were soon on deck, and learned, to their dismay, that the running and paying out of the coil had caught three turn of the flake immediately under it, carried them into the eye of the coil, fouling the pay-out, and hauling up one-half turns from the outside and five turns of the eye of the under flakes. This was stopped, fortunately, before entering the paying-out machines. There were, however, at least five thousand feet of rope in this tangled condition. By careful and patient work the rope was untangled, and the cable was restored to its tank uninjured. The rest of the voyage was without accident, and on the morning of July 27th the ship arrived at Heart's Content, and the second Atlantic cable was laid. Mr. Field had been aboard the *Great Eastern* in her voyage. When the cable was landed he sent this despatch to his friends in New York:

HEART'S CONTENT, *July* 27, 1866.—We arrived here at nine o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable is laid, and in perfect working order. CYRUS W. FIELD

Again the President of the United States and the Queen of England exchanged felicitations. This was the Queen's message:

The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England.

And the President replied:

The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification on the receipt of her Majesty's despatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the Eastern and Western Hemispheres may serve to strengthen and to perpetuate peace and amity between the governments of England and the republic of the United States.

When the cable had been successfully laid, the *Great Eastern* returned to mid-ocean, and managed to find and lift the cable that had been lost in 1865. A new cable was spliced to this, and the ship returned to Heart's Content without mishap, so that now there were two cables in good working order. Mr. Field was the recipient of many honors. He received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal; he was given a gold medal of the highest class by the Paris Exposition; and he was elected an honorary member of many societies in many lands.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

KEN very often threatened to run away. Doubtless that was what he meant by doing something desperate. Robin, like the "bonny, bonny lass" in the song, was told "many a tale of the dangers of the sea." Ken had used this way of persuading her to do what he wished almost as long as she could remember—long before they came to the Cape, where such ample opportunities were offered of putting his threat into execution. Like the boy who cried "Wolf!" so often that at length no one paid any attention when the wolf really came, Ken had weakened the effect of his threat by repetition.

"He doesn't mean anything, and I won't worry any more about it. I really was afraid that he and Dave Freneau would go, and all the time they were planning something quite different," Robin said to herself. "Poor Ken! he has had a great deal to vex him, but I think he isn't going to keep cross a great while. He can't help speaking to me."

Robin took the twins and Traddles to the show on that same afternoon when the effort was made to stimulate poor Dave's "thinking-machine" by means of the Canadian ponies. Jean was going also, and was in high glee in consequence. Robin wished that Moira could have taken the children, for Jean's accusation that she thought shows were "common" was true. But Moira was too old now to be trusted to take them, and, moreover, had been seized with terror at sight of the lion, retreating to the remotest corner of her attic closet when he went by, mildly roaring in his cage, between the ponderous elephant and the zebra—the latter an animal of most peculiar appearance, which Thanny shrewdly suspected to have been painted.

"He looks just like a barber's pole, and he ain't no jography zebra anyhow," he stoutly maintained.

Traddles, for her part, was strongly convinced that God had not made the elephant, he was so clumsy and unfinished. To all Prim's reproofs she replied that God could certainly have made a better one. It came to be the generally accepted opinion in the nursery that God had made him, but merely for a pattern, and that on this account the showman had secured him.

With curiosity thus aroused to a fever-heat by the passing of the procession, of course the children were uproarious to see the show, and, "The poor little hearts had so few pleasures Robin must certainly take them," their mother said. So Robin sat up half the night with Moira making the little darned and patched white frocks presentable, and with just enough money in her pocket for four half-tickets and one whole one—how good a thing it was that Jean was still under thirteen!—she set out with all the flock for the show. And although care might perch upon one's shoulder, and circuses might seem vulgar, there was, nevertheless, some fun in them when one was only fifteen. One could not help wishing to see the horses, especially the lovely little Shetland ponies, and the curious old camel, so associated in Traddles's mind with Biblical illustrations that Prim was obliged to labor with her still further to remove the impression that she was going to Sunday-school. There was a certain dreadful fascination about the snake-charming, and one would like to discover, as Thanny meant to do, whether the zebra were really painted, and if so how they did it.

And Jean, oblivious of shabby clothes, was so wholly joyous, and the little ones so full of glee, that no sympathetic soul could help sharing their feelings, although poverty might pinch and brothers threaten to run away.

Ken, who would have scorned in any case to appear in public with "the youngsters," as he called them, had gone



ROBIN TOOK THE TWINS AND TRADDLES TO THE SHOW.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

to Honey got Marsh to take Dave to the show. Dave, who could talk apparently as well as ever, although his mental condition was not improved. They happened to find places near together in the democracy of the unreserved seats, and Robin forgot all the attractions of the show in watching Dave. He was interested, delighted, as gleeful as the twins and Traddles, over the performances of the trick ponies and the educated goat that looked like some old patriarch in his long beard. But when Ken talked to him, pointing out the chunky little Canadian ponies, in which at the previous show his interest had all been centred, because they reminded him of a Canadian village where he had once lived, his face became blank, and he failed to show the least interest in them.

Robin watched Ken's face, regardless of all the charms of the performance, and her heart sank at sight of his disappointment. She knew that he was saying to himself that all effort was useless; Dave would never remember. If he would only give up the hope, now and altogether, of that great fortune which Freneau's discovery was expected to bring, and do his best bravely; but Robin realized, with a great sigh, that such wisdom could scarcely be expected of Ken. He would be much more likely to think that the time had come for his desperate deed, whatever that might be. It was probably running away to sea on board a whaler, where great hardships were still suffered, or on a fisherman to the Banks, from which so many sailors never came home. The gay scene faded from before Robin's eyes, and dreadful shipwrecks took its place, until Annette's shrill laughter aroused her again to reality. Annette was boisterously gleeful, until a sudden recollection would cause her to turn to Dave, and his altered manner would seem to strike her with new force after the short forgetfulness.

She was wild with delight over the ponies. "See, see, Dave! Is he not the very image of Mouchard, the little fat one with the blue cockade? Surely you remember Mouchard and the little cart that carried us to market."

But Dave was puzzled and impatient; he preferred the snakes and the lion to the ponies, and evidently saw no reason why he should be expected to share Annette's interest in them. Annette threatened to become hysterical, loudly declaring in piteous tones that he was not her Dave at all, and attracting the attention of every one. Poor Ken! He looked completely disgusted. This was far worse than appearing in public with the twins and Traddles, who, indeed, with Prim in the middle, were models of deportment, with all their delight. Ken would certainly go away and leave them, when all eyes began to turn towards them, if it were not for his loyalty to Dave, thought Robin.

Thanny, who, by being on the grounds since early morning, had found "a job," for which he was paid with an admission ticket, but who had been too late to secure a seat, had wandered into the vicinity of his friends, and stood staring, open-mouthed, at Annette. "Say, Ken had better get 'em away," he said, in a whisper, leaning across several people to speak to Robin. "She'll holler out so'st there'll be a reg'lar panic, or else she'll fire something at somebody's head."

"Can't you ask her to be quiet, Thanny? If I could only get there! Ken looks so distressed!" said Robin.

"Land sakes! she wouldn't shet up for me," said Thanny, in great alarm. "I wouldn't darst to go nigh her no more'n I'd darst to go into the cage with that lion, nor half so much. Ken is awful foolhardy. Neither of them ain't right in their heads. If any Cape feller had got a little knock like that it wouldn't have put him out a mite. Say, she's behavin' better now; she's all took up with the clown and the goat a-dancin'." Thanny was "took up" with this performance for some time himself, but before it was over he leaned over to Robin again, for further conversation. "Say, Dave Freneau will have to go to the idiot school; everybody says so. They wouldn't hire either of 'em at the glass works, anyhow. The new head man has come, and he's awful particular. He's worked for Mr Rawlins for ten years, and he knows more about glass than any other man in this country. He's goin' to make things hum."

Robin looked anxiously at Dave Freneau, and found too much intelligence in his face to admit to herself that Thanny's prophecy would prove true. But when he looked away from the clown and the goat a dull, blank expression came over his face; he looked at her as if he had never seen her. If this dulness should increase, if memory should fail more and more—oh, poor Annette, whose heart was so bound up in him, how would she bear it?

Thanny, who was hard-hearted where Annette Freneau was concerned, was already occupied with livelier interests. "Say, you jest give a good look at that lion!" he said, eagerly, to Robin at the first opportunity. "You jest hear how kind of soft and reg'lar he roars! And 'Bednego Phillups he offered 'em a quarter to let him jest take hold and pull his tail a little mite, and they wouldn't do it. They said 'twas 'cause he was so ferocious. But don't you b'lieve no such thing. *It's 'cause he's stuffed!*" Thanny's voice sank to a thrilling whisper. "And they wind him up to make him roar! 'Tain't no blood-curdling roar, same as the bills say it is; it ain't a half-decent roar. The feller jest gets into the cage, and yanks round that old stuffed thing, and they call it lion-tamin'. It's an awful sell. It's the biggest sell that ever come here to Quansett, and me and 'Bednego Phillups are goin' to hiss when the lion comes on. Oh, say, I forgot to tell you. Them Hallett girls are up there in the reserved seats, 'way up in front. They asked me if you and Ken was here, and they wanted to get where you and Ken was, because they was alone, and they was kind of scared. They needn't be; there ain't nothin to hurt 'em." Thanny's tone was slightly tinged with contempt. "And that big one is as much as fifteen. They wanted me to ask some folks back here close to you to change seats with 'em. Annette's carryin' on so, and then havin' that lion on my mind, drove it right out of my head. There they be, standin' up and beck'nin', now. I expect they've been doin' it right along, but Annette made everybody stare over here so that I never noticed 'em. I expect I'd better ask the Patten boys, right alongside here, to change with 'em."

"Yes, you must, Thanny," said Robin; but she said it somewhat faintly.

She wondered that she had not seen the girls, they were so conspicuous in their finery. They would take in, at a glance, every detail of her shabbiness and Jean's. Their eyes were so keen for such matters. They would even know that Traddles's dress was made out of Jean's old barred muslin, and that Jean's blue feather, which in its wearer's eyes was sufficient to glorify great poverty of apparel, was her own old white one dyed. It was ignoble to be ashamed of these things. Robin was conscious of it, but nevertheless the mortification remained.

Thanny escorted the Hallett girls to the seats near Robin (the Patten boys having been more than willing to make the exchange), not without some sheepishness, and much anxiety lest the suspected lion, at which he meant to hiss, should appear before he got them seated. Thanny wore shoes for this occasion, an elaboration of costume which made him feel that the eyes of the whole audience were upon him; they squeaked, being new, and Thanny's face grew red; he felt that he could be master of the situation, even in escorting girls, if it were not for this embarrassment of full dress.

The Hallett girls were gay and chatty, as usual; they had the twins moved so that they might sit one on each side of Robin, and they talked so loud that the people

near them, who wished to listen to the clown's jokes, frowned severely upon them.

"We're all alone. Just think of it!" said Martha.

"Just think of it!" echoed Julia, at Robin's other hand.

"Miss Ferris thinks it's vulgar to go to a circus."

"She thinks everything is vulgar that's nice," added Julia.

"And papa wouldn't let us come," continued Martha. "He said there would be a rough set here. You know there is trouble at the works; the men want more pay, or less work, or something."

"They always want something," said Julia.

"And things have been worse since that man of Mr. Rawlins's came. He's for making stricter rules and cutting down their pay. Papa says he has been too easy with them. He is glad to get somebody that will help him make them toe the mark. But I think he is afraid, too, that there'll be a regular strike. Some of the men wouldn't work to-day; they went off without leave, and they are most of them here in the tent. That's why papa didn't want us to come; he said the men would be sure to come here. But I don't see what harm they could do us. They always mutter and scowl a little when we go by, but I'm used to that. I don't mind it at all," said Martha, serenely.

"I liked it better when the workmen were all friendly, and papa didn't seem to want to make so much money. When we were little the men used to like us and like to have us come into the works. I liked it a great deal better than I do to have them hate us so," said Julia, with feeling.

"I don't see what difference it makes," said Martha. "They don't dare do anything, because it would take the bread out of their mouths. I'm glad papa has a new partner; old Mr. Close was too easy. Oh, you *must* come over to our lawn party! We are going to give it for the Rawlinses. There are so few girls that we care to invite, though this time we are going to have some of the large girls; for Peggy Rawlins, she is very grown up, even for sixteen. Do you think she is stylish? Do you know Becky Gifford met them when she was abroad with her aunt? Now the Giffords will entertain them, and we sha'n't be anywhere. Mamma never will take any pains to outshine people, and she wants to keep us little girls."

"Do see those men glowering at us," said Julia, nervously, "and the younger ones behind are jeering and pointing; they don't seem to care how they behave."

"Never mind; looks won't hurt us. They're tired of the clown; when something new comes on they'll forget all about us," said Martha, philosophically. "Julia is such a goose; she can't be happy unless every one likes her. As if it signified about those workmen! They don't like any one, because they're poor. Papa says let them work and save and get rich, as he did. Did you know that the workmen are getting up a subscription for Dave Freneau? They say he'll always be foolish."

"I think it was good of Ken to bring him here, but how awfully sober he looks—Ken, I mean," said Julia. "I've tried and tried to make him look at me, and he won't. Does he have to take that girl round everywhere? It's well enough to be kind to the boy, but I think that girl is horrid. She was really rude to us when we carried her and her brother home that night; she said she 'wished I would shut up' when I asked her some questions about Dave's getting hurt, and why he wasn't attending to his work instead of going off down to Kingstown. And she didn't even say thank you?"

"I'm afraid she doesn't know very well how to behave, poor Annette!" said Robin, apologetically.

"He can go to some institution, and she'll be well enough off," said Martha, carelessly. "No, I'm not heartless, Ju; of course those people don't feel like—like other people, and if he is foolish she can't care much for him. Do you suppose Ken will come to our lawn party? Boys are so disagreeable about parties. If they come, they won't dance; they just stand round and look foolish. I must make Ken promise— Oh, what is the matter?"

The matter was that the lion of Thanny's suspicions had appeared in his cage, and was greeted with shouts and hisses, with jeers and groans. There was a large element in the audience which, finding the performance somewhat tame, eagerly took the cue from the two boys, who had only meant to express their righteous disapproval of a sham by a few hisses, and raised an uproar which caused its originators to turn pale.

The lion-tamer stood before the cage door, in his fantastic dress, trying vainly to make himself heard above the tumult. He was heard to call the lion "a furious beast," and a voice shouted, "He ain't nothin' but an old pincushion!" "Wind him up again! his roar is givin' out!" "'Tain't a roar at all! They got things mixed up in the toy shop, and put a lamb's bleat inside of him!" "I say, fellers, let's make a hole in him, and see the sawdust fly!"

Each new sally was received with as great an outburst of applause as if it were the choicest wit. The din became deafening—a mixture of hisses, whistles, catcalls, and shouts. There was a rush towards the lion's cage, and in a moment the whole audience was on its feet, in the wildest disorder. The screams of frightened women and children added to the uproar.

"Oh, let's get out quick! We shall be killed!" cried Julia Hallett.

"Stay where you are!" called Ken. And Robin, with her frightened brood gathered close to her, stood trembling and uncertain.

"There's the new manager, Carlsen! he will take care of us," cried Martha.

A middle-aged man, with little sharp eyes set in a heavy face, turned quickly towards them at Martha's call.

"It is a good-natured crowd. If you keep quiet, I think there is no danger," he said.

Ken, with his charges, had moved towards his sisters as far as possible, and Carlsen now caught sight of the party.

"Ah! Dave Freneau, an old friend of mine, and just the same old sixpence, I dare say!" he said, cordially extending his hand. "Don't you know me, Dave?"

Dave, who had looked with unterrified wonder at the shouting crowds, gazed for a moment at the man as if he were spellbound, and then shrank back, pale and terror-stricken.

"Take me away from him! take me away!" he gasped, clinging pitifully to Ken.

"He knows him—he knows him!" cried Ken, his face lighting up, and with a joyful ring in his voice Carlsen had gone on towards one of the entrances, escorting the Hallett girls, and Robin and Jean followed with the little ones. Robin heard Annette say, as people crowded between them:

"It is no wonder that he know him! The bad man who have tried to steal from my father the great work that he do!"

"He remembers. Don't you see what that means?" said Ken.

Robin felt a thrill of pleasure, even in the midst of her anxiety, at the sound of Ken's voice, it was so full of hope. The greater part of the crowd had pushed by them up to the front, and there was wild confusion in the ring. The lion had been hastily withdrawn before the threatened loss of sawdust could befall him, and the manager was endeavoring to make a speech. Robin was drawing a long breath of relief, when some rough-looking young men jostled and pushed the Hallett girls, as if on purpose,

[illegible] Jem's hat with the precious bird-feather completely all over frost.

"Wasn't that dreadful? I was really [illegible] Jem's face emerged safely into the open air. If ever I go to such a place again!"

"It was Jo Wilkes who did that," cried Maria excitedly. "He's the fellow now that papa discharged yesterday. I saw him urging the others on. I thought he would knock me down. Look! look! My watch is gone!" Martha held up the broken chain, which hung from a button-hole of her dress. "It had a butterfly on it in diamonds; it was my birthday present!"

"It cost ever so much!" Julia broke in.

"He stole it—that Jo Wilkes!" cried Martha.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ELECTRICAL WRITING-MACHINE.

THE TELAUTOGRAPH.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

I REMEMBER when the first message was flashed over the wires from Washington, and Morse's name was in everybody's mouth. Later on I recall the triumph of the cable between England and the United States, and then people said, "Well! we have gone now just as far as we can ever get to, and there is positively nothing more to be done in the way of sending messages by means of electricity." Then came the telephone, and since that time the world has, I think, made up its mind that as far as electricity and man's ingenuity are concerned the last word has by no means been spoken.

That word "spoken" conveys just the idea I want to use as an introduction to the description of a new and wonderful electrical instrument, the Telautograph. If you look closely into the method of the Morse instrument, you understand that, the electrical current being broken at times or united at others, a mechanical force is brought about which prints little dashes and dots on a slip of paper. This movement makes a sound, and so expert operators listen to the clicks of the machine, and sometimes do not look at the slip of paper at all. By ear they catch each letter. You might then call the Morse machine a speaking one. In the telephone you have a perfect speech-transmitting telegraph.

The telautograph, strange to relate, is as mute as an oyster. It says nothing, but what it does accomplish is to copy writing. The sender of a message takes a lead-pencil, any kind of a pencil, writes what he wants to on a piece of paper, and there is an autographic copy of it made on another piece of paper miles away.

Suppose your little brother were to write on a telautograph, "My Deer Ant jane," then his "dear aunt Jane" would at once recognize the pot-hooks of her nephew.

Just think, now, what are the marvellous performances of this instrument. A man has committed a crime in Boston. The police are positive he has run away, and is on the road to either Montreal or New York. The police have a photograph of the culprit. Instantly an artist takes the photograph, copies the man's profile or features on the telautograph, and in a few seconds the portrait of the man is sent to Montreal or New York, and if he is on the cars he is at once arrested. Take a more pleasant use of the instrument. A dry-goods house in New York has sold out all its calicoes of a particular pattern, and wants the manufacturers in Philadelphia to send at once a new supply. The Philadelphia factory makes goods with a thousand different designs. The New York house sends by telautograph the order for the cases of goods, and draws the exact flower or dot or stripe it wants, and the instrument in Philadelphia shows the precise design. You can see the innumerable purposes for which the telautograph will be invaluable.

There are other advantages which the machine has. It requires special skill to work the Morse machine, and on that account the telephone is replacing it. The telephone has, however, certain drawbacks. Unless you take precautions your business over the telephone may be anybody's business. You must have a closet built round your telephone so as to prevent Tom, Dick, and Harry from meddling with what are your private concerns. More than that, there is a trouble which both the ordinary telegraph and the telephone are liable to. The wires may be tapped. A rascal wants to find out what is the message you are sending, so he hitches on a wire to the main line, and thus steals the message. The telautograph has no such inconveniences. A man may write me a message in Boston, and my receiving instrument in New York I can keep under lock and key in a box. If the friend in Boston writes anything it is recorded in New York, and if I am in a hurry, and have no time just then to read what he says, I can leave his message unread in my locked desk until it suits me to look at it.

The inventor of the telautograph is Professor Elisha Gray, and he has been working to perfect it during many years. It is not enough to have a brilliant idea. The trouble is to make the idea mechanically practical.

As I saw the telautograph this week in New York, at the office of the company, it looked like an iron desk with rounded sides. A common lead-pencil was handed to me, to which were attached two thin silk threads; the threads were of ordinary silk. On the desk was stretched a slip of common paper. I took hold of the pencil and wrote, and the letters or words, or the face I drew, or the figures I made, were copied in green ink on another piece of paper on another machine, the receiving one, quite a distance from me.

The receiving-machine had two aluminium arms, which worked like a pantograph. A pantograph is a well-known mechanical copying-machine. At the junction of the two arms was a small glass tube filled with ink. It made no difference whether I wrote Chinese up and down or Hebrew from right to left, the receiving-machine followed me. I wrote a column of figures, made a mistake in the addition, and the receiver copied my blunder.

There was no skill necessary in using the pencil. All I had to do was to write steadily, and keep my pencil on the paper. I was told not to jerk or flourish with my pen in the air, and that was all. Whether I wrote carefully or carelessly (I am afraid I do write carelessly), there was that telltale receiver recording my handwriting. I am sorry to say that I have the bad habit of not crossing all my t's or dotting my i's, and the telautograph made me feel very weary when I was brought face to face with my omissions.

The principle on which the telautograph works is not the least complicated. The two silk strings on the pencil which are attached to the sharpened wooden point are fairly tight strings. As they shorten or lengthen on one side or the other, with the form of the letters written, the slack of the strings is taken up by wheels, which have electrical communications. The slightest movement is exaggerated by means of cog-wheels, which are connected with electrical brushes. The transmitter on which the writing is done is in electrical communication with the receiving-machine, which may be miles distant. The two aluminium arms at the receiver have a "synchronal" movement; and by synchronal is meant that the pen takes the exact movement and at the same time as when the pencil is writing. The illustration gives the words HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and it is called to-day a telautograph. It was written in pencil by me, and the copy in ink was the work of the machine.

The greatest authority in electricity does not question the possibility of the telautograph working over the longest distances.

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

THERE was trouble between Abdullah, the scribe, and Hussein, the gold-lace-maker. This is how it was brought about:

Against the high wall that enclosed the Cadi's grounds sat Abdullah, the scribe, smoking and drowsing. The afternoon sun was warm, no one was moving in the narrow street, and all was silence, save for the occasional low gurgle of the scribe's kalian, or water-pipe. Comfortably, with a cushion at his back and a square of felt carpeting beneath him, he sat upon his heels under a beautiful awning. (In truth, the awning was but a big faded cotton umbrella, which he had bought for two kerans from a *feringhi* trader; but it was green, it was wide-spreading, it gave shade. What more did the broad-leaved sycamores whose graceful tops could be seen above the walls in the garden behind him?)

Business was at a standstill; even the coolest of the bazars were wellnigh empty; no one came to have writing done, but Abdullah was quite content. If he were not disturbed, so much the better, all the more time to doze. He had eaten and drunk his fill, there was silver in his pouch, he had not a care in the world. What possible harm could befall him, unless some heedless donkey-driver should pass too near, and the beast's overhanging load chance to upset the beautiful awning? That would not be irreparable damage. Abdullah's eyelids were heavy, his bearded lips parted, the flexible tube of the kalian fell from his hand, his turbaned head sank forward upon his bosom, his breath came heavily—he slept.

A gentle plucking at his gown awoke the scribe. A slave, a Zanzibari, black, gigantic, and exceedingly ugly, stood before him humbly salaming. Beside him was a porcelain vessel covered with a fine napkin, which he knelt and presented.

"My master," quoth he, "Hussein, the gold-lace-maker, greets Abdullah, son of Ali, and begs him to accept this little gift of snow brought this day from the mountain-top."

Abdullah took the snow and cooled his lips, hot with sleep.

"My master expects five mule-loads of ripe grapes to come from the country, and he entreats the loan of a certain capacious jar—which, by your condescending favor, he hath had before—as he desires to begin making wine on the morrow."

Abdullah, the scribe, was not glib of tongue, but his pen was nimble and cunning. He took paper, and wrote to Hussein at length. When he had finished the writing he wetted his finger, smeared it with ink, blackened his seal, and set the impress thereof at the bottom of the letter—"Abdullah, son of Ali." Then he rolled up the sheet, tied it neatly about with a bit of silk, and handed it to the Zanzibari.

The latter departed to his master's dwelling, but being of a curious nature, presently he stopped in the street and unrolled the letter. He could not read very well, but he was more than willing to increase his knowledge in that direction. While he stood trying to puzzle out the meaning of the unfamiliar characters a burly water-carrier passed, and swinging his heavy skin against him, knocked the scroll from his hand. Frightened lest it had become soiled and should cause him to catch a beating, the black picked it up in great haste, carefully brushed off the dust, and endeavored to make it look as it had on leaving the hands of the scribe. But in his hurry and his ignorance he commenced to roll it from the top, thus bringing the end of it where it should not have been—that is, inside.

When Hussein opened the scroll, Abdullah's seal first met his gaze; and so, in a manner, he began to read the letter backward. He had not proceeded far with his reading, however, ere his face flushed, he fetched a quick, gasping breath, and his eyes blazed with anger. Then



A SLAVE, BLACK, GIGANTIC, AND EXCEEDINGLY UGLY.

the Zanzibari, knowing himself to be culpable, fled trembling, and hid himself.

In the cool of the evening, after his day's labors—and slumbers—were over, Abdullah went, according to his custom, to the tea-garden. There he sat at table under the shelter of some stunted trees, and was served with tiny cups filled with cut sugar, upon which scalding hot weak tea was poured. It was syrup flavored with tea, but it suited his taste, and he drank a great deal of it, and spent many agreeable hours in the garden, where, indeed, entertainment of another sort was not lacking. There came often the ragamuffin *luti*, who played all sorts of buffoonish pranks; there came occasionally jugglers from Arabia, who could perform the most marvellous feats with the greatest apparent ease; there too came dancers sometimes, and almost always the little hunchback came who told such entertaining stories.

While Abdullah was in the act of dissolving the sugar in his third cup Hussein entered the garden. No sooner did the gold-lace-maker catch sight of the scribe than he rushed toward him, crying:

"Ah, wretch! I will teach thee to malign an honest man. Take that, thou son of a burnt father!" And he struck him a blow in the face.

How Abdullah might have responded to this attack will never be known, for at the next moment the proprietor of the garden, who desired no brawling upon his premises, interfered with a strong hand. Hussein resisted him, and in the end the police were summoned, and both the gold-lace-maker and the scribe were locked up for the night.

On the morrow the twain were brought before the Cadi. The latter was a personage of importance, serious and dignified of mien, as became so high a magistrate. He sat among luxurious cushions, with a Habashi slave at his back waving a large fan, and another kneeling at his feet to keep his pipe alight. At his command the officer of the law who had made the arrest stated the facts of the case as far as he himself was acquainted with them. The Cadi was a man of weight, and gave out weighty decisions. He did nothing hastily. After smoking long and deliberating much, he opened his mouth

and addressed himself to Hussein as follows. "Why did you revile and raise your hand against this man?"

"For no other reason, better or worse, than that he insulted and slandered me," replied the gold-lace-maker, excitedly. "Listen, O Excellency, and decide between us. As I hope for the rewards of paradise, it is the truth I shall speak. Yesterday afternoon I sent to this man, who is my neighbor, asking him most courteously to lend me a jar, as I expected ten *lodahs* [baskets] of ripe grapes from the vineyards, and lacked sufficient vessels for holding the juice. In place of sending me a civil reply, what did he do but write me a scurrilous letter, wherein he asserted that my mother's brother once borrowed from his wife's father a jar, for the use of his third wife, who wished to make cucumber jam, and never returned it."

The Cadi drew in several whiffs of the fragrant *tumbak*, the fine tobacco of Jarum, seeming the while to meditate profoundly upon what he had just heard.

"A serious, a very serious charge," he remarked at length. "Is it untrue?"

"As Allah is my witness, it is a black falsehood," cried the accuser, with heat.

"Mean you that the jar borrowed by your mother's brother for the use of his third wife was duly returned to this man's wife's father?"

"He did not return it, O Cadi, for several reasons, good and sufficient."

"Enumerate the reasons," ordered the Cadi.

"So will I, gladly," returned Hussein. "In the first place, my mother's brother borrowed no jar from this man's wife's father to use in making cucumber jam; secondly, my mother's brother's third wife never even thought of making any cucumber jam; thirdly, my mother's brother had no third wife, or any wife at all; fourthly, my mother had no brother; fifthly and finally, this man, Abdullah, is a bachelor, and therefore no such person ever existed as his wife's father. Thus you can see, O Excellency, the entire accusation was utterly groundless."

The magistrate did not assent to this, but smoked in silence for some minutes; then turning to Abdullah, he queried: "What have you to say in your defence?"

The scribe, not troubling himself to unseal his lips, simply waved his hand, by way of reply, toward the letter which Hussein had thrust into his girdle and brought to prove the truth of his story.

"Show me the writing," commanded the Cadi; and having received it, he put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and glanced with exceeding deliberation through the contents. When he had quite mastered the meaning, and had pondered over it for several minutes, he returned the scroll.

"Hussein," quoth he, "you have been overhasty. I find written there no cause for offence whatever. You are fined five kerans for disturbing the peace, and five more for assaulting your neighbor without provocation. The case is dismissed."

Hussein, astounded and greatly chapfallen, took the letter and examined it more carefully than he had done before, this time beginning to read it from the beginning. When he had finished he heaved a deep sigh, and knowing there was no appeal from the Cadi's decision, he reluctantly laid down his ten pieces of silver and went away in very low spirits.

Now the contents of the letter which had cost the hot-tempered gold-lace-maker ten kerans were quite different from what at first sight they had appeared. The letter was addressed, "In the name of Allah, to the much-esteemed Hussein, son of Hassan." After a long and flowery greeting to his "brother and friend," with many wishes for his prosperity, present and future, and profuse thanks for the gift of snow, the scribe went on to say:

"Because I am slow of speech, and likewise because what is spoken is not always correctly heard or properly reported, therefore I write to you this letter. Plunged in grief and desolation am I that I cannot oblige you, toward whom I have so great and abounding friendship, with the loan of the jar for which you have done me the honor to ask. But in truth it is no longer serviceable, having had a large hole in the bottom now these six months. Furthermore, I have not the jar in my possession, since it was stolen from me by a rascally camel-driver who spent the night under my roof, and thus basely repaid my hospitality.

"Believe me, brother, my regret that I cannot do you this small kindness is greater than yours. My regard for you and my wish to merit your consideration are beyond expression. You are ever in my thoughts when I am awake, and often while I slumber. Indeed, when your slave aroused me but now, I was thinking of you and dreaming a strange, absurd, impossible dream, in which I had the unpardonable boldness to imagine that your mother's brother once borrowed from my wife's father a jar, for the use of his third wife, who wished to make cucumber jam and never returned it."

SPRING SOUNDS.

SUCH a flurry, such a scurry,
Such a hurry in the trees;
Such a whirring and a stirring,
Birds as brisk as busy bees;
Nests are building, 'tis important,
If you please!

Such a tripping, such a skipping,
Such a slipping o'er the stones;
Such a flashing and a dashing,
Such a melody of tones;
Brooks are hasting to the ocean,
Where it moans.

So much learning, so much earning,
So much tracing mete and bound;
So much telling, counting, spelling,
Till the dizzy head turns round;
Patience, child, it is important;
So is knowledge found.

M. E. S.

A QUEER DETECTIVE.

BY CHARLES D. LANIER

SHOT and I had played together and worked together, had gone hungry and been fed; we had been lost in the blind roads of the great pine forests on the mountain, and had curled up side by side under the laurel through a black, sleeting, endless night. We loved the same gun; the startling rush of the quail and the grouse, the far-away answer of the wild turkey, were to both of us the sweetest of sounds.

In other words, Shot was my favorite setter dog—as strong-limbed, dauntless, bright-eyed a fellow as ever galloped through the stubble. To me he was the finest dog in the world, and if I did not expect my friends to share this opinion, it was because Shot insisted on bringing me their birds as well as my own. He could never be persuaded that any one other than his master could shoot to kill. And if I had loaned him to one of my companions and given the shaggy rascal positive orders to "go along and behave himself," it was ten to one that he would come trotting home before long, especially if the unlucky sportsman missed two or three times.

When I shot badly, he hunted all the more vigorously to make up for the gloom of the occasion. Sometimes he actually pretended that he thought the birds had been killed, if my aim was very poor; he would make believe he didn't see the partridges flying blithely away, and would scurry around, after the smoke cleared off, to find an imaginary dead bird—all to save my feelings!

But now Shot was gone—lost in the great, ugly, brick-paved city, with its deceitful houses, as like one another as two peas, and its crowds of jostling people, whose hurrying footsteps destroyed the scent of his master's tracks. In the fields and the woods he could never have been lost. I might take him twenty miles away, into a country he had never seen before, and come back alone; the next morning he would be curled up on the porch before the door, waiting to devour me with how-de-do's, all unmindful of the ragged tears in his muddy coat—bloody reminders of brier patches and fights by the wayside.

The city was far different. There were men who wanted to steal him, and there were dog-catchers. There were boys who longed to throw stones at him, and drivers who didn't care whether they ran over him or not, and who, at any rate, took great pleasure in trying the lashes of their whips on his back.

But of all, Shot hated worst the grinding harsh call of the "rag-bone" men. After a time their long-drawn cry became such torture to him that he would throw up his head and howl in the most absurd manner as soon as he heard them, and never stop his doleful remonstrance until their slogan had died away in the distance. He knew this was very absurd, and we teased him about it, until I had only to catch his eye and twist my mouth as if I were going to call, "ra-a-gcks, bo-o-nes, old i-i-urn!" to start the most woful dirge from his pursed-up muzzle.

Now that he was gone you may be sure we felt guilty enough for every teasing or unkind word we had ever given him. I advertised a reward, and visited the dog-pound again and again. I walked all day through out-of-the-way streets of the city, hoping to catch sight of him. I roamed about at night whistling our own private little signal that he knew so well. A week passed with no news of him, and we agreed that some one must have stolen Shot, or picked him up while astray, and considered him treasure-trove.

I suspected dimly that the rather shady folks who lived about the Falls, a few blocks from our street, might tell me of him if they wanted to. I knew several of them were "pot-hunters," who made their living by shooting and bringing game to the city; they would know the value of a good dog. I recalled that I had seen the men eye Shot when I took him to the Falls for a bath. So I sallied down into the crooked alleys where they lived, and asked at dozens of houses—all in vain.

One morning I was going back to work feeling lonely enough. As often as I tried to forget the dear old rascal something would come to remind me of him. Here was the big black cur who always wanted to fight him; there was the shop of the butcher who had given him such a square meal that night after our long hunt up the country, and with whom Shot never forgot to shake paws as we passed by. Presently there came the sound of a rag-bone man, and I wondered if Shot could hear him too.

Then a thought struck me. I would not give up yet. I would hire that man and his yell. I would take him to that tough district, and have him push his cart through those alleys and past those back yards.

He turned out to be a great, hulking, good-natured darky, with a pair of lungs that would rival the blast of an ocean liner. I hurried back to the house, and found some wares that I could offer him.

"Uncle," I said, as we concluded the bargain, "how much do you make in a day?"

"Well, sah, sometimes mo' and sometimes less. It depen's, sah."

"How much do you generally have at night," I tried again.

"On washin' days I does right smart, and on market days bizness ain't so peart, sah."

"Did you ever make five dollars in a day's work?"

"I don't rightly think I have, sah?"

"I will give you five dollars for the rest of to day if you will do as I tell you, Mose."

It took some time to get through his head what I wanted, but a crisp bill cleared up the task wonderfully, and covered a multitude of suspicions. Soon he was moving slowly down toward the Falls, singing out his "rags, bones," so lustily that he could be heard for half a mile, while I followed in an old suit of clothes. We sought the backs of the houses and strolled close by fences and out-buildings. For hours we lurked about, my ears strained for the answer I wanted, and we were getting very tired and discouraged, when, sure enough, there came the moaning howl of a dog a square or two away. I signalled Mose to redouble his vocal efforts, and we moved in the direction of the clew. The next time it came I knew that it was Shot. I could have told him among a million!

Mose was directed to knock at the gate, when we had found out what yard the captive was in, while I climbed to the top of the fence, after a hard scramble, to see that he was not spirited away. The moment I was up I saw the old fellow chained to a post near the house, and when he caught sight of me it was a question whether the chain or his neck would break. I was so glad that I fairly tumbled from my perch into the yard.

His joy was noisy enough to bring the household out in a trice. They said Shot had strayed there, and that they were holding him until an owner came. Though it was a rather unlikely story, we were in such good spirits that we did not care to quarrel over it. That night was one of the rare occasions when Shot was presented with the freedom of our house; the establishment belonged to him for the evening, and a jolly reunion it was.

A NEW SCHEME FOR FAIRS.

AMONG the new devices for making money at church fairs and other charitable entertainments is one which its originators term "The Living Library." A certain number of books are chosen beforehand, and each one is represented by some young woman who is dressed appropriately to indicate either the title of the book or some leading character therein. Each impersonator must also be thoroughly acquainted with the volume she represents, and her actions and behavior must be in accord with the character chosen.

A catalogue is prepared, and furnished on application, and whenever a book is called for, a curtain is drawn aside, and the living copy stands revealed. The regulations usually governing "The Living Library" are that: first, all books must be secured from the librarian; second, the fee for each book shall be ten cents for ten minutes' use, payable in advance; third, books cannot be called for twice in succession; fourth, persons having called for and obtained the books must relinquish them upon notice from the librarian that the time paid for has reached its limit, or, failing to do so, shall pay at the rate of two cents a minute for overtime; and finally, that no book can be retained for a longer period than twenty minutes.

The rules do not provide for it, but it is understood, of course, that during the busy hours of the fair no book shall be taken off on a promenade through the entertainment-room, and the books themselves are forbidden by the unwritten laws to drink lemonade and eat ice-cream between the hours of eight and ten at night.

Altogether this living library seems destined to prove a great success.



GETTING HIS TRUNK CHECKED

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD IN THE DINING-ROOM

"Come eat a piece of pie with me," said the Knife to the Soup-ladle.

"No, thanks," said the Soup Ladle. "I may be in the soup, but I never eat pie with a knife."

"Let's go to sea," said the Spoon to the Salt. "You are an old salt."

"That's so. But what 'll we go in?" asked the Salt.

"The gravy-boat," said the Spoon.

"I HATE soup," said the Soup tureen.

"And I hate toast," said the Toast-rack.

"Well, let's swap trades," said the Tureen. "You hold the soup and I'll hold the toast."

"I'd look well trying to hold a quart of soup, wouldn't I?" sneered the Toast-rack.

"I BELIEVE I've got a chill," said the Salt.

"Well, who wouldn't, living in a cellar all the time?" jeered the Olive-fork.

"ISN'T this room a little cold?" asked the Oil. "I feel a little congealed."

"I don't think so," said the Red Pepper. "I'm hot."

"Hi-yoho!" sighed the Napkin.

"What's the matter?" asked the Fork.

"I'm wondering whether I'll ever grow big enough to be a table-cloth."

"You are very impudent," said the Big Spoon to the Little Spoon.

"Well, I can't help it," said the Little Spoon; "Jack used me when eating his cranberry sauce last night, and I'm naturally saucy."

"I THINK it's real mean!" sobbed the Dessert spoon. "Here they're going to have rice pudding for dinner to-night, and I've got to go upstairs to give Jack his cod-liver oil. Ugh!"

"I WAS very much disappointed at dinner last night," said the Table-cloth. "I simply love currant jelly, and nobody spilled a bit of it on me."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

To be able to compliment without seeming to flatter is a rare gift, and probably no race of men are endowed with that gift more extensively than the French.

An example of the Frenchman's rare tact in matters of this sort is shown in that sweet little story of a man who had ventured to compliment a white-haired old lady upon her beauty.

"Ah," said she, "I fear you flatter me. You call me pretty? Why, I am an old woman, my hair is white, and, see, here is a wrinkle."

"A wrinkle?" he replied. "Never, madame; that is not a wrinkle. It is but a smile that has drifted from its moorings."

VERSATILE WEATHER.

THE boys wanted to go skating, but the clerk of the weather seemed to object. First, it rained; then it began to blow; then it snowed; then it cleared up, and the sun came out; then it began to snow again.

"I never saw such weather," exclaimed Hal, turning from the window in disgust. "It's horrid! It's—I don't know what to call it!"

Bill also strove for a word to express his feelings.

"Yes, I think so too! It's—it's the most *versatile* weather I ever saw!"

JOJO was visiting in the country, where one is dependent upon occasional butchers' carts for the meat. At breakfast he suddenly began, "This beefsteak is so tough, I can't chew it wiv my teef!"

His mother, abashed, endeavored to hush him.

"You know," he said, by way of explanation, "if my teefs were sharper, *then* I could chew it."



SINGULAR ACCIDENT TO A TRAMP AT PELTYVILLE CORNERS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

IN THE CAVE.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

"BUT I reckon you didn't know we had a king and queen here in Tennessee. How do they compare with those you've been telling me about—those you saw across the water?"

John Harding asked it of his travelled cousin Elbert Penlan. The two lads were of an age, each just turned fifteen, and each a type of his class. John, rosy, freckled, sturdy, had never been fifty miles from his birthplace, yet had plenty of shrewd intelligence. Elbert, taller, slender, well-dressed, had been half the world over with his invalid father in a vain search for health. Now that it was ended, his son had come to spend two years with his country kinsfolk before going to college.



He had been but a week at the Harding homestead. This was the first time he had gone outside the big plantation's bounds. John had planned it all; they would ride, take their guns and their dinner, go to the river, wade, swim, fish, row, as pleased them. So far all was well; they had galloped the five miles at break-neck speed, tethered their horses in the shade, found the canoe, and were floating down stream in deliciously lazy fashion.

As John spoke, he stopped the boat by catching hold of an overhanging bough. They were hugging one bank. Looking over to the other, Bert saw a big gray limestone bluff, perhaps three-quarters of a mile long, seamed and crannied, broken here and there into projecting points of rock, with scattered trees clinging desperately to the face of it, and vines trailing a veil of verdure over ledges aflaunt with tall maidenhair-fern. Midway of it, twenty feet above the water-line, the rock stretched a smooth gray seam, whereon nature had painted, using pencils of light and water pigments of metalliferous earth, titanic figures of a crowned king, with his queen bowing meekly before him, despite the six maids of honor at her back.

"Certainly those are the biggest royalties I ever saw," Bert said, laughing. "Is there no story about them? There ought to be."

"Oh yes! The Indians came here every fall to worship them—the Creeks and Choctaws, you know. They lived further south, and hunted here in the summer-time. One time they fought here, and those that got the worst of it climbed the bluff there to the big cave, and the others watched here until they starved them."

"How did they get up? A goat can't climb that rock."

"They made pole ladders. Cut off the limbs of a tall slim sapling just so they could step on the stubs, set it up by the bluff, and when the last man was up, pushed it down again. If the others tried to follow them, they could kill them as fast as they got to the top."

"So that is the legend of King and Queen Bluff. Were you ever in the cave?"

"No; nobody goes there now but the goats. Look!

"Nobody; they run wild. Just before the [illegible] soon the creatures learned to climb the tallest [illegible] They were so [illegible] they tried to get rid of them, and [illegible] goats have lived on here quite alone ever since."

"Wish we could get up to their cave."

We can try. See that tall hickory over there? The top of it comes level with the mouth. I'll climb it, and see what our chance is to get in."

Ten minutes later Jean called from the tree top. "We can do it, Bert, if we can find a sound plank down there at the cliff."

"What for?" asked Bert.

"I'll show you," said John, scrambling down.

A plank was easily found, likewise a long limber grape vine, by help of which it was hoisted to the tree-top and laid from a crotch in it across to the ledge in front of the cave. After that the passage was ridiculously easy.

Once Bert was safe over it, John forced him to sit down in the cavern's shadow, while he himself, as became a host, climbed down again, and by help of his invaluable vine, hoisted the dinner, their coats, guns, and cartridge-belts, as well as a lot of dry wood for torches. All these Bert received and laid carefully in place, keeping the while a wary eye upon the small white silky creature that had run at their approach far back into the cave.

A cave of enchantment it was to the two lads overhead. The sun beat down in white blinding heat, yet here in its mouth they were deliciously cool in the tempered breath blowing from its rocky heart. The space was much larger than they had thought—a fair-sized chamber, indeed, once you were inside its curtaining vines.

"I wonder how far it runs?" Bert said, looking to the dark passage leading further into the bluff.

John said, confidently: "We'll find out before long. If it is further than we can venture to-day, we'll come back with lanterns and explore it thoroughly."

John walked to the back of the cave, and called, excitedly: "Look! I thought I heard water; here's a spring, and somebody's been drinking out of it."

"The goats, I guess. Don't scare my kid away," Bert answered, not stirring from his seat.

"I reckon even Cashmere goats don't drink out of gourds," John said, holding to view a crook-handled one he had found hanging beside the spring.

Bert laughed. "Maybe the Indians left it."

"No, sir-ree. It's a new gourd, and never got here without hands. I wonder if—"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. Let's eat dinner. Afterward—well, if anything happens we've got our guns."

"Are the goats so dangerous?" Bert asked, in mock terror.

"No," said John; "but other things may be. Let's eat our dinner, then we'll go and find out—maybe a heap of things."

Both were too much excited to eat. John got up first, pulled down a slender vine, and with it bound some of his dry sticks into a torch. When it was well alight he said:

"Now I'm ready. Get your gun, Bert, loaded. I hope we won't need it—but—"

Bert followed him into the darkness—the dim uncanny darkness of a winding passage. The kid fled before them, running with mincing leaps like a little ghost over the crackling rocky floor.

"That little fellow knows the way," said Bert.

"—where the goats get their [illegible] the little salt spring's inside," John answered. "[illegible] it's just a goat wide. Our feet are too big for it, that's why it crackles so."

The passageway dropped deeper, widened, heightened, till the torch light lost itself in the wide darkness and failed to show roof or wall. Here and there long pendent [illegible] gleamed, points of pearl in the glimmering [illegible]. Other points sprang up from the floor within, rounded into a hundred fantastic curves—so fantastic, indeed, that the gazing eye might make of them altar or [illegible] or prostrate figure or crouching beast.

The two lads moved among them fairly spellbound. Each [illegible] each flare of the torch, showed something new. They came presently to a wall, and following it, found themselves passing under a wide arch into a passage running rectangularly to the hall they quitted. A minute brought them to its end and a most surprising sight.

The smoky glimmer of a rude iron lamp lit up an oval chamber, perhaps twenty feet at its largest diameter. The vaulted roof went up, up, till the eye lost its line, and saw only a faint veiled light sifting down its rock ribs. Evidently the place opened into upper air—that, perhaps, explained the use now made of it. Quite in its middle a small forge had been set up, in which a charcoal fire still glared dusk red. Under the lamp, which was fixed in a convenient crevice of rock, a rough plank, upheld by two loose stones, was strewn with moulds, dies, files, a pair of pliers, besides sundry bottles of liquid, and various odd-looking ingots of metal.

A pile of blankets in one corner, garments here and there upon the rocks, a whiskey-jug and supply of food in a cupboardy niche, told of present human occupation, though nobody was in sight. For a breath's space the explorers looked about them, too much astounded for speech. Then Bert said, under his breath, "Do you know what this means?"

John shook his head. Bert took up a closed mould and opened it cautiously. Something round and shining fell out and rolled upon the rocks at their feet. John caught it, but dropped it instantly, crying out, "It's hot."

Bert spun it with his foot and said, very low: "It's a new counterfeit dollar. Let's get out of this."

"These people are counterfeiters, then?"

"Not a doubt of it. Why, look at the torch, the flame is almost at your hand!"

John flung it down, saying, "We'll have to take their lamp."

"There'll be two words to that bargain, my young friend," said a voice behind them. Turning, they saw a stout, beetle-browed fellow coming in through the passage, a bucket of fresh spring water in either hand. Quick as thought he dashed their contents over the blazing fagot on the floor and the coals of the forge, sprang past the two lads and struck down the lamp, leaving the chamber all dark save for the faint ray struggling in at top, a mere thread of light, barely enough to make the blackness around it visible. Through the dark the man's voice came tauntingly: "I leave you, young gentlemen, to make your way home. I could kill you—nothing easier; you deserve it for your intrusion—but I prefer to let my good friend the cave take care of you. For your comfort I will tell you that it has ten miles of passages, besides pits that are as good as bottomless, where dead men cannot possibly tell tales."

"Thank you," Bert said, ironically. "I advise you to find one of the deepest, or we will certainly come back and take you to upper earth."

Only a mocking laugh and the noise of retreating footsteps answered him. The chamber had evidently another outlet. As the footsteps died away, John said, anxiously, "Have you got the matches, Bert?"

"Bert's hand went to his vest pocket, then fell helplessly at his side. "I have lost them," he said, slowly. "What shall we do, John?"

"What is that?" John cried out, as a faint serpentine flicker played along the floor.

"Lightning, I think," said Bert, looking up at the round of light over his head. "There is probably a thunder-storm outside."

"Wish we were there to see it. We must get out of this. Fire off a barrel of your gun; maybe by the flash of it I can find the entrance."

So said, so done. Before the echo had died away John was calling, joyfully: "This way, Bert. I've found it." Next minute the two were painfully groping their way through the passage that had led them to this danger. Soon the freer rush of air told them they had reached the hall.



"THERE'LL BE TWO WORDS TO THAT BARGAIN," SAID A VOICE BEHIND THEM

"Here's where real danger begins," Bert said, wiping his damp forehead and drawing a long breath. "We know we came in along here, but have not the faintest idea through which of its passages. If we do not strike the right one, we are hopelessly lost."

"Let me hunt for the goat-path," John said, dropping to his hands and knees. "If once we find that, we can follow it back to daylight."

Through minutes that seemed hours he kept groping around and through the encumbered floor. At last he got up, calling, sorrowfully, "I'm afraid I can't find it, Bert, though I've been, it seems to me, over all of it."

"I'll fire again," said Bert.

Again the gun-fire rang echoing under the rock roof. John cried out, ecstatically: "But I do see something. The kid was lying down, and the shot scared him; run quick, we must follow him, if we get out of this alive."

Guided by the patter of tiny hoofs, the two ran rapidly, heedless of falls or bruises, and in a little while saw the welcome glimmer of daylight broadening along their way. They sank panting and breathless in the cave's mouth, and looked about them, to find that though in upper air new perils menaced them.

A sudden sharp storm was swirling down the river valley. It had caught the young trees in a giant's grasp, wrenching, tossing them hither and yon, bowing their pliant length quite half-way to earth. The rocking hickory up which they had climbed stood with its top cleft in twain, and hanging helpless ten feet below the cave's level.

"Well, this is a fine come-off," John said, peering over the edge.

"There must be some way to go up and down the bluff. The goats pass over it; why not we?" Bert said, carefully scanning the projecting ledge in front of the cave in search of a possible track.

His heart sank when he saw only a trail so precipitous as to be utterly impassable to human feet. The goats even must be shy of risking it; it was not half so well defined as the path through the cave.

That younglings such as the small creature they had followed ever got safe over it was almost beyond belief. How pretty it was—for all the world like a mat of floss silk—with four cunning feet and a pair of the softest black eyes! If ever they got safe home both boys were ready to vow protection and sustenance to the creature and all its kind.

John looked about him a little disconsolately, saying: "I'm afraid we'll have to camp here, Bert. We've got water, and some little to eat—enough for supper, at least. When we don't come home father will certainly look for us; or maybe we'll see some one passing on the river, and fire a gun to let him know we are here. If those fellows," nodding toward the cave, "come out, we've got daylight and two good guns to take care of them. I'm sorry for leading you into such a hole the very first time we came out together."

"I've been thinking *I* led *you*, and wondering if your mother would ever forgive me for it," Bert said, smiling; adding, as he flung himself down in a niche of the rock that projected shelfwise about five feet above the floor of the cave, "I like adventures, and would not have missed to-day for anything."

"Still, I wish we were out of this, and could get home in time to save our mothers from being uneasy about us," John said, scrambling up to Bert's elbow.

They had already bestowed guns, ammunition, and what remained of their provisions on the rocky shelf behind. Through the lacy curtain of vines they could see the billowy tree-tops of the opposite bank, the wide green corn fields beyond; across them upland swells crisscrossed with crook-rail fences, dotted here and there with farm-houses or low whitewashed cabins. All the foreground lay in shadow. Notwithstanding their plight, both lads grew so rapt in contemplation of it that a rushing, scurrying noise in the cave made them start.

darkness, had come out to make an end of them.

"We great goats [illegible]," John said, under his breath. Bert said nothing, but his eye had a dangerous glitter. Still the sound came on. Something dashed to the centre of the cave. Next breath both lads laughed loud and long. For goats great and small filled the space before them—goats which had come out of the cave without going into it this way. John sprang up, crying out: "Bert, we'll get home, after all. There must be another mouth out somewhere on the hill-side. We'll drive them back the way they came. Hurrah, you old rascals! I never thought I'd be so glad to follow your grey beards."

"If we only had a light," began Bert.

John stopped him. "We will have one. You left the matches instead of losing them. I shall wedge our tin cup tight on the end of this pole, put in my twisted handkerchief for a wick, and all the fat meat we did not eat for oil. We'll leave everything else but the guns. Come ahead, now. Sh-p-p! Sh-p-p! Sh-p-p! you horned varmints. I'm in a hurry to be on top of ground."

"It seems some of them are not," Bert said, eying three big long-horned creatures, evidently the patriarchs of the flock, who, when the others ran backward at sight of the two lads, remained behind, facing the strangers with heads menacingly lowered.

"Plague take them, I believe they mean to fight," John said. "Take care, Bert. They could butt either one of us over the edge, and not half try. We don't want to shoot them, because the rest are gone. These must show us the way out."

"Yes," said Bert. "We must scare, not hurt, them. Light your lamp; I have thought of a way to do it."

John did as he was bid, and watched with eager eyes while Bert held the edge of his straw hat in the flame. When it was well afire he sent it spinning through the air to fall hissing and sputtering in front of the long-bearded old guard.

Veterans that they were, it was too much for their courage. In a flash they went twinkling down the dark passageway. Bert and John, following at their best speed, heard the swift hoofs cross the great hall of stalagmites, then turn into a wide and winding way that ran on and on till it brought them to where were boughs drooping over a sharp wooded hill-side, with a sunset world smiling fresh and wet through their leaves.

"Why, I know this place well—the big sink-hole! I've hunted all around it heaps of times," John said, as they came once more to firm upper earth.

"I'm mighty glad you do. Which way are the horses?" Bert asked, sinking down almost breathless on the fresh damp grass.

When the boys got home with their tale of adventure, be sure there was a fine how-d'ye-do over it. Three days later they went back to the cave. This time the Sheriff was with them, and twenty more stout fellows with torches, ropes, and guns. They found easily all that the boys had seen, save indeed the counterfeiter, who doubtless vanished as soon as he found his hiding-place discovered. He was, it was strongly suspected, a noted criminal, with a large price upon his head. Notwithstanding, Bert said to John, "I'm glad they didn't catch him."

John nodded. "So am I. I tell you, Bert, we know how it feels to be in prison with little hope of ever getting out again."

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

[illegible] SWEET

[illegible]

CHAPTER VII

"YOU are sure it was Jo Wilkes who stole it?" asked Carlsen, excitedly. "Then I must leave you. I must find a constable."

"Oh, yes, yes; we can get home now!" cried Martha. "Have him arrested. Oh, get the watch, won't you, Carlsen? I can't bear to lose it. And we ought not to have come. I don't know what papa will say. He'll blame me for it all, and make a great fuss. And, oh dear, I'm sure it hasn't been worth it!"

There was a bustle about the entrance as Carlsen went in, and immediately afterwards Ken appeared, half carrying Dave, with Annette, hysterical, in the rear.

"He fainted," explained Ken. "I don't know whether it was the disturbance or seeing Carlsen that caused it. Just stand away. I must get him where it's quiet, and take him home as soon as possible. Oh, there's old Solomon Gross in his wagon. He lives down on the marsh road."

Ken shouted to the old fisherman, who willingly consented to take the party in his wagon. Ken would not leave Dave to Annette's care, but sat, carefully supporting him, on the front seat, while Solomon Gross sat astride a herring-box and drove, and Annette dangled from the back of the wagon, looking like a thunder-cloud, and muttering strongly uncomplimentary opinions of circuses and threats against people who interfered with her Dave.

Thanny, appearing suddenly from the tent, in the midst of a crowd of hooting boys, just as the wagon was about to start, dodged his head as if from a missile. "I'm a sight more scairt of her than I be of that lion, or of the manager either," he confided to Robin. "Folks that fires things takes you so unexpected. That manager is tearin' mad. He says he's agoin' to find out who begun that hissin', and who says that lion is stuffed, and he's agoin' to have 'em arrested. There's a feller gettin' arrested in there now. Ain't he kickin' and fightin', though! There's half a dozen tryin' to hold him till they get an officer. I guess he must have said the zebry was painted."

"Is it Jo Wilkes? Has Carlsen got him?" asked Martha. "Well, then, I suppose we needn't wait. I'm trembling so I can hardly stand. I've always said I didn't care about those horrid workmen, but when they dare to push one, and snatch one's jewelry like that, it is frightful. But I think I shall get it. Don't you? Oh, I *don't* know what papa will say!"

"I can't help feeling sorry for Jo Wilkes," said Julia. "He is so young, and I think he has got into bad company. And he has always been so good to his mother and his little crippled sister. And I think that Carlsen is disagreeable, and likes to show his authority."

"I can't quite see that Jo Wilkes has a right to steal my watch because Carlsen is disagreeable," said Martha. "And I think it would look better for you to show a little sympathy for me instead of for the thief. Ju has grown *so* sentimental!" she added, in an aside to Robin. "She has been worse since those Rawlins girls were here. Peggy Rawlins was all the time talking about helping poor people."

Thanny had seated himself on a rock beside the road, and taken off his shoes.

"Do they pinch your toes, Thanny?" asked Jean, sympathetically.

"No, my mind," said Thanny. "And this store jacket is jest as bad," he added, as he relieved himself of that also. "A feller that's got anything to 'tend to can't stand it to be dressed up like the minister."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

"What have you to attend to, Thanny? You'd better come home with us," said Robin.

"If anybody is goin' to try to make me take back what I said about that lion bein' stuffed, he can jest come on!" said Thanny, rolling up his sleeves. "The fellers wanted me to make a rush with them, and make 'em give back the admission money, but you see I got in on a job, and you can't get a job back if you *are* cheated. But I want 'em to jest try to make me say that that lion ain't stuffed, that's all. I never said he was stuffed with sawdust, anyhow; that was 'Bednego Phillups. If he's got a man inside of him, that's bein' stuffed, ain't it?"

"A man inside him?" repeated Jean.

"Just like Jonah?" demanded Prim, breathlessly.

"They say it's a feller from Goose Creek, but I don't b'lieve that," continued Thanny, shaking his head sagely. "There ain't no such talent up that way; it's an awful dead-and-alive place. You see, his arms must be the fore legs and his legs the hind legs, and he's got to roar loud, and he's got to roar easy, and he's got to make that tail lash round lively, and I tell you it takes an awful smart feller. Ned Sears thinks there must be *two* fellers. Anyhow, it's an awful intellectual part. The lightnin' calc'lator ain't nowheres compared to it. Oh, I wisht—"



THE OLD FISHERMAN WILLINGLY CONSENTED TO TAKE THE PARTY IN HIS WAGON.

"You would better come home with us, Thanny," interrupted Robin.

"I ain't goin' to run away as if I was afraid of nothin'. And I hain't got my money's—I mean my job's worth yet," said Thanny, sitting firmly upon his rock.

"I wish we could go home with you," Martha said to Robin, "but I suppose they're making a great fuss about us at home, as it is. Oh, I wish I could get my watch back before papa has to know about it! Do you suppose he will give it up at once? Oh, there's Carlsen! Can you get it? Oh, Carlsen, can you get the watch?"

"He denies having it, of course," said Carlsen, who was apparently in great haste. "The officer hasn't come yet, and there's a great deal of disturbance. I think you may be annoyed if you do not go home at once. If I could leave—"

"We will go at once. Oh, do make him give up the watch!" cried Martha. "I hope they will put him into prison for ten years," she added. "If I don't get that back, papa will never let me have another."

"Then what would become of his mother, whose hands are all drawn up with rheumatism, and his little crippled sister?" demanded Julia.

"Perhaps you think people ought to be allowed to go round stealing watches if their relatives are crippled," said Martha, sarcastically.

"You can't be sure in such a crowd, and I always thought Jo Wilkes had such a good face," persisted Julia.

The two sisters fell into a wrangle, which made Robin feel relieved to part from them at the marsh road, and caused Prim serious misgivings concerning the effect of such an example upon Traddles. That young person's mind, however, was so much occupied with the mystery of a man inside the lion, that it might reasonably be hoped that she had not been affected by the quarrelling.

"There never was any disturbance at an entertainment here before," remarked Jean. "I wonder if it was all the fault of those foolish boys who hissed, or of the discharged men from the glass-works? I wish Thanny would have come with us. I'm afraid he'll get hurt. He seems perfectly crazy to be a performer in a show. How silly boys are! You don't suppose he would run away with it if he could get a chance, do you, Robin?"

"No; Thanny is foolish, but not so foolish as that," said Robin, carelessly.

She was thinking more of Dave's recognition of Carlsen and of the delight in Ken's face when he saw it than of Thanny, who, indeed, had a sturdy Yankee faculty of taking care of himself, and was not likely to lose his prudence even in his ambition to be "the man inside of the lion." If Dave's memory should return it would be no longer a great calamity that the scrap of paper was lost, and whatever the boys' great scheme might amount to, Ken could no longer be angry with her. It was weak and selfish for her to think so much of that, she felt, but as long as she could remember it had been the greatest of griefs to have Ken angry with her—Ken, who was often sullen and unreasonable, and sometimes seemed to have much more regard for the rights of Ken Dinsmore than of any one else. It was because poor Ken took things so hard that she felt so, she said to herself, and when he would not allow her to comfort him he had no one.

She had an almost guilty feeling that the circus-going had been a success, in spite of the disturbance, Dave's

s, and Martha's d
h, since Dave had really
n the twins' morals, as well as upon Thanny
" make
the tall giraffe, whose neck seemed so difficult of imitation; and she said it was a dreadful circus, and she never
d weary, and disappointed at the abrupt termi
Prim's deportment
; but as for Robin, her
back, so that she had not ruined them, as he had declared.
when he came, and he hurried past her into the house
Dave
"He remembers that man of Mr. Rawlins's. He grows excited and terrified at the sound of his name. But I couldn't make him remember anything else. That
such a fuss that I couldn't half try. Whatever a fellow tries to do, there's always a nimny of a girl in the way."

It was evident that Ken was not in as good humor as might have been expected.

"I don't blame Annette for making a fuss about Dave if she wants to; he's her brother," said Jean, stoutly.

"Oh, of course she has a right to spoil all his chances of getting well, if he's her brother. That's the way with sisters; they'll do you all the harm they can, and look as soft and pretty all the while, as if they couldn't say boo to a goose."

"Ken, you are cross and horrid; you are so all the time now, and *I* don't know what's the matter with you," said Jean, candidly.

"Those Hallett girls, now; well, perhaps they're not much sillier than other girls, but they never had a brother; lucky for him!" Ken's feelings were evidently deep, although his meaning was slightly obscure. "No, I don't want anything to eat." This was in answer to a modest suggestion from Robin. "I can't stop. I want to know what is going on down at Quansett. They say there's a great row, and half of those workmen are in the lock-up."

Ken went into the study to see his father; he was seldom in too great a hurry for that; and soon after they heard him running as fast as he could go down the road to Quansett.

"Ken behaved so queerly," said Jean, meditatively. He was so cross and excited; but he's cross most of the time lately. I heard him tell you that he was going to do something desperate. But I don't suppose he meant much of anything, do you? Boys seldom do."

Robin was reflecting upon Ken's behavior and trying to think of some way to improve it, as she sat upon the piazza steps at Cardross, while Jean swung in Ken's hammock, and commented, lazily, upon Ken's unpleasing manners and those of boys in general. Robin had just
upon the practical color of making Jean a new necktie of an uncommonly pretty piece of silk which she had hoarded up, when the quick breathing of a runner and the patter of bare feet told of Thanny's arrival.

"I'd ought to go right home; I don' know what Saul 'll say, but I knew you'd be wantin' to know about that
. Well, sir, it is Bert Cressy up to Goose Creek, that's his hind legs! The manager he owned right up. After them rough fellers from the works was arrested there wa'n't no more disturbance. The manager said he wa'n't pickin' no fuss with us small fellers, and he knew all along that we was too smart to be took in by that lion! But he thought there was consid'ble more sport to him than there was to a real solum-true lion. You see, they had a lion that died, and they skun him and fixed him up so'st a boy could work his hind legs, and he danced round then, and rode horseback, and 'twas great fun, and he ain't a mite stuck up, Bert Cressy ain't, and I had an introduction to him! I wanted to stay this evening. I could have got a ticket, but Saul's so awful
."

"Did you hear whether Martha Hallett's watch was
?" interrupted Jean.

"The feller that stole it was took up; that's all I know," said Thanny. "Say, 'Bednego Phillups and me
oin' to save up and get a lion's skin, and have a show of our own. And I'm goin' to send you compliment'ries, and the twins and Traddles and Moira."

Suitable acknowledgments were made of this generous offer, and Thanny went proudly and hopefully homeward.

"I guess I'll send the minister a compliment'ry, too," remarked to himself, as his bare feet slid deliciously through the warm sand of the bluff. "They'll all come, 'thout it's Ken. I wisht I knew what was the matter with Ken to-night."

Robin's thoughts reverted to the necktie as soon as Thanny had gone. Ken had a slight weakness in the matter of neckties, and he liked a brown and white stripe, like the piece of silk she had saved. She went up stairs and found it, carefully folded away in her bureau drawer, and then she went into Ken's room to find a necktie for a pattern. He was very particular, and the length and the width must be exactly right.

Ken tossed his things about so that his favorite necktie was hard to find. And one must be careful, for he disliked to have his possessions disturbed. What queer things a boy would put into his bureau drawer!—a patent folding fish line, a fox's brush—there were still foxes in the Deepmouth woods—a collection of unfinished photographs—Ken had had a great zeal for photography, but he had tired of that now—dried sunfish and specimens of felspar, the rules and regulations of the Quansett Boat Club—a boys' club, of which Ken was president and Dri Prettygo, the shoemaker's son, vice-president—knives in various stages of disability, a walrus's tooth, and a paper of herrings which sometimes served for a late supper or a fishing breakfast at three o'clock in the morning. There were neckties tossed about among these precious possessions—the dainty little box which Robin had given him to keep them in was empty on the dressing-table—and Robin selected one for a model; but one end caught upon something carefully tucked away in a back corner of the drawer, and she pulled that forward also—a tiny watch, with the monogram M. H. upon one side, and a butterfly in diamonds upon the other side! A piece of coarse brown paper was wrapped about it, but the broken chain had caught in the satin of the necktie.

Martha Hallett's watch! Ken must have picked it up. It wasn't that poor Jo Wilkes, after all, thought Robin. But why—why had he not returned it at once? Why had he hidden it away here? Robin's heart stood still with a sudden terrible fear. But the next moment she laughed it away, ashamed that she should have felt it. Ken's desperate deeds could never mean anything like that. How glad Martha Hallett would be to have it again, and how delightful it was that Jo Wilkes would be cleared at once! Probably Ken had not heard that Jo Wilkes had been arrested, absorbed as he was in his anxiety about Dave and his delight at what seemed like a return of his memory. She could hardly wait for his return. When he had heard about Jo Wilkes, of course he would go over to Sandford at once; perhaps he had gone before that time, feeling that he could not delay

long enough to come home for the watch. It would be like Ken to feel strongly for a person who was unjustly accused.

She would put it back just where she had found it. Ken never liked to have people meddle with his possessions, and she would find out when he came home how it had all happened. He couldn't be so cross but that he would tell her that.

But she forgot all about the necktie. As she was going down stairs that dreadful fear seized her again. It was absurd, but it would come. She stood still on the landing, listening to Jean, who was repeating to sleepless, over-excited Traddles the soothing, monotonous story of the boy and the kid. "Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't whip kid, kid won't go along. Only look at the moon rise! It's almost sunrise! Time I was home an hour and a half ago." How pleasant and cheerful were all the home ways and sounds! Her father was right; there was no trouble, none whatever, except wrong-doing. But Robin could never like to hear the foolish, sleepy little tale again; it always brought back that moment on the stairs, when that fear had seized her like a giant's grasp.

She sat on the piazza steps and waited for Ken. She had to wait a long time. Ken was not like the kid-boy, who finally got home an hour and a half too soon! Traddles had long ago succumbed to the drowsy influences of the story; lights and voices had gradually died away, until all the house was still. Only a half-awakened bird and the softly slipping waves on the shore kept Robin company. There was Ken at last, coming up the terrace steps with two leaps, as he always did; there was a vague comfort in that; it seemed as if a boy with guilty deeds upon his mind would go guiltily, not with a hop, skip, and jump like that.

She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Well, if it isn't you!" exclaimed Ken, starting at sight of the small dark figure. "I should like to know what you are doing out here by yourself in the dark?"

"I—I—it was pleasant, and I thought I wouldn't go in until you came," stammered Robin.

"It seems to me that you have taken a great notion of spying upon me lately. Perhaps you want to tell the governor that I wasn't at home until ten o'clock. If you haven't done me mischief enough—"

"You shouldn't say such things to me, Ken, when you know I never meant to do you any mischief, and you know perfectly well that I never spy upon you," said Robin, with as much spirit as she could summon. "I—I only wanted to ask you about those workmen who were arrested. What have they done with them?"

"Done with them? They're in the lock-up over at Sandford. They've been treated badly enough, but it was of no use for them to go to that circus and make a disturbance. I'm a friend of labor, but the laborers have got to behave decently, you know," said Ken, sagely.

"But the one who was accused of stealing Martha Hallett's watch?" stammered Robin.

"Oh!" Ken started and frowned sharply. Robin saw his face in a straggling moonray. "They will accuse those fellows of anything! Why did you ask me that?" He turned suddenly upon her with an angry air.

"I wanted to know. Martha was anxious about her watch. And and" Robin's voice gathered firmness "I thought it would be such a dreadful thing if he were unjustly accused."

"Why should you think he was unjustly accused? She lost her watch; it was snatched, wasn't it? She *said* she saw him do it."

"But I thought there might be—might be some mistake."

"Be careful that *you* don't make any mistakes!" said Ken, with a harsh laugh, as he went by her into the hall.

"I'll tell you one thing, Robin Dinsmore, you've had your last chance of spying upon me! There's no joke and no make-believe about it *this time*. I'm going away to-morrow. I'm not going to *run* away; my father will know all about it in the morning. Then you'll have a chance to think what you've brought your only brother to."

"Oh Ken, Ken!" cried Robin, her voice broken by sobs.

But Ken had gone up stairs, and she heard the door of his room close behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE HOHENZOLLERNS.



A FEW years ago a little American girl named Mabel went with her mother and sisters to spend the day at Sans Souci, the old palace of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, Germany.

On one side of her rose the Alte Schloss, which Frederick had abandoned for his one-storied pagodalike little palace of Sans Souci. Mabel ascended the long flights of steps in the terrace leading up to the latter palace. Marble statues rose at every turning of these large stone stairs. Grapes were ripening against the walls of the terraces, just as they had done in the time of Frederick.

A great arm-chair particularly interested Mabel, and at it she gazed long and reverently, for in her eyes it was a sacred thing. In this same arm-chair another Frederick, more beloved than his great namesake, and called by his loving subjects "Unser Fritz" (Our Fritz), had sat in his last illness.

At last they came to Voltaire's room, richly decorated by Frederick for his favorite. It must have been in this very room that Voltaire made the remark for which Frederick never forgave him.

"He has given me his dirty linen to wash," said Voltaire, when a friend found him correcting some of Frederick's manuscript.

On leaving the palace a long circuitous walk led them to the New Palace, now occupied by Emperor William. As they were walking along a road leading through the park, they saw that a wire had been tied across the way which was their direct approach to the palace. Not liking to turn back or to go out of their course, they stood there debating what to do. As they were talking they saw a woman come down the drive, pushing before her a baby-carriage in which sat a child of two years dressed in white, and on his head a white hat trimmed with a long white ostrich feather. One of Mabel's sisters asked, in her best German,

"Will you tell us the way to the New Palace?"

The woman answered in English: "You cannot come this way. These are the private grounds. If you will walk over to that guard who is stationed yonder he will direct you."

They were just turning away, when Lucy said, "Pardon me, but will you tell me who that baby is?"

"Certainly," said the nurse. "It is Prince Oscar."

"Who?" said Mabel.

"Prince Oscar, Emperor William's youngest son," repeated the nurse. At this they all crowded nearer in wonderment.

The nurse pushed the carriage a little further off, as if in terror, and said, hurriedly, "I am forbidden to speak to any one, and am in great danger if they should see me talking to you." Then she added, "But it is a great privilege to speak to some one."

All the time that the nurse had been talking, Mabel's



THE TALLEST AND SMALLEST SOLDIER IN THE GERMAN ARMY.
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

eyes had been fastened on the royal infant, who looked at her in wonderment and delight.

But the governess was growing nervous, so they bade good-by to the frightened woman, and waved their hands and called "Day! day!" to Prince Oscar.

He responded by waving his little hand, and calling in a loud high-pitched baby voice, "Dah! dah!"

Turning down a side path, they saw the sentinel whom the nurse had mentioned. A broad drive led past him to the palace.

While they were waiting the guard said: "Do you want to see the little princes? There they are, playing," pointing to a group of children in the distance. Mabel looked, and saw five children. The three older ones were playing with a velocipede—one riding and the other two running after him. They wore dark blue suits. The fourth prince was dressed like Prince Oscar, and walked by his nurse, holding her hand. Little Prince Oscar was in his coach.

Mabel watched them as she walked up to the palace and lingered on the porch to have a last look at them. But they were too far off to satisfy her desire to see their faces.

Nearly four years have elapsed since Mabel was favored with this glimpse of royal children at play, and already life has come to have a serious aspect for at least one of these little princes. William, the eldest, will, if he survives his father, some day be the German Emperor, and the education of an Emperor is a serious business. The ordinary American boy would find little to envy in the strict discipline and dull daily routine to which this future monarch is now subjected.

Every day in summer as well as winter the princes rise at seven o'clock, and take breakfast—consisting of tea and rolls—three-quarters of an hour later. Never more than fifteen minutes are allowed for this meal.

Punctually at eight o'clock lessons begin. The princes are generally instructed separately, but in some branches the two older brothers are together. Crown-Prince William is very diligent, and far ahead of the others in most of his studies.

At 9.45 a lunch is served of sandwiches, red wine, and "Fürstenbrunner" mineral water—now generally used at the Emperor's table. After lunch, studies are resumed for a short time, followed by riding-lessons. If the weather permits, these are taken in the open air; otherwise a *manége*, erected expressly for the purpose, serves for their equestrian exercises. The little Crown-Prince now rides his white horse "Abdul," a birthday gift from his father.

Sometimes a drive in a pony-carriage takes the place of the ride. This vehicle is drawn by a white pony, whose harness is hung with silver bells.

The princes dine with Major von Falkenhayn or their tutor, Herr Kessler, at a quarter past one. Soup, fish, a roast, potatoes and other vegetables, dessert, cheese, and fruit form the bill of fare. About half past two o'clock the boys go into the park to play. Generally on these occasions the Crown-Prince may be seen on a tricycle, which also was a birthday gift from his father.

While the Emperor and Empress were at the "Marble Palace," at Potsdam, the princes walked or drove over there at four every day to see their parents and younger brothers, and returned home at six o'clock, after having taken some milk and rolls. Upon their arrival supper was served; on alternate days warm and cold. Till eight the princes romp about; then they are bathed and go to bed. So one day passes like another. On Sunday morning there is service in the palace or the princes drive over to the garrison church.

The illustration shows the "tallest and the smallest soldier in the German army"—the little Crown-Prince and a young giant nearly seven feet tall (the second man to the left of the Prince). It is the custom in the Hohenzollern family to make every royal Prince lieutenant on his tenth birthday, and at the same time he is decorated with the order of the Black Eagle. So on May 6th of last year the 1st Regiment of the Guards was drawn up in parade, and the Emperor, surrounded by members of the royal family and a brilliant suite of officers, presented his son to his regiment, and the little Prince was entered in the list of officers.

A SIGN OF SPRING.

MAY. "Oh, mamma, mamma, I just saw the first blue-bird. He was sitting on the fence and the wind blew him away."

HIS FATHER'S SON.

THE STORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

BY EDITH ELMER.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a good deal to be said for and against the great project, but it was finally decided that Jake should try for it. He was too uncertain of success to take any one into his confidence, so when he started off, satchel in hand, the day after Christmas, no one knew where he was going except his mother and Andersen. He had to walk ten miles across country to Red Jacket, where he took the stage for Hancock.



"I THINK YOU CAN SET YOUR MIND AT REST," SAID THE ASSISTANT SURGEON; "YOU SEEM TO BE PRETTY SOUND."

After the examination was over he had no idea whether he had done well or ill. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he had answered every question perfectly, and sometimes he decided he had not given a single one of the answers expected.

Next morning he presented himself at the school-house with a beating heart. The chairman of the examining board got up and talked on and on about the gratifying results of the examination, and the difficulty of coming to a decision where so many papers were so nearly equal in excellence, till Jake thought he should go wild.

"After much deliberation—we have concluded that—on the whole—the highest average work is to be found—in the paper—of [every boy in the room held his breath]—Mr. Jacob Wildon, who will accordingly receive the appointment."

Jake could hardly believe his ears, but it was very true. He went back to his mother the happiest boy on Keweenaw Point. The thought that he was to go to Annapolis in the spring put life into everything. He performed the old familiar tasks about the house and on the farm as if they were the most delightful things in the world, and Mrs. Wildon was forced to admit that the appointment had made a good farmer of Jake if it hadn't accomplished anything else.

One bright May morning the stage that drove away from Red Jacket carried a boy in his best clothes with a great old-fashioned valise.

"Good-by, Admiral!" shouted old Andersen, who had come down to see him off. "When ye get ter be Inspector o' this deestrict, don't be hard on yer old friends. Good luck ter ye, Jake!"

And Jake leaned out of the window, waving his hat until the lumbering old coach had rattled around the corner.

At Hancock he took the train for Marquette, and there connected with the through express. All that night, and

the next night, and the following day [illegible] on, changing cars several times, each [illegible] keep, or miss his connection somehow; [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

questions only went as far as quadratics, so he might have spared himself his flounderings in the back of the book with the binomial theorem. But to Jake they were none the less awful, for they were not "book questions," but the kind that make you *think*. Poor Jake had learned his rules faithfully, but for real intelligent grasp of the subject he had none. When one o'clock came, and the papers were called in, he was not half through.

"I say, old chappie, you needn't look so downcast," said a friendly voice behind him, and a hand was laid carelessly on his shoulder. "You couldn't have done any worse than *I* did, I'm sure."

Jake turned and saw a tall pale boy, with dark shaggy hair and ill-fitting clothes. He had sat next to Jake and lent him a penknife, and Jake had felt drawn towards him for several reasons—because his eyes were frank and honest, and because he seemed disposed to be friendly, but chiefly because his clothes looked as homespun as Jake's own.

"I'm sorry for you if that's so," said Jake, with an attempt to smile. "*I've* flunked dead."

"Perhaps we'll do better the second time," suggested the other boy.

"Why, do they give us two shows?"

"Day after to-morrow re-exam," nodded the other boy. "I reckon you and I haven't had all the chances at schooling some of the other fellows have."

"I guess we haven't," Jake assented. "Where are you from?"

"North Carolina—mountain district."

"I'm from the northern peninsula of Michigan," returned Jake. "My father's dead, and my mother and I have always been mighty hard up. We've lived pretty narrow."

"Humph!" said the other boy, "you're ahead of me. I haven't got *any* folks nearer than a second cousin. *He* brought me up, and, George! wasn't he glad to get rid of me!"

"What 'll you do if you fail?"

"Can't fail. Can't afford to."

"Well, but if you do?"

"Study up and try again in the fall."

"Can you do that?"

"If your Congressman will reappoint you."

Jake sighed.

"That's no good for me, I guess," he said. "My Congressman isn't going to reappoint me; and if he did, I'd never get the money to come on here again."

"*Stay* here!" said the other boy, authoritatively. "I shall, if I fail. We can get work of some kind for the summer, and bone up evenings."

"Well," said Jake slowly, "I'm with you."

Next day Jake presented himself before the head of the Department of English looking as if he had just buried his last friend. He had made up his mind to fail, and tried to pretend he didn't care. After it began, he felt better. An officer read a selection about King John Lackland from Hume's *History of England*. There were a great many long words in it. This was to serve as a test of writing and spelling. When the papers were passed around with the questions on grammar, geography, and United States history, Jake's face brightened. These did not look nearly so bad.

"I really think that's all right," said Jake.

"Now you're talking!" returned his new friend, approvingly. "I thought I ought to search your pockets for strychnine this morning."

They hurried to the bulletin-board to see the results of the mathematical examination, which had just been posted. Their worst fears were realized. Both Jacob Wildon, of Michigan, and Ralph Fitz James, of North Carolina, were deficient in algebra. Ralph had failed in arithmetic too. Jake had passed in that by the skin of his teeth. His mark was a 2.6; it takes 2.5 to pass. They had plenty of company, but there was scant comfort in that. Jake felt desperate. The shame of failure, the disgust and reproaches of his mother, and the probable necessity of going back to farming for the rest of his days made him feel like ending it all by jumping off the sea-wall. Ralph was as cheerful and sunny as ever.

"Oh, I'll get in *some* time," he said, "and so'll you if you don't weaken."

In the morning, when they elbowed their way to the bulletin-board again, Wildon of Michigan was seen to be lacking in grammar.

"I guess it was those sentences to be corrected that did for me," groaned Jake, turning away. "Fact is I've heard so much bad grammar in my life that half the time I don't know bad from good."

An officer passed them and overheard the remark. "You have no reason to feel discouraged, Mr. Wildon," he said. "Your failure was not a bad one. I have no doubt you can make it up at the re-examination—if you are solid in mathematics, that is."

"I failed in algebra," faltered Jake.

"Humph!" said the officer, advancing his lower lip. "Well, if you pass in that this morning, come to us to-morrow. Otherwise it won't be worth while."

"I suppose not, sir," said Jake, and went away very blue.

Fully half the candidates were to be re-examined in mathematics. A new set of algebra questions was passed to Jake, and he had two hours to do them in. He had "boned" hard on the first part of the book, so that he did better than the other time.

"Well, I *declare*," said Ralph the next morning, when the bulletin was posted once more, "if we haven't failed again—both of us! What chumps we are! Why, Wildon, don't look like that, old fellow. You *mustn't*— Blest if he isn't going to faint!" He slipped his arm around Jake to steady him. "Get a brace on you, old chappie," he whispered. "Everybody's looking. Come on outdoors. You'll feel better."

"Mr. Wildon," said the same officer who spoke to him the day before, "I am very sorry about this. Mr. Aimes says your paper of yesterday was a wonderful improvement on the first one, but it wasn't up to the standard yet. You'd have been all right in one department, I'm sure. Shall you try again in the autumn?"

Jake shook his head. "My Congressman won't reappoint me. He doesn't care whether I fail or not. He doesn't even know me."

"How did he come to appoint you this time?"

"Oh, I won it at a competitive," Jake answered, flushing to think he had ever been proud of that wretched little triumph.

"All the more reason for his reappointing you," said the officer. "Shows he hasn't any one better to send in your place. Don't you know him at all?"

"Never saw him in my life," said Jake.

"Well, I tell you what," he said, presently, "I'll write to him and advise it. I'll tell him I think you'll make a good officer. It may do some good and it may not. You'll have to look out to live up to my ideal of you."

"Trust me for that," said Jake, warmly.

"And how about you, Mr. Fitz James?"

"Me? Oh, I reckon I can back my second cousin to get enough of a pull on our Congressman to reappoint me. He's not anxious to have me on his hands again," said the boy, dryly.

So it was not altogether without hope, though in a very mournful mood, that Jake Wildon left behind him the military band and gay promenaders of the Naval Academy, and returned to his boarding-house outside the yellow wall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIFTY THOUSAND LITTLE INDIANS.

By WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"You remember little Tommy Prophet who disappeared from the Fort Mojave school? He has turned up all right; hasn't been murdered at all."

"Glad to hear it. Then we shall not have to prosecute anybody for stealing little Tommy Prophet."

This was the first thing I heard upon going into the Indian Bureau in Washington to ask Commissioner Morgan to tell me all about the interesting work of his department. It was General Morgan himself who expressed his satisfaction at the safety of the little Indian boy, and it shows what a fatherly care the bureau exercises over its charges, that a roomful of government officers in Washington were glad to hear of the safety of a tawny little boy far out in Arizona.

As Commissioner Morgan says that one of the first things he has to determine is, "What is an Indian?" so you will most likely be inclined to ask at the start, "What is the Indian Bureau?" Let me answer this question in as few words as possible.

We all know that when our forefathers came to America they found many parts of the country inhabited by tribes of warlike people, who came to be called Indians because when the continent was discovered it was thought to be a part of the East Indies. We know too well from our histories how the Indian tribes in the Eastern States made bitter war upon the early settlers, and how, as the white population increased, the Indians were destroyed so rapidly that for nearly a century there have been only enough left in the East to remind us of what the Indians once were.

Some of the Eastern Indians, instead of remaining to be killed, went to the West and joined the many tribes that roamed the prairies and the Western mountains. There were a great many of these Western tribes, and they remained intact much longer than the Eastern



tribes, because there were not enough white people in the West to overpower them. But as the Western States gradually became populated, little wars with the Indians were frequent, and in a few years more they would have been exterminated.

As the Indians were the original owners of the land, this did not seem fair in a powerful civilized nation; and for the good of the Indians as well as for the protection of the whites, the government set aside tracts of land, called reservations, in various States and Territories, which the Indians were to keep for their own, and where they were compelled to live. Nearly all the Indians left in the United States now live upon these reservations.

But if the government should give you or me a thousand acres of land in Arizona or Dakota, and compel us to live upon it, though we might be rich in the value of the land, still we should most likely starve to death, because we have not been trained to clear wild land and cultivate it. It was the same with the Indians. Their hunting-grounds were taken from them, they were deprived of the playful exercise of scalping settlers who crossed the plains, and they were so helpless in this new mode of life that it was necessary for the government to take care of them. Taking care of the Indians is the work of the Indian Bureau, a department of the government of which General T. J. Morgan is the head. He is called the Indian Commissioner, and it may interest you to know that he is very much interested in having the young Indians described and pictured in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and that he wishes to have copies of it sent to all Indian schools, to let the little Indians see that more favored white boys and girls care for them and know something about them. It is to General Morgan that you are indebted for the pictures which illustrate this article. They are made from photographs taken at the places mentioned, and forwarded as official exhibits to the Commissioner in Washington.

How to take care of the Indians has always been a grave question with the government. There are only 246,834 Indians in the country (about as many as there are inhabitants of New Orleans), and it would be an easy matter for this rich government to supply them all with homes and food, give them a little money, and let them take care of themselves. But this would be the worst thing that could happen to them. They are not naturally inclined to work, and if the nation supported them in idleness they would soon be in a more deplorable condition than when they ran wild on the plains. For too many years the only effort to civilize them was made with soldiers and rifles. Now, however, a more humane and wiser policy is in force, and it is sought to educate and civilize them to such an extent that they will soon mingle with the white population and become good American citizens.

"We find them American Indians; we wish to make them Indian Americans," Commissioner Morgan says. He means that instead of remaining little separate nations, they are to become a part of the great body of people, just as our foreign immigrants do. But it would not do to throw them upon their own resources without preparation. They have no idea of farming, of housekeeping, of home life, of the arts or sciences, or any of the attributes of civilization. They know nothing about railways or telegraphs, plum puddings or Santa Claus; they cannot, in general, read or write, and most of them cannot speak the English language. To fit them to become citizens they must be educated, and certainly the education must begin with the little Indians.

"Take care of the old Indians, and teach the young Indians to take care of themselves." This is the Indian policy in a dozen words. To teach the young Indians there must be schools and teachers, and the Indian Bureau devotes a large part of its time and money to opening and supporting schools for Indian children between the ages of six and sixteen. Among the 246,834 Indians in the country (this does not include the Alaska Indians) there are 50,000 children between these ages; but there are five civilized tribes which educate their own children, and some States (New York, for instance) take care of and educate their own Indians; so that there are only about 36,000 Indian children to be educated by the national government. Fifteen thousand of these now go to school, and provision has still to be made for the other 21,000. Only 36,000 of these neglected Indian children to be reclaimed from barbarism! How small the number seems when we reflect that New York city alone educates 320,000 children in her public schools!

You can go to a day-school, but the young Indian must, if possible, go to a boarding-school. When you go home in the evening, you go into a comfortable house, with books and papers about you, plenty to eat, and all the surroundings of civilization, so it makes little difference in your progress whether you board in the school or at home. But if the young Indian went home at night, he would go to his father's cabin or wigwam, with nothing



GROUP OF INDIAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

to remind him of the great world beyond the reservation, and the civilizing progress made in school would soon be lost at home.

The Indian parents are generally very reluctant to let their boys and girls go to school even when the government pays all the expenses of their education. They know that to be educated means to lose all liking for their savage mode of life, and to become in habit and thought much like the whites. So while the children are often anxious to go, some of the parents spread discouraging reports about the schools, such as that the pupils are unkindly treated, that they get sick and die, and that they are made to work too hard. Of course there is no truth in these reports, for the little Indians are treated with the greatest kindness, and, as they say themselves, "have grand good times." To counteract these evil stories the Indian Bureau has devised the excellent plan of appointing Indian visitors. Some intelligent and influential Indian in each tribe is appointed to visit the nearest school and report to his fellows upon what he sees, and he considers this appointment a great honor, as indeed it is. He visits the school, and is shown all about it, and when he goes home he cannot help telling his friends how well the children are cared for.



FIRE COMPANY AT FORT MOJAVE SCHOOL, ARIZONA.

You may wonder why only 15,000 of the 36,000 young Indians are sent to school. It is because Congress has not yet given the bureau money enough to provide schools for them all. None of the government's money, as you probably know, can be spent without a vote of Congress. The head of each department makes an estimate of how much money he will need for the next year, and Congress votes either to give him what he asks for, or as much of it as it thinks he is entitled to. Commissioner Morgan asked Congress to give him $2,917,060. Congress, however, thought that it could not spare so much, and gave him only $2,291,650 for educational purposes. This will continue to educate the 15,000 children who already attend school, but it will not provide for all of the 21,000 little Indians.

When the 800 Indian boys and girls who attend the school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, visited New York to attend the Columbian celebration everybody was surprised at their intelligence and fine appearance. They were taken to Ellis Island to see where the immigrants land, and one of the boys is credited with expressing an opinion that was far beyond his years. "Humph!" said he; "English come here, and pretty soon no Indian. Now all nations come, and pretty soon no American!" The School at Carlisle, with its 822 pupils, is the largest of all the Indian schools. Next in size is the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, with 572 pupils. Other schools are at Chemawa, Oregon; Fort Stevenson, North Dakota; Chilocco, Indian Territory; Genoa, Nebraska; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Grand Junction, Colorado; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Fort Mojave, Arizona; Carson, Nevada; Pierre, South Dakota; Phœnix, Arizona; and Fort Lewis, Colorado. These are all boarding-schools, and are known as non-reservation schools, because they are not upon Indian reservations. There are seventy boarding-schools on the reservations, fourteen of which are in Oklahoma, and the others in Arizona, California, Idaho, Indian Territory, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. There are also 101 day-schools, with capacity for nearly 4000 pupils.

The children in these schools are taught not only to read and write and cipher, as you are, but a thousand other things that they know nothing about, though they are things that are plain and simple enough to you. There are many things that every one should know that are not taught in school, and you and I learned them and are still learning them by keeping our eyes open. But the Indian children could not learn them in that way, because they are far away from civilization and civilized people. If they had watches they would not know how to wind them, or, winding them, they could not tell the time. If they had talking dolls they would

tell about. At the Fort Mojave school in Arizona the the teachers give them the practice signal. In most of the schools there are bands, for Indian boys and girls are fond of music. At the Colorado River Agency school in Arizona the children [illegible] as though they were in the trees. There are palms and palmetto trees before the new building, and it is seldom that any fires are needed. The Grant Institute in Genoa, Nebraska, has a large fish-pond, and both boys and girls show great dexterity in coaxing the fish to bite.

Perhaps you can settle that vexed question for Commissioner Morgan, "What is an Indian?" He is a tall muscular fellow with copper-colored skin, of course, and long hair, and maybe some feathers sticking in it, and he talks of the Great Spirit and fire-water and big Injin. That is evidence enough for us, but it is not evidence enough to determine whether a man is entitled to a share in an Indian reservation. Suppose a white man marries an Indian woman, and they have a son. Is that boy an Indian? Then suppose that in the course of time the boy has grandchildren. Are they Indians? Or suppose that a hundred years ago a white man did some great service to the Indians, and was formally adopted into a tribe, and went to live with it. This sometimes happened. Then the white man married a white woman, and brought her to live with him in the Indian camp. They had a family of children without a drop of Indian blood in their veins. Yet those children were legal Indians, and so are their children and grandchildren. So you see it is not so easy, after all, to determine "What is an Indian?"

We are all, perhaps, a little too likely to think of the Indians as a degraded people. Because they are ignorant we overlook their many noble qualities. A man who can smile contemptuously while his enemies are burning his feet off is not a man to be despised. It is a remarkable fact that no white man who has Indian blood in his veins is ever ashamed to own it. He is proud of it, and is more likely than not to boast of his Indian ancestor.

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

IV.

ANOTHER condition of worldly success is *a sound bodily constitution*. In making a voyage, the first necessity is to have a ship that will float and hold together, in spite of storms and tempests. No matter how ably it be manned, or how skilfully it be navigated, if it be not stout enough to resist the fury of the waves, it will be in danger of foundering on its way. So, in the voyage of life, talents, knowledge, skill, and energy are all needed, but of what use are they, so far as any great achievement is concerned, if neutralized by a weak body? Depend upon it, the mind cannot act with vigor, most certainly not with vivacity—cannot endure the strain of severe and protracted toil necessitated by modern competition—when the body is feeble and sickly. In the learned professions especially, great constitutional strength and power of endurance are indispensable to success. The high prizes are not to be won without exhausting toil, and this cannot be endured without fine bodily stamina. In the great law case of Gibbons *vs.* Ogden, Daniel Webster being called upon suddenly and unexpectedly to make his argument in the United States Supreme Court, spent the whole night following in preparing his brief. At nine o'clock the next morning, after eleven hours of continuous intellectual effort, and a breakfast of only tea and crackers, he went into court, and made one of the most powerful arguments of his life.

Sustained energy cannot be maintained without powerful digestive organs. Even the eagle eye of Napoleon was perceptibly dimmed by indigestion on three of the most critical occasions of his life. The habit of eating fast and carelessly paralyzed him during the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which might otherwise perhaps have been converted into decisive victories. On the third day of the battle of Dresden he would have accomplished more but for a similar indiscretion; and it was a painful and irritating disease that largely contributed to his defeat at Waterloo. Bodily vigor is imperatively needed where long-continued effort is to be made. The axe of the intellect may be sharp-edged, and may be driven home at times with the utmost force; but equally needful is the power of dealing reiterated and prolonged blows. In war it is the one march more that wins the campaign, the five minutes' more persistent courage that wins the fight. Why at Lützen did the Swedes win the long disputed field? Because their third desperate onset, maddened as they were by the death of their chief, was too much even for troops that had maintained successfully, as had Wallenstein's, a hard day's fight. It is a double advantage of sturdy bodily health that with it you cannot only work more hours in the day, but also throw into your work a greater amount of mental force.

What sensible carpenter thinks of going to work without seeing that his tools are in good condition? What musician neglects to examine his instrument from time to time, and see that it is in tune? Yet this wondrous body of ours, which is our box of tools, our organ with a thousand pipes, how shamefully do we neglect! Nay, how often men do worse—exhaust and ruin it by sensual gratification! See William Pitt piloting the British ship of state for a quarter of a century through the storms of the French Revolution, and dying at forty-nine of anxiety, overwork, opium, and port wine! See Coleridge and De Quincey stranded on a poppy covered coast "the land of the 'Lotos-eaters,' where it is never morning, nor midnight, nor full day, but always afternoon!" See Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with his brilliant and versatile talents, going to pieces on the breakers of intemperance and overwork! Sergeant S. Prentiss tried the double task of exhausting labor and sensual gratification; and if ever a man was justified in so doing, he was, with his leonine health and matchless mental gifts. But though he could for many years sit up all night gambling and drinking, and next day go into court and surpass in argument and eloquence lawyers who had studied their cases half the night and slept the rest, he became physically bankrupt at forty-two years of age—having burned to the socket in that time the lamp of life that had been trimmed to last fourscore.

Take care, then, of your body; but remember that good health, and consequently nervous energy, does not imply great muscular strength. No test here is more deceptive than that of the tape-line or the health-lift. Health is a *universal* good condition—a state of the body in which every faculty does its work well, without ever being conscious of it. It is vitality, nervous force—that mysterious, inexplicable power which is nourished by exercise and the assimilation of food and air—which is the measure of a man's success. It was this which in our civil war enabled the pale, delicate-looking soldier, bred in the city, to out-travel and out-fight the giants of the backwoods and prairies. Many a lawyer and preacher whose thin and ghostly-looking body indicates the frailest of consti-

* The first three articles in this series were published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for February 28, and March 21, respectively.

tutions is found on trial to possess such a tough, wiry power of endurance as would indicate a constitution of lignum vitae or iron. Dr. Kane was one of the frailest looking of men. He never went to sea without suffering from seasickness, and he suffered both from disease of the heart and chronic rheumatism; yet he climbed the Himalayas, ascended the Nile, fought heroically in the Mexican war, and endured triumphantly in the arctic seas sufferings under which the strongest men, specially trained to endure such hardships, broke down and died. On the other hand, Dr. Winship, the apostle of "muscularity," who at one time could lift 3000 pounds, died at the early age of forty-two.

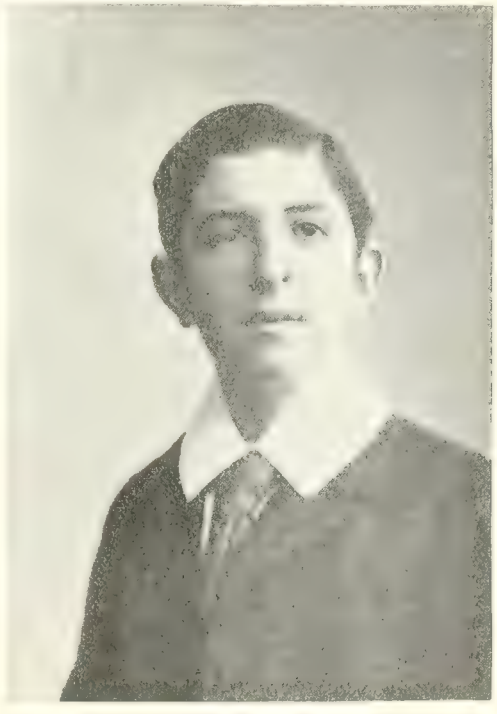
It is, therefore, a good *working* constitution that you want, not that of an athlete; the capacity of prolonged bodily or mental effort, not the physique of the gymnast or the stroke-oar, or the brawn of the gladiator. Do you ask how such a constitution may be acquired and maintained? I answer, by strict attention to health of body and mind. Regular open-air exercise, nutritious food slowly eaten, abstinence from narcotics and alcoholic stimulants, the daily use of the bath and flesh-brush, well-ventilated and sunny living and sleeping rooms, an abundance of sleep at regular hours, the cultivation of cheerfulness and hopefulness, and habits of regularity, are the conditions of that health and bodily energy which will not only enable you to triumph over all the difficulties and perplexities of your calling, but will be of itself a source of positive and perennial joy.

Next to the care of health, the vital lesson to be learned by every one who would get on in life is the necessity of *concentration*—of devoting his energies to his profession or calling, and to it alone. "The one prudence in life," says Emerson, "is concentration; the one evil is dissipation." "There is a limit," says Gladstone, "to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain; and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted, and he is still wiser who, from among the things he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best." One of the most dangerous gifts is versatility. The man who is everything is nothing. He is rather a bundle of little likings than a unit—a compact and energetic individual. The woman who can talk pretty well, sing pretty well, write pretty well, paint a passable plaque, interpret in a kind of conventional fashion a sonata of Beethoven, will never do anything in a masterly way. To be felt in this busy world—to strike the world with lasting force—you must be a man of one thing. Having found out what you can do best, do it with all your might.

It is the narrow men—that is, men of single and determined purpose—that are edged men, and therefore cut their way readily through obstacles. The shabby, unsuccessful, blundering people, who make the mob of life, are generally such because they will not concentrate their powers, thoughts, outlay, on one work. The world is full of such vagabonds, who can turn their hand to anything, but can do nothing well. "Admirable Crichtons" may excite our wonder, but if we have a lung or liver complaint we consult a doctor who makes it a specialty. How did Stephen Girard become a millionaire? Money was the one thing he coveted and sought; money, not to be spent on a palatial home, elegant furniture, dazzling equipages, and liveried servants, but to be used as an Archimedian lever to move the fiscal world. To that end he made it a fixed principle to practise the most rigid economy; to shut his heart to all the blandishments of life; to stand for the last farthing, if that farthing was his due; to bar out every impulse which might, even in petty sums, take money from his purse. The result of this singleness of purpose was that this "stoic of the mart, a man without a tear," accumulated millions when millionaires in this country were few, and left a monument to his financial genius and eccentricity in the Girard College for Orphans.

Macdonough, the hero of Champlain, won his victories by pointing his guns at the "big ship" of the enemy. Rufus Choate understood the need and power of concentration when he advised young lawyers to "move Heaven and earth to carry the jury." The average man is sure to fail if he dabbles in various pursuits. The business man who has half a dozen kinds of business—who trades, dips into stock speculation, puts a few thousand dollars into mines, a few thousand more into a manufactory, and a few more into a patent invention—is taking, unless he has extraordinary talents for business, the direct road to bankruptcy. It is true that concentration does not imply monotony of action. It is true, also, that it does not imply the rejection of collateral aids. It matters not how many are the tributary streams if they all flow into the great Amazon River of your action. But every accessory that does not contribute to the one general result is a waste of strength.

Why do so many lawyers fail of high success? Not generally from lack of ability, nor from lack of legal equipment, but because, impatient of slow results, they turn aside from their legitimate pursuit to rent collecting, the negotiation of loans, speculation in land or stocks, politics, or anything else that will yield a quicker return for their labor. It almost makes one shiver to think that Daniel Webster once came near wrecking his splendid possibilities on this reef. His father, who was poor, and had run in debt for the education of Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, obtained for Daniel, when a law student, an appointment as clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, an office yielding an annual revenue of $1500—equal to $4000, perhaps, to-day. It is not strange, in view of his poverty and that of his family, that the youth was eager to accept the appointment. "I had felt the *res angustæ domi*," says he, "till my very bones ached." But Mr. Gore, with whom he was reading law, advised him to decline acceptance of the appointment, and he did so with many pangs. Had he accepted the place, and been able to keep it, he would probably have been doomed to obscurity.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS Y AGUILERA, AGED 14,
Son of the Duque de Veragua, and twelfth in direct descent from the Discoverer of America.—From a Copyright Photograph by Moreno, New York.



REYNARD. "Say, Cousin, what's a gray squirrel? A chipmunk?"
COUSIN. "Gracious!"
REYNARD. "Where he is, I should like to meet a grand squirrel—say!"

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD IN THE NURSERY.

"I WISH," said the Rubber Cat to the Musical Doll, "that you would sing something besides the Maid of the Mill."

"I can't," said the Musical Doll. "It isn't in me."

"I DON'T think your hair is at all pretty," said the Drum to the French Doll.

"Well, if my bang was as loud as yours I'd go lose myself," retorted the doll.

"THE way you two dolls look straight ahead of you," said the Monkey on a stick to the Dolls, "reminds me of something I saw once."

"What was that?" asked the Dolls.

"A pair of stares," said the Monkey.

"YOU are a pretty good Duck," said the Calico Santa Claus to the Rubber Duck.

"Well, that depends," said the Duck. "I think for eating I'd be a pretty poor duck."

"I'm going to get the [illegible] the toy Fire Engine.

"Well, sock it to 'em," said the Arctic; "I'll show you one next winter, sure."

"Hello," said the Carpet to the Doll, "what's on foot this morning?"

"Shoes and hats," replied the Doll.

"THE Tin Horn's voice is a little hoarse this morning," said the stuffed Calico Cat.

"Well, why shouldn't it be?" retorted the Tin Horn. "Jack tried to blow soap-bubbles with me yesterday, and I got soaked."

"I WISH I was a real horse," said the Toy Horse to the Toy Oat. "Then I would eat you."

"No, you wouldn't," said the Toy Oat; "because I'm not a real oat—so, there."

SAFE.

"I HAD three glasses of soda-water this morning," said Walter.

"Three glasses?" cried his mother. "Why, surely it will make you ill."

"Oh no," said Walter. "I got it at the drug store, mamma, where they only keep things that make you well."

MAURICE'S PHILOSOPHY.

PAPA. "What! spent your five cents already? I should think you would rather save your money and not spend it."

MAURICE. "If I should make up my mind not to spend it, papa, what good would it be to me, anyhow?"

VERY TRUE.

"YOU are not very polite to me," said the Elephant's wife to the Elephant.

"And why not, my dear?" asked the Elephant.

"Because you are an Elephant, I suppose," said his wife, with a sigh. "No other living creature makes his wife carry her own trunk."

A FIRST-RATE REASON.

"MY parrot's wonderfuler than yours," said Bert.

"Good reason why!" retorted Bob.

"What's your reason why?" sneered Bert.

"I haven't got any parrot," said Bob.

A LITTLE DREAM TALK.

"YOU think you are smart," said the Needle to Mollie, "just because you can sew. Why, you couldn't make a hem a millionth of an inch long if I didn't help you."

"Yes, I could," said Mollie.

"How?" asked the Needle, scornfully.

"With another needle," said Mollie.

A FAIR OFFER.

"PAPA," said Martin, "if you get me a bicycle I won't ever mind going anywhere on an errand."



PHILANDER BRIGGS OPENS THE KITE SEASON WITH A RECORD-BREAKER.

PANEL NO. 1. THE RECORD-BREAKER. FRONT VIEW OF THE SAME. DEVICE FOR HOLDING HER

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE COLUMBIAN NAVAL EXERCISES.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

ABOUT the middle of April the quiet waters of Hampton Roads began to be churned up by arriving vessels, and the waters knew no more peace for a week. There were torpedo and gun and dynamite boats, battleships, and protected, part protected, unprotected, and armored cruisers, until people grew tired watching them. Mingling with these mighty vessels of war were yachts of peace and pleasure. Little boats which had never been outside of their native waters, and big boats from distant parts of the world were all there together. Some were self-invited, and bent on an errand of curiosity, while others came in response to the invitation of our government, and were representatives of their respective nations. Hampton Roads had been appointed as the rendezvous for the visitors, whence they were to proceed to New York and be reviewed by the President.

On the 24th of April, all the expected guests having arrived, the war-ships started for New York waters. The Spanish ships, with the models of the Columbus caravels, had gone out the day before. They needed a slight handicap in order to reach their destination at the same time

(*Continued on page* 476.)



PARADE OF BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES.

THE QUEEN OF MAY

An Entertainment to be given by Knights and Ladies of the Round Table.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

In Two Acts

FRAMEWORK OF THE PLAY.

THE QUEEN. LADY BESSIE.
FOUR MAIDS OF HONOR. SIX MAIDS OF HONOR.
NINE FLOWER GIRLS. FAIRIES, MIDGETS, PAGES, etc.
OTHER CHARACTERS, as KNIGHTS, LADIES, etc.

The number of attendants may be lessened or increased according to convenience. Costumes should be simple and quaint—white frocks with gay ribbons for Maids of Honor; pink, white, and yellow for the Fairies.

ACT I.—CHOOSING THE QUEEN.

SCENE I. *Everybody on the stage. Chorus. Moving*

MERRY MAY.

Air, "The Golden Rule," page 94

THE Merry May! The Merry May!
It brightens land and sea.
There's sunshine over all the world.
How happy we should be!
The Merry May! The Merry May!
The time for bird and bee.
Of all the times, this happy time
Is just the time for me.

The Merry May! The Merry May!
To choose a Queen we come,
And bid her rule our gypsy band,
And reign in heart and home.
The Merry May! The Merry May!
The time for bird and bee.
Of all the times, this happy time
Is just the time for me.

Dialogue between a boy and a girl. SIR GILBERT *and* LADY BESSIE.

SIR GILBERT. I've been a Marshal at arms for the Queen of May for the last two years, and before that I was a Page, and before that a Fairy, and before that a Midget. Think of me as a Midget! Ha, ha, ha! But, I say, it's fully time that we people should elect our Queen if we're to have any fun around the May-pole. What do you say, Ladies and Knights?

LADY BESSIE. I *thought* this was a Round Table crowd. Sir Gilbert has spoken wisely and well. Shall we put the matter to the vote, or shall we settle the thing in a committee. (*A voice from the throng,* "A committee of the whole, if you please.") Then we will put the matter to the vote presently. But, Sir Gilbert, is our Queen to be chosen for her goodness, her wit, her accomplishments, or her beauty—the prettiest girl, the wittiest girl, or the dearest girl? What do you think?

SIR GILBERT. Lady Bessie, all the girls are so pretty that we fellows could not make a choice, and all are so clever that they far excel us, and all are popular. I propose that we choose the most punctual girl in the school. A Queen of May should certainly be always on time.

[*All clap hands at this suggestion.*

LADY BESSIE. There will be no trouble about choosing her on that score. Our most punctual member is Molly Etheridge. Shall we put it to the vote? All in favor signify it by lifting the right hand. Contrary, same sign. It is a vote. Molly Etheridge shall be our Queen of beauty, of duty, of goodness, of wit, and of punctuality.

SIR GILBERT.

Where is our chosen Queen?
We want her here upon the green.
If Lady Moll is late to-day,
She cannot be our Queen of May.

LADY BESSIE.

Dear Molly is tending the flowers,
And feeding the chicks, I ween,
We must send the Fairies and Midgets,
Before we all have the fidgets,
To bring her here to be Queen.

This is not school, remember,
It is only holiday play!
And the last thing Molly is thinking about,
Is being our Queen of the May!

[*All form in a procession and walk five times around the stage, singing.*

HERE WE GO.

Air, "Pretty Mr. Full of Glee," page 58

Here we go! here we go!
In an airy, fairy row.
Eyes so bright, hearts so light,
Footsteps falling in delight!
We will find our Queen of May,
She must come with us away.
Come and see, full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Chorus.

Singing merrily, merrily, merrily,
Singing merrily, merrily, merrily.
Come away, Queen of May,
Singing merrily.

All the year, full of cheer.
In a busy happy class,
Now, to-day, time for play
To us gayly comes to pass.
So we'll trip and skip and dance,
Where the merry sunbeams glance.
Queen of May, haste away,
Singing merrily. [*Repeat chorus.*

Fairies see, light and free,
Midgets like the busy bee,

---

* To produce this play effectively, four Knights should be chosen to act as Marshals, and to marshal the Queen and her attendants in the various processions. The play is intended to be given out of doors on a lawn or in a meadow at a garden-party entertainment in May or June, and should be rehearsed beforehand by the performers.

PROPERTIES.—These are few and simple. A throne or platform, covered with boughs, flowers, and vines, for the Queen to sit on; flower-baskets for the Flower Girls; a pole, gaily decorated with ribbons, for the May-pole dance; sparkling cordials and refreshments for the banquet; pretty aprons will do well for strewing the floor and garlanding the throne and the May-pole. The room, if the play is given in-doors, should be brilliantly decorated with flowers, with a sparkling of greenery; and if the stage is not used, so that the audience stand, benches should be provided for them. A piano, or harp, or violin, or all three, will be needed for the music. A crown of roses for the Queen; wands, wreaths, and silver paper and tinsel for the Fairies and Pages; hats, cushions, etc., complete the list of necessary properties. If a curtain can be raised and lowered, it will add to the effect, but screens will do if a curtain is not to be had.

† The music used in this May Play is taken from *Frank or Squire Song Collection*; published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price, Cloth, $1.00; Paper, 50 cents.

Men-at arms, from alarms
They will keep you, and from harms;
Pages, Maids of Honor, too,
Queen, are hurrying to you:
Queen of May, haste away
Singing merrily.

[*Repeat chorus,* Singing merrily, merrily, merrily, etc.

[*As they cease singing a tall young girl comes modestly from behind a screen. She wears a pink gown, and has a pan of corn in her hand, from which she has been feeding her chickens. The procession stops, and the two front ranks make a deep reverence. Then* Lady Margaret (*a girl in the front row*) *steps forward and speaks as follows:*

LADY MARGARET.

Dear schoolmate and friend,
We have come to say
You must be our Queen
This radiant May.

In love and in honor
Your subjects will bend,
If you'll only reign over them,
Schoolmate and friend.

We all will obey
Our Queen of the May;
Will greet her, entreat her,
And carpet her way
With beautiful flowers
Through blithe-tripping hours,
Our Queen of the May

All sing. Air, "Yankee Doodle."

Lady Margaret speaks the truth,
We are coming early,
In our happy, happy youth,
While the dew is pearly.

The future Queen *lifts her hand with a commanding gesture.*

FUTURE QUEEN.

Peace, Knights and Ladies, patriotic airs
Scarce suit, methinks, our present small affairs.
But one and all we'll try our utmost now
To welcome Spring while her sweet blossoms blow.
And on the green we'll find a fair straight tree;
Then joining hand in hand we'll dance and sing,
And welcome joyfully the glad young Spring.

[*The procession again forms, the* Queen *at the head. The arrangement is to be in the order of size—the tallest in the van, the smallest in the rear. Two* Knights *walk behind two* Ladies, *and soon. The* Ladies *must always lead, the* Knights *follow. They sing to slow time as they march.*

AWAY! AWAY!

Air, "Away! away!" *page* 150.

Away! away! the little buds are blowing,
We'll dance o'er hill and flowery green;
With laughing eyes and gladness overflowing
We'll make the morn pay tribute to our Queen.
Away! Away! Away! Away!

The lovely sunlight streaming
Upon the mountain height,
As if the world were dreaming
Of music and delight.

They pause before the throne, and the Queen *again speaks.*

QUEEN.

Good friends, pray wait a little,
I need your kindest grace,
To choose my Maids of Honor
And my Knights in this fair place.
My rule will be of gentleness,
I'll bear a loving sway,
If in this frolic festival
I am your Queen of May.

We'll seek the poor and lowly,
And carry sun and cheer
Where late have been unhappiness
And fall of sorrow's tear.

The world will be the blither
If I bear loving sway,
And in this frolic festival
I reign your Queen of May.

To merry music they all dance, joining hands after the Lancers, *and dancing round the May pole.*

ACT II. THE CORONATION.

SCENE I. *Song. Solo, Semichorus, and Chorus.*

Air, "Come to the Old Oak-Tree," *page* 57.

Solo:

Haste to the fair May-tree,
At the sign of the morning dew,
Haste with a footstep free,
For Summer, she beckons you.

Semichorus:

Around us, above us,
Pure melody floats,
And voices that love us
Repeat the soft notes.

Full Chorus:

Come to the fair May-tree,
At the sign of the morning dew,
Oh, come with a footstep free,
There is pleasure awaiting you.
Then come, oh, come,
There is pleasure awaiting you.

Solo:

We are young, and glad, and gay,
We have studied and worked too long,
Now in the merry May
It is time for the dance and song.

[*Repeat Semichorus:* "Around us," etc. *Repeat Full Chorus:* "Come to the fair May-tree," etc.

Enter FLOWER GIRLS, *strewing flowers.*

FIRST F. G.

I am the daisy; my open eye
Catches the sunshine free.
The zephyrs kiss me as they pass by,
And the children all love me.

SECOND F. G.

I am the lily; my tapers tall
Glimmer by many a garden wall.
I am the lily, so proud and pure,
My breath is fragrance, my fame is sure.

THIRD F. G.

A little violet am I,
Blue and modest, sweet and shy.
I will have a place, I ween,
Very, very near our Queen.

FOURTH F. G.

A pansy, I for thought am given,
To lift our hearts to One in heaven.

FIFTH F. G.

I grew in darkness long,
Then woke the spring with splendor and with song.
A stately hyacinth, behold my bloom,
With wondrous carven spike and graceful plume.

SIXTH F. G.

Here I am, the homely lilac!
Bees know where to look for honey.
There are those who couldn't buy me,
Though they owned a mint of money.

SEVENTH F. G.

The laurel I; for glory
I wave, and write the story
Of great deeds done
And battles won
The laurel I, for glory.

EIGHTH F. G.

My cool green ferns
In shady places

Lift up their fair
And winsome faces.
I bring the dim wood's beauty here,
And welcome thus our sovereign dear.

NINTH F. G.

I am the rose.
'Mid Persian snows
I nursed my tropic sweetness first.
Of fire and ice
My breath of spice
Was subtly mingled, mingled erst.
I am the rose, the Queen's own flower.
With bloom superb her throne I dower.

[*The* Flower Girls *stand back of the throne.*

Enter Midgets, *singing.*

FAIRIES TRIP

Air, "Lazy Row," *page* 24.

Fairies trip, Midgets skip;
In the sunshine here we slip,
Slip and slide, glance and glide
By the fair way-side.
Let the bees and birdies free
Hear our happy melody,
While we trip,
Slip and skip,
In the sunshine trip. [*Repeat.*

[Fairies *group the aisles with* Midgets. Flower Girls, Midgets, *and* Fairies *now form a background. Enter procession. Four* Knights *walk first, two by two, carrying a pillow of flowers on which rests a crown of roses. A crown of tinsel may be used, but roses are prettier. They should also carry a sceptre twined with lilies. Behind these* Knights *walks the* Queen, *supported on each side by her* Maids of Honor. *After these follow the rest of the train.*

HO! HO!

Air, page 98.

Ho! ho! At last we gather here,
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-la!
To revel here with merry cheer,
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-la!
In school we sometimes like to be,
But 'tis delightful to be free.
Ho! ho! At last we gather here,
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-la! [*Repeat twice.*

[Queen *advances and kneels on the pillow of flowers. The four most* Knights *place the crown on her head, then raise her and lead her to the throne, where she takes her seat, holding her sceptre in her right hand.*

Air, page 118

Oh, haste, haste away!
No time must we be losing.
Let care and toil be quite forgot.
Oh, haste, haste away!
Haste, haste! our fealty renew,
And here, with zest and homage true,
Let dear love welcome you,
O Queen, Queen of May!

Oh, haste, haste away!
The morning light is beaming,
The hours speed on wings of bloom,
Oh, haste, haste away!
Haste, haste! our loyalty to show.
With love and warmth our spirits glow,
And dear love welcomes you,
O Queen, Queen of May!

ADDRESS OF QUEEN OF MAY.

I thank you, gentle subjects,
For your gift and grace this day!
I promise to be very true
So long as I hold sway,
To bear myself with sweetness,
As befits a Queen of May.

Within my realm no discords
Nor jars shall find a place;
We will not see in all the land
A sad or angry face;
Of quarrels or complaining
We'll never find a trace.

If far or near be trouble
That cumbers any road,
If any loyal subject
Be crushed beneath a load,
My Men-at-arms will hasten
To clear the rugged way,
For only fun and frolic
Befit the reign of May.

Air, "Your Mission," *page* 113.

We will do our best, fair Lady,
As your loving friends to prove
That the May Queen's gracious ruling
Is a rule of tender love.
We will carry fruits and flowers
To the chambers of the sick,
We will scatter blossoms freely
Where the briars are sharp and thick.

Tell us what you wish, fair Lady,
We are bound to do your will,
By the river, in the valley,
By the meadow, on the hill.
One and all we pledge our duty,
We are happy to obey
You our Queen of love and beauty,
Gracious Lady, Queen of May.

QUEEN.—ADDRESS.

And now to revels, one and all,
To dance, and song, and glee,
The blossoms kiss the garden wall,
The violet lures the bee.
Come dance, come trip a measure,
For spring unfolds her treasure,
Join hands and flit for pleasure
Around the greenwood tree.

All dance around the tree to sprightly staccato music.

[A pretty way to end will be to dance the Virginia Reel before the curtain falls.]

THE COLUMBIAN NAVAL EXERCISES.

(*Continued from front page.*)

with the other vessels, which didn't have to tow a little bobbing craft astern. The three Spanish ships, however, took advantage of the handicap, and reached Sandy Hook ahead of the fleet, while the Spanish commander was full of joy at having brought his charges safely to the port where he was to leave them.

Queer, wobbling little boats these caravels were. About as seaworthy, seemingly, as big packing-boxes. They looked like quaint toy-boats, like picturesque gingerbread models made by a man who didn't know a bowsprit from an anchor. Everybody who saw them felt a higher admiration for Christopher Columbus than ever before. It is no wonder that the great adventurer had to cope with a series of mutinies; the wonder is that he himself dared to penetrate the dark unknown ocean in such ships. All these parades on land and reviews on water, together with the wonderful World's Fair, are not too much honor to be paid to the memory of the fearless



THE "NIÑA."



THE "PINTA" LYING IN HAMPTON ROADS.

discoverer. You feel this when you see the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria* exactly as Columbus knew them.

On Tuesday, the 25th of April, the fleet from Hampton Roads came into the Lower Bay. Counting the boats that were waiting at New York, and exclusive of the *Dolphin* and the caravels, there were thirty-five formidable vessels holding enough men, guns, and ammunition to lay New York in ruins and destroy all of Brooklyn without trouble. When the fleet was complete the hearts of those engaged in the powder business must have been gladdened. As the mighty ships came in that Tuesday afternoon, the fish deep down in the sea probably held indignation meetings because of the terrible rumpus which was let loose over their domain, while the gulls discovered that they had important engagements far at sea, and started out to keep them. To describe the noise is impossible, to hear it was wellnigh deafening.

The next morning gave promise of a beautiful day, and the promise was carried out. Twenty-four hours later everybody sighed and remarked that the great review should have been held the day before—and all on account of the weather. Wednesday was simply perfect, and the people who went out to see the ships that day were burned a beautiful red by the sun, while on Thursday they were drenched with the rain. Shortly after nine o'clock on Wednesday the fleet began to move toward the Upper Bay in two columns, led by the U. S. S. *Philadelphia* and her Britannic Majesty's cruiser *Blake*, respectively. The caravels had been anchored in their positions in the Hudson, so the Spanish boats were not bothered by any tows. As the vessels passed through the Narrows the forts on either side thundered forth a salute, but there was no response to this from the ships, naval etiquette evidently not requiring it. When they got off the Battery, however, a little firing was indulged in, for at the time a statue of John Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*, was being unveiled.

The fleet continued on its way up the Hudson River, and came at length to anchor, with the three caravels off Ninetieth Street and the Brazilian *Republica* off Twenty-third Street. They anchored in the same positions in which they had proceeded from the Lower Bay, and the two columns formed a long lane through which the President was to pass in review. Big boats, little boats, tow-boats, row-boats, tugs, and police-boats, launches and steamers gathered about the war-ships, for never had New York seen the like of any such thing before. Excursion steamers passed up and down the lines, the passengers admiring the wonderful display and twisting their tongues out of shape trying to pronounce the vessels' names. It is a difficult thing for an English tongue to master the Russian *Dimitri Donskoi* and the next minute change about so as to pronounce the soft name of the Argentine *Nueve de Julio*, and then go to speaking Dutch and Italian. But the people didn't mind such little things, and enjoyed themselves much more than folks on the following day did, for Thursday was awful.

The day appointed for the great review, the day which the Governor made a holiday, the day when thousands of people expected to have a good time, was a sad failure and a disappointment as far as weather went. If it had rained a little harder the naval review might have been held on Broadway, but as it was, it rained quite hard enough. The downpour, of course, detained a number of people at home, but it can't be said that they were missed. A New York crowd as a rule doesn't mind getting soaked through for the pleasure of seeing some parade, so the people turned out well, and packed the excursion boats and wharves to overflowing. It was damp and generally disagreeable on the boats, but no one was better off than any one else, so everybody was satisfied. The wharves and shipping were gayly decorated, while the visiting vessels let fly all the flags and bunting they possessed, and it is quite curious to notice what a lot they all carry. The sailors and officers put on their best clothes, doing what they could to protect them, and before ten o'clock the representatives of England, Russia, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Spain, Brazil, and Argentina were ready to be reviewed by the President of the United States.

But the storm was so severe and the rain continued to fall in such torrents that it was decided to postpone the review until one o'clock. The people on the excursion boats did not know of this change in the programme, they expected to be home by that hour, and so they fumed and fretted, and were made generally miserable. At noon, however, the rain began to cease, and by one o'clock, when Mr. Cleveland reached the dock where he was to embark, umbrellas were no longer necessary. Then at 1.30 the *Dolphin* put out with the President and a lot of distinguished persons on board, followed by three steamboats bearing other distinguished persons, there being so many on hand that the *Dolphin* was not large enough to carry them. As soon as the despatch-boat was under way the Brazilian vessels began to fire, and the sailors of all the ships manned the yards, while the marines stood on deck and presented arms.

Up and down the river, along New Jersey, across the city over into Long Island rolled the echoes of those guns. Twenty-one guns constitute the President's salute, and by the time the *Dolphin* had passed through the lane of war-ships and reached the three little caravels, each of the thirty-five ships had fired. When the *Dolphin* gained the head of the line, she anchored for a time sufficiently long enough to allow the staff-officers of the various flag-ships to meet the President. All this while the whistles kept blowing and the bands were playing, and after the visits

were over and the *Dolphin* moved off, another Presidential [illegible] all along the line. So nearly [illegible] the [illegible] and Jefferson, and the scene made [illegible]

On the following day there was such a solid wall on the streets of New York as has not been seen in over a hundred years, namely, soldiers and sailors of a foreign country armed and marching. It was the shore parade of [illegible] and the present admirals in the harbor. First came the United States marines and bluejackets to the number of 1250; next followed the representatives from the big British ships numbering 750; then the Russians with the large force of 900 men in line, and these were followed by the French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Hollanders, Brazilians and Argentinians. The marching of "Jack ashore" was remarkably good. The honors of the parade seem to have been divided between the British sailors, in their brilliant scarlet uniforms, and the Russian tars. Hundreds of thousands of spectators witnessed this remarkable scene—one which stands almost alone in history, and is not likely to be repeated in the lifetime of any one now living.

MAY DAY.

SOME of us remember the charming account that Washington Irving gives of May day festivities in "merrie old England." At the time of his visit to the mother-country these festivities were still kept up, although they sadly lacked the enthusiasm which made them so important a feature of the past. England, however, cherishes in her warm heart such a love of nature and beauty that she always welcomes the 1st of May with demonstrations of some character. The dance around the May-pole is indeed a thing of the past, but May in London is still a carnival season.

In the olden time every church parish had its May-pole, and vied with every other for the possession of the tallest and most beautifully painted pole. In France and in other parts of the Continent, more especially in Germany in the neighborhood of Munich, the May-pole customs prevail to some extent, but in England they have never entirely recovered from the onslaught made upon them by the grim-visaged Puritans. The May-pole that stood upon the Strand was called by the Puritans "a remnant of vile heathenism," and so persistent were they in their hostility to these simple merrymakings that in 1644 a Parliamentary ordinance swept them all away, and of course the May-pole of the Strand, which was estimated to stand 100 feet high, was doomed to destruction. The jollity of the May returned with the Restoration, but a busy people found little opportunity for this pastime at the end of the seventeenth century.

One of the London parishes takes its name from the May-pole that surmounted its steeple—Saint Andrew Undershaft. This shaft or pole was cut down and destroyed in the third year of the reign of Edward VI. In the "golden days," when Charles II. returned to the throne of England, the May-pole of the Strand, which had been so ruthlessly destroyed, was replaced with great ceremony and in pomp by a new and better one. This pole was 134 feet high, and was erected in the May of 1661. The chronicles of the time state that it was a "most choice and remarkable piece." It was made before the Bridge, and brought to Scotland Yard, near the King's palace, in two parts, and thence conveyed to the Strand. It was painted in gorgeous colors, with revolving figures at base and top, and was richly gilded with the King's arms. A large hoop like a balcony was set about its middle, and with trumpets and drums and loud cheerings and every manifestation of delight from the people, the May-pole, bigger and taller and finer than any that had ever stood before it, was raised upright and planted in the Strand. Even the little children clapped their hands, hoping that the "good old days" had come again, and a party of morris-dancers, decked with purple scarfs, danced around the pole to the ancient music of tabor and pipe.

When this pole fell into decay it was deemed necessary to replace it with a new one, which happened about the year 1713. This, in its turn, was taken down, and was purchased by Sir Isaac Newton, who had it erected in Wanstead Park, Essex, for the support of what was then the largest telescope in Europe, being 125 feet in length. It was constructed by the eminent Huygens and presented by him to the Royal Society. It was the remote descendant of the lofty and time-honored May-pole from the Strand that was the occasion of the oft-quoted lines:

> "Where [illegible]
> Where [illegible]"

These scattered relics of England's simple and healthful sports may be found in many a country village of the old country, but the May-pole dance and May-day festivities, like the Robin Hood games, are no longer part of the recreation accident to the "merrie month of May," but belong to the joys and glories of the past.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

THE STORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

BY EDITH ELMER

CHAPTER III.

APPARENTLY Lieutenant Morton's letter did some good, for in the course of the week Jake had a communication from his Congressman saying it was decided to give him another chance, hoping he would show himself worthy of it, and do credit to his native State. Jake intended to. He and Ralph made a first move by leaving their boarding-houses for a less pretentious place, and then started looking for work. They spent several days without accomplishing anything, meeting one failure after another. The demand for two boys' services during the three summer months did not seem to be large. Finally, a man they had vainly solicited for employment said to them, "Can you do hard work?"

"Oh yes!" cried both boys, in one breath.

"And ain't over-nice about what it is? Why don't you work on the new railroad they're building? They're short now, and taking any one that comes along."

The boys acted on the suggestion, and were employed by the day in grading the new road. It was hard work, the hardest either of them had ever done, and the summer sun was scorching hot; but they were both strong, and they had the inspiration of a good sterling purpose. They certainly deserved to succeed. Before hours in the morning, during their nooning and after hours, they were always to be found under a tree busily solving equations on a slate, or quizzing each other about State capitals and the American Presidents. In the evening they sat around the kerosene lamp, and pored over their books in spite of the heat and mosquitoes. The boys got to be the firmest of friends. Ralph was as gentle and considerate as a girl. He was always cheerful, always making some dry humorous remark that would cheer Jake up when he was feeling the bluest. After much deliberation they decided to have a "coach," and arranged with an ex-Confederate naval officer who lived in Annapolis, and made a business of preparing boys for the Naval Academy examinations, to give them each a lesson a week. It was just the same as if both had had two hours a week, for each one rehearsed his lesson at home for the benefit of the other, and their teacher was astonished at the progress they made. The "coaching" nearly ruined them financially, but it paid well in the end, for they got an understanding of their subjects they probably could never have reached by themselves.

So it came about that on the 3d of September Jake and Ralph presented themselves at the Superintendent's office again with somewhat more of self-confidence, and with the advantage of knowing the sort of thing that was ahead of them.

"Fine development of muscle," said the assistant surgeon, as he measured Jake's forearm; and Jake smiled, thinking of all the earth he had shovelled during the summer.

"Passed, both of us, by all that's jolly!" cried Ralph, when the mathematics bulletins went up; and the boys walked around the sea-wall that afternoon and out on the wharf, where the old frigate *Santee* is moored, feeling like the monarchs of all they surveyed. They had finished the English examination too, but it was not yet bulletin-time; and the boys were wandering about the grounds trying to walk down their excitement, when they met Lieutenant Morton.

"I'm going to give away a state secret," he said. "You both covered yourselves with glory this morning. Your papers were excellent."

"Jacob," said Ralph, working off his own joy in a hearty whack on Jake's shoulder, "I'm proud of you! You're a credit to your native Michigan!"

"Same to yourself," said Jake, huskily. He was too happy to talk. He thrust his fists into his pockets, and crushed his nails into the palms of his hands. It seemed as if it steadied him somehow.

"Jake," said Ralph, after Mr. Morton had left them, "I feel a bit shy of myself and you too. I feel as if I ought to be blacking my own boots, and helping myself on with my coat. I'm not used to such upper-crust society as we're in at this moment. I am walking by the side of a naval cadet in the service of the United States of America" (Ralph waved one arm impressively), "and so are you, Jakey—and don't you forget it. Listen to that band," he went on, presently. "Real nice and friendly of it to play that for us, isn't it?" Jake listened. The big brass band on the band stand was thundering out, "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!"

Busy times were ahead of the triumphant chiefs, and not unmixed glory. The old cadets were all away on a month's leave. The Academy was not to open till the 1st of October. In the mean time the new cadets had to be shaken into some sort of shape before being amalgamated with the May "plebes," who had been away all summer on the practice cruise. They were formed into an awkward squad, and had setting-up drills without number; learned how to carry their shoulders; how to walk -left -right; how to dress in line; and how to wheel on a pivot. Then they had numerous interviews with the military tailor relative to their uniforms, and with the naval storekeeper about text-books and tooth-powder. They had just reached the dignity of having muskets given them and beginning the manual of arms, and were getting to know one another's names and faces, when a tornado darkened their horizon and came sweeping over them, reducing everything to chaos, upsetting the few ideas they had gathered, standing the poor "plebes" on their heads, and causing them all to wish they were at home with their mothers.

This tornado was the return of the upper classes. How much they knew, those upper-class fellows! How well they took hold of everything, and what a familiar way they had of speaking of the "Supe," and calling the officers by easy nicknames! What a superior air it gave them to refer carelessly to "Rascality Row," when they wished to designate the abiding-place of the heads of departments! Unapproachable and awful in dignity were the first-class men. There was some doubt in the minds of the plebes whether the Four-striper or Cadet Lieutenant-Commander was not a greater man than the Superintendent himself. The second-class men were apt to be condescendingly good to the "youngsters," who were properly appreciative. But the third-class men were their natural-born enemies. The plebes that entered in May had learned so much on the practice cruiser that they were disposed to look down on the "greenies" who entered in September, but the common persecution of the Sophs soon threw the two halves of the class together, and rubbed out the inequalities.

Hazing is an offence punishable at the Naval Academy only by dismissal. No degrees of guilt are recognized. Under this severe law the rough and sometimes brutal hazing of old days has quite disappeared. But the joy of the third-class man at being no longer a plebe is too exuberant not to find some mild, unobtrusive expression. Every year or so a few third-class men are caught in some infantile hazing and dismissed, but still they continue, and probably always will, to command plebes to stand on their heads, or turn handsprings, or sit on top of the wardrobe and sing "seamanship notes" to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," or bob for pennies in the wash-basin, or perform some other act indicative of inferiority. There have been instances when the plebe preferred to fight, and after distributing a few black eyes, was let alone, but ordinarily the authority of the third-class man is unquestioned, and of course any right-minded plebe would rather die than "peach," even on his natural-born enemy. The brutal hazing of the past is over, but it is a bullying, unmanly practice at best, and has been known to lead to terrible results.

In the first days of October a party of third-class men prepared a surprise for a whole corridor of plebes. They got into their rooms while the plebes were all at a drill in the rigging-loft and tampered with the bed slats, so that the mattresses would fall to the floor as soon as any weight was put on them. It is not very far from a bed to the floor, and one can fall that distance ninety-nine times without any worse damage than a bruise or so, but the hundredth time one suffers. When the bugler blew "taps," every plebe in the corridor threw himself on to his bed, and immediately fell violently through to the floor. Only one among them was hurt. That one was Ralph. He lay very still in a little heap for a minute.

"Say, don't touch me, please," he said, presently, to Jake, who was his room-mate. "There's something broken somewhere. I reckon you'll have to send for sawbones."

The assistant surgeon came and sent for his chief. Then the hospital attendants came and lifted Ralph gently on to a stretcher, and carried him carefully over to the dispensary.

"Don't bother about me, old fellow," said Ralph, as he wrung Jake's hand. "I'll be about to-morrow all right." But his face was twisted with pain as he spoke. "Doing the wounded-soldier act pretty early, ain't I?" he said to the surgeon, trying to smile.

Next morning, when Jake called to see him at the dispensary, they would not let him in. The patient must be kept quiet, they said. It was a case of rupture, a serious one, but he might pull through.

Jake blanched as he heard the well-meant words. He had not dreamed of its being so bad as that. It did not seem possible. Ralph was perfectly well yesterday, and now he *might pull through*, and all because he had fallen on to the floor. Surely God cannot let people die from such things as that, he thought!

In the afternoon just before supper call they sent for him. Ralph had asked to see him. He looked very white, and there were telltale lines of suffering in his face.

"There's going to be an operation," he said. "They tell me the chances are just about even, and I thought I'd like to see you, old chappie, in case—in case it should—turn out the wrong way, you know. But I don't mean it to. I mean to get well. If anybody supposes I took all this trouble to get here just to pass in my checks without ever getting to be a naval officer at all, they're off, that's all."

"Of course you'll get well, old fellow," said Jake, with a shaky voice. "The surgeon says you've been awfully plucky. He never saw anything like it."

Ralph smiled.

"Oh, I'll die game if I've got to do it," he said.



"JACOB," SAID RALPH, "I'M PROUD OF YOU."

"Don't you fear for that. I'd a sight rather do it on the quarter-deck, though, about twenty or thirty years from now in a rousing big battle. This seems so silly."

"There's ways and ways of being brave," Jake heard his mother's voice repeating over and over again that night. "It isn't given to all to do the same things."

When Jake looked out of his window in the morning the flag was at half-mast, and a naval cadet in the service of the United States had been "called aloft." His uniform had just come from the tailor's. He had never had it on. They dressed him in it for the first time, and wrapped him in the flag he had so lately sworn to serve faithfully and well while life should last.

There was a hush over the whole Academy. Cadets who had scarcely known Ralph Fitz-James by sight talked in low voices, as though they might disturb him lying over at the dispensary in the folds of his flag.

They gave him full military honors. The muffled drums played the "Dead March" from *Saul*. All the officers and all the cadets, the marines from the barracks and the sailors from the practice-ship, marched behind the flag-draped hearse with arms reversed. They buried him in the Naval Cemetery, under the hickory-trees, near the place where "Albemarle" Cushing lies, and Lockwood, who made the "farthest north" on the Greely expedition. The chaplain read the burial service—"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." They fired three volleys over the new-made grave. Then the band struck up "Coming through the Rye," the arms were righted, and they marched home briskly. His "little journey in the world" was over.

Jake's first year at the Naval Academy was one of very hard work, a dun-colored year, starting with a great sadness, and continuing in considerable loneliness, and with no very positive pleasures. Jake was homesick and shy. He did not make friends rapidly with the other "fellows," who came for the most part from a different class from his own, and had a very different sort of past to look back on. Then he was ambitious, and had had poor preparation, and had to work harder than most to gain good standing in his classes. The life of a plebe is beset with thorns at best. He is made to feel his "freshness" on all occasions, and the unwritten code which tells him what he may and may not do is endless. He may not take cream in his coffee nor butter on his bread till after Thanksgiving. He must always address an upper-class man as "Sir." Every Saturday night there was a dance in the gymnasium, at which everybody disported himself. The poor plebe was not expected to attend. The upper classes would have thought it "cheeky."

At first Jake grew a trifle pale under the restrictions that were so new to him. He had been used to a free out-of-door life, coming and going as he liked. Now every hour of the day was parcelled out for him. Every morning the reveille sounded at 6 o'clock. At 6.50 came morning roll-call, then breakfast and prayers and sick-call, and at 8 o'clock the first recitation began, and there was studying or reciting till dinner-time. After dinner followed another two-hour period of study and recitation, then an hour and a half of drills, then evening roll-call and supper. After supper there was a welcome half-hour of freedom, followed by study till gun-fire at 9.30, and at 10 came "taps"—lights out. Saturday was a half-holiday, and they had Sunday afternoons to themselves, but there was not much let-up in the routine. It was like being shut up in a strait-jacket. And yet, strange to say, when once he got used to it, when the chafing for his lost freedom passed away, he seemed to thrive under the rigorous system. His lanky figure filled out, his drooping shoulders straightened, his eyes brightened and sharpened, and his own mother would hardly have recognized the gawky lad of a few months before.

The middle of June, when Commencement was over, the practice-cruise began. They set sail on the old-fashioned sloop-of-war *Constellation*. Only a few enlisted sailors were aboard. The ship was manned for the most part by the cadets, who thus learned the practical elements of their profession, and were taught to obey before being allowed to command. Jake enjoyed the cruise thoroughly. He had always been fond of the water, and his experiences on Lake Superior kept him from feeling so strange afloat as most of the cadets from the interior appeared to. He was as active as a cat aloft and as fearless, and his marks in practical seamanship were the highest he had.

When the 1st of September came and the month's leave of absence, Jake was asked to spend the holiday with one of his classmates, who lived in Baltimore, and as the journey home for so short a time seemed a wild extravagance, he accepted the invitation.

At first he felt very much like the traditional fish out of water in the beautiful home of his friend, but the family, being people of real refinement, soon put their guest at his ease; and as he had a goodly share of adaptability, at the end of the month he felt himself "to the manor born." Doubtless the experience was a valuable one, and he came back to the glories of his third-class year with an increased stock of self-confidence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE FRENCH CRUISER "JEAN BART."



ENGLISH FLAG-SHIP "BLAKE."



CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."

U. S. S. "DOLPHIN," WITH PRESIDENT ON BOARD.

U. S. S. "CHICAGO" SALUTING.



THE LINE OF THE WHITE SQUADRON.



GERMAN FLAG-SHIP "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."



THE RUSSIAN SHIPS "GENERAL ADMIRAL" AND "RYNDA."

WAR-SHIPS AT THE COLUMBIAN NAVAL REVIEW.—[SEE FRONT PAGE.]

HOW TO DRIVE.

EVERY American owns, or expects at some period of [illegible] horses hire them from time to time. All American boys, therefore, should learn how to drive; and when I say boys I [illegible] girls. The worst [illegible] and also some of the best drivers are women. Most women [illegible] horses, but are ignorant about the [illegible] they worry them by bad driving, and exhaust him by overdriving. And yet, when women are fond of horses, they usually manage them better than men can, because they are more gentle with them, and they have a [illegible] on the reins. The horse is a timid, sensitive creature; such a creature might well appeal to the pity of a woman; and no woman will be the worse for knowing how to harness and drive him, how to feed and clean him.

In what way should the reins be held? There are several different ways, but perhaps this is the best: Let the rein as it comes from the bit pass over the little finger, under the other three fingers and then over the thumb. Hold one rein in each hand. Then, should you want to shorten rein—if, for instance, the horse begins to pull, or should you want to slacken rein, in case, for instance, the horse comes down to a walk—you can easily do so without letting go of either rein for a moment, as follows: clutch the left-hand rein between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand, and then you can shift your left hand up or down the rein as may be necessary. In the same way you can grasp the right-hand rein between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand, and then move your right hand up or down the rein without relaxing your hold; that is, while you are changing the position of one hand, the other hand holds both reins tight, the extra hold being taken by means of the thumb and forefinger. Drivers who do not know how to shift their hold in this way pull up a horse by lifting their hands, frequently getting their hands on a level with their noses, than which nothing could be more awkward or ridiculous. The hands should always be held down.

To hold both reins in the left hand, carrying the whip in your right hand, slanting to the left, is a graceful way of driving; but if you have a trotter, or a horse that requires any particular care in driving, you must use both hands.

Perhaps the first and most important principle in the art of driving (and this applies to riding also) is that you should have a light hand on the reins, holding the horse no harder than is absolutely necessary. A horse's mouth, until it is spoiled, is an exceedingly delicate instrument; it responds to the slightest pressure or pull. If horses were always well driven this delicacy would be preserved, but, as a rule, it is lost in a year or two because the drivers have heavy hands. It is astonishing what a difference there is between people in this respect, and how the horse will perceive at once when a strange hand is laid upon the reins. A famous English jockey used to say, "You ought to hold the reins as if they were made of thread, and you were afraid that they would break."

If possible, children should always be taught to drive with young, unspoiled horses, and thus they will perceive the necessity of having a light hand on the reins. By having a light hand, I do not mean that you should let the reins lie on the horse's back. What you should aim at is to feel the bit without pulling at it. You should try to establish a sort of electric line between the bit and your hand, so that you can send messages to the horse, restrain, control, and even urge him, not by main force, but by playing on the bit as you would play upon a musical instrument. Some horses pull hard, fight the bit, and are considered dangerous to drive; it is usually because they have been tortured by heavy hands and severe bits, and they are trying to get away from the punishment. The more severe the bit the worse they pull. Now, time and again such horses have been made perfectly safe simply by driving them with an easy bit and a light hand. For ordinary use the best kind of bit, the mildest, is a straight bar, flexible, leather-covered bit. If that is too mild for your horse (that is if you cannot hold him with it), use a straight bar, uncovered bit, or a plain, jointed bit called a snaffle.

Speak to your horse in a low voice, his hearing is very acute, and let him alone as much as possible. Choose your rate of speed, and keep him at it, but do not annoy him by continually urging him, or "clucking" to him, or by tapping him with the whip. To slap a horse with the rein is a shiftless act, and it is likely to make a spirited or ill-tempered nag kick. But perhaps the worst thing that you can do in the way of driving is to twitch or jerk the rein with the hope of making your steed go. This is maddening to a young horse, and irritating even to an old worn-out one.

Never whip your horse for shying; it gives him double cause for alarm. But when he begins to shy, speak to him soothingly or sharply, as his nature requires, and move the bit in his mouth. If he is afraid of any object, coax him up to it; if necessary, get out, uncheck him, and lead him up to it. Some horsemen would say, "Sit still, and put the whip on him." That was the old system, and undoubtedly it will accomplish the immediate object, but it will not produce so good or so safe a horse in the end. On the other hand, I hardly need say that you must never give in to your horse. In short, he should be treated as if he were a child—but a nervous, timid child.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same; but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work, and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven, are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road.

To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on the horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, fly back just before he "breaks" (into a gallop), and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail, and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications, speak to him sharply, and pull up his head.

You must watch the road also. Turn out for stones, so that the horse shall not stumble nor the wheels jolt over them; avoid the mud holes, and places where the going is bad; let the horse slacken speed when the road becomes heavy, and if you want to make up time, do it where the ground slightly descends.

It is a common mistake to think that a horse can haul a carriage easily on the level. On such a road he has to be pulling every moment; there is no rest. Whereas, when the road now rises, and now falls, the weight is taken off him at times, and he has a chance to recover his wind and to rest his muscles. As between a level road in a valley and an up-and-down road over the hills, the latter is by far the easier for a horse to travel. When you come to a long level stretch let your horse walk a bit in the middle of it. In a hilly, undulating region, such as the greater part of New England, horses are sometimes taught to trot fast toward the bottom of a descent so as to get a good start, and then to gallop up the succeeding hill, nearly to the top. This is a sensible system, and not fatiguing to the horse, provided, of course, that he is drawing only a light carriage. In fact, harnessed to a light carriage, a horse can be safely driven at a trot all the way down a moderately steep hill if he has good legs

and feet. But this is carried to an extreme in many parts of New England, and perhaps it accounts in part for the immense number of lame horses that one sees in the country — horses whose owners if they lived in New York or Boston would be prosecuted for cruelty. It is in the feet rather than in the legs that a horse suffers from fast driving down hill.

Almost everybody knows that for the first few miles, after coming out of the stable, a horse should be driven slowly, and especially if he has just been fed. On a journey it is of the utmost importance to observe this rule. Be careful, however, not to check a young nag too quickly when he comes fresh out of the stable; give him his head, talk to him soothingly, and presently he will come down to a moderate pace. If you pull him up at once, you vex him extremely, so much so that he is not unlikely to kick.

On a long drive let your horse have a little water occasionally, but not too much. Experience will soon teach you how much a particular horse can bear without injury. Even if the horse be very hot, a little water will not harm him, provided he be kept moving. But if your horse is hot, and, at the end of the trip, you give him water or drive him into a stream, you will probably kill him or ruin him for life; and it is as bad to let a horse stand uncovered when he is in a sweat. Founder (an incurable form of lameness), lung fever, and colic (which last has killed many famous horses) are all frequently produced in these ways. In fact, horses are far more delicate in respect to chills than human beings are. After a long drive, moreover, your steed should not be fed much immediately, whether he is hot or cool; give him some hay, and let him rest before he has his grain.

As to the harness, I need not say that the driver should understand every part of it perfectly; and this is true of girls as well as of boys. A girl should not be allowed to drive alone until she can harness her horse without assistance. If she knows how to do this, she will not be helpless in case the harness breaks or the horse falls down. If possible, a horse should be driven without a check, but in the case of very spirited nags it is not safe to do so; they need a check, sometimes even an overdrawn check; but in no case should the check be drawn very tight. It should never pull up the horse's head higher than it is natural for him to carry it; higher, that is, than he holds it when trotting loose in the pasture or when standing still unharnessed. To fasten the animal's head in an unnatural position, and then to compel him to draw a weight, perhaps at high speed, is excessively cruel; and yet most horses are checked too high, because their owners think they look more "stylish" that way. If your horse be checked, you ought to get out and uncheck him when you come to a steep hill; after you have done so, you will perceive what a relief it is for him to put down his head as he buckles to his task. So, also, when you stop and tie him, do not forget to let down the check, so that he can rest, and even take a nap while he waits for you.

Blinders, again, are, as a rule, unnecessary and absurd. Most horses go better and look better without them; but if a horse has never been driven without them, great caution must be used when they are first taken off. Even a horse used to being driven in an open bridle, but not accustomed to a top-wagon, is likely to be thrown into a panic the first time that a top is raised behind him. Some horrible accidents have been caused in this way. Another common error is to have the breeching too tight, so that the horse is cramped and uncomfortable. All these things, and many others, the good driver will look to; and when he wraps the blanket about his legs, takes up the reins, and chirrups to his horse, both the horse and he will feel sure that all is right.

LOST ON THE MOOR.

A True Story

BY DAVID KER.

I.

THE shadows of a cold, bleak, stormy winter evening of the true English sort were coming down upon the hills and moors of Yorkshire, when two boys—the taller of whom carried on his shoulder a small bag, which seemed to be well filled—came scrambling through the deepening darkness up one of the steepest ridges, as if in haste to get home.

And well might they be so, for they had had a long and hard day's work, and were both beginning to feel very tired. Since early morning they had been out "Thomasing," as the country folk in those parts call it; for it is a local custom for the Yorkshire village lads to go from house to house on St. Thomas's day (20th December), singing carols and collecting "doles," which usually take the form of bread, ginger-cake, and cheese, with perhaps a few pennies, as with the Russian peasants on Christmas eve.

On this occasion our two young heroes had made a much wider circuit than usual, in order to visit two or three outlying farm-houses at a considerable distance from their own village; and they were well rewarded, for, to their great joy, they received a much larger dole than they had ever had before, which comprised half a dozen jam tarts hot from the oven. But all this took up a good deal of time, and when the boys turned their backs upon the last and most distant house, afternoon had already waned into evening, and evening was fast deepening into night.

"Aa say, Dick, it be coomin' on dark," said Tom, the elder of the two, to his cousin Dick. "We'd best goo oop t' hill to t' wagonway auver the top; that be t' gainest [the best] way whoam."

Dick agreed, and the two lads set off at their best speed up the ridge, Tom, as the stronger, taking the bag, which till then they had carried by turns.

One by one, as the night fell, the village lads straggled back from their quest; but Tom and Dick were not with them.

Just at first, however, no one, not even their own parents, felt at all inclined to be anxious about the missing boys. One or two of their comrades had heard them talk of going to visit some of the more distant farms, and it was taken for granted that they had done so; and even when night came and brought no sign of them, the family merely concluded that they had been "put up" in one of these farm-houses for the night in the hospitable old north-country fashion, and would come home the first thing next morning.

But when morning came, and still there was nothing to be seen or heard of the lost lads, the village folk began to be alarmed in earnest, and all who could be spared for the work set off in a body, with the fathers of the two boys at their head, to "beat" the upland moors for some trace of them.

The young castaways were traced from house to house easily enough as far as a farm called Stormy Hall, the last place at which they had called; but here the search was brought to a sudden stop. No one in the house had any idea which way the boys had gone after leaving it, and the hearts of the anxious seekers died within them as they strained their eyes over the wild waste of bare hills, bleak moors, and pathless swamps, which lay outstretched around them on every side, and thought of the long, cold, stormy night that the poor little wanderers must have spent in this grim wilderness without any shelter whatever.

For such fears, unhappily, there was only too good reason.

When the boys left Stormy Hall, they had gone briskly up the steep and slippery ridge above them, never dreaming that they would soon find themselves on the wagon track that ran along the brow of the hill, and be able to follow it till they came within hail of the coal-cottage. But fortune was against them. Tired as they were, and encumbered with a pretty heavy bag to boot, this upward struggle over wet and slippery ground was terribly exhausting, and every now and then they came to a broad belt of matted gorse and bracken, which, withered though it was, was still no trifling obstacle to boys of their age and size.

Long ere they were half way up the slope the last gleam of the red and angry sunset had faded from the crest of the hill above them, and the cold black gloom closed round them like the creeping shadow of death, while the dreary moan of the rising wind foretold but too plainly the coming storm.

Amid that rayless blackness even a man who knew the ground by heart might well have been at a loss to find his way; and the boys, who had been there only two or three times before in their whole life, soon found themselves walking quite at random (having neither moon nor star to guide them), and could hardly tell, as they stumbled over roots and stones, or fell sprawling into yawning rifts, whether they were going up hill or down. To add to their troubles a cold rain now began to fall, and the biting sweep of the wind (which was fast rising to a perfect gale) chilled them to the very bone, wet as they already were from constant splashing through the marshy hollows.

For some time they struggled blindly on in silence, neither of them daring to hint to the other the hideous thought which had risen up at the same moment in the minds of both; but at length Dick, the weaker and less resolute of the two, said, gloomily,

"Na use, Tom; we be lost!"

"I's thinkin'so mysel'," replied Tom, as cheerily as he could, though his heart sank at the fearful word; "but what if we be? A neeght on t' moor is na sic mighty matther. We mun [must] find some shelter, and when t' sun cooms oop, we'se goo whoam a' rest."

But scarcely were the fearless words uttered when a loud crash was heard, and the speaker found himself sprawling on his nose in a deep grass-grown hollow, while Dick, unable to stop himself, tumbled headlong after him.

The next moment, however, Tom picked himself up again, and burst into a loud hearty laugh.

"'Shelter,' says I, and here it be. We're a' reeght now, Dick, lad. This be yan [one] o' they hollows wheer the sheep shelter in a storm. Lay thysel' doon under the bank, and I's cover thee oop."

Dick curled himself up under the sheltering bank, and nestled into the ling that grew thick and high over the whole hollow, while Tom, having gathered three or four armfuls of it and covered him well up, crept in beside him.

II.

They were none too soon, for hardly had they taken their places when the storm burst in all its fury. The wind howled and shrieked, and the heavy bullets of rain came hammering upon the scattered bowlders, or hissed and pattered amid the withered fern and dry heather, and in the utter darkness the snapping of the dead twigs broken off and whirled away by the furious blast was like an incessant firing of pistol-shots all around them.

But the hardy boys, to whom a night on the open moor was no new thing, only laughed at the rage of the storm (from which they were pretty well protected by the thick ling and the overarching bank), and set to work to dispose of the food with which their day's round had luckily supplied them. The jam tarts, in which some warmth still lingered, were specially relished, and Tom, with his mouth full of ginger-bread, declared it to be "main fine stuff on a cauld neeght."

But though our heroes were well defended against the tempest, they had no protection from the frost, and as the night wore on it grew so bitterly cold that it seemed to freeze the very blood in their veins, and the reckless lads began to see the full peril of their position. With them, as with the sufferers in the Black Hole of Calcutta, it was now merely a question of whether they could keep alive till morning.

By this time, however, the weary boys, spent with fatigue and numbed with cold, were in no case to make any fresh effort for their own safety. All that they could do was to spread the now empty canvas bag over as much of their bodies as it would cover, and then, nestling close together for warmth, they fell into a heavy sleep.

The dawn of the shortest day in the year had not yet struggled through the blackness when Tom awoke. He found himself so stiff and numb that he could hardly stand, and for some moments was fully occupied in warming his half-frozen blood by stamping his feet and flapping his arms. Then he called to his cousin, but there was no answer.

"Dick!" he shouted, but poor Dick replied only with a faint groan.

He *was* alive, however—that was something; but what was to be done? Dick was evidently failing fast, and would die if help were not speedily obtained. But how to obtain it? Tom felt that he could not walk a quarter of a mile to save his life, and there was little hope of any one passing that lonely place at so untimely an hour.

But just as the poor lad was straining his weary eyes through the gloom in silent desperation, he caught the tinkle of a small bell only a little way beyond him, and his practised ear detected at once that it was not a sheep bell, but one of those which the northern teamsters are wont to fasten to the harness of their horses. The wagon road that they had sought in vain, then, must lie just above the spot where they had spent the night, and this must be a cart passing along it.

Frantic at the thought of losing this last hope, our hero gathered all his strength, and sent forth a yell worthy of a Comanche Indian.

"Hollo!" shouted a hoarse voice, which, gruff and surly as it was, seemed to our poor Tom the sweetest sound that he had ever heard. He made toward it, and gasping out the one word "Dick!" fell fainting into the strong arms of a burly carter, who was on his way to Rosedale Pit for a load of coal.

As soon as Tom had regained his senses his anxiety about Dick returned, and he renewed with better success his former attempt to tell what had become of his cousin, describing so accurately the spot in which he had left him that a messenger was at once sent off with the news to the search party, which had by this time reached the foot of the ridge that had sheltered our heroes.

On hearing what Tom had told, the seekers went right up the ridge with all the speed that they could make, shouting with all their might as they went. But poor Dick was in no case to answer them, and they passed right along the edge of the very hollow in which he was lying without seeing or hearing anything of him.

But just then a keen-eyed shepherd looked down into the hollow, and called out eagerly,

"There be some o' yon ling as has been ploocked oop wi' *hands*, and ye'll find t' lad oonder it for a guinea."

All the rest flew at once to the spot, and there, sure enough, they found, helpless and all but dead, the lost Dick, who, being unable to stand, was carried home in triumph. In the end, however, strange to say, neither he nor his cousin seemed to be any the worse for this terrible adventure.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

Author of "Captain Polly," "Flying Hill Farm," etc

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBIN arose early the next morning. How could one sleep when Ken was going away, and when such doubts and fears about Ken lay heavy on one's heart? Although he had cried "Wolf!" so many times, Robin did not doubt that he was really going now. It was not only that he had announced his intention in a different manner from his usual one, but there was the mystery about the watch. If he had—had done anything strange about it (Robin refused to put the dreadful matter plainly even to her own mind), that would be a reason for his going.

Only Moira was astir in the house—Moira and Adam, the monkey, whom the old woman had found to be "foine company," and with whom she kept up an animated dialogue, she dropping into her ancient Irish tongue, and he chattering his queer monkey falsetto, which had a plaintive tone. Adam behaved better with Moira than with any one else, perhaps because she had imbibed a great respect for his intelligence, and invariably addressed him as "Sorr." The sun had only just risen over the Sandford woods, and the earliest bird matins were not yet over, but looking out of her window Robin espied a boy on a pony riding up and down before the house, apparently waiting for some one. A nearer view showed her that it was Duke Rawlins. He took off his cap with a boyish blush when he saw her, and Robin ran down stairs. He was probably waiting to see Ken, but she hesitated to call him, he would be so cross. He seemed to have guessed last night that she had discovered his possession of the watch, and to be more angry with her than ever. Moreover, she did not know whether he would care to see Duke Rawlins; it seemed to her that the two boys would now have very little in common in spite of their agreement about the rights of labor.

"Does Ken really stick to it, and will his father allow him to go?" Duke asked, eagerly, as she ran down the terrace steps.

"I don't know; he only told me that he was going away," answered Robin, flushing with mortification that Ken should confide in her so little.

"He seemed wild to go as soon as I told him of the opportunity. He said things had gone awfully wrong with him. I don't know what things they were." Duke said this inquiringly, watching Robin's face. "If I could have helped him, but he didn't tell me, and I don't suppose I could. I've found out that a fellow has to help himself; that's the only help in this world that amounts to anything in the long-run. But he said he must go away; he was desperate enough to go as sailor on board a yacht if he could get a chance. Of course I knew his father would never consent to that, and I tried to convince him that he'd be awfully sick of it. He told me that he wanted to study chemistry; that was all the book-learning that he ever cared for, and he had a special reason for wanting to learn that. I happened to remember that my tutor's brother was a manufacturing chemist in Boston, and that I'd heard my tutor say the day we were in Boston on our way down here that his brother wanted him to find him a boy 'with something in him.' Mr. Eames said the boy would be expected to do everything, he thought—errands, and perhaps even drudgery; but Ken didn't flinch. I thought it would be hard for him if his father wouldn't let him go. Fathers don't always understand, you know; mine doesn't, anyway. I don't mean that a fellow always knows what is best for him, of course, but it does seem as if work would be good for Ken, he seems so restless, and as if he had a lot on his mind." Duke again looked inquiringly at Robin.



"YOU'RE THE VERY WORST SISTER A BOY EVER HAD."

"He has been disappointed about something," she said. "I—I wish boys wouldn't think they can do such great things. I wish he would be contented to go to school and study, as papa wants him to."

"When a fellow doesn't take naturally to books he generally has to find out for himself the great value of them before he'll study. Sometimes then he can't get a chance. I didn't get that from my tutor; I found it out for myself," he added, half laughingly.

"I think you're very wise—for a boy," said Robin, candidly. "I wish Ken were half as wise."

"I shouldn't want him to go to the same school," said Duke, looking ruefully at his shortened leg. "But I don't mean to howl. There was an old fellow, you know, who, 'when his legs were smitten off, he fought upon his stumps.' I mean to be like that. Here's a nice bit, too, that reminded me of the old fellow." Duke drew a well-worn note-book from his pocket. "'I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind, but I would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. Other brunts I also look for, but this I have resolved on, to wit, to run when I can, to go when I cannot run, and to creep when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank Him that loves me.' But that is too—too sacred." He stopped suddenly and replaced the book. "I say, you don't think I'm preachy, do you? A bit like that helps me. And I can talk to you, some way; you seem like Peggy." He had dismounted and thrown himself on the grass beside Robin.

"I'm not like her! I'm not a bit saintly," said Robin.

[illegible] Well, I should like her to hear that," [illegible] "She wants to work and to help herself, that's all. She likes to, you know. We [illegible] and I wish the servants to see to all the things to eat. I wanted to [illegible] about this [illegible] The cooks My father won't allow me to [illegible] He says that when I am twenty-five I shall have everything my own way. I am going to try to get strong enough to be a business man for that, to show them that there needn't be any conflict between capital and labor. They laugh at me because I'm only a boy, but if they'd only give me a chance I'd show them." Duke's thin high-keyed voice grew shrill with excitement, and his pale cheeks flushed.

"Those men who were arrested—do you know—" Robin wanted to ask about Jo Wilkes, but she could not find voice.

Duke knitted his brows painfully. "Of course they were sure to be in the mood for mischief, turned away like that. Carlsen is determined not to have any men who belong to the union. I wish my father would not trust that man so. I don't mean that he is dishonest, but he's an old grinder; that's what I heard one of the men say, and I know it's true. I hoped Mr. Hallett would see that his ways were not right, but he seems to think he has been too easy, and goes about chuckling over Carlsen's ability to make them gee. If I ever do have anything to say about the business—" Duke's garishly blue eyes kindled. "But it's a great while to wait," he added, with a long sigh. "But Peggy and I are going to look after the families of those poor fellows. My father never objects to that. If he hadn't allowed us to do that the men wouldn't have come back in the last strike. And Carlsen took all the credit to himself. How do Dave Freneau and his sister get along? Ken was coming from their house when I met him yesterday, but he wouldn't say much about Dave. I thought he didn't seem very hopeful. He said he thought his memory was returning, but the girl spoiled everything. He said she was a regular screech-owl."

"Poor Annette! she's very excitable, and Ken hasn't much patience with girls; he doesn't like them so very well," said Robin, with a great sigh.

"That's queer, when he has sisters. Sisters are such a comfort to a fellow," said Duke, with feeling.

"Oh, I—I'm not! I was careless, and—and mean, and did him a lot of harm," faltered Robin, and then she stopped suddenly. There was so much that she could not tell, that it was better to tell nothing. "Ken has had a great deal to vex him since Dave Freneau got hurt," she resumed, controlling her voice by a great effort.

Ken was coming down the walk; he looked surprised, and scowled a little at Robin as she ran away.

"Do make him stay to breakfast," she said, with an effort at being quite at her ease. But Ken only scowled the more.

Duke went away, and Ken walked the hall restlessly until the time when his father could see him. They were together for a long time in the study, and Ken came out to the breakfast table with his face brightened considerably.

"He is willing to let me go," he said, somewhat gruffly, as if he didn't wish to speak to her, Robin thought, but was impelled by his longing for sympathy. "He sees that it's the best thing. He thinks I shall want to come back by the time school begins, but I sha'n't. I shall never want to come back to this poky little hole, where there's no chance for a fellow, and everything goes against him." Ken stood by the table and swallowed a hasty cup of coffee. He couldn't eat; he had too much to do and to think of, he said, which was a very unusual condition for Ken. "I've got to go to-day, you know, for fear some other fellow will get the chance. I must take the afternoon train up, and it gets to Sandford about two o'clock. You'll have to fly round to see to my things. I've got to get a letter that Mr. Eames is going to give me, and I've got something else to attend to over there, too."

Robin's heart leaped. "Something else" might be to return the watch! She could not resist giving him a glance of wistful inquiry, which, however, he was too deeply absorbed to observe.

"I'm going to see some of my friends," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "Poor Dave! I feel the worst about leaving him. Of course there are my father and mother, and all of you"—this amendment was drawn forth by a faint exclamation of reproach from Robin—"but sometimes a boy's own people don't understand him very well; they think he is selfish and good-for-nothing, when he only just isn't in his right place. It's very well for Duke Rawlins to say that any place can be made the right one if a boy is plucky. *He* doesn't know everything. He's a good fellow, an awfully good little fellow, though!"

"I think he is the very nicest boy I every knew," said Robin, warmly. "And he thinks so much of his sisters!"

"I suppose they don't bother him, and spoil everything he undertakes, and spy round, think everything bad of him, and keep nagging at him about Greek and mathematics, and such rubbish. I think my father is finding out that every boy wasn't born to dig away at books. The dear old dad!" Ken's eyes filled with tears. They were the first that Robin had seen there since Wolf, his fine old hound, died, the first year they were at Penanhant. "I didn't know how bad things were," Ken went on, with a little quaver in his voice. "I suppose you do, and I—I ought to; but I thought I was going to make us millionaires. We should have been, Robin, but for that accident to Dave! Even if you had taken care of that paper— But it's of no use to talk about it, and it makes a fellow half wild."

"I'm afraid I shall have to sell the cranberry meadow," said Robin.

"You can't get what it's worth; keep it if you can; there's going to be such a crop. Didn't father say so?"

"If we can get along," said Robin. "He doesn't know."

"I shall send money home. Just let me have a chance, and you'll see whether I'm good-for-nothing."

"Ken, did—did father give you money for your expenses?" asked Robin, haltingly.

"He couldn't. Think of it! I told him I had a way to get the money, and he seemed so relieved. It isn't a nice way; a fellow has to do desperate deeds sometimes." Ken's tone was bitter and reckless. "You know I told you I was going to, and I have. Any way is better than to worry the poor old governor about it."

"Oh, not *any* way, Ken!" cried Robin. "Not a way that would—that would hurt others."

"Others!" echoed Ken, bitterly. "I've begun to think it about time that I looked out for myself a little. You would sacrifice me and every one else to that silly pride of yours, anyway. You needn't be afraid; what I've done won't be known to the public." Ken laughed harshly. "There, I don't want to talk about it. Some things are more than a fellow can stand. What should I have said when I was standing up for that poor little lame fellow up at St. Luke's to know that I should come to this? But he's a good fellow; his sisters have a better brother than you have. But if I have disgraced you, just remember who brought me to it."

"Ken, Ken!" cried Robin, "you won't do anything that would *kill* papa."

"Kill papa? How is it going to kill him when he won't know it unless you tell him? Perhaps you'll think it your duty to tell him."

"Oh, I don't know what is my duty!" said Robin.

"Well, I'll tell you; it's to go and get my trunk ready. I'm going now to get Solomon Gross to carry it over to Sandford. I can ride over with him, and I wish you'd hurry, for I want to be off."

Robin sat motionless, her face buried in her hands.

"I believe you want to drive me crazy!" exclaimed Ken. "I should like to know if it isn't hard enough for me to have to do such a miserable thing, and be ashamed to look anybody in the face? Of course I shall pay it as soon as I can. Do you suppose I shall ever have any peace until it is paid? But, there, I won't talk to you; you're the very worst sister a boy ever had." And Ken shut the door energetically behind him.

"Pay it—pay it; but what is to become of poor Jo Wilkes?" Robin murmured to herself. She wished that she had courage to say it to Ken himself.

It was a relief to occupy herself with the packing. She would force everything else out of her mind, she said to herself. He could not have meant that, anyway; he could not have owned to such a deed as that. And yet that was Martha Hallett's watch in his drawer. Perhaps Jo Wilkes had snatched it, and then dropped it, but it was much more probable that Martha had dropped it, the chain having broken by accident in the crowd. The Hallett girls were proverbially inexact; they were always being perfectly sure of things, and not seeming to feel it to be of the least consequence when they were proven to be entirely wrong. Ken had undoubtedly picked the watch up, but he had not returned it. He meant to pay for it when he had earned money enough. He seemed to think that that would atone, and he cared nothing for the wrong and disgrace to poor Jo Wilkes.

"It's the queerest thing I ever heard of for Ken to go off like this," Jean was saying, as she helped. "Why is he in such a hurry? He almost knocked me down on the steps. Oh, why wasn't I a boy! Mamma is crying. She says the best always goes first, and she is afraid that no one has thought of making him comfortable, since she hasn't been able to. As if she ever—"

"Hush, Jean! You mustn't say it. Poor little mamma! We'll *never* say it, Jean."

"But it isn't the best who is going, all the same," said Jean, sturdily. "He is cross all the time, lately. All he says to me is 'get out of the way!' He reminds me of Annette Freneau. Ken used to be quite nice. I thought he would be so pleased at going away that it would make him good-natured; but he is only wild to be gone. One would think he was running away from something."

"Jean, *don't* say such things!" cried Robin, sharply.

She had been aroused suddenly from her reflections at Jean's last words, and they seemed the confirmation of her worst fears.

"I should like to know what I *can* say!" said Jean, crossly. "I didn't mean that I supposed he was running away from anything but too many girls, and Latin lessons, and being poor. I didn't mean that I thought he had done anything dreadful. You're tumbling those things dreadfully, Robin. It isn't a bit like you. You're in as much of a hurry as he is. Oh, of course, if Ken wants to go right away, you always would do anything for Ken. I suppose we shall go over to see him off, you and I; mamma said we must, though I can't say I think he will care much about it."

"Of course we must go," said Robin, and wondered that she had not thought of it. She had, in truth, been only in a hurry to get him off.

The trunk was ready long before Solomon Gross came for it. Ken came with the old man, and took a hasty leave of his father and mother. He was in a greater hurry than ever, and Robin could not be sure whether the tears upon his cheeks were his mother's or his own.

"You say good-by to the youngsters, Robin, and let Posy be a little sticky if she wants to, for my sake. You and Jean are coming over to the station." Ken frowned slightly. "Well, I suppose you will enjoy seeing the last of a fellow," he continued, jestingly.

They were his own tears, Robin knew by the savage way in which he wiped them off. "I shouldn't blame you if you were glad to get rid of me. I—I haven't been much of a fellow, and I can't purr when I'm stroked the wrong way, any more than Banquo. That's the way with girls; boys never can."

"I don't know why boys shouldn't have to put up with things just as much as girls," said Jean, stoutly. "Anyway, you'll find out when you're away from home, and haven't any one to darn your stockings or make lemon jelly for you."

"Good-by, Jean; you can have all my old neckties to dress your dolls."

"Dolls, indeed!" cried Jean, indignantly. Jean professed to be quite beyond dolls; but Ken had discovered secrets in the unfinished attic on a rainy day. And so Ken went, his long legs dangling from the back of Solomon Gross's wagon, there being only room for his trunk in front with the driver, joking gayly, but with signs of trouble plainly visible on his boyish face.

"I won't believe that he has done anything bad; I can't believe it," said Robin to herself, as she stood watching, with her eyes shaded from the sunlight, until Solomon Gross's wagon had turned out of sight down the marsh road. "But I shall know soon. I can find out from Martha Hallett whether he has returned the watch."

One might say that one would not and could not believe, but still the torturing doubt remained, and Robin both longed for and dreaded the time when she should learn the truth from Martha Hallett. There were many friends assembled at the station to see Ken off. He was a favorite among the Sandford High-School boys, and a crowd of them were there. People had come over from the Quansett Hotel also, and Cap'n Saul and Thanny were there in their "store clothes," regardless of the claims of "stiddy day's work." Cap'n Saul sought to console Robin by prophesying that Ken would "make a man of himself," but Thanny took a despondent view of the matter; he said it all came of Ken's "goin' with them Frenchies," and it was evident that he held Annette Freneau directly responsible. Peggy and Kitty Rawlins were there, with Duke, full of sympathy and cheerful prophecies, and the Hallett girls loudly lamenting that Ken should go away before their tennis party, and trying to persuade him to promise "solemnly" to return for their midsummer picnic. Ken was more annoyed than cheered by all this attention, Robin thought, although he was usually such a "good fellow" among his friends; but then Ken never did like the Hallett girls. He was still evidently in a hurry to be off. His face wore a look of relief at Robin's last glimpse of it in the car window, as, amid a great shouting and waving of handkerchiefs, the heavily panting engine rushed away with him.

"You and Jean are coming home with us, aren't you?" said Martha Rawlins.

"Oh, you must! Peggy and Kitty will come too, and we'll cheer you up," said Julia.

Jean was pinching her arm furtively; Jean, of course, wanted to go.

Could she have the heart to go? thought Robin. It all depended upon what Martha Hallett should tell her.

"How light her heart would be if if "

"Tell me, first, about those workmen who made the disturbance—about the man who was arrested."

"Oh yes; did you get your watch?" asked Jean—happy Jean—who knew no reason for beating about the bush.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A CAMEL'S-HAIR BRUSH.

"HI, THERE, MONK! WHO SAID YOU MIGHT USE MY HAIR-BRUSH?"

DIDN'T LIKE TO BE FOUND IN.

"SOME savage creatures are deceitful," said the Panther in his cage. "They don't like to be found out; but I'd like to be found out just once—out in the jungle where I used to be."

A PROVOKING FELLOW.

"I WISH that sparrow would move away," said Mrs. Bluebird, nervously. "He's very rude; he's been watching me build my house, and crying 'cheap, cheap' all the time."

IN THE JUNGLE.

"OH dear," said old Papa Elephant, as he walked up and down the jungle one night with his crying baby. "Sometimes I wish I were a mouse. Mice babies aren't half as heavy as my little son."

SPRING TALKS IN THE GARDEN.

"GOODNESS me!" cried the Violet to the Sunflower, "I wish you would move!"

"Why so?" queried the Sunflower.

"Because," replied the Violet, "you cast me completely in the shade."

"HELLO," cried the Pink, as a Hyacinth burst out from the ground, "where did you come from?"

"I'm an old resident," said the Hyacinth, proudly. "I was planted here three years ago."

"IS Mrs. Four-o'clock very exclusive?" asked the Daisy of the Rose-bush.

"Yes," was the answer; "very. In fact, she closes now at half past three."

"WHEN do you bloom?" inquired the Crocus, who had three flowers out, of a tiny spray that had just appeared.

"I never bloom," retorted the spray, "but I'm the champion sprinter of the garden. I'm a Running-vine, and made twenty feet last year in eight weeks."

"WELL," remarked the Daisy to the Johnny-jump-up, "you're not very particular as to your neighbors. Look at that thing next to you."

"S-s-sh!" said the Johnny-jump-up; "don't speak so loud. That was planted as a Sweet-pea and has come up an Orchid, and everything will have to give precedence to him."

"I LIKE the Pansy very much," whispered the Gladiolus.

"I don't know," growled a weed masquerading as a Violet; "there are too many varieties of them."

"Well," said the Gladiolus, "I like them very much—they always have such a pleasant smile on their [illegible]

"THAT plant next to me is awfully snobbish," said the Sweet-pea in a low voice.

"That's not it," whispered the Carnation in a low tone. "That's an imported Bachelor's-button, and he doesn't understand the language of flowers."

"GOODNESS me," cried the Bluebird, as he found a Violet just poking its head out of the ground, "what are you afraid of? Come out, and let people know that spring's coming."

INDEFINITE.

"How old are you, May?"

"Two years younger than Sammy."

"Well, what's his age?"

"I don't know."

SURE TO BE PROFITABLE.

"WHEN I grow up," said Bob, "I'm going to be an architect and draw pictures of big houses, and make other people build 'em and pay me for letting 'em do it."

NEVER TRIED.

"BOBBY, *can* you keep quiet for just one minute?" cried his father.

"I don't know, sir," answered Bobby; "I never tried."

A WAY OUT.

FATHER. "Look here, Martin, you will have to give either that cat or dog of yours away. You can't have two such animals."

MARTIN. "All right, sir. I'll give the cat to sister."

A PRUDENT LITTLE GIRL.

MAMMA. "Well, May, how did you like the circus? Did you give the baby elephant some peanuts?"

MAY. "No, ma'am. I thought peanuts were not good for babies, so I ate his share myself."



TRIALS OF A PARENT.

TALK ABOUT CUTTING TEETH! IT ISN'T HALF SO HARD AS CUTTING HORNS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

THE STORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

BY EDITH ELMER.

CHAPTER IV.

EVERY college man will admit that his Sophomore year was the proudest period of his life. Never before and never since has he attained to such a degree of dignity either in his own eyes or in other people's. The keenly remembered oppressions and repressions of his Freshman year make his newly achieved eminence all the higher by way of contrast. In Jake's case it was not only his promotion that gave him importance; the fact that he had spent the vacation at the home of ex-Governor Rawlinson gave him a sort of prestige in the eyes of a rather snobbish clique who had apparently not been aware of his existence before. This set of young men, with large allowances of spending money from home, contained, no doubt, some very good fellows who would get over foolish affectations as they grew up. Meanwhile they made themselves tolerably ridiculous by talking constantly of "our family," and making chance allusions to the butler and the footman. One of them, named Browne (with a final *e*, if you please), had been educated abroad, and spoke English with a strong French accent. He was considered to be quite a man of the world, and was greatly looked up to. Jake Wildon had plenty of natural common-sense, but he was young and inexperienced, and the conversation of the "smart set" impressed him, and it must be admitted he was a good deal flattered by their notice.

Jake learned from his new friends that it was a clever and desirable thing to break rules. He had never thought of it in that light before, but he now saw that his previous views were very narrow and childish, and he felt immeasurably expanded by his new ideas. Smoking, drinking, and card-playing being strictly prohibited by the regulations, these three things were what the "swell set" especially affected. They played poker with a penny ante in their rooms, and hid the cards under the mattress when the officer of the day came along. They took walks in the country Saturday afternoons on purpose to puff cigarettes.

They frequented a certain restaurant in town, where cadets were ushered into private apartments upstairs, and furnished with champagne suppers. In all these festivities Jake now took as prominent a part as his pocket-book allowed him. He became an adept in the



MRS. MORTON WAS A PRETTY WOMAN, AND MADE A CHARMING HOSTESS.

noble art of arranging a "dummy" in his bed to elude the ten o'clock inspection. He grew expert in scaling the yellow brick wall in a dark place half-way between [illegible] him, and his hair-breadth escapes became common talk. If it was thought desirable to drop a cat on the shoulders of an unpopular watchman from the top of the fourth [illegible] ready to do it. [illegible] ously near to the limit of 250, which puts an untimely end to a third-class man's career as naval cadet. Of course Jake adopted all the slang in which the Sophomore revels, and he talked glibly about So and so's having "bilged" because he was "unsat" in his "Skinny exam," in a way quite bewildering to the uninitiated, who would never have guessed from this statement that poor So-and-so had been sent home on account of an unsatisfactory examination in chemistry.

There were two things that no amount of coaxing or "running" would tempt Jake to do. He would have nothing to do with "ponies" or "cribs" of any kind. He could not understand how otherwise honorable fellows could bring themselves to go into class with chemistry formulas or mathematical problems on their cuffs and thumb-nails. The specious argument that "everybody does it" did not seem to him at all conclusive. It was cheating of the most unmixed kind, and Jake had the honesty and independence to call it by its right name, and keep clear of it. The second thing he would not touch by so much as the tip of his little finger was hazing. "It's not breaking the rule I mind about, fellows," he said, when they laughed at him, "and you know I'm not afraid of being bounced; but you haven't all of you the associations with hazing that I have. I couldn't do [illegible] without thinking of poor Fitz James. It would break me all up. I'd feel like a murderer. There, that's just the size of it!" They said they supposed that sort of thing did shake a man's nerve, and after that they let him alone.

Meanwhile Jake's studies suffered considerably from his late hours and varied interests. From being next [illegible] he fell to below the middle of the class. He noted this fact with some chagrin when the results of the semiannual examinations were posted in February. He was still smarting under the unpleasant consciousness that he had not done well when he met Lieutenant Morton, who, to his surprise, instead of simply returning Jake's salute, stopped and held out his hand. He grasped Jake's hand firmly and held it some time, scrutinizing him closely with his frank, kindly eyes that had won Jake's affection from the first.

"Your class standing is not so good as last year, I am sorry to see, Mr. Wildon," he said at length. "Do you find this year's work much harder?"

"No, sir; it isn't that. I guess I haven't worked so hard."

"Oh, that's it. Well, I'm afraid you are making a mistake, Mr. Wildon. It's rather a serious matter, this class standing. It determines your relative rank for your [illegible] You can't say these things don't count, and then, at the rate you are going now, you may not get into the navy at all."

"Oh, I guess I'll get into the service all right enough," was the answer, and they parted; but Jake had taken only a few steps when Mr. Morton called him back. He hesitated a moment or two before he spoke, and Jake wondered what was coming.

"Mr. Wildon," he said, finally, "I don't want you to think I'm preaching. From one stand-point it is your own affair, and no one has the right to interfere. But I have taken an interest in you from the start, and I mightily hate to see a good officer and a manly man being spoilt in the making. I don't like the set you are in with, Mr. Wildon. They aren't absolutely bad. I shouldn't mind them so much if they were; but they are a very poor lot—a set of empty-headed snobs, who are entirely unworthy of you. I can't imagine young Fitz-James [illegible] ever lived."

Jake flushed. This point had told.

"They are making you dawdle away your time instead of working; they are setting you a slovenly example in morality with their petty cheating and 'gouging' in the class-room; they are leading you into all sorts of absurd escapades that would be undignified for a child of ten. I wonder what your father would think, Mr. Wildon, of your present life and associates?"

Jake started. He had hardly thought of home, let alone his father, for several months. It came back to him all of a sudden, the bare log cabin, and his mother knitting and telling him the story of his father's heroism, hoping he would be like his father, and dreading the influence of books and the Naval Academy. Had she been right? Was it spoiling him? Was it "putting notions into his head"? His father's simple, honest life, crowned by a splendid act of courage, rose up to accuse his own frivolous existence, with its false standards and paltry recklessness. How anxious he had been in the old days for a chance to study and go to college! Here it was within his grasp, and he was foolishly throwing it away. He had been looking down at the bricks all this time. Then he lifted his eyes and looked squarely at Mr. Morton.

"Thank you for lighting into me," he said. "I guess very likely I needed it. I'll think over what you've been saying, sir."

Next day, when Jake met Mr. Morton again, the Lieutenant said, cordially: "Have you any engagement for Sunday, Mr. Wildon? Mrs. Morton told me to say we should be very happy to have you dine with us."

Jake stammered his thanks and acceptance, and hurried away to think it over. It was the first time he had been invited to an officer's house. Some of the fellows whose fathers were in the navy, or who had friends in the navy, or who had letters of introduction, had been asked to dinners and receptions, and had had an extensive calling list ever since they entered, but Jake was not among these.

The Mortons lived in the "Corrals," as the quarters for the junior officers are called. In other words, they had a flat instead of a whole house. Jake stood by the door-bell for a full minute before he summoned the courage to ring. He wore his Sunday best, chiefly remarkable for a snug-fitting short jacket with a double row of brass buttons up the front, but his heart was beating quite violently underneath it.

Mrs. Morton was a pretty young woman, and made a charming hostess. She was a person of rare tact, and had the happy faculty of making Jake Wildon, or any one else with whom she happened to be talking, feel that he and his concerns were the most interesting things in the world to her. Before he knew it, Jake found himself talking to Mrs. Morton about his father and mother, his home, his hopes and plans and difficulties and ambitions, as he had never talked to anybody in his life. All too soon the afternoon wore away, but Jake was invited to call, and did it.

A woman like Mrs. Morton can exercise an almost boundless influence for good over an immature boy if she chooses to take the trouble. And Mrs. Morton did choose. At first, when his old companions saw Jake poring over his books and refusing to join in suppers, they shrugged their shoulders and waited for his fit of industry to pass away; but when it dawned on them that he was seriously turning over a new leaf, he had to be the butt of all manner of "running," and was called an "F. T. D.," which is short for faculty and turtle-dove. But Jake

kept steadily on, and at the end of the month sent home his spending-money. And when, at the end of the year, he could go to Mrs. Morton and say that he had gone up from the thirty-fifth man in his class to the fifteenth, a brilliant smile and warm "Oh, how good that is!" more than repaid him for the cigarettes and champagne and card-playing he had forsworn.

Jake's second-class year was rather a stormy one, and gave him his first serious lesson in thinking for himself and living up to his convictions.

Class elections are always exciting, but this year they were particularly so. The oldest man in the class, and by far the most popular, was a certain McPherson, who had been two years at Yale before he came to the Naval Academy, and was a dashing, dare-devil fellow with cordial manners that endeared him to his class-mates, and a habit of having his own way that did *not* endear him to the officers. He was the most insubordinate cadet in the Academy, and had escaped dismissal by a hair's-breadth half a dozen times already. Only this fall he had contrived to be "broken" from the petty officer's rank which had been given him in the hope of stimulating his sense of duty, and the "buzzard," as the petty officer's eagle is disrespectfully dubbed, was removed from his sleeve.

His friends were indignant at this, and to keep their favorite from feeling badly over his disgrace, elected him president of the class by a unanimous vote. The results of class elections have to pass through the hands of the Academic Board for ratification. Usually this is a mere form, but in the present case the choice of the class was disapproved. The election of a cadet who had just been broken for insubordinate conduct was considered a mark of disrespect to the authorities. The class were further informed that Mr. McPherson had just been put under arrest on a new and more serious charge, and that a court martial had been ordered to try him.

The class-meeting which followed was tempestuous. The Academic Board was growing insufferable. What business was it of theirs who was president of the second class? Pretty soon a cadet wouldn't dare breathe without permission. But if anybody supposed they were going to submit tamely, that person was mistaken. They would elect their candidate right over again, and see how they would like *that!*

At this point Jake rose for the first time in class-meeting.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," he began, "I voted for Mr. McPherson for president the first time because I thought he was the best man for the place [Hear! hear!], but I'm not going to vote for him this time [cries of 'Why not?'], though my personal opinion is unchanged, because it would be disrespectful to my superior officers." (Hisses.)

A cadet jumped up and cried, "What business is it of theirs?"

"The regulations say that class elections shall be submitted to the Academic Board—"

"But they ought to be changed. It's all wrong."

"We knew what the regulations were when we came here, and I guess nobody insisted on our coming if we didn't want to. We knew we should have to give up some of the privileges of civilians when we entered the service." (Groans.)

"We never promised to be slaves!"

"We promised to obey orders, didn't we?"

"They've no call to be so arbitrary."

"Fellows, the Academic Board may be in their dotage. It isn't the men I'm standing up for, it's the principle. And it may sound chestnutty, but I guess we're in about the same box as those chaps in the Light Brigade. It's not our place to 'reason why'—"

"We'll make it our place!" some one shouted in the back of the room.



HE GREW EXPERT IN SCALING THE YELLOW BRICK WALL

And then there was such a babel of voices that Jake had to take his seat. As soon as the racket subsided a little he rose, and said, with decision: "You may say what you please. I shall stand on the side of good order and discipline!"

The excitement began again, and young Rawlinson came over and threw his arm over Jake's shoulder. "You'd better look out for yourself," he said. "The fellows aren't in a funny mood, you know. I'm afraid you'll get clapped into Coventry if you keep this up, so you had better agree with them."

"I don't care," said Jake, doggedly. "If they choose to be fools they can be. I'm not going to be bullied by any one."

Two or three other cadets came and remonstrated with him, but with no better success. When the vote was cast, only three cadets sided with Jake.

This was the beginning of an affair which almost reached the proportions of a class mutiny. The action of the class was censured, and every member who had voted to disregard the findings of the Academic Board was reduced to the fourth conduct grade. When the election was repeated the third time, the class were confined to their rooms except for recitations and drills, and two or three ringleaders were put on bread and water aboard the *Santee*. Fortunately for the outcome, the cause of it all, young McPherson, was found guilty by the court martial and dismissed, so that the class, angry as they were, *had* to choose another president. Meanwhile they expressed some of their superfluous wrath by putting Jake in Coventry. No one was allowed to speak or have anything to do with him. No leper in the far East was ever more of an outcast than this boy among his mates. No one who has not been through the experience can appreciate the utter dreariness of it. To sit at the table and

not be able to ask the fellow next you for the bread, to listen to conversations carried on across you as if your chair was empty, to walk side by side with an old friend [illegible] fellow's arm over your shoulder; no fun of any kind, only a monotonous round of hard work, with the depressing [illegible] you.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton did all they could to cheer Jake's drooping spirits, and all the officers petted him more or less. But that only made his condition worse than before. He didn't want the fellows to think he had taken his stand to curry favor with the officers. And [illegible] cheer in place of McPherson. [illegible] circumstances with the commandant unavailing, he retired to the naval farm and wept—several real, big, watery tears—just like any girl. It was really too bad. The fellows would think he went [illegible] on the class for the sake of a buzzard—a mean, paltry, despicable buzzard!

It was a rough experience, this Coventry, but Jake lost no friends by it in the end, and won several. When the [illegible] cooled down a little they could not help admiring his sturdy independence, and so, when the embargo was raised, Jake found his friends not a whit less warm and a good deal more respectful.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PERT LITTLE SPARROW.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

A PERT little sparrow, out for a lark,
One morning in May hopped into the Park.

What park I'll not say; if you want to know where,
It isn't a mile from Madison Square.

If you want to know whose, I think it belongs
To the children who daily possess it in throngs:

To the princesses small who in carriages ride
That maidens attending push deftly and guide;

To lordlings in small clothes, Fauntleroys all,
Who trundle a hoop or play miniature ball.

But this pert little sparrow as ever was seen,
As though *he* owned it all hopped over the green.

And he criticised right and he criticised left
The bipeds before him of feathers bereft—

This pert little sparrow as ever was known
Opinions and pinions had all of his own:

"Now [illegible] great stupid things!
Why don't they stretch out their long lean wings,

"And flap through the air; not up very high,
But enough for the young ones to learn how to fly,

"And see for themselves how much better it feels
To [illegible] upon wheels?"

"Such neglect of their young ones our bird world can't match;
I dare say that they don't even teach them to scratch.

As for [illegible] themselves I'll almost affirm
Not one in a thousand can pick up a worm.

As for use of their legs, their teachings the worst—
The same place to reach, but one foot starting first.

Now my [illegible] shall fairly and squarely
Synchronously move and together get there."

"O sparrow," I said, "for a rather short bird,
Don't you think you've picked up an awful long word?"

[illegible] up now not out of its teens
[illegible] synchronously means.

[illegible] more of a boy
[illegible] boy.

[illegible]
He [illegible] he."

A COLORADO GIRL.

BY PHILIP MAPSON BRASHER.

THERE are not a great many real Colorado girls. I mean by this that as Colorado is a very young State there hasn't been time for many girls to be born and grow up within its limits, and a girl must have had that experience to be "really and truly" a Colorado girl. Fifteen years ago there were but few families living in Colorado, as compared with the present number, so there is little to wonder at in the fact that natives of the feminine gender are scarce now. There are plenty of little ones, but I don't count them, because they are mostly too small. I met one once who was about fourteen years old, and she was the oldest real Colorado girl I had ever seen up to that time. Her claim to the title was perfect, for she was born away up in the mountains of Colorado, and had lived always with the great peaks of the Rockies for neighbors. We met on a railway train. She was returning home after spending a few days in Denver—her first visit to a city. I asked her if she had had a good time, and she said no. City life didn't suit her, and she wanted to get back to the mountains. Was it not queer that that girl preferred solitude, rough living, and severe winters to the fascinations and bustle of city life? I've often wondered since whether her love for mountainous surroundings ever weakened.

If real Colorado girls are comparatively scarce, however, a pretty good substitute is to be found in fact numbers. Lots of girls came to the "Centennial State" when they were tiny things, and "grew up with the country." This growing-up process resulted in producing a splendid variety of girl; for it was aided by a fine climate, plenty of out-door life, scarcity of enervating luxuries, and plenty of invigorating exercise. One of these Colorado-by-adoption daughters lives on Elk River, in Routt County, not many miles from my own home, and I have just returned from a visit to her father's house. Her name is May Keller, and although born in Pennsylvania, that State can lay no strong claim to her now, as she came to Colorado with her father and sisters when a small child, and has lived here ever since. The family went to Leadville first, but for many years have occupied a ranch lying among the picturesque hills of this county.

Life in a new, wild country has agreed well with Miss May. To look at her now you would see a well-developed young woman of medium height, with luxuriant dark hair, and a pair of dark eyes which seem to have borrowed their sparkle from the sunbeams dancing on old Elk Mountain's snow-covered top. She is a belle in the neighborhood, of course, and quite deservedly so; because, besides being competent to manage household affairs, entertain a caller, or dance with the best, she is a first-rate rifle-shot, and keeps the family larder supplied with venison and elk meat. These are all virtues that appeal warmly to the heart of a Routt County man, and most valuable they certainly are in a region so far removed from the centres of civilization. There are more men than women in this sparsely settled country, and a girl of the right kind is bound to receive plenty of attention from hopeful bachelors.

Miss May was quite a young girl when she killed her first deer, and although that was not very long ago, she cannot now tell how many deer and elk have fallen before her rifle. It must be remembered, however, that she never slaughters game for so-called sport. The meat is always taken home to be eaten. Just here I should like to remark that the fair huntress is quite as successful in cooking game as in killing it; and not game alone, but numberless other dishes appear from time to time on the Kellers' table as most satisfactory evidence of her cleverness in the kitchen. During my late visit to their house, May, and her younger sister, Maud, made doughnuts and mince-pies that still linger pleasantly in my memory; and for my especial edification they turned out a substantial roll of butter that would well have borne comparison with the best Philadelphia or Orange County product. The sisters help their father in many ways about the ranch too, and are highly valued assistants.



"NOW," SAID HE, "WE ARE IN A POSITION TO TALK BUSINESS."

Maud is a fearless rider, and it is a wild horse indeed that does not soon become docile under her teaching.

One day the two girls were rambling about when May spied a deer. Crack! went her Winchester, and down went the deer. Then came the fun of hoisting their game up on the pony they had with them, and a pretty large contract they found it, as a good-sized deer is no trifling weight to raise as high as one's head. But they struggled and pulled and pushed until success crowned their efforts, and a goodly supply of venison lay across pony's saddle and was securely lashed in place. Then began what was intended to be a triumphal procession homeward, but Master Pony, a capricious little beast, ruined the decorum of the spectacle by running away, and leading his young mistresses a long hot chase of more than a mile. He would not have been captured even then had not his bridle caught on his foot. The deer was badly shaken up by such rough riding and had to be tied on again, but the girls gave their troublesome pack-animal no more chance to repeat his capers, and the procession finally arrived at the Keller ranch, where May's trophy was proudly exhibited.

Elk-hunting on snow-shoes is numbered among the sports of Routt County, and May has tried that too. A band of elk came into the valley not far from Mr. Keller's one day, when snow lay deep on the ground, and May, seizing her rifle, started in pursuit on snow-shoes. The snow-shoes used here are of the Norwegian variety. They are strips of wood eight or ten feet long and not easy to manage. But our young lady pioneer was no novice in snow-shoeing, and she glided along till within range of the elk, and then shot one as coolly as any man would have done. It isn't as safe a thing to do as to read about, either; for an elk if wounded or cornered will charge his pursuer, and being as heavy as a medium-sized horse, can easily kill a person.

At another time May was hunting elk with her father and a neighbor, when a large band of elk was seen approaching the party. They hid in some bushes, and looking out estimated that there were 2000 elk in the column passing their hiding-place. Eight of the animals were killed, that being as many as the hunters cared for.

THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER OF ST. LUCIA.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"THIS is the queerest watch-maker's shop I ever saw," Harry Holmes said to himself, looking about him at the walls and scant furniture of the little shop that had been left for the afternoon under his charge.

As he spoke he sprang back in alarm, for at that moment a formidable green lizard ran across one of the glass cases, and Harry, being an American boy, was not yet used to such company.

"There's something out of the way about this business," he went on saying to himself, "and I'm going to find out what it is. Now here are two rows of watches hanging on wires across the front window—for a sign, I suppose. But just see what sort of watches they are. Here's the first one; feel how light it is; only an empty case, with no works inside. The second one is the same; case and face, but no works. So is the third; so are all of them but two—just empty silver watch-cases, with no works. Now look at this clock. It looks like a good clock, but that's just case and face too, with no works. And the watch-cases—yes, I thought so; they're only the cheapest brass ones, rubbed over with some silver-plating fluid."

Harry sat down on a stool to rest after this examination, for it was a hot day in a burning climate, and very slight exertion tired him.

"It's a queer place, anyhow, for a New-Yorker," he continued, still talking to himself, as he had no one else to talk to. "I can hardly understand a word the people say, and they're 'most all black, and it's so hot it's like the fiery furnace, and I daren't go out even in the road without high-legged boots, for fear of the snakes. Everything looks so wild and black it gives me the shudders to think

of it. And they have such queer names for everything. Here's this hill I'm on, called the Morne Fortunée. What kind of a name is that for a New-Yorker to struggle with, for anybody who has to live on it. And they don't call

He was in a queer place for an American, for he was on the British island of St. Lucia, far down in the West Indies, where the people speak a strange French and English and negro dialect that is very hard to understand. And the shop that he worked in was as queer as the country. Instead of being down in the town of Castries, the capital of the island, where all the business is done, it was on the summit of the high hill called Morne Fortunée, well back of the town, and eight hundred feet above it—a hard climb for anybody who might want to have a watch repaired.

"Well, there's one consolation," he said, drawing a long breath; "whatever tricks the boss is up to, I have nothing to do with them, so I can't get into trouble; and as I'm half a head taller than he is, and must weigh forty pounds more, I have no reason to be afraid. Besides, I'm an American, which he is not, and there's a

With this, Harry began to whistle, and while he whistled the jeweller entered the shop.

A short, slender, nearly a middle-aged man was the jeweller, who was known in St. Lucia by the name of Von Graeff. His countenance was mild, and not unpleasant, but his light gray eyes had a way of looking through a man when he was deeply in earnest. He spoke with a slight but very peculiar accent, which he accounted for by saying that he was brought up in Australia, where he was born of German parents.

Von Graeff glanced over the shop as he entered, and his quick eye told him in an instant that his rows of watches and some of his other goods had been disturbed.

"Been examining the chronometers, have you?" he asked, with a smile on his face but in a sharp tone, and with a vicious look in his eye. "I hope you found them all satisfactory?"

"I found the cases all empty," Harry replied, "and the clocks without any works in them; and the only customer while you were out was a green lizard that ran across the case. But there are never any customers, Mr. Von Graeff; the whole thing looks very queer to me, and I think it's time for me to ask you what the real business is."

Harry felt quite surprised at himself the moment this speech was out of his mouth; but he had great confidence in himself, as some other New York boys have, and he thought that putting on a bold front might help him to solve what he began to consider the deep mystery.

Von Graeff looked at him with the smile still playing about his mouth, but with a very dangerous snapping in his gray eyes.

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's hesitation; "yes, it is time for you to ask. Perhaps it is time for me to tell you."

As he said this he stepped outside the shop door, and looked about. There was no other building within several hundred yards; not a soul was in sight; and the path leading from the hill-top down into the town was deserted.

Von Graeff returned to the shop, locked the front door, and put the big key into his pocket.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way into the back room, where he and Harry ate and slept and lived, the two small rooms comprising the whole of the tiny house. Harry followed, and Von Graeff drew up two chairs, facing each other, and sat down in one of them. "Sit down in that chair," he said, pointing Harry to the other.

Harry looked at him in surprise, for the jeweller had never spoken to him in such a tone before. But he sat down.

Von Graeff leaned forward in his chair, resting his elbows upon his knees, and looked Harry straight in the eyes for fully a minute. Then he straightened up, took a large revolver from his hip pocket, and laid it in his lap.

It would be folly to say that Harry was not frightened at this. He was in a strange country, in a lonely house with a very mysterious man, and he could not tell what might happen. But he kept his fears to himself, and only asked, in a steady voice, "What is that for?"

"It is always a good friend," Von Graeff answered.

"Do you intend to murder me?" Harry asked.

"Not if I can help it," Von Graeff replied, still smiling, and patting the pistol with his hand.

Harry had had a moment to recover himself, and he said stoutly: "You will have to put that pistol away before you can talk to me. I shall not sit here and talk to a man with a revolver in his hand."

Before replying, Von Graeff took out his handkerchief to wipe his face, for the room with the doors shut was extremely hot, and Harry thought that he saw in this his opportunity to escape. He tried to snatch the pistol.

But Von Graeff was as quick and agile as a cat; and Harry had hardly moved before the pistol was in the jeweller's hand again, and pointed straight at his head.

"Sit down in that chair!" Von Graeff ordered, in a voice so low and calm that it sounded dangerous.

For the second time Harry sat down, and Von Graeff lowered the pistol, but kept it in his hand.

"Now," said he, "we are in a position to talk business. It is five weeks since I brought you here from New York, is it not?"

"We left New York five weeks ago on Tuesday," Harry answered.

"And I promised to give you your board and five dollars a week. Have I paid you regularly?"

"Every week," Harry replied.

"Very well," Von Graeff continued, still in the low, calm voice. "So far we understand each other. You can imagine that when I went to the trouble and expense of bringing a boy all the way from New York, it was not because there is any scarcity of boys here. The island is full of them. But I wanted an American boy, because American boys are smart, and have some grit. So I advertised for a boy to go to the West Indies, and selected you from among the boys who answered, and here you are. And now that you are here, you have got to do precisely as I tell you about everything, or I will blow your brains out as readily as I would kill a rat. Do you understand?"

"I hear you, sir," Harry answered.

"The business I am in," Von Graeff continued, "means life or death to us both, and it will not admit of any nonsense. No matter what the business is. It is not the jewelry business, as you have concluded for yourself. That is only a blind, because it would not do for me to live on this island without apparently having some business. The watches and clocks are all dummies of no value, because I may have to leave here suddenly at any time, and whoever finds them will not get much. The little sailboat that I keep in the harbor is always ready for use, as you know. Although you do not know what the business is, you have already done enough at it to send you to prison if it were known."

"I!" Harry exclaimed.

"Yes, you," Von Graeff went on. "Several times when I have sent you up on the Little Souffrière to show a light to what I called my boatman in the harbor, you

have given a signal that is enough to connect you with the whole business. Now I think I have made the thing plain to you. You know what to expect if I find any treason or any backing out in you. On the other hand, if you serve me faithfully, you shall be handsomely rewarded. Three months more of successful business will give me all the money I want; and if you are faithful to the end, you shall go back to New York with a thousand dollars in your pocket. Now you are to go to the Little Souffrière again, to the flat rock, and when it is fairly dark, and you see two flash-lights beyond the headland, wave the red lantern just as you did before. Do we understand each other?"

"I shall have to do as you tell me," Harry replied; "but I will admit frankly that if I knew of any way to escape, I should do it. I don't like such business. You have not allowed me to get acquainted with any one on the island, so I have nowhere to go; and these terrible snakes that St. Lucia is full of would kill me if I tried to live out-doors."

"Go!" said Von Graeff, shortly, pointing to the shop door, which he unlocked; and Harry picked up the red lantern and started for the Little Souffrière.

It was an hour yet before dark, but the walk part way up the Little Souffrière was a long and hard one. Though he had put on his high boots, still he was in danger every minute of being bitten by a fer de lance, the most deadly of all serpents. He went very unwillingly; but where else could he go? It is very well for us who are safe at home to say that he should have left the rascally jeweller at once; but he did not know, as perhaps we do, what steps an American should take to receive the protection of his government in almost any part of the world. So he toiled reluctantly up the great hill with his red lantern and his high boots.

He was not a third of the way up to the flat rock, when, at a turn in the path not a dozen paces in front of him, he saw a young colored girl approaching, barefoot, in spite of the snakes, bareheaded, and singing to herself. Almost at the same moment he saw something else that fairly froze the blood in his veins. On a branch of a tree beside the path, not three feet in front of the colored girl, a great hideous snake was poised, with its head and a foot or more of its body hanging down and swaying to and fro, as though preparing to strike. Another step, and the girl would touch it.

"Stop!" Harry cried. "Go back!"

The girl heard him, of course, and stopped; but seeing no reason for it, she did not retreat.

A second more, and she would have been another victim to the deadly fer de lance of St. Lucia. But Harry was there with a bound, and with the stout stick he carried to help him climb the mountain he dealt the snake a blow that put it beyond the power of striking. Another and another blow, and the serpent dropped to the ground, where it was soon beaten to a pulp.

The girl had had no time to speak; but when she saw the snake's flat triangular head, that told her it was a fer de lance, she knew even better than Harry how narrow had been her escape. A touch from those poisoned fangs, and on that lonely mountain, with no help near, she must have died within an hour in the greatest agony.

At sight of the dead snake all her strength seemed to desert her, and she sank down in the path. It took some time for Harry to convince her that the danger was past and get her on her feet again; and then she was unable at first to say a word, but took him by the hand and looked in his face, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

What she said when she found her tongue again I shall have to tell in almost plain English, for if I were to give it in the negro dialect of St. Lucia, no one in this country could understand it. She had to say it over and over again to make Harry understand:

"You sabe my life, young massa; now I sabe yourn. You works for de massa time-keep' on de Morne Fortunée. You leabe him; he bad, bad man. He git you into trouble. De massa time-keep' be a——"

Here she drew Harry closer to her and whispered in his ear:

"*He a smuggler!* I knows he. I not trabbel dese hills after dark fer nothin'. I knows de sperrits from Martinique, de cases from Orchilla, de oder t'ings from Blanquilla—all de time, from everywheres. De great folks not know yet, but dey find out in time; den massa time-keep' he go to prison; young massa he go too if he stay dere. You leabe him, young massa."

The girl's earnest manner left Harry no room to doubt that she was telling him the truth, and telling it out of pure gratitude to save him from trouble. There was something about the thankfulness of this poor ignorant negro girl that touched him, and somehow there were tears on his cheeks too.

One of the first things that Harry did when he was left alone was to break his red lantern, so that the question of his giving any more signals should be settled beyond recall. But he staid on the mountain among the snakes for hours, not knowing what to do or where to go. After long worry, and somewhere between nine and ten o'clock, he hit upon a plan that, if he had had a little more experience, must have occurred to him earlier in a slightly different form.

"I'll go to the commander of the troops," he said to himself. "If he doesn't believe what I say, I can't help it. Anyhow, I'll tell him what I know."

This plan was a great relief to the young New-Yorker, and he quickened his pace and was soon in the town.

Harry had been in Castries only two or three times before, but the streets of the town seemed unusually lively that night. Evidently the people were excited about something. He had not gone far before a well-dressed man looked sharply at him in passing, then turned and said:

"Here, young man; wait a moment; I want to see you!"

Under the circumstances this was a very alarming salutation. Had his connection with a smuggler been discovered already? But Harry stopped, and replied,

"What about, sir?"

"I think you are the boy," the gentleman said, "who has been working for the jeweller on the Morne Fortunée; and I hear that you are an American. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," Harry replied; "I am from New York, and I have been working for Mr. Von Graeff. But I do not work for him any longer. I have just come from the Little Souffrière, and while there I heard something about Mr. Von Graeff that I am on my way now to tell to the commander of the troops."

"Von Graeff is pretty well known already," the gentleman said. "He is a smuggler and a scoundrel. He was arrested two hours ago, and is now in prison. The authorities have suspected him for some time, but they could not bring the crime home to him until this evening, when some of his signals apparently went wrong, and the whole gang were taken red-handed."

"That must have been my signal," Harry cried, "that I was to wave on the mountain, but did not, because I heard just in time that he was a smuggler!"

"If you were working for him innocently, as you seem to have been," the gentleman said, "I am the man for you to tell your story to. I am the American Consul, and you should have come to me at first; but of course you did not know that."

If you have ever been in a distant country, where you have seen none but foreign faces and heard none but foreign voices for a long time, you will understand why Harry immediately grasped the Consul's hand as though



IT SLIPPED DOWN TO THE GROUND, WHERE IT WAS SOON BEATEN TO A PULP.

it had been his father's, and said, in a voice that trembled slightly

"I will tell you the whole story, sir. I am from New York, sir."

Harry slept at the Consulate that night, and of course there was no difficulty in proving, when the time came, that he had had nothing to do with the smuggling. When this point was settled, there came up the question of a reward—for the government had offered a reward of £200 for the detection of the smugglers. The Consul argued that the colored girl, by telling Harry what she did, and Harry, by refusing to give the signal, had really brought Von Graeff and his confederates to justice. Though this was thought too uncertain to be allowed, still there was so much ground for it that each of them was given a handsome present; and Harry returned to New York with £50 of honest money in his pocket, which he considered much better than the $1000 he might have had from the smuggler if he had waved his red lantern.

WHAT MONKEYS DO WITH THEIR TAILS.

TAILS are very unevenly distributed even among monkeys, the baboon having only a short one, and the ape none at all, while the real monkeys are decorated with a yard or two of continuation, which seems as though it must be very much in the way. But South American monkeys at least do a great deal with their tails, and make them answer the purpose of two or three extra legs. They build bridges with them, for instance, and this is the way they manage it:

A troop of them on a journey (for they are much given to travelling in processions) will stop at the bank of a river that must be crossed, while some of the oldest and wisest of the party run on to look for a good crossing-place. They always select a spot where the trees are closest together and head toward the river; and in a moment the strongest monkeys have twisted their tails round a branch, and hang there with their heads downward. A second monkey then slides down the body of the first, and twists his tail tightly round him. Others follow, until there is a long chain of monkeys, ending in an extra strong one, who manages to get his paws to the ground. This leader then pushes the ground with his hands until the chain of monkeys—that is quite a contrast to a daisy chain—sways a little, and then still more, until with his long arms he can grasp a branch on the opposite side. This is half the battle, and the advance-guard draws himself gradually up until he finds a branch strong enough for one of the bridge supports. Then he signals to his comrades that the work is done, and all the monkeys who are not engaged as parts of the bridge climb the first tree and cross over the river, from monkey to monkey, with the greatest ease.

But what is to become of the live suspension-bridge? It does not care to pose permanently as a natural curiosity, and its feelings have been considered. Two or three athletic monkeys have waited purposely to release their patient brethren, and taking hold of the last links of the chain on the farther side, they relieve their comrade who has been clutching the bough, and make the chain a little longer. Then they climb the tree, as high as the chain will stretch, and clasp a tough branch. At the word, monkey number one on the opposite bank, who has been clutching *his* branch from the first, gladly lets go and over the bridge swings, with no accident beyond a ducking for that part of it that touches the water. The other end then drops to the ground, with the aid of branches and other supports; and the top monkey in the tree, who has a feeling of being generally dislocated, is very glad to get rid of it. He and the companions who have shared his perch wait until every monkey below is safe, when they come down, and the procession takes up its march again.

Various gymnastic exercises are performed with these tails, which enable their owners to bridge themselves across from tree to tree in the dense South American forests; and they also indulge in many antics, with their aid, solely for amusement. This is in a state of freedom; but in captivity the long-tailed monkeys do not seem to know what else to do with their tails but to *eat* them. They will also give vicious tweaks, and do all sorts of mischievous things to each other's tails; but they disappear by degrees, as they are persistently nibbled off. Covering the bitten ends with plasters, preparation of aloes, cayenne-pepper, etc., and even tying bandages on them, does no good. The monkey makes dreadful faces over the taste of these things, but—he eats his tail all the same.

Each individual monkey seems to object to the sight of a tail on any creature but himself, not even excepting his companions, and he is sure to give every tail he can reach a sly twitch. A monkey on board a vessel made the life of an unfortunate pig a burden to him by resenting the curl in his tail, and tried to pull it straight. It seemed an added piece of insolence to have not only a tail, but a *curly* one, when that of the monkey was straight; and as the pig was fond of running about the deck, the monkey watched his opportunity to seize the offending tail and try, by vigorous tugging, to make it like his own. It was not pleasant, perhaps, for the pig, but if a monkey could not set the fashion for tails, who could?

THE OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

SHORTLY after noon on Monday, the 1st of May, the formal exercises of the dedication of the World's Fair were over, and President Cleveland rested his hand upon a key before him, and then held his arm on high. Only a few of the thousands gathered there were near enough to observe closely, but they saw the upraised arm, and instantly a cheer was given. The pressing of the key gave the signal to the engineers, and immediately the great engines in the Machinery Building were moving, the waters from the Columbus fountain burst forth, the cloth fell from the face of the gilded statue of the Republic, and the Fair was opened. The bands played "America," in which a large chorus joined; hundreds of workmen scattered along the roofs of the buildings pulled the strings which released great numbers of banners and threw them to the breeze. About the canal basin in the court fluttered scores of seagulls, which had found their way to the Great Lakes along the St. Lawrence River, and as the music, the cheers, the booming of cannon filled the air, these strangers were filled with fright. They rose hurriedly from the water and gathered in one great flock, and, rising higher and higher, flew with all their might toward the lake, passing over



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY



SCENE IN THE GRAND COURT OF HONOR AFTER THE OPENING.

OPENING OF THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO, MAY 1.—FROM COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. D. ARNOLD.

or of being present at the opening of the greatest exposi-

When the music ceased and the cheering died away the crowd separated, and there was an opportunity to observe what a medley of people were present. Yellow men, red men, black men, white men, running through all shades of their respective colors, were to be seen. One particu- [illegible] as black as the ace of spades, with pearly teeth and bright eyes, and he had come from Central Africa. There were Turks, Egyptians, Japanese, Persians, Moors, and all varieties of strange folk from strange and distant lands; men in American and German uniforms—the latter being particularly brilliant and attractive—and men in rough "store clothes" from the little towns of the neighboring States. And not the least resplendent were the Columbian Guards, the gendarmes, or World's Fair policemen, as they are variously called, who wore bright blue uniforms with gay trimmings, and carried short swords at their belts. But there was so much to see and do that a German cavalry officer or a turbaned and gayly gowned Turk attracted no more attention than a policeman on Broadway. In fact, these bright figures seemed to belong there more than the ordinary citizens, for the Fair is a scene from the *Arabian Nights*.

The conversation overheard on all sides was decidedly interesting, not because there was so much of it that could be understood, but because there were so many varieties of language. An Esquimau mother scolding her little son in her own tongue, or two Turks in lively talk, or the country folks to laugh heartily, and some of the comments upon by these native visitors in comment were almost as amusing as the foreign languages.

The day before the opening the few people who visited the grounds wondered how in the world the place could ever be put in order for the event. It seemed like a great lumber-yard struck by lightning, and then mussed up by a cyclone. Boxes, barrels, sticks, and piles of dirt were all over. But the hundreds of men who went to work that night accomplished wonders. They carted most of the rubbish and wood to the lake front on one side, and piled it up there, burning the collection up on Tuesday. The grounds, however, were not in order, as all the buildings were not finished, all the exhibits unpacked, or the roads completed. It will be some time before this can be done; but the Fair had to be opened on that day, and everybody was prepared for more or less confusion. The mud, however, was simply awful in places, and those who went to the opening carried away a large amount of Chicago real estate.

Just in front of the Administration Building, where the grand stand stood, a great crowd had filled the square, and it was unpaved and soft and yellow. Passing through there after the exercises were over, a porter was seen digging in the mud with a stick, and every now and again he would triumphantly fish up an odd rubber over-shoe. Around him were several buckets and a barrel all filled to the top with over-shoes which the crowd had left behind them buried in the clay, and the harvest was by no means complete when I went on, and the porter seemed very happy over his collection. Pools of water, which were scattered here and there about the grounds, were utilized to clean their over-shoes by such of the crowd as retained them, and one man whom I saw had evidently dropped his umbrella in the mud, for he knelt by one of these pools and scrubbed away at it with great industry. There were two kinds of mud to be found on the grounds that day—black and yellow—and I don't know which was the worse.

However, people did not mind a little thing like mud on that great occasion, they were interested in the larger thing—the Fair. There was so much to see and so much to do that no one seemed to know where to begin. After the opening one wanted to see the fish, and another the flowers, and another the pictures, and nearly everybody wanted to eat; and the restaurants were crowded, until the waiters showed signs of collapse. And after eating, everybody seemed to be trying to see all that there was at once; but that was folly. Ten days—in fact, an entire month—could be spent within the grounds, and then you couldn't see everything and study the exhibits carefully. The mass of things to be seen, even now before the Fair is completed, is simply bewildering. Imagine how long it would take just to walk around the outside of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, which is 1687 feet long and 787 feet wide. Inside it is laid out in avenues and streets, and there are so many beautiful things that you would spend days in seeing all there is. The floor alone of this building took 3,000,000 feet of lumber and five car-loads of nails, according to official statements. It is a most beautiful and imposing structure, and although the largest of its kind in the world, seems perfect in its proportions and strength; but think of the number of miles you could walk in going through all the avenues.

The people who saw the buildings for the first time that opening-day fairly gasped in astonishment. Nothing like this great exposition has ever been achieved before; it is a wonder of the world. All the buildings are beautiful and grand, and give you an idea of great stability. To look at them near by you would think that they were of sculptured marble and granite, but they are not. The effect is produced by a light composition called "staff," such as houses in South America are covered with. It looks very strange to see an ordinary man pick up a statue twice as large as himself and carry it away, and when I ran against a great pillar and heard it reverberate and give forth a hollow sound it was quite shocking at first. But the effect is so very beautiful and great that you lose yourself in admiration. The more you see the more you are impressed with the fact that man, aided by art and the study of centuries, is nothing less to day than a great magician.

All the large exhibition buildings, except the Transportation, are covered with staff, but there are others innumerable of strange and beautiful design. Many of the States have a building modelled after some famous house or historical structure of the State itself. Nearly all of the foreign nations follow well-known types of their own specimens of architecture, and Germany has reproduced the old State-house of Nuremberg, a quaint, interesting thing, covered outside with mottoes, crests, and banners in the most gorgeous colors. In everything Germany has been particularly lavish.

It is a long walk from one end of the grounds to the other, but you can ride in a wheeling-chair, a gondola, or a steam-launch if you desire. The young men in charge of the chairs are college students who have taken this opportunity to make a little money, but on the first day nearly everybody seemed to be afraid to ride, and those who took advantage of the chairs looked as though they were ashamed of themselves. The gondolas of red, white, gold, and blue, seemed to be quite popular as they skimmed over the lagoon in an easy manner, with a real and ugly Venetian gondolier at bow and stern. These boats, however, did not attract so much attention as a man-of-war which was anchored to a pier in the lake. It looked just like a great modern battle-ship with guns and everything else. To the people of that section of the country it was a wonderful thing and indeed it is but the visitors who live on the sea-board wondered how in the world such a vessel could ever get in so near land. The mystery was soon explained—the ship was of brick, built on the bottom of the lake, because a real battle-ship on the lakes is forbidden by treaty between this coun-

try and Great Britain. Another naval curiosity is the old whaling vessel *Progress*, which was brought from New England to be exhibited.

To begin to tell anything at all in this article about the exhibits, however, would be impossible — the special things referred to being the ones most noticed and admired on the first day. A curious coincidence was noticed then, when a man passed through a turnstile leading into a booth on the grounds. The gate-keeper called the man back and pointed to the number registered by the gate — it was 1492. Three hundred thousand people visited the grounds on the first day, and you really were not aware of the crowd until you were about to return to the city, then you gained an idea of the size of the park. While the people spread over the grounds you had no difficulty in going around and seeing everything, and you didn't think many were there, but you changed your mind when you tried to get a car.

In the fading light of the inaugural day the mighty buildings grew more majestic than ever, and were fairy palaces. Late that afternoon the gulls returned and settled down in the basin, as though nothing had ever happened, and the ducks on the water swam over to bid them welcome. Though the homeward trip was tedious and long, yet there was no complaint—all had seen a greater city of art and magic than the world ever knew before, and there was plenty of food for thought.



YARD OF THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

A GREAT RAILROAD STATION.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

IT seems incredible that there should be but one railroad station in the largest and most important city of the country, does it not? And yet such is the case on Manhattan Island. Of course there are plenty of other railroad stations through which passengers may enter the great city; but most of these, such as the Pennsylvania, the Erie, Reading, West Shore, Ontario and Western, and others, are located in Jersey City, Hoboken, or Long Island. Here, in the very heart of the metropolis, the great station, with its adjoining yards and detached buildings, covers an area of more than twenty city blocks, and is the focus of all railroad-passenger traffic from the North and East, together with a large portion of that from the West.

The big station begins to wake up and prepare for its busy day soon after four o'clock in the morning, when dozens of wagons, laden with mail matter or with newspapers fresh from the clanging presses of the great morning dailies, come dashing up from the Post-office or from Printing House Square to catch train Z 21, the special mail and newspaper express for the West, which leaves at 4.35 every morning, and is the first train to pull out of the station on week days. On Sundays the work of the day begins two hours earlier, for on those days a newspaper special for New England is sent out at 2.35 A.M. It is known as Y 122. For purposes of identification all trains entering or leaving the Grand Central Station are known, in addition to their regular numbers, as X, Y, or Z, X standing for Harlem Railroad, Y for the New Haven, and Z for the Hudson River.

The first regular passenger train of the day is a Z train for Yonkers, which gets away at five o'clock, and, with its going, the day's business is fully begun; a Y train for New Haven leaves two minutes later; and the first X train of the day, which is "Milk No. 3," bears away its rattling load of empty cans at 5.30. From this time on the long, heavily laden trains hurry forth bound for all parts of New England, Canada, New York State, or the great West, at the rate of eight, ten, or fifteen an hour, until six o'clock in the evening, when seventeen trains are despatched within the next sixty minutes, be-

REMEMBERED THE PINS, ANYHOW.

A MEMORY is a good thing to cultivate. Most people have passably good memories, many have extraordinary ones, and some have none at all. One of the causes of the popularity of the late James G. Blaine was his remarkable memory for names and faces. It is said that Mr. Blaine could recall the face and name of persons he had met only casually ten years and more after the first meeting, not having encountered them in the interval.

In regard to bad memories, an amusing incident happened at the White House not many weeks ago, if the reports are truthful. A clergyman was presented to Mr. Cleveland, and as the President extended his hand, the reverend gentleman blushed slightly, and leaning forward, whispered to the President, "Ah what name, please?"

It was, doubtless, nervousness attendant upon personal contact with a man holding so high an official position as Mr. Cleveland's that drove the name out of the unhappy clergyman's mind. At any rate, it was not so bad a lapse as another case that is recorded. What it was that caused the loss of memory in the hero of the following anecdote it is hard to state. Certainly Fritz must have had a queer head if the German story-teller has not exaggerated in his anecdote. It seems that a probably very dull young man named Fritz had been ordered by his master to take four horses and a lurry—which is a sort of car much used by coal miners and others who have need of vehicles for the conveyance of very heavy articles—and fetch a steam-boiler from a neighboring town. Just as he was about to start, his master's wife called him in, and said: "Fritz, here's threepence. I want you to bring me a packet of pins, and please don't forget it."

"No, ma'am," said Fritz, and off he started.

Some hours later Fritz came back, drove up to the house, unharnessed the horses, stepped into the house, and delivered the small parcel of pins to the lady.

"I say, Fritz," said his master, who was standing at the window, "what have you done with the boiler?"

"Boiler, sir?" answered Fritz. "Donnerwetter, sir, I hope you won't be vexed, but I clean forgot it."

ginning with a Chicago express at six, and ending with a [illegible] express at seven o'clock. From that time the number of trains leaving the station does not drop to five or six an hour until midnight. Then, with the departure of the night express (Z 33) at one minute before twelve o'clock, a Boston express at one minute past twelve, and a Saratoga local three minutes later, one day of [illegible] ends and another begins. A stillness only broken by the muffled sound of a solitary engine slowly moving, or the slow pace of a night watchman, or the low-toned conversation of the night shift of yardmen, falls over the outbound side of the great station.

At the opposite or inbound side the first arrival of the day comes at 5.58 o'clock in the shape of a Western mail and express train. Two minutes later there comes another from New England, and at a quarter past six a Stamford local discharges a load of passengers, who look as though they had been awakened altogether too early. Between six and seven o'clock also come in the heavy through expresses from Boston, Montreal, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the Southwest, bringing so many hundreds of weary passengers—all glad that their long night ride is ended, and eager to escape from the station that they may go in search of breakfast—such mountains of trunks, and so many tons of mail and express matter, as make this the busiest hour of the day on the inbound side of the station.

From six o'clock on through every hour of the day there is a constant stream of arrivals, with one train hardly emptied of its passengers and pulled out of the way before another hastens to take its place. At midnight a local from New Haven rolls softly in, and two minutes later the X milk train that started out so early in the morning finds its way back, after having picked up full cans from every cross-road platform between the thirsty city and the distant Berkshire Hills. It is the last train of the day, and with the final clatter of its cans, as they are deposited in the long lines of waiting milk wagons, the peace of silence descends on the inbound as well as over the outbound side of the great station.

As the Grand Central Station is occupied by three railroads, there are three distinct reception-rooms for passengers on the ground-floor of its western or outbound side. The largest of these is that of the New Haven road, which fronts on Forty-second Street, and receives all New England passengers, whether they are going by way of Hartford and Springfield, by the New York and New England road, or by the Shore Line. Connected with this spacious waiting-room are the regular features of every great railroad station, such as ticket, telegraph, drawing-room or sleeping-car offices; a bureau of information, where the thousand and one sensible or absurd questions of passengers are answered; a news-stand; a parcel-room, to which packages may be sent, or where they may be left upon the payment of a slight charge; well-appointed retiring-rooms; and an outbound baggage-room, where, after one has purchased his ticket, his trunks will be weighed and checked to their destination.

Each waiting-room of the Grand Central Station has its own outward-bound baggage-room; and as travellers rarely send their trunks to the station until the day on which they propose to begin their journey, baggage does not accumulate in these rooms, and they are comparatively small. With incoming baggage, however, the case is different. All of this, together with express and mail, no matter over what road it comes, is received in one great room extending the entire length of the station. Here the day and hour of its arrival are marked on each piece of baggage, and it is allowed to remain unclaimed for twenty-four hours free of charge. For the succeeding twenty-four hours a charge of twenty-five cents is made against it, and after that it is charged ten cents a day until called for.

The plan of charging storage on baggage left unclaimed for more than one day was forced upon railroad companies by the impositions of certain travellers. In the days when there was no such charge these persons were accustomed to make use of inbound baggage-rooms as safe places in which to leave their trunks for days, weeks, or even months at a time. Many untravelled folk, who are ignorant of the fact that unclaimed baggage will be charged for, do this even now. When the Christian Endeavor Convention of last summer brought 30,000 strangers into New York, hundreds of them appeared at the Grand Central Station every day, demanding access to the trunks or bags they had allowed to remain there, thinking thus to save themselves expense and trouble, and to be shown some place in which they might make a change of apparel. Of course when, as is the case of this great railroad station, the incoming baggage amounts to thousands of pieces every day, the capacity of the baggage-room will not admit of its being used as a storage warehouse at the same time, and to prevent this a heavy charge must be made against all unclaimed baggage.

If a trunk or other article be thus left for more than a week, it finds its way to the unclaimed baggage-room down in the basement of the station. Here it may remain for a month or so; but sooner or later, if still unclaimed, it receives the humiliating title of "Dead Horse," and is transferred to another underground apartment devoted exclusively to lost baggage that will in all probability never be called for. This "Dead Horse" room is cleared out once a year by an auction sale, previously advertised, of all its contents. Curious and often pathetic enough these contents are. Besides trunks, valises, and boxes in all stages of dilapidation—for valuable trunks rarely find their way to this purgatory of baggage—there are the canvas bags of sailors, the knapsacks of soldiers, carpenters' tool chests, baby-carriages, invalid-chairs, and scores of other things that under ordinary circumstances would never suggest themselves as baggage.

The Grand Central Station and its busy yards are singularly quiet and free from the irritating noises that generally accompany the movements of railroad trains. Urgent indeed would be the necessity that should cause the sounding of a locomotive whistle or the ringing of its bell within the yard limits of the station, or, for that matter, anywhere south of the Harlem River. Nor is undue shouting or loud calling permitted in the vicinity of the station, any more than firemen are allowed to throw fresh coal on their fires, and thus create unnecessary smoke between the station and the Harlem.

All movements of trains or locomotives are conducted by prearranged and well-understood signals. A signal-tower, in which three men, silent and alert, continually pull or push at the long row of levers that control all switches and signals in the yard, stands amid the maze of tracks a few hundred feet beyond the station. The upper room of this tower, in which the switchmen work, has an unbroken row of windows extending around all sides, thus giving a clear view of the entire yard. If a yard-master wishes a certain track opened, he does not shout to these men, but stands where they cannot fail to see him, and holds up a certain number of fingers, or makes other signs that would lead a stranger to think him deaf and dumb. Whatever sign he makes is instantly comprehended by the tower-men, and they good-naturedly pull at their levers until his request is granted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD RECIPE.

"WHEN I go shooting for birds," said Wallie, "I'm not going to use shot to kill 'em with. I'm going to catch 'em alive."

"How are you going to do it, Wallie?" asked his uncle.

"I'm going to load my gun with salt and shoot at their tails," said Wallie.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"OH, don't say anything to me about that watch! I've had *such* a time!" cried Martha, growing very red in the face. "I never saw papa so angry. He said he was having trouble enough with the men without being obliged to have one arrested for stealing. He talked in that way, instead of sympathizing with me about my watch. As if I were to blame! When we were little girls we used to go about alone anywhere that we liked. After we began to go to New York in the winter, mamma found that was common, so we had to have a maid, and now we can't stir without Miss Ferris at our heels."

"Papa doesn't care about the commonness, you know," explained Julia, "but he is afraid the workmen will be rude to us."

"They were, sure enough, yesterday, at the circus, the horrid things," said Martha. "I hope they'll have to stay in jail long enough to pay for it. I *never* had such a fright."

"Did you get your watch?" persisted Jean, who had found it needful to add to her daily devotions a prayer that she might not envy Martha Hallett that watch.

"*Get it!* Why, of course one doesn't expect to get it," said Martha, impatiently. "I shall be satisfied if I'm not scolded any more about it, and if papa doesn't fulfil his threat to send me to the State Normal School. Only think of it! that dreadful place where they manufacture teachers, and you *have* to study. He means it, too; that's the worst of papa, he always means things. He says it would make a woman of me—as if I wanted to be made a woman of!" added Martha, in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh, I wish I could go—somewhere to learn to do something to earn money!" Robin burst forth in spite of herself. "Oh, I don't know what I'm saying; of course I couldn't go," she added, hastily.

"Robin, what *is* the matter?" cried Jean. "You're pale, and you look so—so frightened!"

"It's nothing, only—only there seems to be so much trouble," faltered Robin. "And of course I should like to be something some day besides the mate of the *Mary Ann*." Robin tried to speak lightly, there was so much surprise and concern in the faces around her.

Martha, who had looked at her curiously, drew a long breath. "I call that fun," she said. "I couldn't be mate of so much as a row-boat without having Miss Ferris perched up in the bow, like 'the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.'"

"You really ought not to talk like that, Martha," said Julia, reprovingly. "She always tries to be kind, and I'm sure she dislikes to tag us round as much as we dislike to have her."

"Did they search him?" asked Jean, whose mind was not to be diverted from the watch. "Why, how you jumped, Robin! What startled you?"

"It's no wonder she did; you will keep talking about that horrid man," said Martha, crossly. "I wish people would let me forget all about it."

"I don't see how you can forget that lovely watch," said Jean.

"I can't help thinking of Jo Wilkes's mother and that pitiful-looking crippled sister," said Julia.

"They'll be taken care of; he belongs to the union, and the men look out for each other," said Martha. "And he isn't any worse off than the others; they'll all be fined or imprisoned for making a disturbance."

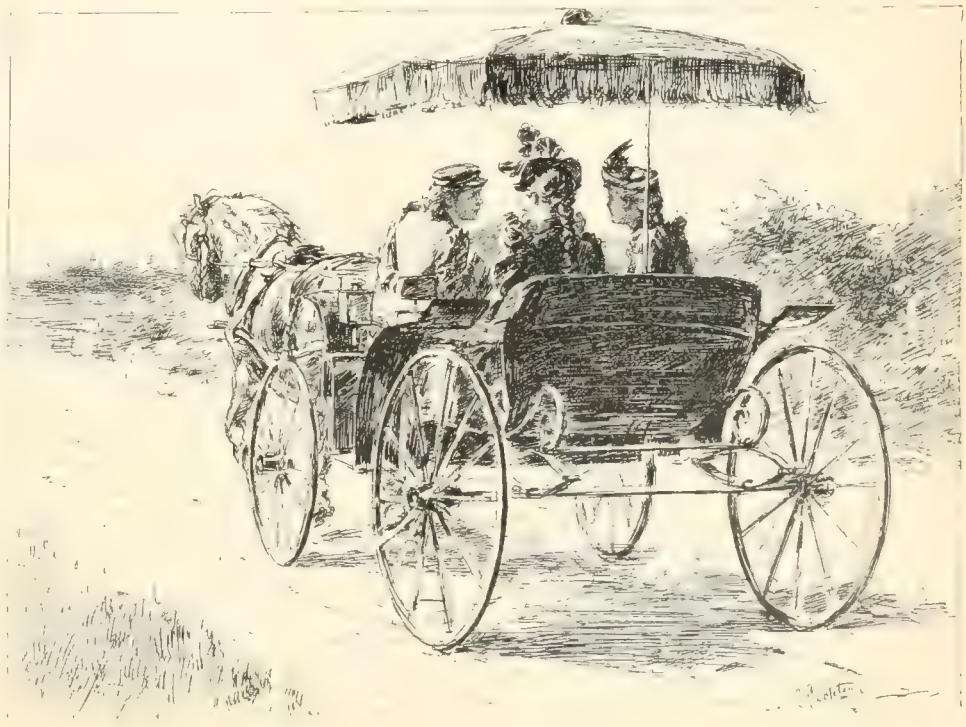
"But stealing is different, Martha; of course he'll have a long sentence, and then there's the disgrace; it will break his mother's heart," persisted Julia.

"Mrs. Farnwell was talking to me about it this morning; she pities Jo's mother so; she says that she came of as respectable a family as any on the Cape; her father was a Fleetwell sea-captain."

"Why doesn't she go back there, then?" said Martha, quickly. "Probably she has friends who would take care of her. Or perhaps Jo will get clear; who knows? I don't see how they can prove anything."

"You said you *knew* it was he, Martha, and they'll make you go to court and swear," said Julia. "Oh dear, you don't suppose they'll make us all go, do you? I'm sure I don't know anything about it, do you, Robin?"

They were going along the broad street now, in the cheerful afternoon sunshine. Robin had accompanied the Hallett girls, scarcely realizing where she was going, absorbed in her eagerness to unravel the mystery of the watch. It was frightfully clear now. Ken had done "a desperate deed," as he had threatened. The opportunity had come to him, and he had not hesitated to take it. He could do without his father's money, because that watch



MARTHA KEPT THE FAT PONY UP TO HIS LIVELIEST PACE.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

pay it back as soon as he could; he should never have any peace until he could pay it"; and that seemed to him to make [illegible]

[illegible] her brain in a whirl, while the girls chatter[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] that she [illegible] just now she felt, because she was almost broken-hearted when Martha went away for a little while, although they quarrelled so often, and Martha was generally "horrid." She must clear Jo Wilkes from the unjust suspicion, she must pay for the watch.

"*Go to court!*" repeated Martha slowly. "I shan't have to go to court, shall I? I *wouldn't* go, anyway. they couldn't make me."

"I wish I had been bright enough to stay away from that horrid old circus that wasn't any fun, anyway," said Martha. "I wish they would just let Jo Wilkes go, and not say any more about it. I should think they ought to [illegible] it was his watch."

"If he is really a thief I suppose that wouldn't do, would it?" said Julia, doubtfully.

"He would have to bear the disgrace just the same; no one would ever trust him," said Robin, reflectively.

"He'll have to go away from here, anyway," said Martha. "None of those men who were discharged will be taken back again. I heard papa say that they were determined upon that. He said it was time that the manufacturers had the control of things. No workmen are so high and mighty as the glassmen, you know. The union dictates how long the apprentices shall serve. Just think of it! All that is going to be changed, papa says; and although all those men who were discharged were apprentices in the fourth grade, it is of no use for them to stay round here; not one will be hired again. And they will hire foreigners if they like. The union tries to keep them out, you know. That is one reason why they dislike Carlsen so; he is a foreigner. I wonder if he wouldn't help me to get Jo Wilkes released? I *can't* go to court."

"I wish—I wish he could get free," said Robin.

Perhaps the disgrace would not matter to him if he were going away. At all events, it would not kill him, as it would her father, and the watch could be paid for, perhaps, without any exposure of Ken's wickedness. It would be sacrificing Jo Wilkes unjustly; Robin was not for an instant blind to that fact; but what could one do when things were so hard, so unendurable? Could she be expected to accuse her brother—she, the only one who knew—and have him arrested as a thief, brought into court to stand his trial instead of Jo Wilkes? He had not snatched it, of course; he had only picked it up and kept it; but that could not be very different in the eye of the law.

"I wish he could get free and go away," she repeated, all the eagerness appearing now in her face and voice.

"Why, do *you* wish so?" said Martha.

"How can she help wishing so, thinking of his mother and sister?" said Julia. "I suppose one ought to wish a thief to get his deserts, but Jo Wilkes has such an honest face it is hard to believe him a real thief. I think those other fellows must have urged him on. Carlsen has made them so bitter they are ready for anything. I wish he never had come here, if papa does think he is going to do great things for the works."

"I wish I had gone down to the works, and found Carlsen, and asked him to [illegible] Jo Wilkes off," said Martha, anxiously. "I can't get that court out of my mind. Fancy my having to get upon a stand, and hold up my right hand, and swear to things! Those lawyers confuse one so too. I went once with papa, so I know all about it. And I know I couldn't endure it."

"Would it be as bad as the Normal School?" said Jean, jestingly.

"Oh, girls, it isn't a joking matter," exclaimed Martha, piteously. "Will you come with me and find Carlsen? You will, Robin, I am sure."

"I must say you're not very polite, Martha, when we're almost home, and the Rawlins girls and Duke promised to come to [illegible]

"We can be at home before tea-time," said Martha. "And we can have out the pony. It is too warm for tennis, and driving will be much nicer. There is only room for four in the phaeton, so Miss Ferris can't tag. Wouldn't you like to go, girls?"

Robin had to try not to show too great eagerness, and Jean was quite ready for a drive behind the fat, long-tailed pony, which was her especial admiration.

"We ought to have Peggy and Duke with us," suggested Julia, as they drove along, Martha keeping the fat pony up to his liveliest pace. "They must have some influence over Carlsen, though I'm not sure that they would think Jo Wilkes ought to be let off if he is a thief."

"It isn't a question of letting Jo Wilkes off, but of letting me off from that dreadful court," said Martha. "Carlsen likes to keep on the right side of us," she added, shrewdly. "Papa is the senior partner, after all, and he has the more money, although the Rawlinses are so—so swell."

"Now I should like to know if you are not talking about money and being vulgar," exclaimed Julia, who was not too good-natured to take her revenge when an opportunity offered.

"Money is worth talking about if it will save one from going to court," said Martha. "Oh, how I wish I had never said a word about the watch!"

"Papa would have had to know some time; he would find out that you had lost it," said Julia.

"And perhaps you'll get it again," suggested Jean.

"He could have passed it on to some one else; those men are all in league with each other," said Martha.

"I don't think I should mind going to court so very much," said Jean, reflectively. "It's only to tell the plain truth. And though, of course, one would pity his mother and little sister, I don't see why one should feel so badly for the thief. He needn't snatch watches," she added, stoutly.

"I wonder if he wouldn't confess and restore the watch if some one were to talk to him? I might ask Peggy Rawlins to go to see him with me," said Julia.

"Oh, dear me! will you let me get Jo Wilkes off, if I can, without such a fuss?" cried Martha, impatiently. "After that you can go missionarying, and be just like Peggy Rawlins, if you want to."

"I'm not good like her," said Julia, regretfully. "I wonder if she would have been so good if she had been freckled, and rolly-poly, and her nose almost a pug."

"*Almost* a pug!" echoed Martha, with a shrill, provoking little laugh. "*Almost!*"

Perhaps it was fortunate that they had reached the glass-works, for Julia was apt to resent deeply any uncomplimentary suggestions upon her appearance. She alighted, grumblingly, at her sister's request, and went into the counting-room. Their father was never there at this hour, but Martha declared that she was afraid to face his alpaca coat, which hung upon a nail there, while he was so angry with her.

"He is never so angry with Ju," she explained. "He thinks she went to the circus because I enticed her, and she the older, too! It's really ridiculous."

"Carlsen isn't here," said Julia, reappearing, after a few minutes. "They say he drove away in his buggy, and one man thinks he saw him turn down the marsh road."

"Perhaps we shall meet him," said Martha, after knitting her brows for a moment. "At all events, we may as well drive there as anywhere; it's a pleasant road."

Robin strained her eyes even more eagerly than Martha to catch a glimpse of Carlsen, but it was all in vain.

"He probably went over to Quansett; the man said he had been gone quite a while; and he may have taken the short-cut home, along the edge of the Honeypot," suggested Julia. "The road is bad, but he is always in a hurry. Papa says he is bound to be rich; he won't let anything stand in his way."

"I wish we could find him. I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night for thinking of that witness stand," said Martha.

"Here we are at the Freneau house," said Julia. "And there's Annette in the door. What is the matter, I wonder? She is crying and wringing her hands."

"Oh, that little tempest! I dare say she does it in her sleep," said Martha, impatiently, and was driving on.

Robin begged her to stop. "It must be something serious to make her behave like that," she said.

In fact, Annette was the embodiment of frantic distress and wrath. She sobbed and screamed, she wrung her hands, and twisted her apron as if she were wreaking vengeance upon an enemy.

"Oh, have you meet him—that bad man that carry away my Dave?" she cried, as Robin alighted and went towards her.

"Dave carried away?" exclaimed Robin.

"Yes, it is that wicked man! He have throw dust in my Dave's eyes. He have talk and talk to him about glass; he have try to find out what Dave know, what my father have told him. But he have found out nothing! For once I have been glad that he know nothing, my poor Dave!"

"What *is* she talking about?" asked Martha.

"I think she means Carlsen," said Robin, thrilled with a new anxiety. Could he have made Dave remember, when Ken could not?

"Carlsen! oh, where is he? Which way did he go?" exclaimed Martha, who was not to be moved from her own purpose by all Annette's tears.

"He have carried off my Dave!" repeated Annette. "He would not listen to me. I have followed and hung on to the wagon, and he have laugh at me."

"Did he carry him off against his will?" asked Robin.

"What is it that is Dave's will? He poor foolish boy now. The bad man throw dust in his eyes. He tell him of the fine things they make at the works now. He want to show him, he say; as if we have not seen flint-glass where we come from, Dave and me, and make it too! Dave know how to do the whole if they would let him. Our father, he was master melter!" Annette said this with an indescribable air of pride; for a moment she had forgotten her trouble.

"It seems he has taken the boy over to the works to show him the new department. I'm sure it was very kind of him, and I don't see what she is making such a fuss about," said Julia.

"He probably took the short-cut. If we go back at once we shall find him at the works," said Martha. "*Please* hurry, Robin."

"He won't hurt Dave, Annette. He will bring him back again," said Robin, assuringly. "We are going over to the works; we will tell him that he must carry Dave home at once."

"*You* bring him home! I will trust my Dave with you," said Annette. "Get him away from that bad man! He have the evil-eye! He will make my Dave remember what is great secret, what no one know but him, and then he will find it out! He will cheat us, just as he try to cheat my poor father. It is not for nothing that your brother Ken have tell me to look out! But how can I look out when, though I make great noise, no one will hear me?"

"Goodness! they can't help hearing you!" said Martha, impatiently. She started up the pony while Robin was still calling out to Annette cheering assurances of Dave's safety.

"What does she mean about a secret?" said Julia. "I've heard something about a discovery that old Freneau claimed to have made, but I don't suppose it amounted to anything. Papa never took any notice of it. I don't suppose Carlsen had any motive except to be kind to the boy, although I must say that doesn't seem exactly like him."

"It's perfectly ridiculous to suppose that that boy knows anything about glass-making that Carlsen doesn't know," said Martha. "All the secrets are known to the order, and they protect them religiously."

"But Freneau didn't belong to the order; they wouldn't have him because he was a foreigner," said Julia. "And that is why the men disliked him so, because he pretended to have a secret that he wouldn't tell."

"This pony is so fat that he won't go," said Martha, using the whip quite smartly, to Rory's evident surprise. "It's all your fault, Ju; you give him so much sugar. Yes, I'm going to take the short-cut. I'll be careful. I don't want to get back to the works and find Carlsen gone again."

"I'm not sure that papa would think that this was much better than going to the circus," suggested Julia.

"He won't know; that's the difference," said Martha, promptly. She steered skilfully around the bogs and thank-you-ma'ams in the Honeypot road, and drove up to the glass-works while Carlsen's horse and buggy were still in the yard.

"Let's go in, just for a minute," said Julia. "It's awfully hot, but it's so pretty to see them blow the bottles and vases. I never cared about the window-glass."

Robin was anxious enough to go in. Here was another way in which she must protect Ken, and this was far less trying than the other, although she feared that Carlsen might gain more influence over Dave than she could possibly do.

They saw Carlsen as soon as the door was opened for them into the furnace-room of the new department. Dave was standing beside him, gazing as if fascinated at a man who was gathering metal on his punty thrust deep into the molten heart of the furnace. Carlsen came towards them at once with a flush of surprise on his face, and casting a curious glance at Robin.

"I want you to do something for me, Carlsen. I want you to get Jo Wilkes clear, so that I needn't go to court," said Martha, imperatively.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Carlsen, his brow clearing into a smile. "I'm afraid that's impossible. But perhaps we can get him to plead guilty, and then you won't have to go. I told his mother that was his best chance. She's half crazy about it, and pretty troublesome."

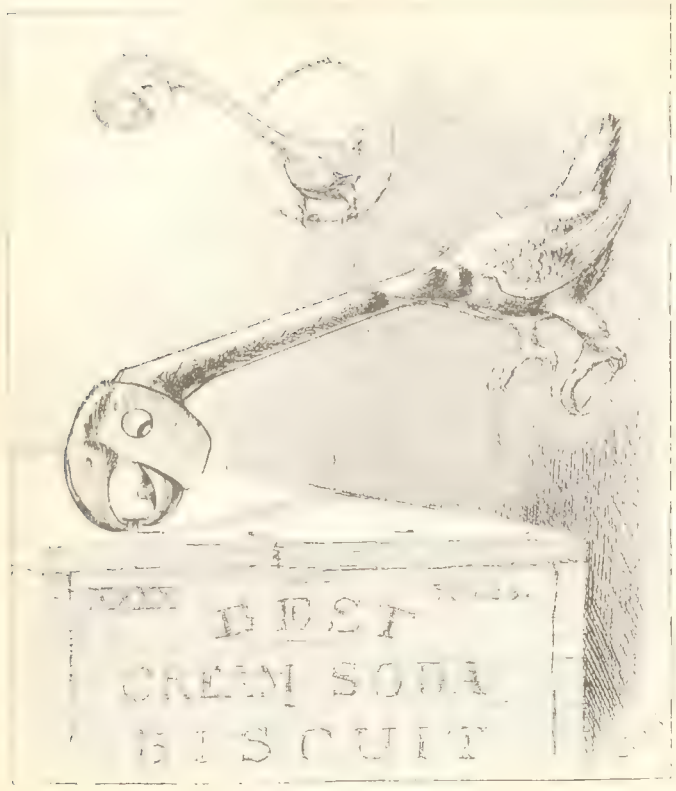
How could she be silent, and let Jo Wilkes's mother suffer like that? If she were only a heroine, like Jeanie Deans, to tell the truth, whatever might come of it! But she—she was weak-minded; Ken had always said so. She was ashamed of being the mate of the *Mary Ann*. Ah! she had not realized, then, what things there were in the world to be ashamed of!

"She pretends to be very indignant at having her son called a thief. They always do. And he's a pretty obstinate fellow; but when he finds out that he'll get off easier by owning up"

There had been a queer fluttering in Robin's ears; the huge fiery eyes of the furnace danced before her own eyes, and came crowding about her.

"Oh, get him clear—get him clear, can't you?" she cried, as she caught at the iron bar of a bench near her to steady herself, the dancing crowding eyes made her so dizzy. "He never will confess; he didn't do it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



POLLY WANTS A CRACKER

SOUTH AMERICAN NAIL PUTTER (*to uncle Jacob*). "WILL SOME ONE PLEASE PUT ON MY HAT? A FEW TIMES AND THIS ENABLE ME TO OBTAIN MY LIVING."

LOOKING FORWARD.

LITTLE EMILY has been very naughty because her mamma would not let her go out with a party of friends, with whom they were staying, and she screamed so that every one in the house was distressed and worried. Her mamma had to lock her up in a room and tell her she should not come out till she said she would be good and promised not to cry any more. Every now and then her mamma would go and ask her to promise, but she only screamed the louder. At last a silence fell upon the house, and when poor mamma opened the door, there, stretched upon the floor, lay the pretty weary little form, and when the dear mother drew her to her and asked the oft-repeated question, "Will you be good and promise not to cry any more?" the pretty eyes looked up, still full of tears, and the little girl said, "Yes, mamma, I'll be good, and promise not to never, *never* cry any more till some of my dear relations die."

HER DAYS AT HOME.

"HULLO" said the first Robin of spring to the Canary in the cage. "How are you?"

"Very well, thanks. Come and see me once in a while, will you?" said the Canary.

"With pleasure," said the Robin. "What days am I likely to find you in?"

"Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays," said the Canary.

JACKY'S IDEA.

"DEAR me," said Jacky, as he caught sight of a loaf of brown-bread. "Look at the little darky loaf."

A SYMPATHETIC LITTLE MAID

MOLLIE [illegible] weeping quietly, and her mother asked her what was the matter.

"I'm sorry for poor Watopa," she said.

"Why, certainly, it is very well, dear. There is nothing wrong [illegible]."

"But," sobbed Mollie, "isn't he an orphan, mamma?"

A GOOD IDEA

"PAPA," said Fred, "if you'll give me a dollar, I'll give you a present."

"Well, let's hear first what the present is to be?" said his father.

"A cent," said Fred.

ALWAYS SOMETHING.

MAMMA. "What are you fussing over now, Herbert?"

HERBERT. "This jack-knife."

MAMMA. "You annoyed me almost to death to buy it for you, and now that you have it, you still worry me with it. What's the matter with it, anyhow?"

HERBERT. "Nothing; only I can't open it."

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

"SAY, Bobbie," said Jack, "suppose I should hit you behind the ear with a snowball, what would you do?"

"I'd hit you behind the ear without a snowball," said Bobbie.

SOME GREAT INVENTIONS.

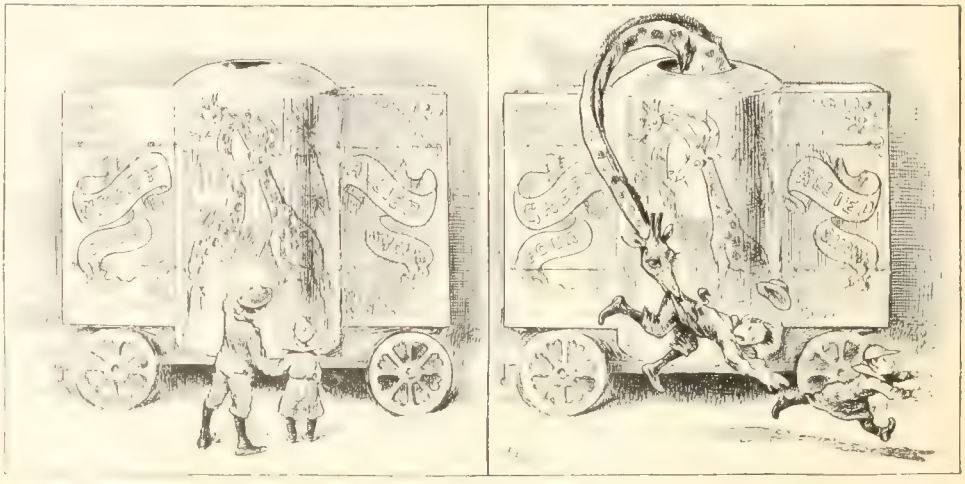
A FACETIOUS English paper says that a German has invented a safe that, on its lock being tampered with, throws open its door, seizes and drags and locks in the burglar, and handcuffs and holds him in readiness to be conducted to the police court in the morning. The English paper adds that this is almost equal to the patent American servant-girl bed, which at a certain hour in the morning pitches her out, dresses her, carries her down stairs, and shows her how to start the fire.

What a boon such an invention would be! And if a bed of this sort could be hit upon by some ingenious American, what is there to prevent another inventive genius from devising a school-book that will grab hold of a boy and tell him all it knows in an instant, and then go to school with him and see that he recites it properly?

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPELLING.

"Do they ever have any sleighing in Africa, papa?" asked Willie.

"That all depends upon how you spell it, my son," returned his papa. "They go slaying every day of the year, if you spell it with a 'y'."



A SUDDEN CASE OF GRIP.

"SAY, JIMMIE, I DON'T BELIEVE THERE EVER WAS AN ANIMAL WITH A NECK AS LONG AS THAT. WHY, HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE GRIP IN SO TIME."

AND HE DID HAVE IT IMMEDIATELY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"IT was so dreadfully hot in there," said Julia, when Robin, carried into the open air, had recovered, and declared, in a determined voice, that she "felt just as well as ever, and was ashamed of having made so much trouble."

"I used to feel just like that every time I went into the furnace-room," added Julia, sympathetically.

"She's so tender hearted too," said Jean. "It worried her to hear how badly Jo Wilkes's mother felt. Wasn't that it, partly, Robin? What did you mean, Robin, by saying he didn't do it?"

There was never to be any escape from Jean's direct questionings.

A bright color leaped into Robin's pale cheeks. "I -I don't—it didn't seem possible that he could be a common thief; he looks so honest," she said, dropping her eyes.



DAVE WAS STILL STANDING BY THE FURNACE, WATCHING WITH FASCINATED GAZE.

"*I* call that foolish," said Martha. "What does it matter to people like that if they are suspected? He would be let off easily if he would plead guilty, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, I think that can be managed, if he restores the watch," said Carlsen.

"But I don't care about the watch," said Martha; "that is, compared to the horror of being perched up on a witness stand, a watch is nothing at all. Do your best to get him off, anyway, won't you, Carlsen?"

"I can't say I wonder much at Martha," said Julia; "it must be horrid to go to court. But I shouldn't care so much if I were you, Robin. Of course if there was anything that one could do about it—"

"What could I do? Of course it is of no use to think about it," said Robin, lightly. Carlsen was watching her narrowly. It terrified her to think how much she might have betrayed to his keen wits. "I shall be sorry if Martha has to go to court, that's all. Come, let us go back to the furnace-room. I want to see them make the pretty vases and bottles. Oh, you needn't be afraid! I sha'n't be faint again. I have been in before, many a time, and it's only just at first that I feel the heat. And—and Dave Freneau can go home with us, Mr. Carlsen, we pass his house on our way home, and his sister is very anxious about him." Robin said this, summoning all her courage, as they followed Carlsen back into the furnace-room.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

"What a hot-spitting she is—that sister of his," said Carlsen, good humoredly, although a slight flush that seemed like anger had risen to his brow. "I pitied the boy. I used to know him when he was a little chap, and I thought it might amuse him to see the sort of glass-making that he was used to. His father was very skilful at the work. It was a pity that there was such a prejudice against him on account of his being a foreigner. It made him bitter and hard to get along with. I suppose it was the same here. That girl seemed to think I wanted to murder her brother. I had a curiosity to see whether he would remember anything about the different processes, or whether he had lost his wits as entirely as people say."

"I'm sure I think it was very good of you; such people are always ungrateful," said Martha.

Dave was still standing by the furnace, watching with a fascinated gaze the workmen as they thrust their punties into the blazing depths to gather metal.

"I wanted him to let me do it, and he wouldn't," he said, complainingly, to Carlsen. His brows were knitted, and he seemed too much absorbed to notice the rest of the party. He even looked at Robin and Jean without seeming to see them.

"Let him take it!" said Carlsen to the workman, who delivered the punty up to Dave, hesitatingly, and with a look of dismay.

The boy, with his heavy bewildered face, wandered off with the blazing ball of fire. Those who bustled unconcernedly about the men who bore similar burdens gave him a wide berth. The girls scattered with little cries, which Dave did not seem to hear. Carlsen kept close behind him, watching intently.

Dave went over to one of the benches, but he waved aside an old man who would have taken the tube from him, and himself blew the glass into a globe, and sat down at the bench with it, the old man standing back at a sign from Carlsen, but with a comical look of indignation. "The order wouldn't allow it," he muttered. "He wa'n't nothin' but a tender 'fore he got to be a fool."

Carlsen paid no attention except by a flickering smile.

Dave rolled the globe back and forth on the horizontal bar on each side of him, never lifting his eyes while the glass kept oddly changing its shape; there was a half-smile on his face like that of a child delighted with his toy. He had made a hole in the globe, and enlarged it gradually, though without any apparent care, into a symmetrical opening. By this time the glass had cooled, so that there was nothing more to be done. Carlsen waved back a young man who was approaching, unseen by Dave. The boy looked up and around him in a little bewilderment; then he arose, selected out of all the hurrying throng, with their different burdens, the young man who had been coming to him, and took from his hand the long tube with a disk of red-hot glass upon it, which he instantly fastened to his cool globe. He sat down at the bench again, scratched the globe, and jarred it. The men were leaving their work, and allowing their fiery balls of glass to cool while they watched Dave, until Carlsen's sharp voice aroused them to their duty. There were dissatisfied mutterings about the irregularity of the proceedings, mingled with exclamations of astonishment at the skill of the boy, whose supposed mental condition was speedily reported by those of the old hands who knew Dave.

Off ran Dave to the "glory hole" with his globe, impatiently rejecting the help of the man whose business it was to do this part of the work, and quickly heated the broken end into softness; then back again to the bench, and began to manipulate the globe anew. A minute or two, and there was a perfect lamp shade under Dave's swift hands. A stroke detached it from the iron rod, and dropped it into a bed of sand.

Dave allowed the small boy, who came running up, to carry it off to the annealing furnace. He looked up pale, and as if just awakened, and wiped his wet face with his handkerchief.

"You did that pretty well, old fellow!" said Carlsen, cordially. And there was a murmur of applause, amid the grumbling of the men, at which Dave flushed with pride.

"He must have done it all consid'able many times," said the old man whose place at the bench Dave had seized. "Tain't a-loved, though—a youngster like him. Where'd you do it, sonny?"

Dave's face clouded. "I don't know," he said, in a puzzled tone.

"He wa'n't anything but a tender in the window-glass house," remarked a boy, in an injured tone.

"I don't know whether I *ever* did it before," said Dave, knitting his brows painfully. "But I've seen it—oh, all the time, somewhere."

"'Twas pretty well done for a boy who has no memory," said Carlsen, in a tone of triumph.

"I can't see how he could do it, when he hardly seems to know any one," said Jean.

"Memory is a curious thing, and injuries to the brain produce very queer results," said Carlsen. "I've been reading about them lately." He looked suddenly at Robin, whose gaze was fixed intently upon him. "My bump of curiosity is very large, and I—I came near studying medicine once," he added, by way of explanation.

"He wants to find out, like Thanny Baker," said Jean, in an aside.

"What the boy has lost is his memory of events," continued Carlsen. "Whatever he has been in the habit of doing he can do still. He could do his work just as well as before."

"But the doctor said he mustn't," said Robin. "His brain must have rest."

"I dare say he is right, though I doubt if his memory ever returns," said Carlsen, carelessly, as if it were, after all, a matter of very little consequence.

"Of course it will, when he can remember so much," said Jean, with a kind of indignation. "Anyway, it must be rather good fun to begin all over again. I should like to be just getting acquainted with Robin, and the twins, and Traddles, and Ken. How queer it would be not to know that Ken must be smoothed the right way when he has anything new on, and that Robin likes to make butter-scotch when the wind is east."

Carlsen led the way into another room where there were samples of colored glass upon a long bench. Dave took up a dainty vase, amber at the bottom and ruby at the mouth, and examined it curiously.

"Did you ever make anything like that?" asked Carlsen, easily.

Dave shook his head after a moment's troubled reflection. "I don't know now," he said. "I think I dreamed something once about colors like that, but it won't come back when I'm awake. Do you know how to do it?" He looked wistfully up at Carlsen.

"I? Oh yes, it's very simple. I'll show you some time," said Carlsen.

"I don't know how they make it—make it—those colors," said Dave, with eager interest.

"There are many different things used to give color to glass," said Carlsen, observing him intently. "It is gold that gives that amber-color."

"Amber color—gold! That's it! I know!" exclaimed Dave, his face lighting up. "I *knew*, but I can't remember names."

"The doctor said he might come to remember by associating ideas—wasn't that it, Robin?—or his memory might come back all at once," said Jean.

"He looks tired now," said Carlsen, quickly cutting

short this recalling of the doctor's prophecies. "I will drive him home, or if you would prefer to have him go with you." He said this politely to Robin, but with a little quizzical smile, which made Robin feel very small and childish and unwarrantably suspicious.

The Hallett girls insisted that Robin and Jean should go home with them to meet the Rawlins girls and Duke, who were coming to tea, but Robin resisted all their entreaties, and, what was still more difficult, the little pleading tug which Jean privately gave her dress skirt. Jean dearly loved a good time, and there was no weight on her spirits which could not be lightly shaken off. Robin was too single-hearted to be able to make merry while all this trouble about Ken was weighing upon her. By promising "solemnly" to go to their tennis party the next week, she finally pacified the girls, and this prospect caused Jean's brow to clear also.

It was settled that the Hallett girls should drive them as far as the Freneau cottage, and Robin and Jean should walk the rest of the way home, while the girls returned to meet their guests. Carlsen came out after them to tell them of the mosaic glass windows that were to be made, and to ask them to come some day and see the process.

"I want to come; I want to see!" cried Dave, eagerly.

"Oh yes, come any time, when I'm not too busy to look after you, unless your — your friends are afraid that it will tire you too much," said Carlsen, and again that little quizzical smile brought the color to Robin's cheeks.

Martha jumped out of the phaeton and ran back to beg Carlsen again to do all that he could to "get Jo Wilkes off."

"He seems very good-natured. I'm sure he only wanted to amuse Dave; what else could he want?" said Julia.

"I go there again," said Dave, who was tucked into the front of the phaeton, amiably curling his long legs up out of the way. "I liked it. And I—I want to think and think."

Annette rushed out like a whirlwind, and almost dragged Dave from the carriage.

"You have rescued him from that bad man!" she cried, fervently embracing Robin. "And he shall not get him again—never, never! We will run away first, my Dave and I."

"I shall not run away," said Dave, stoutly. "I go over there again soon, to-morrow, where they make glass. I make it myself, amber and ruby." He pronounced the words slowly and with difficulty, and evidently felt great pride that he could remember them.

"You see what that wicked man have done! He have my Dave be—bewitch!" (Some English words came very hard to Annette, and this happened to be one of them.) She burst into a passion of tears, which caused Dave's brows to contract in wondering annoyance.

"Do stop making such a fuss!" cried Martha Hallett, irritably. "No one will hurt you or your brother, if you behave yourselves."

"Great things you do know about it—you who are of those who have try to ruin us!" cried Annette, stamping her foot on her door-stone. "Oh, I wish that the son of the minister had not gone! He would make all right."

"Poor Ken! I'm afraid he couldn't," said Robin, with a long sigh, as the phaeton drove away, the Hallett girls sending back a chorus of reminders about the tennis party.

"It isn't so long ago that she was saying she wished Dave would keep away from Ken," said Jean, as they walked on homeward, after giving Annette all the consoling assurances of Dave's safety that they could.

"I'm afraid it doesn't make much difference what Annette says," Robin answered, and yet she felt a certain sense of comfort that any one, even Annette, trusted Ken.

She would trust him too. It was all a mistake; it was a dreadful nightmare from which she would wake soon. And then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she stood still in the road; she would go back and proclaim that it was Ken and not Jo Wilkes who had stolen the watch. She could not bear such a burden of guilt, and share in bringing such suffering upon others.

"I wish I had stuck to what I said when I was faint. I wish I hadn't taken it back," she murmured, half aloud, finding that her resolution failed her utterly when she tried to go back. It was not for Ken's sake, not for her own sake, that she faltered, she said to herself, but her father's suffering face would come between her and the righteous confession. "If I could only tell *some one!* I never was strong enough to bear things alone," thought poor Robin. What would Jean say — honest, single-hearted little Jean, who had had her own conscience troubles about the clove lozenges? But one could not bear to distress her; come what might, she would not tell Jean, Robin resolved. And if mamma were well, were like other mothers; she was not strong, and Ken was her favorite; this very day she had called him "the best one." As for her father, the shock would kill him. No, there was no one to tell, no one. One could say one's prayers, of course. "But that help is so far off," said Robin to herself. Ah, nearer, Robin, than you think—nearer than any of us think!

As for Jean, her mind was dwelling upon sashes. Dear to Jean's heart was a sash, a good wide one, and of a bright color, which would enhance the charms of her new white dress. "Kitty Rawlins has a tennis suit that came from Paris; only think of it!" This was the first of many pathetic remarks of Jean's upon the subject of dress which reached Robin's consciousness. "Don't you think I might have the sash, Robin? Mr. Sears is selling out the ribbon in his store. He only keeps it in the summer, and he isn't going to keep it any more, because the summer people don't buy it, and there's a beautiful blue—*so* wide!"

"Perhaps I can squeeze it out of the housekeeping money. I'm afraid, but I'll try."

"You ought to have a new dress, Robin."

"Oh, I shall do well enough," said Robin, hastily.

"You don't care for anything, now Ken has gone. I think it's queer, when he wanted to go—catch Ken going if he didn't!—and I'm sure he hasn't been so very, very pleasant lately. Or is it Jo Wilkes that makes you feel so? I'm sure one can't worry about all the thieves in the world or their mothers. If you're relation to a thief, you must expect to have trouble," added unconscious Jean. "As for Dave Freneau, *I* think he is getting well."

Their mother met them at the door, her eyes swollen with tears. "I won't say that it is heartless, Robin, for you to go about having a good time when your poor brother has gone, we don't know where, but I wonder how you could. Oh, my poor boy, no one cares for him but me!"

Robin kissed her silently; even at fifteen one has learned sometimes that words are useless where the ear is not fitted to hear; and she comforted her mother by reading the fashions and accounts of the gay doings at Newport.

Her father wished to see her afterwards in his study. He looked paler and more ill than for a long time. He began at once to talk of Ken, it was of Ken that *his* mind was full also.

"Nothing has cut more keenly than that I had no money to give him, Robin," he said. "He had managed to get some somewhere, and begged me not to worry, dear boy! I suppose he got it by fishing or taking people out sailing in his boat. Well, well; perhaps it was better for him to go!"

"There will be money coming from the cranberries before long, papa." Practical comfort was all that she

[illegible] to offer, with the great lump in her throat that could not down.

"If you can keep the meadow!—I hope you can keep it." Then followed some talk of stocks that had deteriorated in value, and dividends that were long delayed. "But it takes so little to keep our heads above water, and you and Moira manage so excellently that we shall do it still [illegible] But it cuts me to the heart that I should have to let Ken go out into the world penniless. Do you know how much money he had and where he got it, Robin?"

It was from her father that Jean had inherited her embarrassing straightforwardness of speech, and they both looked one another directly in the face.

"I—I—he didn't tell me, papa."

"Well, well, you're not to blame, child. I mustn't distress you about it," said her father, misinterpreting her confusion. "Look out for your cranberries, Robin! We're going to have rain; that will be good for them. You mustn't let the frost catch them."

It rained persistently for nearly a week. Rain might be good for cranberries, but it hindered one from hearing the Sandford news, and discovering whether Jo Wilkes was to be tried for theft.

In spite of everything, Robin and Moira put their heads together and managed the sash for Jean, and Robin and Jean went to Quansett and bought it, the first bright days.

It was Prim who came to meet them as they came home.

"No one got sticky, Wobin," she said, "but a stwange thing happened. We were putting our hair into curl-papers;"—in fact, Prim's head was now bristling all over with little sharp paper tails—"I told them it was proper to do our hair upstairs, but Twaddles would stay where papa was, and we found a piece of newspaper in the study, and there wasn't enough to go wound, and Twaddles was on the settle, and she felt something like paper, and she poked her fingers into a wip in the leather and pulled out—this." Prim unclosed her small clinched fist and showed a ball of crumpled paper. "Oh, Wobin, I think it's the paper the monkey carried off that Ken felt so badly about the day the French boy that got hurt came home. Twaddles wasn't going to give it to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FERINGHI AND THE MAGICIANS.

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF COMMON SENSE.

BY JAMES CARTER BEARD.

IN a deep cavern in the Himalaya Mountains lived three famous magicians, who were so learned in the science of China and India that they could make gold pieces vanish, turn diamonds into charcoal, pearls to dust, and tell the color of your grandmother's hair by gazing into your left eye. But with all their learning, they needed some one to look after them.

"Our time is so taken up," they said, "in doing extraordinary things, we have none to spare for ordinary ones."

To do common things rightly demands common-sense. The three magicians at first tried to select the person they needed from among those who came to consult them about lost property or getting married; but not one of these could be found who had the smallest glimmering of common-sense. At last, however, they succeeded in discovering the person for whom they were looking. He was only a well-grown boy. He carried a bow and a quiver of arrows at his back. As he crossed the bridge over which ran the path that led to the mouth of the cave where the magicians lived, he met one of them weeping and bewailing his hard fate. Alas! a golden [illegible] of precious gems and an amulet that brought good fortune to its possessor had been stolen, and the thief had escaped with the treasure.

On hearing this the lad thanked the magician, and turned to go away.



THE THREE TRANSFORMED MAGICIANS.

"For what am I thanked, and why do you depart?" asked the magician.

"I thank you because you have kept me from making a fool of myself," replied his visitor. "The fact is, I have lost the axe with which I gain my livelihood. My neighbors managed to half persuade me that you could help me find it; but if you cannot keep thieves away from your own door, and cannot find your own property when it is stolen, common-sense tells me that I am on the wrong road to find my axe."

"This common-sense of which you speak," said the magician, "is the amulet we seek, the treasured jewels are sound judgment, and the golden vase is the mind that contains them. Listen. The Grand Lama has promised to reward the wisest of his magicians. We meet to compare our skill at Lhosa. You shall accompany us, and do common things for us."

The boy, whom they called Feringhi, though the name does not necessarily mean common-sense, was now taken into the cavern and introduced to the other two magicians, and immediately began to help them prepare for their journey. Having set out, they arrived at length at the marshes that lie between Lhosa and that part of the mountain where the magicians lived.

"The surface of this marsh," said Gazoo, the youngest of the three magicians, "is too solid to permit the passage of a boat, but too soft to allow us to walk upon it, too wide to leap across, and too deep to wade through."

"Verily it is like the wisdom taught us in our books," said Lala, the next brother. "Let us sit here for seven days and seven nights in silent contemplation of this difficulty."

The other two magicians were quite willing to do so, until Feringhi pointed out to them that much contemplation had already delayed their journey so greatly that there really remained no time to lose if they were to be at the shrine of the Grand Lama at the appointed day.

"Since then we must hasten," said Foofoo, "I shall inhale enough of my celebrated, highly concentrated.

double-distilled extract of batrachararum to change my outward shape into that of a frog for the space of half an hour, ample time to cross the marsh, when, on the further shore, I shall resume my natural form."

"For my part," said Lala, "I shall turn turtle. The creature suits my fancy—slow and dignified, much given to retiring within himself in silent contemplation, and not easily disturbed."

Gazoo chose to be a microbe. He intended to cross the marsh on the left eyelid of the turtle.

"But what shall we make of you?" asked the magicians of Feringhi. "Will you prefer to be a tadpole, a newt, or a water-snake?"

Feringhi begged them to give themselves no trouble on his account, assuring them that he would find means to cross the marsh without ceasing to be human; and that if they would allow him to do so, he would see them safely to the other side in their own proper shapes of men.

But the magicians began to believe that Feringhi had not the sense with which they had credited him.

"Unless you consent to be turned into something—" cried Foofoo.

"We shall have to leave you—" said Lala.

"For our journey, as you have said—" remarked Gazoo.

"Admits no further delay," added Foofoo.

Feringhi, however, protested so stoutly that he knew what he was about that they had no choice but to leave him to his own devices. They had scarcely ceased speaking to him when the lad saw lying upon the sward where the magicians had stood but a moment before a large mud-turtle and a great goggle-eyed frog. As for the microbe, it was too small to be seen. Feringhi was deeply interested. He observed the animals closely. Something appeared to be the matter with them. The frog, instead of leaping after the manner of his kind, was scarcely able to crawl slowly and awkwardly out upon the marsh, while the turtle, dragging itself to the low bank overhanging the marsh, fell over it upon its back, and began to sink helplessly into the suffocating mud. At the same time a large secretary-bird, one of a flock foraging about the marsh in search of food, spied the hapless frog, and hastened to gobble him up. It was indeed a moment of peril to these great magicians, and would without doubt have been the last ever heard of them, had not Feringhi, hastily fitting an arrow to his bow, shot the secretary-bird just as it was about to seize its prey, and then ran to the turtle, and taking him out of the mire, turned him "right side up with care." The truth of the matter is, as the magicians afterwards explained at great length to Feringhi, they had omitted to learn and practise their parts, and did not know how to act frog and turtle after they had assumed their shapes, which showed that in its own way a frog or a turtle may know more than learned magicians.

Foofoo, Lala, and Gazoo were, however, after recovering their natural shapes, a little more willing to believe that Feringhi's common-sense had not deserted him, and to consider any plan he had to propose to get them out of their difficulty. Feringhi's plan was a very simple one, but none the less effective, perhaps, on that account. From a great teak-tree, uprooted by a tempest and partly decayed, he wrenched large sections of thick bark, which he broke into eight parts of something like equal size. Of these he retained two, and gave two to each of the magicians. Recommending them to follow his example, he placed one of his pieces of bark upon the surface of the marsh, where it supported him as he stepped upon it, carrying with him the other piece which he placed further on. In this manner, by alternately putting one piece before the other, he went across, followed by the magicians. The party proceeded safely on their journey, until they came to the forests amid the rocks on the shores of the Lake Yandok Cho, where an adventure occurred that still amuses the good people of India and their children, as they tell the story amongst themselves.

In the depths of the forest the three wise and learned men found embedded in the rock the scattered bones of an extinct monster. As they paused to examine the fossil bones, and guess what the animal looked like when alive, it occurred to them to try what their art could do in reconstructing the curious monster. Gazoo succeeded in causing the bones to separate themselves from the rock, and form a complete and perfect skeleton. Lala, by means of a similar exercise of his art, covered the bones with flesh, muscle, and fat, and even restored the scales, the proper covering of the creature when alive. It was certainly very wonderful. There lay a great dragon, as perfect as though it had just fallen asleep, instead of having been dead for countless centuries.

"Our sacred writings," said Foofoo, turning to his brothers, with a smile of superiority, "tell us that 'He who restores a habitation fallen into ruins shall be called the Wonderful Benefactor, but he who restores to life the perishing, he it is who has entered the Perfect Way.' You have given the creature form, I will fill up that form with its proper life."

When Feringhi found that Foofoo was about to restore the great beast to life, he begged to be allowed to first bind its limbs with flexible vines so that it could do them no harm.

"And leave it to slowly die of hunger and thirst, after having restored to it the capacity for suffering?" asked Foofoo, indignantly. "I am incapable of such cruelty. Fear not; the instinct of gratitude in the dragon's heart will prevent him from injuring us."



FERINGHI COMES TO THE RESCUE.

This Feringhi did not believe, and made all the haste he could to climb into a large tree, where he stationed himself among the branches, strung his bow, and loosened



IT LEAPED UPON FOOFOO AND BORE HIM TO THE EARTH.

Feringhi's bow buried itself in the side of the monster. Another followed with unerring aim, and still another, all directed to the most defenseless parts where impenetrable scales did not protect the body, until the dragon sank to the earth, and lay there as it lay before life had been conjured into it, except that the earth all about was stained with the blood that flowed from its many wounds.

Arriving at Lhosa, the magicians and Feringhi were met by an armed guard, taken into custody, and immediately carried to the mountain-temple Potata. Here, on a lofty terrace, beneath a gilded canopy, they were brought into the presence of the Grand Lama. Below them, from their great height, they could see his innumerable votaries thronging from every direction to kneel before the holy mountain, and here, on a golden throne shaped like a lotus flower sat his Sacred Majesty, giving an audience to governors of provinces and kings of nations. Falling prostrate before him they heard him say, in tones of displeasure:

"The humblest and most despised living creature is more sacred to Buddha than the vanity of fools; the soul of the secretary-bird killed on the marshes and that of the dragon, so cruelly brought to life only to be again slaughtered, have come to me calling for justice. This is the decree of the Enlightened, decreed in the name of the Sinless One, that you four culprits be taken to the field adjoining my temple, at the base of the rock upon which it is founded. Here shall you dig the foundations of your prison-house, which you shall build, therein to pass the rest of your present lives in close captivity. Nevertheless, should one escape before the prison-house is built, and by so much as the seventh part of a day, between the rising and setting of the sun, elude my search, you shall all be released. Only know this: that he who thus releases his fellows shall be master and the rest his servants. Verily, I have a crystal tube which will show me all disguises, shapes of enchantment, hiding-places to the ends of the earth, and much further; and indeed the more subtle the disguise and the greater the distance, the more clearly does it show me what I seek to see."

In utter despair the three magicians, and Feringhi, who did not, like them, give up all hope of escape, were led down three hundred staircases to the valley below. Here they were instructed in the task assigned them, and after a time set to work. As soon as Feringhi perceived that they were carelessly guarded, for, relying on the crystal tube of their master, the servants of the Grand Lama did not believe the escape of the prisoners possible, instead of following the orders given him, he did a little work on his own account. He made a trench large enough to lie down in. At one end he dug a small hole which, while he was careful not to widen at the mouth, he enlarged as it grew deeper. When the hour drew near for noonday prayers, he lay down in the trench he had dug, with his face over the hole, so that he could breathe the air in it, and asked the magicians to cover him up with loose earth.

"No," said Foofoo, "we cannot have your soul accusing us to the Grand Lama, like those of the bird and the dragon. Unhappy is the day we ever met you!"

But Feringhi at last persuaded them to do as he wished. When the guards, who had been asleep in the shade of the temple, awoke to find one of their prisoners missing, they only shook their heads and smiled.

"It will be the worse for all of you when our holy master finds him with his crystal tube, and by his magic power brings him back again," said they. "Our prisoners almost always try once, but never twice to escape."

The Grand Lama, hearing of the disappearance of his prisoner, also smiled, and taking up his crystal tube, descended, as was necessary, to the place where the prisoner had been last seen. Taking his stand over the very spot wherein Feringhi lay buried, he again smiled, as he adjusted his crystal tube and looked to the west. In a moment's time he ceased smiling and directed his gaze to the north. After looking a little longer than before, his face assumed a slightly perplexed expression, as he turned to the east. A look of troubled astonishment crept over his sacred features as he once more turned and looked to the south. He muttered something to himself, and tried northeast, southeast, northwest, southwest—in short, he boxed the compass with his detective crystal, and all to no purpose.

"It may well be," thought the Grand Lama, "he has escaped to some distant planet;" but though he adjusted his crystal tube and searched the whole solar system again and again, and even looked further, he could not find his escaped prisoner.

The sacred gongs clashed, the seventh part of a day had passed, and Feringhi was free. Rising alive from the grave he had made for himself, at the very feet of the Grand Lama, the only spot in the universe that the Great Intelligence had never thought of looking at, and prostrating himself, he asked the fulfilment of the promises made him.

Startled and confounded, the Grand Lama retreated a pace or two, and made a magic gesture to ward off danger.

"That must be done at once," said the Grand Lama, who, strange as it may seem, was a man of his word.

The three magicians were then summoned and made to understand that thenceforth they were to be the servants of their former servant.

"It is always well," said the Grand Lama, "when common-sense governs learning and even religion in the persons of her servants, for I cannot conceal from myself that Feringhi has also proved himself my superior in practical wisdom. He has gained the prize reserved for the wisest, pre-eminence and power and government, as long as he deals justly and mercifully with the weak and ignorant."

A LEGEND OF THE BELL.

BY ALBERT DEVON.

LONG years ago there lived a King,
A mighty man and bold,
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,
Of whom this tale is told.

Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,
A Prince in every line;
Prince Dong, his voice was very small,
And he but four feet nine.

Now both these sons were very dear
To Bell, the mighty King.
They always hastened to appear
When he for them would ring.

Ding never failed the first to be,
But Dong, he followed well,
And at the second summons he
Responded to King Bell.

This promptness of each royal Prince
Is all of them we know,
Except that all their kindred since
Have done exactly so.

And if you chance to know a King
Like this one of the song,
Just listen once—and there is Ding;
Again—and there is Dong.

A GREAT RAILROAD STATION.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

II.

AT one side of the signal-tower, between the outbound and inbound tracks, are several numbered sidings, on which may be seen at all times half a dozen or more locomotives under full steam, fresh from the polish of the round-house, their tenders piled high with coal and their tanks filled with water. They are like football substitutes, not yet in the game, but ready to play the moment they shall be called upon. Only these waiting players are certain to be called out, and they know just when their turns will come. Their enginemen and firemen, in clean checkered jumpers and overalls, keep sharp watch of the horizontal semaphore arm, red disk, or red light, a short distance ahead of them, that indicates danger, and forbids them to move. Suddenly, a few minutes before it is time for their train to start, the semaphore drops, or the red disk or light turns to white. Instantly the locomotive is in motion. It may be only an ordinary machine bound for a local run to Stamford or Tarrytown, or it may be 903, the biggest locomotive ever seen at the Grand Central Station. The driving-wheels of this monster are over seven feet high, and a tall man may walk erect under its boiler. To it is accorded the honor of drawing the fastest train out of the great station, the Empire State express, at a rate of 95 miles an hour. No. 385 of the Central Railroad of New Jersey has been run at the rate of 97.3 miles per hour, which, at this writing, is the world's best record for speed.*

Whichever locomotive it is that has just received permission to move, glides almost noiselessly past the signal-tower, and on to one of another set of tracks that are lettered instead of being numbered. Here it pauses for an instant, or until its engineman, glancing behind him, sees another white clearance signal bearing a number that indicates the station track he is to back down on. Then the great softly breathing engine rolls gently back to the head of its rapidly filling train, and is coupled on. This operation is hardly completed before a gong sounds in one of the waiting-rooms, from which a few belated passengers are making a breathless rush for the platform. With the clang of the gong the door of exit is closed, regardless of any who may still desire to pass it, for the time of departure has arrived, and to all intents that particular train has left the station. Still it waits for a full minute longer, that the belated ones who just managed to slip through the closing doorway may reach it. Then, at the command of another gong, so clear-toned and loud as to be distinctly heard in all parts of the great building, the conductor waves to the attentive engineman, the latter pulls gently at a little brass lever on which his hand has been resting, and the long train glides out of the station with so little of noise or fuss that its departure is hardly noted by those by-standers who are not directly interested in its fortunes.

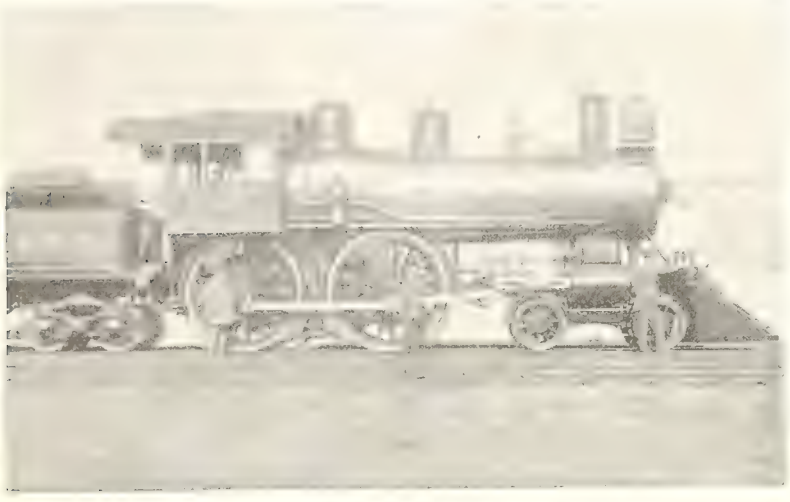
If it has happened that the last belated passenger to pass the closing door of the waiting-room is a cripple or a tired woman whose movements are retarded by babies or bundles, the sixty seconds of grace allowed between the sounding of the two gongs are often extended by fifteen, twenty, or thirty more, or until this last passenger has safely boarded the train. The other passengers sometimes wonder who it is that so evidently notes these circumstances, and so times the signal for departure that no one who has succeeded in passing the door of the waiting-room is ever left. If they would look down to the far end of the station, and then half-way up to its glass roof, they would see the individual who takes such careful note of their movements, and without whose permission their train may not move; or, rather, they would see the curious little structure in which he spends his working hours.

This "cro' nest," as it is called, looks like a sentry-box perched high above the tracks, and clings to an end wall of the great building. It is reached by a corkscrew flight of spidery iron stairs but eighteen inches wide, that lead to a trap-door so narrow that only thin persons may pass through it. If one should stay up there long enough to get even moderately stout, he could never come down again. When you have once passed through the narrow entrance, if you happen to be one of the very few, very thin, and greatly favored persons who are permitted to do so, you will find a cozy little room about six feet wide by twelve feet long. In it are two desks, a steam radiator, two chairs, several tiny closets, a big clock, a number of electric buttons, telegraph instruments, and a variety of other things. From one of its two windows you have a fine view of the whole interior of the great station from end to end. Directly beneath you are the waiting trains, with their hurrying passengers and uniformed crews. You take particular notice of one conductor who is chatting in a most leisurely manner with a friend, and wonder if he realizes that it is already several seconds past his time for leaving. You also notice the nonchalant air with which the brakemen and

* Since this article was written, locomotive No. 999, drawing the Empire State Express, has made a record of a mile in thirty-two seconds, which is a rate of 112½ miles an hour.

porters stand beside their cars, as though the train were [illegible] and is busily filling in with figures the innumerable spaces of an immense blank form, the other [illegible]

"There! That fat woman is aboard at last, after [illegible] minutes. "Now watch Jerry [the conductor] jump when [illegible]



"EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS" LOCOMOTIVE

As he speaks the young man presses an electric button, the starting signal rings out sharp and imperative, the startled conductor breaks off his conversation so suddenly that he bites a word in two as he waves to the engineman, the brakemen and porters jump aboard, and almost instantly, without a jar or a sound that you can hear, the heavily laden train is moving out from the station.

The opposite window of the cro' nest offers an unobstructed view of the station yard, with its interlacing tracks, its bewildering host of danger, cautionary, and clearance signals, its nine bustling switch engines that are busy from morning till night and from night till morning making up trains, pushing them into or pulling them out from the station, switching individual cars and sending them flying back and forth like so many shuttlecocks. Incoming and outgoing trains move swiftly, but with absolute certainty, amid the apparent confusion. At one side are the waiting locomotives, spick and span, bright and shining, ready to go on duty. Passing them on its way to the round-house is one covered with the dust and soot of a long run. Directly in front of us is the signal-tower, to which a notice of the starting of every train is instantly transmitted from the cro' nest. On the far side of the yard is a train of tank cars coming in from Mott Haven, with loads of compressed gas. This will be transferred to fixed tanks just outside the station, and from them, by means of underground pipes that run to every track, to the receivers of the thousands of cars in which it will be burned.

While we are gazing at this novel and rapidly changing scene, our attention is attracted by a swiftly incoming train, every car of which is painted white. Our companion of the cro' nest tells us that, from its color, it is called the "Yankee Ghost," and that it is the flier of the New England road. While wondering at the speed with which this train approaches the station, you suddenly discover that its locomotive is running alone, and at some distance ahead of its following cars, from which it seems to have broken away. From a certain point the locomotive takes a track that runs outside the station, while from the same point the train follows another line of rails, over which it rolls of its own momentum into the great building. You have witnessed the making of "a flying-switch," and a very neat one at that. A switch set in one direction for the locomotive was changed to another track the moment it had passed, and before the swiftly following train had reached it. By this device, which requires an alert eye and a quick hand on the part of the switch-tender, locomotives are kept outside the station building, and its interior is as free from their smoke as is the street beyond.

A few years ago, when a president of one of the roads using the Grand Central Station was in London, the president of a great English railway was showing him through their fine new terminal station. In it the feature to which the English president pointed with the greatest pride was an immense smoke-collector which he had invented, and which sucked up and discharged through the roof the smoke of all the locomotives that entered or stood in the station.

"There is something in which I flatter myself we have got ahead even of you Yankees," said the English president, pointing to his smoke-collector. "Have you anything like that for freeing your Grand Central Station from smoke?"

"No," replied the American president. "We have not."

"Ah, I thought not! But you ought to introduce it. You will never know the comfort of having your station free from smoke until you try it. It is a fine thing, I assure you, if I did invent it."

"But we have no smoke in our Grand Central Station."

"Have no smoke! How can that be? Every locomotive entering it must discharge more or less smoke!"

"We do not allow them to enter it."

"How then do you get your trains in?" asked the puzzled Englishman.

When the scheme of the "flying-switch" was explained to him he shook his head. Such a plan might answer for Yankees, but for his part he preferred the old-fashioned way, with the clouds of smoke, that rendered his pet smoke-collector so invaluable.

As the newly arrived "Yankee Ghost," only five and one-half hours from Boston, rests from its long flight, and its throng of passengers leave the white cars on one side, a squad of sweepers and cleaners enter them from the other. Before the last passenger has disappeared, the work of putting the train in readiness for its next trip is well under way. Within five minutes after its arrival it has discharged its passengers, baggage, mail and express matter, and a yard engine is pulling it backwards out of the station toward the siding on which it will be rearranged for its next outward run.

In the mean time its recent occupants are making their way to the elevated railway, a station of which is under the Grand Central roof, or to the ever-waiting lines of cabs, carriages, and horse-cars beyond the exits on Forty-second Street. As the unaccustomed traveller plunges into the whirl of movement, the distracting noise, and utter confusion of this bewildering thoroughfare, he instinctively longs to turn back into the safe shelter and well-ordered bustle of the great railroad station from which he has just emerged, and wishes that every city street were part of a railroad system, that it might be governed by railroad rules.

CHICO.

A VERY BIG MONKEY.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

IT was such fun! There was Mr. Church, the artist, hard at work with his sketching pad and pencil, intent on drawing the biggest monkey in this country, the orang-outang in Barnum and Bailey's circus, and I was trying a variety of languages on the Portuguese who is the monkey's particular friend and keeper, when all of a sudden we heard a series of sharp squeals and jabberings, and we saw, in an adjacent cage, two little bits of piggies, head down, charging on a crowd of small monkeys. It was the "Happy Family."

All you had to do was to throw a bit of apple into the cage, and the monkeys would swarm, and so would the pigs; but the monkeys stood no chance. Then the monkeys would jump up on their perches, and scold, and make faces at the pigs.

What we had come particularly to see was Chico, who is by far the finest and biggest orang-outang who ever visited the United States.

Chico was born in Borneo, and when a baby was brought to Portugal by a sailor. He became one of the inmates of the Lisbon Zoological Gardens, and remained there for eight years. The climate of Portugal must have suited Chico, for he grew up in Lisbon, and is now fully four feet six inches tall. I must confess that it must be rather difficult to measure a lively monkey because he is so elastic. If Chico were stretched out from the tips of his toes to the end of his fingers, he would measure pretty nearly six feet—that is to say, if he felt like it.

In Lisbon, Chico had for a nurse a soldier who treated him in the kindest way, and this soldier is now the orang-outang's keeper. When Chico came over to join the circus, the keeper crossed the ocean with him. At first it was thought that the Portuguese soldier's services might be dispensed with here, as the man was anxious to return to Lisbon; but Chico was of a different mind. No sooner had the man left than Chico took on dreadfully. He cried and he moaned, and went into paroxysms of grief, and would not be comforted. Then he got angry and misbehaved himself. Things got to such a pass that when Chico declined eating at all, the management made up their minds that his keeper must return. Strange to relate, the Portuguese himself was not happy without his Chico, so he was glad to come back after a few days' separation; and when Chico saw him once more, he went just wild with delight. He wanted to throw himself into his keeper's arms, and to hug him. Now as Chico weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is a mass of muscles and sinews, and can jump easily twenty feet, a physical demonstration of affection of this kind would be very uncomfortable for the person receiving such caresses.



Chico is as nice and loving as can be to his master, but I cannot say he takes kindly to strangers. He has a pair of handsome and thoughtful brown eyes, and he will stare at you for a little while in a stolid kind of way, and



[illegible] you, just as it is said: "Wear your [illegible] and I don't mind making your acquaintance, [illegible] ear out."

Chico lives in a big red and gold box on wheels, and [illegible] strong three quarters-of-an-inch iron bars close to [illegible] it, and outside a lining of plate-glass. There is a partition in front, where a small stove is kept [illegible] during the cold weather. At first Chico dreaded the fire, and one day a stranger came in to light that fire. Chico crouched over, caught the stranger by the coat tails, and never let go until he had stripped off all the man's clothes. Now he is accustomed to the fire, and whenever it is chilly, seems to ask for it.

The keeper told me that in Lisbon he made it a point to take hold of Chico's hand, as if he were a boy, and that he would walk along with him in the garden just like anybody else. Something, moreover, which astonished me was when the man assured me that Chico knew how to row.

In the Lisbon Garden there was a good-sized artificial lake, in which a small boat was kept. When Chico was young, his master put him in the boat and began using the oars, rowing the monkey around the lake. At once the orang-outang intimated that he wanted to try rowing. He caught hold of an oar, and pulled at first so hard that he came near breaking it. In time, however, he learned how to manage the oars perfectly, and could pull an even stroke, and was delighted with his own performance.

Just imagine a Yale or Harvard boat with an orang-outang crew tearing through the water, for what, with his powerful arms and legs, this big monkey could impart more physical force to the oars than would most human beings. How Chico could manage with a sliding seat I do not know. I am not prepared to state whether Chico has learned to feather his oars.

As I watched Chico for many hours he looked to me like a big child, as full of fun as could be and bent on play—that is, when his keeper was near him. It was amusing to see him invite the Portuguese to a romp. Chico would pass an end of his blanket through the bars, and ask the Portuguese to take the other end of it. Then the man would pull, and then Chico would tug at it; but whenever Chico wanted to, he could, without any trouble, haul his end out of the keeper's hands. That was a delight for Chico, and he would laugh over his triumph and show every expression of pleasure. He would be always putting his fingers through the bars, so as to shake hands with his keeper, or present his mouth to be kissed. He seemed to love to be scratched, and would take one of his long fingers and point to the precise place where he wanted to be scratched. One supreme pleasure of Chico's was to be tickled, and he would push out his foot, and when the tickling process was complete, he would grin from ear to ear and roll over and over. At a signal from his master, Chico would clap hands, and he did it with such a clatter that you could hear his hands coming together if you were ten feet from the cage. It was a very strong kind of "patty-cake" business.

Chico has a blanket, and he knows just how to cover himself with it. Some three weeks ago it was cold, and so his keeper asked for another blanket. A second blanket was brought to Chico. He at once appreciated the attention, and put one blanket right on top of the other, made it double, snugged himself into them, and had a good, long, comfortable sleep. Probably the poor old chap had suffered before that from the cold.

Chico eats all kinds of fruits, and is particular as to the choice of bananas. He peels them carefully, breaks them in two, puts one-half in his mouth, holding the piece between his lips, and nibbles at the other end in his mouth. He insists on eating all the part of the banana that hangs to the peel. At the command of his keeper he always hands out the skins.

Chico breakfasts on a pint of good sweetened coffee, into which eggs have been stirred, and he uses a cup. Occasionally port wine and eggs are given him. When a napkin is handed him after coffee he wipes his mouth in a most becoming manner.

I caught him in the act of biting his nails. I do not think this was an idle habit of Chico's. When in a state of freedom he would wear out his nails, because he would always be using them, but pent up in narrow quarters his nails would grow uncomfortably long, and so he is necessarily a confirmed nail-biter.

The hands, the fingers, and, above all, the thumbs belonging to Chico attracted my particular attention. Now you must know that it is because man has a thumb, and for the reason that his thumb is so beautifully jointed, supple, and adjustable, that he has been able to overcome all difficulties. The other fingers are all very well in their way, but it is the thumb that controls the real movement of the hand. Without a thumb you never could wield a heavy sledge-hammer or the most delicate of watch-maker's tools. It is not out of the way to say that man is the master, holding every other living thing "under his thumb."

Here is a little bit of natural history which must be remembered about monkeys. All the monkeys of the Old World have some kind of a thumb. As Mr. St. George Mivart, a great zoologist, writes, "Any Old-World monkey with a rudimentary thumb (that is, a thumb even if imperfect) is superior in that respect to an American monkey." In fact, the American monkey has no thumb at all. Nature compensates, in a measure, for this defect in our New-World monkey by giving him a wonderful tail. This American monkey tail is prehensile. It answers almost the purpose of a fifth limb. A South-American monkey gives his tail a single hitch around the limb of a tree, and there he hangs quite comfortably, independent of hands or feet.

Chico's thumbs are superb, being fully $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The ordinary length of the human thumb is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Chico's middle finger was a trifle over 5 inches long. Mine is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The orang-outang's hand was narrow apparently, but I think about the width of that of a human being's, only the sense of proportion was lost, owing to the extreme length of the fingers. The knuckles were small and perfectly in line. The stretch of such a hand as Chico's would be enormous, fully 13 inches. The octave on the piano measures 7 inches. If Chico were a pianist he could, with little effort, cover two octaves, and would leave Paderewski quite in the shade. If Chico had a taste for the double bass, once that those long fingers of his were wound around the neck of a big fiddle, what a wonderful performer he would be, providing the instrument would stand the strain!

What amazed me most, after Chico's intelligence, was his strength. Man is master, not because he has physical power, for there are many animals very much his superior in that respect, but for the reason that man knows just when and how to apply his strength. The horse obeys the man, only because the horse does not know how to go to work. If Chico were as clever as he is muscularly powerful he would be a very ugly foe to come across. From studying this orang-outang I can understand better the immense power of the gorilla.

I cannot say that Chico has a handsome face. Mr. Church's picture is so absolutely correct that you can see exactly how the big monkey looks. The skin of his face is a light mulatto-color; the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet a shade lighter. The redeeming trait is his eyes. The mouth is huge, and the teeth, especially the canines, are long, strong, and sharp. As far as arms and legs go, he employs hands and feet indifferently, for his toes are just as well made and as supple as are his fingers.

COOKING FOR BOYS.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

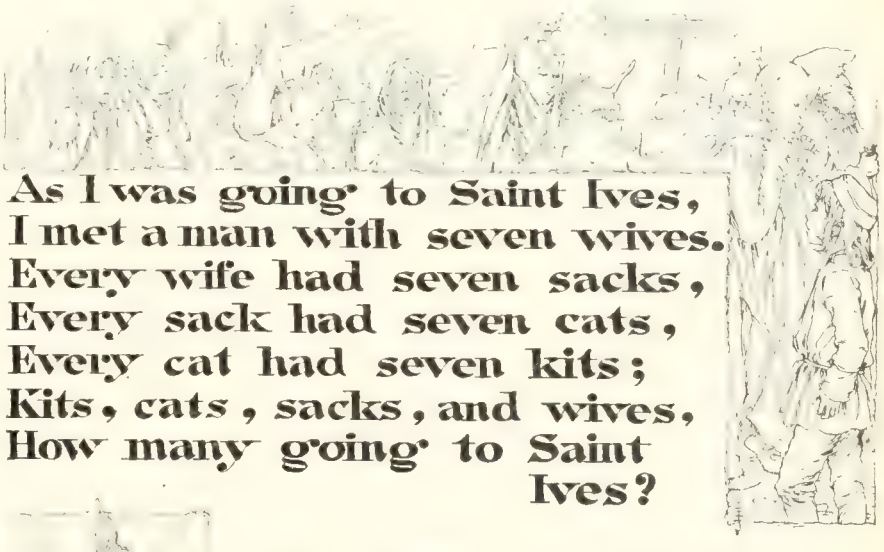
A BOY never wastes his time in learning to cook. Cooking is an accomplishment that is not beneath the dignity of the finest gentleman, and that is sure to be useful at some time or other to every person who has it, whether boy or man. The old-time notion that a boy or a man bemeaned himself by having anything to do with the kitchen has given place to the much broader idea that the preparation of good and wholesome dishes is an art which should be understood by everybody. It is hard to camp out comfortably unless some member of the party is a good cook; all old campaigners know something about it, most explorers, and thousands of men whose business takes them into wild regions where good cooking is not to be had for love or money. Even in the large cities, where such knowledge is least needed because good cooks are plenty, many men with fine establishments and plenty of money pride themselves upon knowing how to cook. There are clubs in New York where all that is eaten is cooked by the members, each man making the dish he is most expert at. In the Century Club there is still preserved as a valuable relic the chafing dish in which Thackeray used to cook his oysters of an evening when he was in this country.

The boy who has a fancy for learning to cook usually has to overcome a little opposition at the start from his mother or the cook, because they do not care to have the kitchen "all littered up." This is easily managed by leaving the kitchen in better condition than it was in before, all the dishes and utensils carefully washed and put away, the sink cleaned, and the fire attended to. This is one of the first signs of a good cook, his leaving everything in order. If he goes a step further than this, as he should, and polishes up every metallic pan and kettle he uses, leaving it brighter than he found it, he will soon make himself a welcome visitor. The frying-pans and the range are two great factors in making favor with the cook. The frying-pans are of course kept clean inside, but unless the cook has one or two assistants they are almost sure to have a black crust on the bottom; and it is only fun for a boy cook to scrape this off with an old knife and make the pan look like new, inside and out. The range, unless it is somebody's special business to attend to it, is dotted over the top with little elevations that look like imperfections in the iron; but they are not, they are only accumulations of stove-blacking, easily scraped off with a knife. The cook will not find fault with anybody who polishes her metals.

Must make simple dishes at first, perhaps you will suggest. Yes, and last too, and all the time; nothing but simple dishes, because they are always the best, when properly cooked. But for that matter all dishes are simple when you understand them, and can be made with the simplest utensils. If one of the best French *chefs* were to go into your kitchen he would go to work with the simplest pots and pans; it is only the half-taught cooks with very little skill who complain of the absence of complicated pans they have been used to. Take as plain a thing as making coffee, for instance; watch a poor cook struggling to make wretched coffee in an expensive French coffee-pot, and then see a really good cook make the best of coffee in a tin cup.

It is not the dishes for a dinner or any regular meal that I shall begin to tell you about now, for if you take a fancy to learn to cook, it is not the family cooking that you will start with. Here is a delicate little dish to be eaten at any time, but particularly with a friend who comes to see you in the evening. It is called a Welsh-rabbit, and no doubt you are familiar with it. It is one of the easiest things in the world to make, and yet there are hardly a dozen places in New York where you can buy a really good one. The only utensil needed is a frying-pan, and almost the only materials are a piece of cheese and a slice of bread cut all the way across the loaf. Let me suggest that the cook's hands are always supposed to be spotlessly clean, and that he should not touch any eatable with his hands when he can do it as well with a fork or spoon. The frying-pan, of course, is bright inside and out, for you do not want the taste of last week's fish or onions mingled with the delicate flavor of the cheese. Toast the bread on both sides, butter it, and stand it in the oven on a warm plate. Cut the cheese, about a quarter of a pound, into small cubes, and put it into the warm frying-pan with a heaping teaspoonful of butter. While the cheese is melting over a moderate fire, with frequent stirring, put a dash of red pepper, a dash of salt, and a saltspoonful of dry mustard into a saucer, and mix them with about two table-spoonfuls of cold water. Stir this into the cheese as it melts, and when it is melted smooth, so that it is like very rich cream, pour it over the toast. Give a dash of black pepper on top, and the rabbit is ready to eat. The whole operation should take less than ten minutes, including cleaning and putting away the frying-pan.

If the rabbit is as good as it should be, you will soon want to try your hand at cooking something else. From the moment of making your first success you are independent of the cook, or mamma, or sister, when you come in in a hurry and want a lunch. If you can visit the kitchen of any big hotel where there is a good cook, and see how all the pans and kettles shine, you will see that the dirt we are all supposed to eat in a lifetime does not come out of a well-kept kitchen.



As I was going to Saint Ives,
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many going to Saint Ives?



Two little mice sat
Down to spin.
Pussy passed by, and
She peeped in.
"What are you doing, my
"Fine little men?"
"We're making coats for
"Gentlemen."
"Shall I come in, and
"Cut off your threads?"
"O, no! Miss Pussy, you'd
Bite off our heads."

HIS FATHER'S SON.

THE STORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

BY LIEUT. LUCAS.

CHAPTER V.

VERY quickly the four years at the Naval Academy [illegible] by. There is nothing like a regular life, well filled with study and drill, and a dash of recreation, to make time fly. Before Jake knew it his first-class year had come, and June had come, and Commencement had come, and his student days were about to end in the Commencement blaze of glory. To Jake it was a season of more sadness than joy. He was not surrounded by an admiring circle of friends and relations as the other fellows were. He had no pretty sister to launch at the ball, no dignified father in frock coat and silk hat whom the officers would shake hands with and congratulate on the success of his son. All the other fellows devoted every spare minute to their friends, and talked about them in betweentimes. Poor Jake was left to himself, and a sense of indescribable loneliness crept over him.

"Never mind, Mr. Wildon, Mr. Morton and I shall be as proud as a whole family tree when you walk up the aisle to get your diploma. The chapel won't more than hold us," said Mrs. Morton. And she wondered why Jake's voice shook so as he thanked her.

Life was very full of "last things" in those days, and these were melancholy even to the lucky fellows who had families. Last recitations, last examinations, last drills, last hops, last chapels—all sorts of last things. Even the things they had enjoyed the least were invested with a sort of halo as they were about to pass away forever.

The Academy grounds were looking so beautiful that one poetical young woman told Jake he must feel as if he were about to be driven away from the earthly paradise. Summer heat had not yet parched the grass. It lay warm and green and velvety on the parade-ground. The trees were densely leaved, and the colors still had a spring freshness about them. Flowering almond and magnolia made the air sweet with perfume. Troops of pretty girls in light spring gowns gave a holiday air to the hard-working old place.

The officers' club moved out of the parlors of the big Board house, negro servants flitted through its long-untenanted halls, there was a rattling of dishes in its kitchens, and a flourishing of feather-dusters upstairs. All was bustle and confusion pending the arrival of the Board.

Monday morning of Commencement week it arrived. The Board of Visitors is a body of distinguished men—Senators, Congressmen, army and navy officers of high rank, with a few college professors, and other civilians—appointed by the President of the United States to visit and inspect the Naval Academy, and make a report on its needs, attainments, and methods.

The Board was received with pomp and circumstance. The marines were drawn up in one line, and the cadets in another, to present arms. As the distinguished visitors entered the main gate the cannon on the old *Santee* thundered out a salute, and close at hand stood the officers ready to welcome them, resplendent in "special full dress."

There was a brief interval, during which the Board presumably washed the travel stains from its face in the comfortable quarters provided for it. Then every one repaired to the armory for the exhibition of boxing and fencing. Jake took part in a boxing-match, and was lucky enough to knock his man out on the third round. He turned toward the crowded audience with a feeling akin to disappointment. The other fellow had a mother and such a sweet little cousin there who would have enjoyed seeing him win. Who was there to be glad that Jake had won? But as luck would have it his eyes wandered to the back of the armory, where Mrs. Morton had climbed up on her chair to wave her handkerchief, and her husband was standing beside her, clapping vigorously. Somebody was glad, after all, and Jake ran back to the dressing-room to "shift" with a light heart.

In the afternoon there was an artillery drill. It was probably very pleasant for the Board and the heads of departments and their families, who sat under a gayly decked tent; but the sun was blistering hot on the parade ground, and the guns were heavy to drag, and the cadets thought it anything but fun.

The following morning was devoted to a "tournament" in the gymnasium. There were wrestling, vaulting, lifting and tumbling, high-kicking and trapeze-work—altogether a sort of amateur circus performance. A boat-race came off in the afternoon. But alas! and alas! and alas! the second-class crew was disrespectful enough to pull harder than the first-class men, and came in half a boat's length ahead, to the infinite disgust of Jake and a group of his classmates, who stood on the bowsprit of the *Santee* to get a good view.

In the baseball game that followed, though, the cadets whipped the visiting nine so thoroughly that Jake's spirits rallied again, especially as his chum, Dick Rawlinson, had made the prettiest catch in the world in the centre-field, and was the hero of the occasion. And next to being the hero of the occasion yourself, it makes your blood tingle to have your chum in that glorious position.

In the evening there was a promenade concert. The grounds were brightly lighted with Chinese lanterns, and the band played in the band stand till ten o'clock, and promenading couples wandered about under the great trees of Lovers' Lane down on the sea-wall, where the moon was getting up a feeble opposition to the many-colored illumination nearer at hand, or, if they happened to be "spoony," sought some secluded bench near the tennis-courts, or sat down on the chapel steps under the shadow of the ivy.

Wednesday morning the Board were the guests of the Seamanship Department on the practice-ship *Wyoming*. The cadets took her down the bay and gave an exhibition of practical seamanship aloft. Some of the Board were seasick, but the rest declared it was most delightful.

Thursday morning was a time Jake had been long looking forward to and preparing for. It was the time of the company drill for the flag. Jake was a Cadet Lieutenant in command of one of the four companies. He drilled his company early and late, and succeeded in inspiring them with all his own enthusiasm. But the other three Cadet Lieutenants had also made up their minds to win, and they all knew the contest would be a close one. Again the flag-decked tent was filled with on-lookers, and unprotected crowds stretched far to the right and left, taking refuge under parasols. The judges, businesslike and alert, stood on the field, paper and pencil in hand. One after another, the companies marched and countermarched, wheeled, and went through the manual. The fourth company wavered badly in wheeling. That threw them out. The first were slovenly in the manual. The race was clearly between the second and third—between Wildon and Sunderland. How pretty the Superintendent's daughter looked sitting on the front row under the awning! She was going to present the flag, and she had told Jake the night before at the promenade concert that she hoped he would win. At last it was over, and the cadets were drawn up at "parade rest" while the judges counted up points and compared notes. And then it was announced. The third company had won it. All Jake's labor had gone for naught. The companies formed a hollow square, but the *third* was in front, and it was Sunderland and not Jake who stood forward, bareheaded, to receive the flag from the hands of the Superintendent's daughter, and listen to the little

speech she made him, which was so low that no one else could catch a word. She told Jake afterwards that she was sorry. But the world looked rather dark for the rest of the day in spite of the June sunshine.

In the afternoon came that saddest of rites, the farewell dress parade. The band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?" and a glamour of tender regret was cast over everything.

Friday, however, was the great day, compared with which every other day sank into insignificance. The chapel was crowded to bursting. The Secretary of the Navy had come down from Washington on a special train to present the diplomas. There were prayers by the chaplain, and a long speech by one of the Board; then the Secretary made a few felicitous remarks, and the names of the graduating class were called in the order of merit. As each cadet received his "sheepskin" from the hands of the Secretary and started back to his seat, a round of applause burst from the under-class men that formed a pretty good gauge of his popularity. Jake's was a rousing one, and he took his seat with a corresponding glow of satisfaction. After the name of the last man—the "wooden man"—was called the graduating class suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and in less than five minutes, before the last of the crowd had left the chapel, a troop of young men in citizens' clothes of the latest cut, nonchalantly swinging their canes, was seen advancing from the new quarters. This was the *graduated* class! For the first time in four years they were allowed to wear "cits," and they put them on with as much pride as they had felt in donning their uniforms when they entered. It is a time-honored custom to see who can first display the garb of freedom after the graduating ceremonies, and in the course of years the practice has been reduced to a science.



PROMENADERS WANDERED ABOUT UNDER THE GREAT TREES.

From glory to glory! In the evening was the June ball, the social event of the year, at which the graduated class appeared in all the dignity of their new "social intercourse" coats, with swallow-tails and shoulder-knots, and looked down from a sublime height on the poor under-class men in their curtailed jackets.

It was with very mixed feelings that Jake boarded the train at 6.40 the following morning. He was very sleepy, and his head ached. He had slept only a couple of hours, and his mind was still a confused whirl of gas-light and waltz music, tulle and roses, the Honorable Secretary of the Navy and shoulder-knots. And now he was going home—for the first time in four years. He was anxious to see his mother—very anxious—and he wondered what she would think of him—and old Andersen too. But he had a little sinking at the heart all the same when he thought of it. He fell to wondering what the girls he had danced with at the ball would say if they could see him in the little log cabin on the shore of Lake Superior. The thought made him smile—a rather bitter little smile. Then he flushed hotly. Could it be that he was *ashamed* of his home—of his mother? Perhaps he was ashamed of his father and brother too. By this time he was very thoroughly ashamed of *himself*, and that was the best part of it.

It seemed very strange going over the same route he had travelled four years before in so much doubt and trepidation. How times had changed, how he had changed, since then! He had accomplished what he hoped to do, yet not so brilliantly and well as he had hoped to do it, and he was not nearly so exalted a character as he had expected to be by that time.

The journey was long, and yet when Jake got out of the train at Hancock, for some inexplicable reason he wished there were more of it. He had the same feeling when he climbed down from the stage at Red Jacket and looked about in vain for a carriage. He recognized a number of the men and boys who stood around to watch the coach, but they did not recognize him, and he was rather glad of it. He went up to one of them pretty soon, and asked where he could find a trap to take his trunk down to the lake-side.

"A *what?*" drawled the man, taking the pipe from between his teeth.

"A wagon to take—"

"Aw—a wagon. Why didn't che say what che meant? Whar ye layin' out ter go?"

"To Mrs. Wildon's," said Jake, with dignity.

"Drat me ef you ain't Jake Wildon!" exclaimed the man, holding out his grimy hand. "Struck ore, ain't che, Jake? Well, ef this don't beat all!"

Jake had had an idea that the rural population would salute him respectfully as "Mr. Wildon" when he came home with a U.S.N. after his name, and it must be admitted that this reception was something of a blow.

Two or three others gathered around, and Jake was

[illegible] hands and answering questions for some [illegible]

"Well, I s'pose I'll have to make ye [illegible] ef ye like, Jake," said the first speaker, finally.

"It would be more to the purpose if you'd hire me a horse and [illegible]," Jake returned.

This was considered a huge joke, and after much conversation Jake was obliged to walk off on his own good feet, contenting himself with the promise that his trunk would follow in the morning.

Everything seemed to have shrunk since he left four years before. Red Jacket and its public buildings had certainly grown smaller, and on the road the rocks and trees he passed had suffered similarly. When he stood in the gathering twilight in front of the little log house beside the lake, he could hardly believe his eyes. How tiny it was! Why, he couldn't pass through that doorway without stooping! He knocked, and listened breathlessly as he heard some one coming to the door. The next minute he had caught his mother in his arms and was giving her a good hug. What a frail little woman she was, to be sure, and he had thought her so tall and strong!

"My boy—my own boy!" she cried. Presently she drew him to the window and held him away from her while she looked at him from head to foot. He tried to smile, but he found himself trembling under her keen eyes. At last she pushed him away from her and sighed. "No, it's jest as I expected," she said. "You ain't my boy. I hain't got no boy. They've made a gentleman of ye. They've crammed yer head full o' notions. Ye won't be able ter black yer own boots, an' I'll hear ye callin' fer the servant-man ter make yer bath ready in the mornin'. What business has yer father's son ter be got up in that rig like a city dude? You'll never be a man like he was. I knowed it. I knowed it."

Jake flushed, and then answered warmly: "It's not clothes that count, mother, one way or the other. I guess I'm not altogether spoiled because my coat fits pretty well," and he glanced down at his new "cits" with a curious mixture of apology and complacency. "I may never be as good a man as my father was, but I'm none the worse for being made a gentleman of, as you call it."

"We shall see," said his mother, doubtfully.

Jake glanced around the room, and saw an old blue flannel shirt and patched pair of trousers hanging on the nail just where he had left them, and his rubber boots standing in the corner.

"I guess I'll feel better if I put on those old togs of mine," he said, "and perhaps you'll like it better too."

When he got them on, he strode out to the wood-pile and brought in a big armful of sticks, then to the well for water, then he sat down on the floor at his mother's feet, and smiled at her. She softened a little, and smiled too, stroking his hair.

"Ye certainly are better favored 'n what ye was, Jake. Yer freckles is 'most gone, an' yer hair's considerable slicker, an' ye make a pretty good figure of a man oncet ye get sensible clothes on. But ye've got an air about ye yet thet none o' yer folks ever had—an' I ain't sayin' I *like* it."

"I don't mind about the *air*, mother," said Jake, still smiling, yet a bit wistfully, "if you only just like *me*."

"I guess there never was a mother yet as didn't love her own son, no matter *what* he was."

And this was the utmost concession Jake could get, but he saw that his mother was being gradually won over, and as the days went by she became more and more reconciled to her transformed boy. As for Jake, the Academy and the four years he had spent there seemed like a dream, and he felt as if he were a boy again, fishing with old Andersen, and carrying wood for his mother. But all this was only an episode. The Department had not forgotten him, and before long he got his orders to report on board the *Vandalia* for duty in the Pacific. He was glad it was to be a foreign cruise, for he longed to travel and see new countries, and since Mr. Morton had said Europe would not be good for him—"too much play and too little work"—he supposed he ought to be glad it wasn't that. So he hung up the flannel shirt and patched trousers on the nail again, kissed his mother, wrung old Andersen's hand, and started out into the world for the second time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARCHIE'S FIRST DAY AT THE FARM.

BY HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

"WE'LL teach him a thing or two," nodded Ben.

"Cousin Archie? Well, yes," chuckled Ned. "I guess when he goes home, he'll think a city chap can learn a little something on a farm."

"Hm m!" sniffed the hired man. "Ye needn't s'pose you're a-goin' ter dew all the teachin'. They larn some mighty cur'us things down ter them New York skewls nowadays."

But the boys were not convinced. They only looked at each other and winked as they went on with their work. Ben was turning the grindstone for the hired man to sharpen his scythe. Ned was slowly pouring on the water in a tiny stream from the tin dipper.

Across the yard little Annie was swinging on the stout gate at the end of the gravel walk. Every time the gate swung out beyond the hedge which separated the farm from the grass-bordered village road the little girl took a long look down the road; and when, at the other end of the exhilarating little journey, it shut together with a sharp bang that would have jerked a less-experienced rider from her position, the child glanced up to the window where mamma sat sewing and then to the door of the shed near which her brothers were at work, and shook her small head in a way that clearly said, "Not yet."

Cousin Archie was coming from the city to spend a few weeks on the farm. Papa had gone to the station to meet him; mamma had cooked great pans of cookies and doughnuts, and baked several extra pies and a chocolate layer-cake; and the two boys Ben and Ned were prepared to slip behind the barn out of sight at a moment's notice.

At last came a glad cry from the gate: "Here they come! here they come!" A flying figure disappeared up the road, to return seated in triumph on her father's knee, driving with her small browned hands the noble span of great farm-horses.

"Archie has never seen a cow milked," his mother had written, "or watched the hen with her chickens, or seen the pigs fed, or heard the croaking of the frogs, or picked berries. I'm sure he will be very happy with you, for he is always eager to learn, and his cousins can teach him so much that will be new and interesting."

"Such a little greenie!" Ben had said, with much importance. "Probably he won't know a hen from a turkey, and will think the pigs ought to take a morning bath every day before breakfast!" Ben was thirteen years old, and so was, of course, very wise—at least so thought Ned, who was only eleven, and Annie who was but nine—just Archie's age.

"Want to go after the cows with us," invited Ben, soon after Archie's arrival that afternoon.

"Yes, indeed," assented Archie. "Where are they?"

"They're attending a social down by the bars," said Ben. "We can't send the carriage for them to-night, so we'll have to go down and see them home."

"How funny he talks," thought Archie. "He must

be a very droll boy. I'm sure I shall like him," but he said nothing.

"Took it all in, didn't he?" chuckled Ned. "He'll learn some things before he's a day older!"

Cows look so large when they are coming straight toward you! Archie was not in the least used to such familiarity; and although his cousins would have been more terror-stricken in crossing Broadway, they were greatly amused to see him dodge and make for a stone wall when a peaceful old cow came lounging toward him.

"Wave your arms at 'em," instructed little Annie. "You can shoo 'em 'most as easy as hens!"

"Now," asked Ben, "which shall I show you first the one from which we milk molasses, or the one which gives kerosene?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Archie, cordially. "What a droll boy you are! But, Cousin Ben, I wish you'd just hold one of their mouths open a moment, so I could look down and see the gullet where the cud goes first."

"What do you mean, Cousin Archie?" Annie asked.

"Why, you know the cow carries a sort of lunch-basket around with her," explained Archie, merrily. "When she finds a nice clump of grass she bites it off and rolls it up with her tongue into a ball, and packs it away in a kind of a pouch. Then when she's where she can't feed, she brings it up, and chews and chews on it, and that time it goes down into her stomach and is digested. I wonder" she broke off, turning to the boys "if a cow ever chews the same cud over twice? Does she?"

"I'm sure I don't know," confessed Ben.

Cows had always been so familiar to them, neither Ben nor Ned had ever thought of studying them in this way.

"This cow is chewing her cud," announced Ben, rather ashamed not to do what his cousin asked, yet not daring to attempt it.

Down on his knees Archie watched eagerly. "Why," he said, in surprise, "she seems to bring it up from somewhere down near her stomach. I thought perhaps she had a pouch in her cheeks, same as the little harvest mouse and some kind of monkeys do."

Ben was making a great show of letting one of the cows lap salt from his hand.

"How brave you are!" cried his small cousin. "Do you suppose I'll ever dare do it?"

"It's easy enough," answered Ned, giving another cow a handful of meal. "They like salt and meal."

"Yes, I know they like salt. No animal could live without it. But don't you think the cow is the most interesting animal you know."

"Oh no," answered Ben, quickly. "I like elephants and tigers and lions! Did you ever see any of them?"

"Oh yes," answered Archie, simply; "we learn about all the animals in school and in our Natural History Club. Why, even when I was a baby in the kindergarten we learned all the uses of the cow—aren't there lots of them? And yet I'd never seen a cow milked, or been very near one. Isn't it strange?"

"The cows and oxen aren't so useful now as they used to be," instructed Ben, wisely. "You don't see many oxen used around here. Of course they still get milk and all kinds of beef from them, and leather, but that's about all."

"And glue," added Archie, "and hair for plaster; and they use the bones and horns for ever so many things."

"*Glue*—from a cow!" exclaimed Ben, incredulously.

"Yes, indeed!" answered Archie, "from the hoofs and ears and odd bits of hide—and glue is used for so many things. Did you know it was used to glaze paper and straw hats? I didn't, till I went into a straw shop and a paper-mill."

"No," admitted the two brothers, becoming interested.

"And cow's hair," he added, "is the very best thing to mix with plaster to make it firm and strong, you know. Buttons are made from the horns and bones, and knife-handles and combs and brushes."

"Dear me!" cried Annie, with shining eyes, "so many things," counting them up on her fingers, "beef and milk and they use milk for ever so many things but ter and cheese and *ice-cream!*" smacking her lips. "Do you like cream on berries, Archie?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Archie. "I suppose your cream is so much better than that we have, I shall hardly know what it is. We use condensed milk to make ice-cream; but new cream must be much nicer."

"There, just notice that hen," cried Ben, determined not to relinquish his scheme without one more attempt. "That hen, roosting on the apple-tree, hasn't got a tooth in her head!"

"She must keep them in her stomach," laughed Archie; then, thinking that if this was the style of joking his cousins enjoyed he would join in it, he added, "And not a single one of your cows has any front teeth on the upper jaw."

Oh yes, they have," said Ned, quickly. "Our cows are all right."

And Ben asked, "What makes you think so?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked the young natural-history enthusiast, eying them in surprise. "A cow never has any front teeth on her upper jaw."

"Is that so?" said Ben, carelessly, trying to conceal his ignorance and chagrin. "Perhaps we'd better go in to supper now, Cousin Archie." Then he added, heartily: "I'm awful glad you're going to spend a few weeks with us. You've had a chance to learn so much we never thought of. We shall have jolly times together."

"I knew we would!" exclaimed Archie, cordially, "because you could teach me so many things I don't know. Now, I can hardly tell a pear-tree from an apple or cherry tree."

"Is that so?" asked Ben, however, with much respect even for his cousin's ignorance. "Well, perhaps we can teach you some things."

"Waal! waal!" chuckled the hired man, as he strained the white foaming froth from the milk. "Fer a nine-year-old, thet ther leetle city chap does beat all possessed! I'm right glad his pesky young cousins hes diskivered thet the teachin' ain't a-goin' ter be all on their side. It 'll do 'em a sight o' good."

SOME CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

SOME clever scientist has made up the following table, showing the span of life granted under normal conditions to various living creatures and things:

The life of a field-mouse is a year.
The life of a hedgehog is three times that of a mouse.
The life of a dog is three times that of a hedgehog.
The life of a horse is three times that of a dog.
The life of a man is three times that of a horse.
The life of a goose is three times that of a man.
The life of a swan is three times that of a goose.
The life of a swallow is three times that of a swan
The life of an eagle is three times that of a swallow.
The life of a serpent is three times that of an eagle.
The life of a raven is three times that of a serpent.
The life of a hart is three times that of a raven.
And an oak groweth five hundred years, and fadeth five hundred years.

Certain portions of this table are hard to believe. An easy calculation shows that if it be accurate the hedgehog lives three years; the dog, nine years; the horse, twenty-seven years; the man, eighty-one years; the goose, two hundred and forty-three years; the swan, seven hundred and twenty-nine years; the swallow, two thousand one hundred and eighty-seven years; the eagle, six thousand five hundred and sixty-one years; the serpent, nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three years; the raven, fifty-nine thousand and forty-nine years; and the hart, one hundred and seventy-seven thousand one hundred and forty-seven years.



CAUGHT NAPPING.

LEONARD. "HI, YA! HEY, IS THAT THE SLEEPIEST BIRD I EVER SAW? I'LL GET ON THE OTHER SIDE AND TICKLE HIS NOSE WITH A STRAW, AND SEE IF THAT WILL WAKE HIM. I'LL MAKE A PLAGUE OF HIM FIRST AND TOWSE, OR YOU CAN CALL ME NAMES."

OUT!"

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD IN THE GARDEN.

"It seems to me," said the Earth to the Rose, "that you ought to give me something for all I do for you. If it wasn't that I boarded and lodged your roots you wouldn't amount to much."

"Certainly," said the Rose, dropping a petal to Earth. "Will that do?"

"It is more than I deserve," said the Earth. "It is so beautiful."

"My teeth are all clogged up with weeds," said the Rake to the Pickaxe.

"Well, I'd be glad to help you," said the Pickaxe, "but I can't. You see, I'm not a toothpick."

"Somehow or other I feel ruffled up today," said the Gravel-path.

"Well, let me smooth you over," said the Lawn roller. "I'm great at that."

"I was awfully glad you spoke so nicely to me this morning," said the little Grape-vine Twig to the Pruning-knife.

"Why, my dear child?" asked the Knife.

"I was afraid you was going to cut me at first," said the Twig.

"Where's that Melon Seed I saw this morning?" asked the Hose of the Seed box.

"I'm down here in the melon patch," cried the Seed, cheerily. "I'll be up soon."

"You're no Tiger-lily," said the Violet to the Tiger-lily.

"Yes, I am too," cried the Lily.

"Nonsense! If you are, prove it. Let me hear you roar," said the Violet.

And the Tiger-lily tried to roar and couldn't.

"What makes the Honeysuckle so cross this morning?" whispered the Verbena to the Geranium.

"A couple of bees spoke in and stole all her sweetness yesterday," said the Geranium.

"I think that Watering-pot is the most absurd creature I ever met," said the Rose-bush.

"Isn't he," ejaculated the Mignonette. "He behaves as if he thought he was a regular old thunder-storm."

JOHNNY'S QUESTION.

JOHNNY. "Mamma, isn't the pig a streak of fat and a streak of lean?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Johnny."

JOHNNY. "Then how is it that he's all

FIRE-CRACKERS.

Mr. Magruder had forbidden his boys to buy anything on credit, and one day he called the children and said he wanted to know who had had five cents' worth of fire-crackers charged to him at the toy store.

The older ones promptly said, "I did not," but the two little ones, John and Harry, seemed not so clear in their statements. John said he had bought five cents' worth of fire crackers with five cents Uncle Frank gave him, and one time his mamma gave him five cents and he got some fire-crackers at the toy store.

"Oh, I don't care about that," his father said; "did you have five cents' worth of fire crackers *charged*?"

Little Harry could not stand it any longer; he must make John understand, so he went right up to him and said, "Johnny, did you ever get five cents' worth of crackers with a five cents *nobody never gave you*?"



1. TURTLE. "Aha! an idea—I'll interview the Pelican."



2. TURTLE. "I say, old man, take me in, wont you? There's a party coming I don't want to meet."



3. OSTRICH. "Have you seen a turtle passing this way? I want him for a nest egg."



4. OSTRICH. "Got the mumps, eh? Well, good-day!"



5. TURTLE. "Say, old man, you've saved my life. Will you take a fat frog?"



6. PELICAN. "Oh, that's all right, sonny—and—well, I don't care if I do."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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HIS FATHER'S SON.

THE STORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

BY EDITH ELMER.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN in the South Pacific, about half-way between the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand, lies the Samoan group. They are the garden spot of Oceania. Nowhere in the world do cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees flourish in such profusion. The natives are a copper-colored Malayan race, with large melancholy eyes, simple as children, gentle and generous. One cannot call them savages, for they are all good Christians, and the majority of them know how to read and write, and they are as ceremoniously polite as the French or the Chinese. Yet one hesitates in classing them among civilized nations while they dress in a girdle of *tapa*, and their great chiefs go to lunch on a visiting man-of-war in a costume very similar to that of William Kidd, of ballad fame, who wore nothing save a "hat upon his head and a pair of overshoes." They cannot be induced to work. Why should they trouble? The fruits of the earth fall into their mouths as they lie half asleep in the shade.

Since 1875 they have had a government modelled remotely after our own. They have a constitution, a Senate or *Taimua*, and a House of Representatives or *Faipule;* and these two bodies select a King from the family of *Malietoa*, or "Fine Warriors." The Samoans have an unaccountable but highly flattering partiality for America and the Americans. They were very anxious for many years to be annexed to the United States, and though this petition was refused, our government has always taken a big-brotherly interest in their welfare, and has on several occasions prevented them from falling into the hands of Germany or England. This semi-protectorate came near leading us a few years ago into a war with Germany. German aggressions in Samoa had been on the increase for years, and culminated in 1888, when they seized the native King, and carried him off to an island a thousand miles away, and set up in his stead a distant relative of his, one Tamasese, who was quite under the thumb of the German Consul. The natives revolted, and chose Malietoa Mataafa for their ruler. This brought



HE WAS POWERLESS IN THE AWFUL WHIRLPOOL IN WHICH HE FOUND HIMSELF.

[illegible] with the imperial forces. German men-of-war shelled their defenceless villages, but when the Germans sailors were landed the Samoans defeated them with considerable loss.

Affairs were in this state when three of our men-of-war, the *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic*, arrived in the harbor of Apia early in 1889. Three German cruisers lay there too, the *Adler*, *Olga*, and *Eber*, and her Britannic Majesty's ship *Calliope*. The war feeling ran high. There was no social intercourse between the German and American officers, none of the usual dining and lunching and toasting.

The Germans were smarting under their recent defeat, and resented the expected American interference. The Americans were full of sympathy for the Samoans, who had welcomed them with open arms as deliverers, and indignant at the scant courtesy with which Bismarck had received our government's remonstrances.

Everything was ready for active service, and some restless young spirits there were who could scarcely wait for the fighting to begin. Jake, for one, was burning to dip his hands into the blood of the "beer-drinkers," to protect the helpless islanders who had pinned their faith to the Great Chief at Washington.

The fighting never came. The hurricane of March 15th and 16th wiped out the bitterness of years, and the brave sailors who struggled together in a hand-to-hand battle with the elements were forever cured of the fierce desire to make targets of each other.

Apia, the chief town of Samoa, lies on the northern coast of the island of Upolu. Mountains three thousand feet high, glowing with luxuriant tropical verdure, enclose it like a vast colosseum. Its crescent-shaped harbor, bristling with coral reefs, lies open and unprotected to the north and northeast. The anchorage is precarious always, and at the time of the great storm the little bay was dangerously overcrowded.

For several days the barometer had been falling and the wind rising. On the afternoon of the 15th the storm broke and increased rapidly in violence. The big vessels were tossed about like chips. Great waves rolled in from the open sea and lashed furiously against the reefs in the inner harbor. The blackness of midnight settled down long before sunset-time, and nothing could be seen but the tossing ships' lights and the white sea-foam. No one slept that night; almost every one was on deck. Soon after midnight the *Vandalia* began to drag, and within a few hours every ship in the harbor was dragging except the *Trenton*, and the danger of collision was imminent.

The wind redoubled in violence, and the wave-mountains rose higher and higher. Jake held on fast to anything that came handy, and found a fierce exhilaration in breasting the wind and feeling the violence of it in his face. After every spray-bath he shook himself like a Newfoundland dog, and once he laughed aloud. He had no sense of personal danger. He had none of the responsibility that was weighing on the older officers. He was simply happy in the grandeur and tumult of it all. When day broke it was seen that the ships had entirely changed their relative positions, and were bumping recklessly around together.

"They're going to foul!" Rawlinson exclaimed suddenly. His lot had fallen on the *Vandalia* too, and he was standing close to Jake.

"Who? Where?" cried Jake, turning around. Then he saw. The *Eber* had become perfectly unmanageable. A ship is like a person. If she gets panic-stricken and begins to act wildly there is no saving her. The *Eber* had been drifting towards the western reef, and was making frantic efforts to keep off. Suddenly the current caught her. She shivered for a moment irresolute, then crashed into the port quarter of the *Nipsic*. Falling back, stunned from the blow, she was thrown against the *Olga*. This completely demoralized her, and the waves, tired of the cruel game of ball they had been playing with her, lifted her high on their shoulders and hurled her with appalling force upon the reef. With the return wave she rolled over into deep water and disappeared. In an instant nothing was to be seen but the seething waters—not a vestige of hull or mast, no trace of life.

Jake felt a queer choking sensation in his throat. All the grandeur and the glory had somehow died out of the storm.

The mist dropped down thick, so that they could hardly see the other ships moving dimly about like spectres. Whose turn would be next? It was not long before the question was answered. The German flag-ship *Adler*, after colliding with the *Olga*, was swept toward the reef broadside on like the unfortunate *Eber*. She was lifted on to it bodily, and fell over on her beam ends, and it seemed to those who saw her that every man must have been washed off of her vertical decks.

"Those Germans have saved us the trouble of licking them," said Jake, grimly. He had got hardened by this time. "They never were any sort of sailors, anyhow. What 'll you bet the *Olga* 'll be the next to go?"

"It seems to me I wouldn't talk like that, Mr. Wildon, sir, if I was you," remarked an old gunner who stood near by. "It's too much like tempting Providence. It's going to be *our* turn mighty soon."

And it was.

The *Nipsic* was the next to come to grief. Her anchors were not holding, and she was drifting toward the reef near the point where the *Eber* had gone down. Just at this critical time the *Olga* ran into her, carrying away several boats, and knocking down her smoke-stack.

"They're done for," groaned Jake. "They can't keep their fires going now, and they're dragging like anything."

"By George, they're slipping their cables!"

"What are they trying to do, anyhow?"

"They must be crazy."

"Going to beach her, sir," said the old sailor behind them.

It was a thrilling moment. The *Nipsic* had not far to go, but she had to run along close beside the deadly reef. A wave might carry her on to it at any moment. But the luck was with her. She ran up high on to the sandy beach, and the watchers on the *Vandalia* breathed a sigh of relief.

Slowly but surely they were drifting toward the reef themselves. If they struck at that distance from shore not a man of them could be saved. They all knew it, and yet probably most of them expected, with Jake, that something would "turn up." On one side was the reef, on the other the *Calliope*. Sometimes they were within twenty feet of the boiling breakers. Over and over again they saw the huge iron prow of the English cruiser on the crest of a wave above them, and expected to have it crush down on them the next instant. Once collision seemed inevitable, but at the critical moment the *Calliope* slipped her cables, and the vessels glided apart. Now that she was adrift, the *Calliope* could not be managed, and the next wave brought her crashing into the *Vandalia*. Every plank in the ship seemed to shiver. Every man on deck was thrown down. They could hear the heavy timbers crunching and splintering and the rush of water somewhere below decks. The jib-boom of the *Calliope*, with a lot of cordage, lay on the deck of the *Vandalia*. The men all rushed up the hatches from the engine-room, and refused to go back to their posts. Some one said two glass water-gauges had burst and several people been scalded. Every one knew that when they struck the reef the men below deck would be killed at the first blow. There was a call for volunteers. Jake wondered why no one went. Were they all afraid? Then it occurred to him that it was quite as much his place as

anybody's, and he shook himself together and responded. Half a dozen sailors followed his example.

The *Calliope* now managed to save herself by steaming out to sea. But the *Vandalia* had received her death blow. It was only a question of a few minutes before she would be on the reef. Her only hope was in getting nearer shore to sink. There was lively work in the engine-room. Steam was crowded on. Barrels of pork were thrown in to keep up the fires. The old machinery was making the supreme effort of its life. All at once she struck—hard and firm. But there was no cracking of timbers, no grating of coral. Thank God, she had struck on the sand!

The men were ordered up from below and the prisoners released from the brig. For a moment it seemed as if all danger was over. They were within 200 feet of the beach and half that distance of the *Nipsic*. They could see men running to and fro on shore, hear them shouting to each other, and now and then recognize familiar faces. Even if the ship went to pieces, surely their friends ashore could save them! But the trend of things grew momentarily more alarming. The *Vandalia* swung around broadside to the beach, and seas broke over her deck with terrible violence. Every one gathered on the poop and forecastle; some of the men already sought safety in the rigging.

Jake had managed to get a life-preserver, and was strapping it about his waist when he caught sight of the Captain holding on to the rail looking pale and exhausted. His head was swathed with bandages, and there was blood on them here and there. The executive officer had his arm around him.

"What's the matter with the Captain?" Jake asked of Rawlinson.

"Didn't you know about him? Why, he was thrown across the cabin last night, and had his head cut open."

"But he's been on the bridge all day, hasn't he?"

"Yes; but I guess he's about used up."

Jake undid the straps of his life-preserver, and watching his chance between waves, slid over to the side of his Captain and offered it to him. He smiled and declined it.

"Keep it yourself, Mr. Wildon."

"But I don't need it at all, sir," Jake persisted.

The Captain shook his head. "It's no use. I haven't strength enough to swim," he said; "I've got to go in a few minutes anyhow."

Jake turned reluctantly and made his way up the rigging. When he turned to look on deck again, the scene had changed. The Gatling-gun had broken loose, and was running amuck among the men, crushing now one, now another. A wave had washed over the poop and borne off its human prey. The Captain had disappeared. After that nearly every receding sea carried two or three men along with it. Almost every one had taken to the rigging. The ship was rapidly settling, and by noon her gun-deck was under water.

A seaman named Hammar volunteered to swim ashore with a line. He tied a small cord about his waist and jumped overboard. The next wave threw him back against the side of the ship and crushed his skull. Jake slid down the ropes and landed at the feet of the First Lieutenant, who was now in command.

"I think *I'd* like to try it, sir," he said.

"Go ahead, my boy," was the answer; "and God speed you!"

Jake tied on the rope, and jumped. Like nearly every one on board, he had already taken his clothes off to be able to swim better. He was powerless in the awful whirlpool in which he found himself. The waves did with him as they liked. For some minutes he did not know whether he was making any progress or not. Then he saw the hull of the *Vandalia*, big and black, and close upon him. Was he going to end like poor Hammar? He felt a throbbing pain in the head—everything grew black. When he came to he was lying in the maintop, and one of the men was tenderly chafing his icy feet.

"We managed to pull you out, Wildon," said Rawlinson, "but it was a mighty close shave. There's been



"HE'S HIS FATHER'S SON," SHE REPEATED, SOFTLY.

some other fellows that wanted to try, but they weren't allowed to."

Through the long hours of the afternoon the poor fellows clung to the ropes and spars, the sleet and wind beating on their naked bodies, the wire ropes cutting their flesh to the bone, and the salt-water smarting in their wounds. Every wave that broke over them carried off its quota of men. Weak, exhausted, half frozen, those that remained hardly cared whether they lived or died. Night settled down on them, and added the horrors of darkness to their sufferings.

Meanwhile the *Trenton* was drifting helplessly toward the *Vandalia*. They could see her great hull coming toward them, looming up out of the darkness. Was it for this that they had clung to the rigging all day, only to be crushed into the water by the flag-ship?

"I guess it's all up with us this time!" somebody said.

For a moment Jake thought so too, and his mind wandered back to the cabin on the edge of Lake Superior. Just then came a sound that set their blood tingling—a great shout from the *Trenton*—"Three cheers for the *Vandalia!*"

"We must give it back to them, boys!" Jake shouted. "One—two—three! Hurray! hurray! hurray!" It was a pitifully feeble cheer that came from the dying men in the rigging. It brought tears to the eyes of the men who heard it.

Then above the howling of the storm came another sound from the deck of the *Trenton*. The band was playing the "Star-spangled Banner." The effect of the music was magical. From poor, wave-tossed, despairing atoms of humanity it transformed them into heroes. It made each man feel that if he died, it would be in the service of his country, and that it would be worth while. It lent dignity to it all. It woke every slumbering feel-

[illegible] and Jake felt his heart swelling up so [illegible] he would suffocate.

Instead of cursing the *Vandalia* the *Trenton* drifted, as gently as one of her own swans, the people off the accompanied. Then it came their turn on the main mast. The coming of the *Trenton* proved their salvation after all.

Beside the window in the little cabin on the Lake Superior shore Jake's mother sat rocking slowly. There were tears in her eyes and tears running unheeded down her cheeks, but they were tears of happiness and not of sorrow. In her lap lay a pile of newspapers with full accounts of the Samoan disaster. In her hand was a short happy letter from Jake, dated San Francisco. He would be with her in a few days. He said he enclosed some things that might interest her. One was a big official paper which read:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *April* 13, 1889.

SIR,—I take pleasure in furnishing you with a copy of a communication addressed to the Department on the 20th ult. by your commanding officer, in which he brings to its notice your gallantry on the occasion of the wreck of the United States steamer *Vandalia*.

The Department is pleased to place on its files this tribute to your zeal, efficiency, and courage.

Very respectfully,
THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The other was dated Apia, March 21, 1889, and said:

"I take this means of bringing to the notice of the Department the good conduct of Naval Cadet Jacob Wildon. This young officer did his duty in the most commendable manner, distinguishing himself for coolness, zeal, and pluck. He was the first to volunteer for duty in the fire-room, and remained in the coal-bunkers when the danger appalled the stoutest heart. Afterwards he narrowly escaped death in a gallant attempt to take a line ashore. Mr. Wildon is a young officer of great promise, and bids fair to be of value to the service and his country."

Mrs. Wildon rocked happily backwards and forwards. "He's his father's son," she repeated softly to herself—"his father's own son, and they didn't spoil him after all!"

THE END.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

IT is said that in relation to its architecture the building in which the business of the Patent Office is transacted is the most perfect building in Washington. For all that, it does not catch the eye with beauty as the soaring dome of the Capitol or the long line of pillars on the side of the Treasury does. It is in the severely plain and simple Doric style, very heavy, of marble and granite, built around a quadrangle. The flight of stairs to the portico is lofty and imposing, and the vast portico itself, with its double row of eight fluted columns, each six feet in diameter and more than thirty feet in height, is modelled from the Parthenon, on the same lines and measurements. The porticos on the other sides are all fine, but none compare to the chaste and perfect beauty of this. It belongs to the original building, to which the great wings on either side have been added at later dates, the cost of the whole structure representing something more than four million dollars. How vast this building is may be better understood when it is remembered that it covers nearly three acres.

As you enter the main hall you are in a magnificent space where quadruple Doric columns, extending down a line of nearly two hundred and fifty feet, uphold a vaulted and groined ceiling some thirty feet above, very massive, and the whole stained in the Pompeian or Egyptian colors of deep blue and coral red. Here there used to be kept various objects of interest, such as a number of articles once belonging to George Washington and to Martha his wife, given by Lafayette, and the Cincinnati, and others, his camp equipage and uniform, treasure-chest and tent-poles, the curtains wrought by his wife, and his commission, the Declaration of Independence with all the grand old signatures, Franklin's printing-press, the Baron de Kalb's war saddle, the coat that General Jackson wore at the battle of New Orleans, sabres presented to our officers by Ali Pacha, guns given to Jefferson by the Emperor of Morocco, a model patented by Abraham Lincoln, all of which are now removed to other and more suitable departments.

On the first floor of the building, all around it in a double row, one looking on the streets, and the other on the quadrangle, are the rooms, some seventy-five in number, in which the work of the place is carried on—the offices of the Secretary of the Interior, of the Land Commissioner, of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, of the Commissioner of Patents, and of their chief clerks, together with their libraries. The best technical library in the world, it is claimed, is here, by-the-way, and in the great library of more than sixty thousand volumes are books made by old monks as long ago as 1470 and 1496. The Patent Office is within the Department of the Interior, and all the great internal concerns of the land which do not belong to the Treasury or War or Agriculture departments are attended to here.

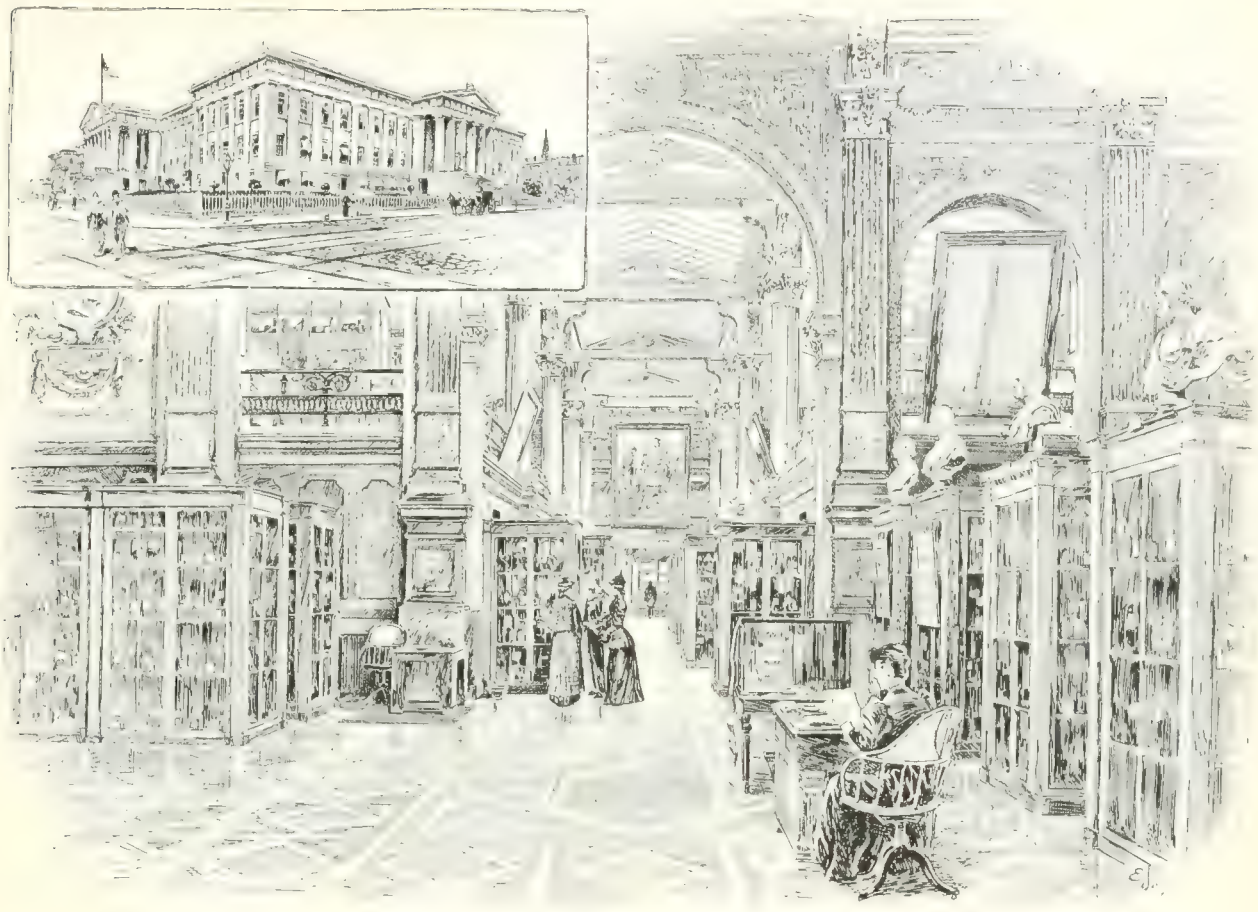
The Patent Office itself, however, is an institution unlike any other that there is. Few other countries give the weight to patents which we do, some countries thinking them contrary to the public interest. Our own course of giving the inventor a right in his invention for a term of years has had the result of stimulating invention immensely, and has undoubtedly led to a multitude of those great discoveries which have helped the whole era along, and made our century an age of wonder.

The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—the first—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins, in 1790, for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging the production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people. In the first twelve years a single clerk in the State Department and a few pigeonholes were all that the business of the office required. Then a Dr. Thornton took charge of it, and devoted himself to it as to a hobby.

When, in the war of 1812—the office having been removed to a building of its own two years before—the British, who had taken the city, trained their guns upon the Patent Office, Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen or Goths and Vandals? This is the Patent Office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it. And with this came the beginning of the present building, added to from time to time, till at last the noble pile stands complete as it is to-day, holding a model or a drawing of every invention known in the whole world, and having paid something more than two



MUSEUM OF THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON

millions of dollars over and above its own expenses, a sum which represents only a trifle of the great amount it has added to the wealth of the nation.

Any one can take out a patent who has invented something new or useful; and if one has made an improvement on another's invention he can patent that improvement, but only the improvement, no part of the original invention; and more than that, before he is quite ready with his invention he can file a caveat, as it is called, describing his proposed invention, and asking for its protection till he can mature it, which caveat is deposited in the confidential archives, and is his safeguard against robbery and interference. There are lawyers and attorneys particularly versed in the intricacy of the patent laws to be found in every large town, able to direct the inventor upon his best way. In general, it is said that it is not the inventor, but the person who has bought his invention of him for a small sum, who makes the greatest amount of money from it, although now and then merit meets with its reward, some of the most seemingly trivial things bringing in fortunes, as the paper bag did for the lady who invented it, as the little returning-ball, attached to a string, did for its creator, who sold it the day he patented it, it is believed, for a good many thousand dollars.

The great corridors of the Patent Office extend around the four sides of the building; and here, secured in glass cases and labelled, are the miniature models of all the great and small inventions of the age. The child rambling there sees tiny and perfect cooking-stoves and ranges with all the pots and pans and kettles, sees exquisite little pianos, sewing-machines, arm-chairs, desks, fairylike lamps, bookcases, bedsteads, minute and marvellous rifles and cannon, and locomotives and working engines, and longs to take them home for toys, not realizing that they are the miniature models of the drawing-room furniture, of the factory engine, of the huge field-gun. It is said that sometimes when inventors come here from the far back country, with their models and their drawings and their specifications, they go wandering through these corridors and see so many objects of ingenuity, have so many new ideas presented to them, and find so many ways in which they could change and improve, that it is not unusual for their brains to get in a whirl, and for them to experience a kind of dazed and temporary insanity.

But, indeed, one well might become excited who sees the drawings of Fulton's first steamboat, or the model of the first telegraph. It kindles the imagination to look at a model of the great steam-shovels that excavate a continent, or the blasting-powder that tunnels one, the wire fencings that divide one, of the steering mechanism of ships, of the electric light that has turned night into day, of the telephone that has enlarged the boundaries of speech as far and wide as the atmosphere itself extends, and who knows how much farther ultimately? And it is no less awakening to see the buffers and brakes of the railways which bind the land from ocean to ocean, of the seeders and planters and reapers and binders and sheaf-carriers that handle the mighty harvests which this land of ours makes ready to feed the hungry of all the earth. And when, after the study of all these outward expressions of complicated thought, one comes into the open air, and turning back, looks at the splendor of the great building against the burning blue of the sky, one feels that it has an honor belonging to no other edifice or department of the government, for it is the palace of the intellect of the nation

HOW HAL CARSON FOUND THE ROBBER.

BY CONDUCT

THE only "white boy within a hundred miles." No playmates for baseball, skating, or coasting, and no ice to skate on. No school to go to. No one to swap jackknives with. Poor fellow! how very lonesome he must have been.

Well, perhaps he did sometimes feel a little homesick; but who ever heard of a big, healthy, American boy, with a good pony, dog, and appetite, feeling lonesome more than five minutes at a time wherever he was.

Hal Carson's home in India was a one-story brick house, with a thick grass roof, and wide eaves projecting well over a broad veranda.

Inside there was no ceiling, but the bamboo rafters and thatch roof. The cooking was all done in what Hal called the "hash factory." In America we call it a "summer kitchen," but in that hot country it was all the year round cook house.

Occasionally the *kitmagah*, the native table waiter, would be careless, and forget to cover the roast chicken or duck that he was carrying on the large platter in front of him. Suddenly a hawk would swoop down, and, like "Jack Sprat" and his wife, would "lick the platter clean," sailing away with the family dinner in his talons before the eyes of the astonished servant.

The native would then catch "Hail Columbia" from the master of the house, and be threatened with dismissal. But with many salams and tears, he would beg the "great and good man" to have pity on him and his poor wife and children, "who would surely starve if the sahib turned from them the benevolent light of his countenance."

Promising never to be so careless again, he would be forgiven, and the very next day leave a basket of fruit where Hal's monkey, "Huni," could get at it, eat all the bananas he wanted, and throw the oranges and mangoes at the chickens. This was hard on the servant, but fun for the monkey, who would run up a tree out of reach of the pursuing and enraged servant.

Huni was a black-faced, long-tailed monkey, with light gray fur, which covered his body and surrounded his little black face, making him look like a little old man or grotesque brownie. All of his kind in India are considered sacred by the Hindoos, as being descendants of the monkey-god Hanuman. Huni had his home in a box in the forks of a large tree in front of the house. From the box to the ground was a smooth bamboo pole on which he went up and down stairs. Around his waist was a red leather belt, and around the pole a loose iron ring, which slid up and down, the two being fastened together with a light chain. So Huni could come down to the ground to get his bananas and green peppers, of which he was very fond, then run up to his box to eat or sleep.

The large middle room of the house was divided by a canvas partition into two bedrooms—a small one for Hal, the larger one for his parents. Hal wanted a corner for his best friend and chum, Barney; but Mrs. Carson was one of those tidy women who would allow no dogs in her house. So Barney had a cozy box in the front veranda not far from Huni's tree.

One night Hal's father was away from home, and one of the servants, who usually slept at the servants' quarters beyond the cook-house, was detailed to sleep in the front room on the floor, in case anything was needed in the night.

About midnight Mrs. Carson was awakened by Barney's noise, which, instead of being in his usual defiant "come-on-if-you-dare" tone, consisted of short yelps, ending with a whine and occasional scratch at the door.

"Quihi," she called to the servant, "tell Barney to lie down in his box and keep quiet."

"Yes, mem sahib. Barney, go lie down!" he shouted to the dog through the window. "Your mistress orders it, and what she orders all must obey."

But the dog was no respecter of servants. He never had paid any attention to their orders, but seemed rather to treat them as his inferiors. Now his whines and scratches at the door became louder and more frequent.

"Hal," said Mrs. Carson, "I wish *you* would try to quiet that dog of yours. We can't sleep with all that scratching at the door."

Hal jumped into his slippers, lighted the large lamp, and started for the front room. Just as he entered it he was greeted with a loud crash. The front window was shivered into pieces, and on the floor before him stood Barney whining piteously, his nose cut by the broken glass, and his stub tail somewhat lower than its usual upright position.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" said Hal. But the "old fellow" could only answer by looking in his master's face, then barking at the broken window. "Why, mother, I guess Barney is scared at something. I never saw him act this way before."

"Well, we can't bother with him any more to-night," said the mother. "You may as well let him sleep under your bed this once. I don't want him jumping through any more windows."

No one cared to investigate the matter any farther at that time of night, so Hal started back to bed.

"Will the Lora sahib please leave the light here?" said the servant. "Perhaps the dog saw the spirit of his grandmother, and if evil spirits are abroad to-night, I beg you, sir, to leave the lamp here. The window is broken, you see."

"You're afraid you'll see *your* grandmother's ghost, are you? Well, such things may scare you, but old Barney's got more sense than that. You can have the lamp, though, if you think that will keep her away. Good-night. Come on, Barney."

In the morning Hal went out with the usual half-dozen large red bananas to feed the black-faced monkey. Huni knew who was his best friend. He always grinned and chattered when Hal appeared with his food, and slid down that pole in a manner that would put to shame the most expert acrobat.

But this morning no grinning, chattering, or gymnastics greeted Hal. The box was empty, and at the foot of the pole lay the broken chain. "Only that, and nothing more."

Huni had frequently been allowed to run loose, and had never shown any disposition to run away.

But he had been chained to his pole for several weeks. The last time he was allowed his freedom he had quietly climbed up the back of Mrs. Carson's chair at the breakfast table, reached over her shoulder, and helped himself to a banana from her plate; then, adding insult to injury, jerked the good lady's lace cap from her head, carried both to his box in the tree, where he quietly ate the one and tore the other to pieces. So orders had been issued that Huni should remain chained until such time as he should learn better manners.

Hal thought he had become tired of his captivity, and had broken his chain to have a little frolic. "Huni! Huni! Huni!" he called. "Come here, you black rascal." But no answering chatter did he hear. Huni was not within reach of his voice, for he could never have resisted the temptation of those big fat bananas. "Well, he's run away, or else somebody stole him while Barney was off guard last night," thought Hal. "Either way, he'll get into the bazar downtown. He's so tame anybody can catch him with a banana; then they'll sell him to old Punkarow, that keeps the parrot and monkey store. I'll take a ride down that way."

Hal's pony was soon saddled. He took his gun, saying

that if he couldn't find Huni in the bazar, he would ride around the hill through the big grove, look for him there, and shoot some parrots for a parrot pot-pie.

Away went the boy, pony, and dog. Down the hill, past the old Hindoo temple; past the sepoys' barracks, where the native soldier on guard presented arms to him as though he were the officer of the day. On through the long bazar, where the sleepy vendors of everything, from "Yankee" glass beads to Persian rugs, sat smoking in their little stalls. On to the end of the street, where old Punkarow, a blear-eyed old heathen, kept a chattering, screeching crowd of monkeys and parrots for sale.

"Hello, Punke! How's business this morning? Got any black-faces in there?"

"Salam, Lora sahib! I have but two Hanumans at present. They are very beautiful. I will sell you one very cheap—*dus tucka* [$5], just half what he cost me. Come and look at the beauties."

"You mean that's four times what he cost you. I'll not give you any *dus tucka*, nor the half of it for one; but I'll take a look at them," replied the boy.

He dismounted, and went into the little bad-smelling shop. There were short-tailed monkeys and long-tailed monkeys, monkeys red and monkeys black, all talking at once, or, if quiet, trying to think up some kind of mischief. But Huni was not one of the number.

"Say, Punke, I don't want to buy anything. I've just lost *my* monkey. If anybody comes around with a real tame little Hanuman to sell, you keep him and send for me. If it's my Huni, I'll give you *ek tucka* [50 cents]. But if you buy him and sell him, I'll have the police sahib arrest you and lock you up in jail. Do you hear?"

"Ah, Lora sahib, I am a poor man, but everybody knows I am very honest. I swear by the great Rama it shall be as you have said. It shall be done."

"That's all right, Punke; you needn't cuss about it; but you better not sell my Huni."

Mounting his pony, he galloped out to the big grove around the foot of the hill, where he called and looked for Huni, too much concerned for his lost pet to care for parrot pot-pie. But no monkey could be seen. So, turning the pony's head toward home, he started up the hill by the back road, past the old ruined bungalow on the hill-side.

This house had been built many years before by an English officer, who had died there. It had long remained vacant, the other officers preferring to live on top of the hill overlooking the river. Dampness and white ants, the two great destroyers in that country, had made sad havoc with the house. The door and window frames were all eaten away, the grass roof was rotten and caving in.

Just here he met jolly Captain Floyd, the district police officer, out for his morning ride.

"Hello, Hal! taking a morning gallop, hunting for an appetite?"

"No, sir. I've got plenty of that article, without hunting for any more. I'm hunting for my monkey. I believe somebody stole him last night, and I want you to help me find the thief, and arrest him," replied Hal.

"You're hunting for a lost monkey? Well, you Yankees are great folks. You're always hunting for something; gold, or the north pole, or monkeys."

"I'm no Yankee," said Hal. "I came from Iowa, and Yankees live in New England."

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference. All Americans are Yankees to an Englishman. But how about this monkey? Lost, is he? You might as well look for the historical needle in the hay-stack, as for a lost monkey in this country. The woods are full of them, and they all look alike. If I find the thief, I'll lock him up, though," said the Englishman, laughing. Then looking toward the old house, he said, "What's the matter with Barney this morning? He's barking at that door as though he'd treed an elephant."

"Perhaps Huni is in there up under the roof," said Hal. "Let's go and see."

So tying their horses to a clump of bamboos by the road-side, they waded through the tall rank grass and brush to the hole in the wall where the front door had once been. Barney, thus re-enforced, raved and tore around worse than ever, addressing his remarks to a dark place up under the roof where a large beam lay across from wall to wall. Hal looked up, but in the dark gloom of the old ruin could see nothing.

"There's something lying on that beam," said the Captain. "See those two eyes; they're not monkey's eyes either. Got a bullet in your gun?"

Hal had some in his pocket, and soon put one in each barrel.

"If you feel shaky, you'd better let me take the gun," said the officer, jokingly.

"No, thank you, sir," replied Hal; "I prefer to do my own shooting."

"All right, then. Take a dead rest against that old door-frame, aim square between those eyes, and blaze away. I've got my revolver here; if you miss, I'll give him a dose."

Hal's eyes had by this time become more accustomed to the shade of the place, and he thought he could see a rather large body crouching behind those eyes; too large even for a wild-cat. Though he felt rather nervous, he was bound Captain Floyd shouldn't see it; so following the Captain's directions, he pulled the trigger. Bang! Yeou! what a yell! Whack on the floor, kicking and snarling, fell a badly used up leopard! Another shot, and the animal lay dead.

"Well done, young man! You don't often bag such big game as that. We'll have to get you a medal for gallant behavior on the field of battle."

The Captain walked around the animal, commenting on the beauty of his skin and the sharpness of his claws. Kicking away the rubbish in front of him, he spied something red. He picked it up, and showed to Hal the monkey's *red leather belt*, saying, "I think we've arrested the thief, Hal; here's the belt."

"That's Huni's belt, as sure as shooting," replied Hal, "but where's Huni?"

"Why, where do you suppose? In the thief's stomach, of course," answered the Captain, laughing.

But not so with Hal. The mystery was explained, the robber caught, but poor Huni would never more be seen.

As they rode back home, Hal told the Captain about Barney's doings the night before, and the Englishman explained to him that it was no wonder the sensible fellow jumped through the window. The leopard likes dog-steak above all other dainties, and Barney knew he was after him. The leopard, foiled in that line, took the next best at hand, and poor Huni had to suffer.

Captain Floyd sent some coolies to the old house, and they brought the dead robber home.

The brute was carefully skinned, and the skull cleaned. Hal now has them both as trophies.

On the shelf in the cabinet beside the skull is a little red leather belt and a broken chain. Attached to them is a card, on which is printed by a boy's hand the following:

THE LAST REMAINS OF

HUNI,

THE HINDOO MONKEY-GOD, WHO, OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH HE HAD NO CONTROL, RELUCTANTLY DEPARTED THIS LIFE TO FILL AN ACHING VOID.

"He never smiled again."

A BOY WHO WAS BORN A KING.

EVER since kingdoms have existed little boys have been born to inherit them, but how many little boys in history have been Kings from their very birth? Search and search you can find only [illegible] little boy just seven years old who is a King, and has been a King all the years of his life; who, in fact, was a King the moment he came into the world.

One warm afternoon in last October there was gathering in the upper halls and rooms of a palace in Europe a vast concourse of distinguished people from all parts of the world. There were famous statesmen decorated with sashes and medals, Cardinals and Bishops in purple robes, learned men grown gray with study, generals and admirals who had fought in many battles, and officers of all armies and navies in brilliant uniforms. Presently the doors of an audience-chamber were thrown open, and all these people formed in line and pressed forward. At the far end of the chamber, upon a raised dais under a canopy of purple velvet, sat, in a big gilded chair, a little fair haired boy. He was dressed, as any little boy might be, in Knickerbocker trousers and a sailor waist of white flannel. His little black-stockinged legs were crossed and swinging, because his feet would not touch the floor, and he looked gravely on at the great men bowing before him, as if he had often gone through such scenes during his short life.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBAS, MADRID.

After making my bow I separated from the passing throng, and stood in the recess of a window to watch the scene. The little boy's hair was tossed about his head in short wavy curls. His eyes were gray and intelligent, his face was pale and a little sallow, and his body slender and delicate. It was almost impossible to realize that he was more than other boys; that he was not merely an intelligent interesting child, but his Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII King of Spain!

Beside him sat his mother, the Queen Regent Christina, a sad-faced woman, still young. She was simply and tastefully dressed in a street costume of dark India silk. Around the two stood gaudily uniformed officers of the court and elegantly dressed ladies-in-waiting. Sometimes the little King grew restless and slid from his chair to stand beside it. Then he would turn his back upon some bowing potentate in order to climb back into his big seat with hands and knees.

An hour later I stood near the little fellow on a high balcony overlooking a public square. It was in the city of Huelva during the celebration of Columbus's discovery of America. The square was thronged with people, and in the balcony around the little King and his court were grouped in brilliant array those who had just paid homage to him. He had put on a broad-brimmed hat of white Leghorn straw and pulled the elastic under his chin, and he held spread over his head a plain little white silk umbrella as he watched with interest the parade in the street below.

It was impossible to watch him without thinking of the life he must lead, and the dark, uncertain future before him. Brought up apart from other boys, and to understand that he is different from them, watched and nurtured as the only hope for the continuation of monarchy in Spain, he looked like a little hot-house plant kept too much away from the fresh air and invigorating breezes.

How much he has of earthly honor—a King at birth, and descended from a long line of Kings; a King of the proud House of Bourbon, and the only descendant of Louis XIV. now on a throne! A little over six years ago his father, Alfonso XII., died before this little child was born, and all Spain breathlessly awaited its birth, for had it been a girl wars would have followed among rival claimants to the throne, and Spain might have been torn and devastated for years. When the little fellow came into the world the great ministers of all nations were gathered in the anteroom, and the little mite of a baby was passed around from one to another of these great men that they might see that it was indeed a boy. Then they all cried out together *Viva el Rey! Viva Alfonso XIII., Rey d'España!* and the cry was taken up outside in the streets of Madrid, while the news was flashed throughout Spain, and to the uttermost parts of the earth that a King was born, and the country saved from revolution.

Poor little boy King! There were ominous signs about him that day in Huelva which he could not understand. As the royal carriage was driven to the palace of the *Deputacion Provincial* there were no cheers, and the Queen-mother could not have failed to see on big hand bills posted on the walls at every corner the ominous words in great black letters, *Attention Republicans! Do not lose this opportunity to prove that you are in the majority in Spain!* How she must have hugged her little boy close to her with apprehension as she read those significant words, and remembered how Spain had twice already tired of monarchy; once driving the little boy's own grandmother, Isabella II., out of the country.



ALBERT STICKNEY, JUN., THROWING THE HAMMER.



THE BROAD JUMP.



START FOR THE ONE-MILE BICYCLE RACE.



J. M. POLK PUTTING THE SHOT.



START FOR THE 100 YARDS RACE.



220 YARDS HURDLE RACE.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS AT NEW YORK.—From Photographs by W. H. Wheelock.—[See Page 530.]

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the Interscholastic Athletic Association, which was held at the Berkeley Oval on Saturday, May [illegible], was the most important event of the season in the boys' athletic world. In spite of the rain that fell during the entire afternoon, there was a very respectable showing of friends and relatives of the boys in the grand stand, and the time made in the contested events came so close to the records that every one regretted the bad weather still more, feeling sure that if it had been a pleasant day most of the present interscholastic times and distances would have been bettered.

Up in the great grand stand all the friends of the boys were decked out in the colors of the particular school they were partial to—red for the Harvard and Cutler schools, red and blue for the Berkeley, light blue for the Columbia Grammar, etc., and as each event was finished, the representatives of the school to which the winner belonged arose in a body and cheered till they were hoarse or another race begun.

The training throughout the season has been so thorough, and the fight among the city private schools was so enthusiastic as they struggled for the championship, that it is safe to say New York has never seen a more thoroughly well-contested boys' field-day than this spring meeting. As it was, in spite of a track in bad condition, several of the interscholastic records were broken, and the association now stands at the head of scholastic athletic organizations throughout the country.

It stands as the pioneer in its own particular field, too, for it was founded as far back as 1878. In that year some of the graduates and present members of the private schools of New York city got together and formed the Interscholastic League for the purpose of encouraging more systematic practice and training in athletic games among school-boys. They drew up a set of rules for its government, arranged for an annual spring or summer meeting, when the championship of the schools should be decided and individual prizes granted for particular events.

The plan met with the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the boys, and the growth of the sports was so rapid that in 1884 a silver challenge cup was put up to be competed for annually at the spring meeting of the schools which made up the membership of the association. These were the Cutler, Berkeley, Columbia Grammar, Dwight, and Halsey schools.

The cup itself was a ten-year challenge cup, and went each year to that school which won the largest number of points at the spring meeting, these points being figured in the following manner: a first prize in any event counted five points; a second prize, three points; and a third, one point. At the end of ten years the cup's life was to end, so to speak, and was to be the property for all time of the school which should have won it the greatest number of times. It is this last fact which has made the games of this season so exciting for the boys, this being the tenth and final year of the cup. Up to the games of this year Cutler's School had won it four years; Berkeley, three years; Halsey, one; and Columbia Grammar, one. And if, therefore, Berkeley had taken it again, she would have tied Cutler, and it would have required another year to decide the question. To complicate matters, Berkeley had won the cup in the last three consecutive years, and the Cutler boys felt pretty sure that if they did not win in 1893, the fact that many of their best athletes would leave in June would endanger their chance of winning the draw in 1894.

The fight was a hot one from start to finish, therefore, and Cutler's School finally won with 44 points to Berkeley's 32, so that the pretty silver tankard, with the records and winners' names engraved all over it, goes to Cutler's, to be hung up as a trophy as long as the school itself remains. You would have thought afterwards that the boys of the school had won the earth instead of the games, for they took possession of most of it in their vicinity, and completely captured the train that brought them down to New York city.

Since the challenge cup was established there have sprung up in the city several private schools quite worthy to be allowed to compete for it; but the regulations under which it was put up for competition forbade any school to enter the lists except those which belonged to the association at its foundation. To give these boys a chance to take part in the games, however, a pennant was also established a short time ago for the outside schools to fight for at the same time, and among these the Harvard School has taken great glory to itself in its first year in the new league. The Harvard boys scored 37 points on Saturday, and thus took second position, beating Berkeley by five points, and winning the pennant, though they could not take part in the struggle for the cup itself.

Next year a new league will undoubtedly be formed to include the new schools, and in all probability another challenge cup will be put up for the competition of all.

The events of Saturday's programme, and the capabilities of the boys who made some new records by their vigorous work, were commented on in the department of Outings and Innings in last week's YOUNG PEOPLE, so there is no necessity for repeating it here. Any boy who wants to gain an idea of how such sports are arranged and carried through cannot do better than examine the records of the Interscholastic Association, and follow their plan. The management of the whole affair was well conducted, and though the programme was a long one, it was successfully carried out, for in spite of the fact that the rain kept the records down, it could not delay the course of events nor dampen the boys' ardor. Of the participants, E. W. Brooks, of Harvard, Albert Stickney, Jun., of Cutler, G. C. V. Richards, of Berkeley, C. M. Billings, of Allen, J. R. Fisher, of Harvard, L. B. Elliman, of Berkeley, C. Southwick, of Harvard, J. M. Polk, of Cutler, and T. L. Bogert, of Berkeley, all won prizes, and some of them broke records. The events were as follows: 100-yard dash, 100-yard dash for boys under fifteen years, 120-yard hurdle race, one-mile safety bicycle race, 440-yard run, one-mile run, 220-yard run, 220-yard hurdle race, one-mile walk, half-mile run, running broad jump, throwing 12-pound hammer, running high jump, putting 12-pound shot, pole vault. And the points won by the schools were as follows: Cutler, 44; Harvard, 37; Berkeley, 32; Allen, 6; Barnard and Woodbridge, each 5; Halsey and Condon, each 3.

THE PAPA WHO WAS ADOPTED.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

IN the steerage cabin of a great ocean steamer a woman lay dying. Over her bent a man with a look of misery in his face. He was the woman's husband, and the little fellow whom he held in his arms was their child.

"One kiss more," pleaded the woman.

The man held the face of the child to hers while she kissed it twice, thrice, lingeringly.

Then with a passionate sob in her voice she raised herself on her pillows. "Thou, Lieber, wilt come to me; but Karl our baby Karl will be alone in the world." She fell back exhausted and panting; then a sudden peace lighted her face. "Lieber, we will leave him to God," she murmured.

That night they buried the mother at sea while Karl was sleeping, and five days later he was carried ashore in his father's arms.

"I must find a home for the child!" said the grief-stricken man to the good German pastor whom he sought out in New York. "The mother is buried at sea; I am dying of this cough which racks me. Where can I put the child?"

"There is the Children's Home," suggested the pastor. "The little ones are kindly cared for there."

"I'll keep him by me yet a little, while I may," said the poor father.

"Yes, yes, friend; yet a little," said the good pastor, humming and hawing and clearing his throat. Then, in a changed voice and with a beaming smile, he spoke to the child in the language of the Vaterland. "By-and-by Karl will go to live in a big house where there are many children, and kind ladies to take care of them."

But the little one shook his head and clung closely to his father's neck. "Wis papa," he answered. "Wis papa."

He was only three years old, and his words were few. But the day came all too speedily when papa and the good German pastor carried him to the "big pleasant house" where the many children were. The kind ladies petted him, filling his hands with toys and sweet cookies; but there was a frightened look in his eyes as again he clung close to his father's neck and would not be coaxed

away. He seemed to know only one phrase, which he repeated again and again — "Wis papa, wis papa."

And at last papa himself tore the little clinging arms from his neck, kissed him as he had never kissed him before, and went swiftly away without looking back. They heard him coughing and sobbing as he went down the stairs; and that night little Karl cried himself to sleep. For two days he mourned so that they feared he would be ill. But he was only three years old, there were happy children to play with, and the ladies were kind to him.

After a time Karl seemed to forget, and his blue eyes lost their look of frightened sorrow. He learned a few words of English, grew bright and rosy and happy; soon there was not a merrier child in all that great nursery. Only now and then in the midst of his play he would look up suddenly with a wistful quiver of the lips and say, "Wis papa, wis papa."

No one could tell how much he meant by it nor how much he remembered; whether indeed anything remained to him but the phrase and its vague suggestion of sorrow. But "papa" never came again; and so the days and the months sped on.

Far away in a Western city, that was all wrapped in a white stillness of snow, a little childless wife crept one evening into the shelter of her husband's arm and said, "Shall it be, dear one?"

For a certain project had been talked of between them much and earnestly. So much that at last one day they had said to each other: "Now we will talk of it no more for a week. We will think of it silently, and when again we speak of it together, we will decide." The week had passed, and very softly now the little wife had asked the question, "Shall it be, dear one?"

The husband took her pleading face between his two strong hands and answered: "I should like it, dear one! Else there will never be the sound of a child's voice in our home!"

The wistfulness lingered for a moment in the little wife's face, but then it began to sparkle and dimple as she poured out her longings after a week's silence.

"I've been thinking, dear! We will find some little motherless, fatherless creature—one of God's special children. I should like it to be a dear little baby girl—not more than six months old; shouldn't you? Because, you know, if we take her very young, we shall love her, and she will love us as if she were our very own."

"Almost!" said her husband.

"When shall we start, dear one? Will to-morrow be too soon?"

"No, we will start to-morrow," he answered.

They went a long, long way by rail, visiting many cities and asylums, and every night the little wife shook her head. At last they came to the "big pleasant house" where the many children lived. The little wife told her purpose to the matron, who smiled and said: "There could not be a happier prospect for a baby girl of six months old. Would she come now and look at the babies?"

At a low table Karl was playing with his blocks, building wonderful boats and bridges. He looked up as the pretty lady passed, and smiled at her because she smiled down at him. But the next instant a ringing cry went through the room—"Wis papa, wis papa." He dashed the blocks aside, gave one spring, and wound his arms around the husband's knees—"Wis papa! papa! papa!" The husband bent down to take him, and instantly Karl clasped both arms round his neck and exclaimed, triumphantly: "I knew my papa would come again! I knew it! I knew it!"

What fancied resemblance mixed itself up with a half-dimmed memory who can tell?

Now, for years, there had been a hushed longing in the husband's heart that some day a little child might wind its arms about his neck and call him "Papa."

"Shall we go further, wife?" he asked

And looking at them both with eyes that shone through tears, she answered, "No, dear; we have found our child!"

The husband confided to her afterwards that he did not think he ever could have unclasped those clinging arms.

"It is not a baby girl of six months old," he said.

"Never mind!" answered the little wife, stoutly. "Instead, it is *our boy*."

The matron wiped her eyes and smiled: "The only pity about it is for the baby girl who will never know what she has lost." And at that they all laughed.

"Will he go with—with—papa?" asked the husband, fitting his lips to the new title half timidly.

But at the question the baby arms clung closer and the baby mouth trembled. "Papa *wouldn't*—leave Karl *again?*"

"No, Karl, no, never again!" said his new papa, and under his breath he added, "Thank God!"

They took him away in a carriage, and the little wife coaxed him to sit on her lap. Then she wrapped him warmly about with her own fur mantle and kissed him. "For I'm your mamma," she said.

The child looked puzzled. "Mamma went to sleep in the sea," he answered.

But a moment later he began to stroke the soft fur of her mantle, and to nestle against her as though in his baby heart he had adopted her too. They drove to a great outfitting establishment and led him in between them. He wore a blue and white checked pinafore, no coat and no hat. People looked at them as they made their way to the elevator; but papa and mamma did not know it; they had forgotten there were "people" in the world.

What a merry time there was upstairs! Such piles of little aprons and stockings and dainty underwear! There was a white sailor suit, and a blue one, and a velvet Lord Fauntleroy, an overcoat, jackets, caps, sashes, and boots. Mamma could not conceal her delight, and papa was a proud man when he paid the bill. It got to be known all over the establishment that a little child had been adopted. The clerks told it to one another, and the cash-boys carried it up to the desk. All came flocking to see. The rich partners, the floor-walkers, the book-keepers, the salesmen and saleswomen.

When at last Karl was dressed in a blue kilt and sailor blouse, a reefer jacket and United States navy cap, papa and mamma looked up to find themselves the centre of a throng. All the men walked up and shook hands with papa, while the cash-boys nudged each other and whispered that "the little chap had struck a soft thing."

Some of the women laughed, and all of them blinked back a tear or two. Finally one young girl from the lace department took a blush rose-bud from her throat—her sweetest offering because one she loved had given it to her—and kneeling before Karl, pinned it into the little new button-hole of his reefer. The men gave a low cheer, whether for Karl, or the lace girl, or the rose-bud, nobody knew; but by this time the whole company felt as though they had been friends together all their lives.

Mamma kissed the rose-bud girl, and the rose-bud girl kissed Karl. Then the three went away; but they are talked of to this day, and every one in that great establishment holds a personal interest in the little boy who was adopted.

But papa always shakes his head with a smile and says: "We did not adopt the boy, little wife; he adopted us."

And mamma answers, demurely: "For a papa who has been adopted, you really behave very well. I feared, at first, you would be quite spoilt"

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."

Author of "Captain Polly," "Flying Hill Farm," etc

CHAPTER XI

ROBIN spread the paper out upon the board and bent over it. She could read and tried to decipher it. But very few of the words were legible to her. The one impulse of her mind was to send it at once to Ken—the precious paper which he had been so angry with her for losing. But on second thought she decided to try the effect of the paper upon Dave's memory. The almost illegible words might mean something to him; they might even bring back the forgotten secret to his mind. What joy it would be if she should have that news to write to Ken! But her heart sank at the thought of Ken, as it always sank now. She had tried to write to him; she had hinted, as carefully as she could, that she had not meant to make him angry at the baseness of allowing an innocent person to suffer for one's guilt; she had said plainly that no poverty or disgrace was real trouble, but only wickedness; that so far as paying went, she could pay for everything with her cranberries—those cranberries scarcely larger as yet than pin-heads, and at the mercy of droughts and floods and frosts—from which so much was expected! All these things she had written to Ken over and over, and then burned the letters. It was so hard to write such things to Ken, who never took kindly to advice, and was morbidly sensitive to blame. He had written once, a hasty note addressed to his father, which tried to be high-spirited, but showed homesickness between the lines. At least the others called it homesickness; Robin saw the misery of an accusing conscience.

If Dave should remember, then she could write. Perhaps Ken could be induced to confess then, for it would be comparatively easy; he would be looking forward again to the great fortune to be made by Freneau's discovery.

She stole away as soon as possible—it was scarcely sunset, and there was the long summer twilight before her—with the crumpled paper in her pocket, down the marsh road to Dave's. Jean would feel aggrieved if she should discover that there was a secret with which she was not to be trusted; but it was not her secret, but Ken and Dave's, Robin had reflected; and, moreover, whatever found a lodgment in Jean's lively little brain was so apt to fly to the end of her tongue.

Dave was sitting on the door-step in a brown study.

"He will not speak to me," said Annette, in sullen grief. "He will only say he want to think. He think himself to sleep, and wake up and think again. It was less sad when he drew the little cart."

Robin spread the paper out before him, but he knit his brows over it without any apparent result.

"He can read writing. Old Mrs. Morse said she did not believe it, but he can," said Annette.

"These are uncommon words," explained Room. "Dave, what is that? oxide of what?"

A flush slowly overspread Dave's pale face. "I know! I know! If anybody should say it I should remember. *He* wanted me to remember, that man at the glass-works, but I couldn't. I don't know just what you want me to do, you and he," said Dave, with a puzzled utterance.

"It is that always—to find out the secret. Oh, I am glad he can't remember, my poor Dave." He would tell it to that man," said Annette.

"I wouldn't tell it to him, Dave," said Robin, earnestly. "If you remember anything that you used to know, I wouldn't tell him."

"It is no use telling me," said Dave; "he knows everything; he will make me remember when I go over there again. You cannot help me; you have never known much—all."

There was a scornful impatience in Dave's tone, which was different from the apathy which he had shown ever since his injury.

"It is that man who have the evil-eye!" cried Annette, becoming tearful. "Dave have never speak to me like that before."

"I think I have tired him with the paper, Annette. The doctor said we must not tire him, you know. It's of no use; he never will remember," she added to herself. But she reflected afterwards that she was scarcely able to judge of Dave's condition and its probable results. She would send the paper to Ken. And yet of what use would it be for him to know? He would not come home; oh no, he could not come home! He would only be troubled to no purpose. "I'm guilty of such great and dreadful shirking that a little shirking like that doesn't signify!" said Robin, bitterly, to herself, as she walked, with a heavy heart, through the deepening shadows of the marsh road.

She had tried to inquire about Jo Wilkes in Quansett that day, but she was afraid of betraying her anxiety, afraid of the sound of her voice when she mentioned his name or Ken's; and innocent Jean, whose mind was centred upon sashes, could not be induced, by means of hints, to ask the questions. Robin had strong doubts of Martha's ability to get him off. Carlsen had evaded her entreaties, she thought. Had his keen eyes looked suspiciously at her after she had cried out that Jo was innocent, or had she imagined it? At all events, she could not rid herself of the impression that Carlsen would bring Jo Wilkes to trial, in spite of Martha, if he could, and get her there as a witness also, if he could find any pretext.

With only such thoughts as these for company, it was a relief to see a small, sturdy, barefooted figure approaching in the distance—Thanny Baker coming to meet her.

Thanny had been in a somewhat subdued state of mind since the show. He had made the acquaintance of Bert Cressy, of Goose Creek, who took the obscure but lively part of the lion's hind legs, and the story of his experiences had dampened his growing ambition for a show-man's life. According to Bert Cressy "stiddy days' works" was what life amounted to, even in a show, and very cramping and monotonous work too—and work that paid scarcely as well as fishing. Thanny, with all his visions, was enough of a Yankee to wish to know how it paid. And that zebra was undoubtedly painted, though Thanny hadn't found out what the creature really was, or how it was done. He had come to a realizing sense of the hollowness of shows. He doubted whether there was anything much more enjoyable in life than to have the *Mary Ann's* sheet in one's hand, in a spanking breeze, and know just how to control her, as one would control a restive horse.

"A Cape feller is jest about as well off as any of 'em," he said to himself, foregoing, for a time at least, his dreams of being a show-man, a cowboy, or a soldier.

"I've been lookin' and lookin' for you," he announced, as soon as Room came in sight. "I took that feller up to Goose Creek, and he paid me a dollar. And then—and then"—Thanny lowered his voice mysteriously, as he joined her—"I come near get in' into an awful scrape."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Robin, who felt that troubles were thickening on every side. "But you didn't, Thanny."

"I guess I was smart enough for them fellers," said Thanny, proudly. "You see, I was comin' by Gridiron Cove on my way home, and 'twas high tide, and I was pretty well inshore, and a feller sung out to me to come

up nearer. I went in as nigh as I could, and says he: 'I want to hire your boat to-night after sundown. I expect the wind's a goin' to hold,' says he. 'I only want to go out there a little piece,' says he, pointin' out beyond the Chunks, 'and I'll pay you well.' Says I, 'I don' know who you be'; for he wasn't summer folks; he looked kind of rough, and he didn't b'long round here. He didn't say anything to that, but it flashed right across me that it was one of them fellers from the glass-works that made the disturbance that day at the show."

"Then they got clear, did they? Thanny, do you know whether Jo Wilkes is—is going to be tried for stealing?" asked Robin, eagerly.

"Well, I'm a-comin' to him," said Thanny, slightly aggrieved at the interruption. "He pretended not to hear me askin' him who he was, but says he again: 'I'll pay you well. You leave your boat here at the Cove jest as soon as it's dark to-night, and say nothing to nobody, and you'll find it here again before nine o'clock; and name your price,' says he. 'But, mind you, hold your tongue,' says he. Well, I couldn't think, for the life of me, what he was up to, and I kept still. 'Five dollars,' he hollers; and 'All right,' says I, for I couldn't seem to think of anything out of the way that he *could* be up to. But I hadn't got far before it come over me jest like a flash that Bert said this afternoon that that vessel that was anchored in the shoal water out there beyond the Chunks was Hank Colson's schooner, the *Wasp*. He said she'd started from Fleetwell for the Banks, and he couldn't make out what she was a-layin' to out there for. He went clear out there to make sure 'twas the *Wasp*, she was actin' so sing'lar. You see, Hank Colson used to work over to Sandford, and he and Jo Wilkes was great friends; they both belonged down to Fleetwell. Thinkin' of that put me in mind of what I heard a feller say down on the Quansett wharf yesterday. 'That rickety old jail,' says he. It's jest as plain as daylight." Thanny's chubby freckled face was pale, and his eyes fairly dilated with excitement. "They're goin' to get Jo Wilkes out of jail and carry him over to Hank Colson's vessel to-night. They couldn't get a boat down to Quansett; they'd get catched in no time; so they thought I was a small feller and you was a girl, and we wouldn't know any better than to let 'em have the *Mary Ann*."

"Oh, Thanny, why didn't— Oh, what shall I do?" cried Robin, trembling all over with excitement. If Jo Wilkes, innocent Jo Wilkes, could only get off like that!

"You needn't feel so bad," said Thanny. "Of course we haven't got to do it. We should get took up fast enough if we did. As soon as I thought what it all meant, I hollered back to him that the *Mary Ann* wasn't any such a boat as that. She wa'n't in the business of helpin' thieves to escape. I can't say that he heard me. I was a good ways off. But if them fellers do get took in waitin' there for the *Mary Ann*, 'twill serve 'em right. I expect he'd been skulkin' round amongst them sand hills and scrub trees at Gridiron Cove a consid'able spell waitin' for me. I saw him on the wharf at Quansett when I went down along with my passenger, but he didn't darst to ask me for the boat down there before folks. Kind of a joke to ask for our boat to get Jo Wilkes off in, when 'twas our friends, those Hallett girls, that the watch was stole from, wasn't it?" added Thanny, with loyal pride.

"I suppose they can get a boat—don't you, Thanny?" asked Robin, eagerly, her mind filled with confusing doubts and fears, which she must conceal from Thanny.

"Boats enough, but folks would be so apt to suspect 'em that they don't darst to ask, don't you see?" said Thanny. "He ain't so very well known down to Quansett, and if he tries to hire a row-boat the feller that owns it is likely to say, I'll row you anywhere that you want to go. Bein' night-time, you know, would kind of make 'em wonder where he was goin'. And then it's likely to get 'round that Hank Colson's schooner is layin' to out there. That 'll tell folks the story if they're any way sharp," said Thanny, with a pardonable consciousness of his own gifts in that direction.



ROBIN SPREAD THE PAPER OUT UPON THE BROAD WINDOW-SEAT IN THE HALL, AND TRIED TO DECIPHER IT.

"Then—then you think they won't be able to get a boat?" stammered Robin.

"I don't b'lieve there's a mite of danger. There's old Solomon Gross, they won't catch him nappin', and Lije Briggs is awful partickeler about his boats, and 'twas Steve Prettygo that was talkin' about the Sandford jail bein' a rickety old thing, so he'd be apt to be on his guard. But still I've been thinkin' that mebbe I ought to go down and warn 'em, or over to Sandford, because perhaps he hasn't broke out of jail yet." Thanny paused irresolutely in the road.

"I wouldn't go, Thanny!" said Robin, hastily. "He must have got out by this time, if—if they wanted the boat as soon as it was dark. Why, Thanny, it's almost dark now! They'll be waiting." There was intense anxiety in Robin's tone.

Thanny chuckled a little.

"They'll *have* to wait for the *Mary Ann*, I guess! But I'll tell you what, I ought to have set an officer after 'em! I didn't seem to think of anything except that 'twas lucky I was too smart to get caught that way; why, they'd put you in jail for lettin' a boat to a thief to get away in!"

"But you're not sure, Thanny; and if you had sent an officer there, and then found it was a mistake, how you would have been laughed at!" said Robin. She knew the weak joint in Thanny's armor; he could bear anything better than to be laughed at.

[illegible] to think of it. Robin's breath came hard in her eagerness. "I *would* go over to Sandford, and — [illegible] Jo Wilkes has escaped. He's growing [illegible] you needn't be afraid."

"Afraid! Well, I rather guess not!" laughed Thanny. "And if he has got out, why, I can tell 'em jest where to find him. Instead of the *Mary Ann* that they're waitin' for 'them fellers will find the Sheriff after 'em'"

Off started Thanny on the run. Ordinarily he would have whistled to keep up his courage in that dark road but now he was too eager to think of fear.

Robin called after him. "Thanny, I wouldn't — wouldn't tell! Perhaps he didn't do it."

But Thanny didn't hear. And, after all, what could she say? If she told him that she knew Jo Wilkes to be innocent, would he not wonder and wonder, and perhaps suspect the truth? Thanny, who was sometimes so "sharp."

If Jo Wilkes could only get a boat — could get away! It was a sudden resolve, which had led her to try to get rid of Thanny. Perhaps it was too late, but she would try. If it could be done, she would do it!

She could not go alone; Moira must go with her. That would involve delay; Moira was so dull and slow, but there was no one else whom she could trust.

If Thanny had only not been so sharp! It was not the thing for a girl to do, and the night was so dark. But to save Ken! Would she not do more than this to save Ken? Jo Wilkes could go away and live down the disgrace: she could pay for the watch—that could be managed in some way—and Ken would see how weak and wicked he had been, and truly "repent him of the evil," and perhaps some time, in some way, they could make amends to Jo Wilkes.

All this time her feet were swifter than her thoughts. Stealing softly up to the back door, she found Moira sitting on the steps, enjoying the evening coolness after her day's labor.

"Come with me, quick, Moira! You can't wait, not even for your shoes!"

"Small loss," muttered Moira, as Robin cast a dismayed glance at her feet.

There were very good things about Moira; she grumbled vaguely as she scrambled down the bluffs after Robin, but she asked no questions. Moira was a devoted soul; she would follow Robin anywhere, especially with the privilege of going barefooted.

"The saints presarve us, is it intil the bit boat we're go'n', Miss Robin dear?" said poor Moira, as they reached the slip where the *Mary Ann* rocked lightly on the water.

The wind had scarcely "held"; there was only a light breeze now, and a placid sky was appearing through the windy clouds.

"Sure we'll be throwned entirely, Miss Robin, and for the lokes iv me 'tis no matther."

"Get in, Moira! I won't let you drown, and there'll be a moon; it will be quite light soon," said Robin, reassuringly. "I'm only going as far as Gridiron Cove, and the wind will be in our favor."

"Sure, Miss Robin darlint, the wind that 'll blow ye down convaynient is never the wind that 'll blow ye back again!" said Moira, with a sigh, stepping obediently into the boat nevertheless.

To get back again! Robin had scarcely thought of that, and she dismissed the thought now; to get to Gridiron Cove in time was all her care. Never before had she felt such satisfaction in her skill in managing a boat. The *Mary Ann's* sail swelled to the breeze, and her bow cut the water with a little *swish*, and the bluffs slipped away from them, and the Chunks, low-lying rocks that looked in the semi-darkness like great sea-monsters, loomed nearer. A great red moon climbed up out of the sea, and in the moonlight's track across the water Robin could catch the dim outline of the vessel which, according to Thanny's view, was intended to carry Jo Wilkes to freedom.

Was any little boat already flitting across to it from the shore? Robin strained her eyes in vain for any glimpse of one.

Was Gridiron Cove ever so far away before? And surely the breeze was dying out. By this time Thanny might have sent an officer in search of poor innocent Jo Wilkes skulking behind the sand hills.

The Cove was a deep inlet, with two or three long and regular sand bars at its mouth which had given it its name.

"Sure ye'll not be afther puttin' in at this dark place, Miss Robin darlint!" wailed Moira. "If we gets aground what 'll we do at all, at all? An' it's mesilf heard a quare n'ise behint the threes!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FITTING OUT A BOAT.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

A GOOD many boys who could raise enough money to buy small pleasure-craft are deterred from doing so by the expense of keeping them. The truth is, however, that an industrious and self-reliant boy can keep a boat himself, and need only in rare circumstances have recourse to a builder. One young friend of mine who bought a very able yawl-rigged sharpie for $150, because her owner was afraid of her, told me that it had cost him $100 for her keep during his first season with her. This included expenditures for fitting out and laying up, new sandbags, changing the gear of the jib, and one or two other minor things. Now, if this young man had been really fond of working about his own boat he could have done the whole of this himself, except making the iron traveller for his jib. It is not always agreeable, of course, to paint, hammer, and scrape on your own boat when other fellows send theirs to a yard to be done up by a builder; but a boy of independence ought not to mind it, especially when he remembers that by doing his own work he earns his boat.

For the sake of convenience let us suppose that your boat is a small sloop, because whatever hints I offer for such a craft will answer equally well for a yawl, a cat-boat, a sharpie, or any other small craft. Last fall you took advantage of a very high tide and hauled your boat on the beach. Then with the aid of rollers, and a friend or two, you hauled her high and dry. Perhaps you were lucky enough to have a horse; but if you didn't, you had a heavy block and rope, and you made one end of the rope fast to the bow, hitched the block to a tree, put your muscle on the other, and up she came. Then you took off the canvas and running rigging, and went ahead till your little boat showed only a bare mast, with the shrouds, and her bowsprit. After that you covered her deck and cabin with heavy tarpaulin, lashed securely, to keep out snow and rain.

Now the sun is on this side of the equator, the days are balmy, and the water looks inviting. So you go down to the yacht and say to yourself, "It's about time to begin fitting out." And as you look her over you shake your head. Her sides and deck are dull, dingy, and mottled, and the mast looks as if it had never had a coat of varnish since it was made. But don't be discouraged. True enough, there's a good bit of work ahead of you, but it is work that you can take a pride in, and when it is done it will give you a great deal of pleasure.

If you knew your business when you laid the boat up, you left a line rove through a block at the mast-head. What for? To hoist yourself up with when you go to work. Before you go aloft, however, you would better go below. I suppose your little ship carries lead ballast stowed away under her flooring, or at any rate she has pig-iron. When you took them out in the fall, of course you marked them so that you now know just where each one belongs. Before putting them in place, you clean out the hold thoroughly. Then give it three coats of red lead. If you cannot afford red lead, use whitewash. You should also paint or whitewash the ballast before replacing it. Your friends who patronize the high-priced builders may laugh at you for using whitewash, but pay no attention to them. The bilges of your little boat will be sweet and clean.

You next turn your attention to the mast, and the first thing

you do is to make a boatswain's chair. This is very simple. Take a slab of wood, and bore two holes in each end. Then stretch two pieces of rope, about 6 feet long, over the board by running the ends through the holes and knotting them. Take one of the ends of your mast-head gantline, as it is called, and take a couple of half-hitches around the slings of your chair, as shown in Fig. 1. You must take care to keep it evenly balanced. You will soon learn how. When you are ready to begin scraping the mast get some one to hoist you up to the mast-head. Make the hauling part of your gantline fast where you can reach it (under the slings of your chair will do), and you can lower yourself as you scrape down the mast. A sailor's jack-knife is a good thing to scrape spars with, but any instrument that will scrape off the black will do. If the mast is exceedingly dirty and rough, a smoothing-plane is sometimes employed, but my advice to you is to avoid it. You cannot use a plane without weakening your mast a little. Patience and a piece of glass are much better than a plane. After your mast, boom, and gaff are scraped, go over them with sand-paper, and rub them smooth. Use very coarse paper to begin with, and very fine for finishing.

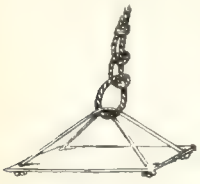


Fig. 1.

Now put on two coats of good spar varnish. Take my advice and buy a good article. There are several excellent brands in the market, and you can get one of them by going to a reputable dealer. When these two coats are thoroughly dry, go over the spars once more with fine sand-paper, and then give them another coat of varnish. No crack racer just out of a yard will show a prettier polish than yours. Do not forget to scrape and varnish the hoops that hold the hoist of your mainsail to the mast. Then go over all the wooden blocks of your boat. Scrape, sand-paper, and varnish them. It will be a tedious job, but you will be delighted with the results.

Now you are ready to set up your rigging. If you have taken the shrouds off, you must now put them on again. Each one has a collar to go over the mast-head and rest on the lower cap. The starboard shrouds go on first, and the port shrouds over them. The forestay goes over all, and rests on the bolt to which the main halyard-block is attached. If your shrouds are set up by means of turn-buckles, you will not need any instruction as to how it is done. To "set up," by-the-way, means to make taut. If they are set up by old-fashioned lanyards and dead-eyes see Fig. 2, which will show you how the lanyards are rove. The ends should be neatly half-hitched and seized down to the shroud with small stuff, tarred over. As a rule, however, you will have none of this work to do, for it is customary to lay up sloops without stripping them of shrouds and forestay. Ordinarily your first business after scraping and varnishing spars will be to get the topmast aloft. The topmast is hoisted by means of a heel-rope rove through a block at the mainmast head. As soon as your topmast head is through the upper cap make fast the heel-rope, go aloft and put on the iron band to which are attached the topmast stay and the topmast shrouds. Hoist away the topmast and ship the fid which holds it in place. Then you are ready to set up the stay and shrouds belonging to this spar. This is so simple a piece of work that you need only examine the rig of your boat to see how it is done.

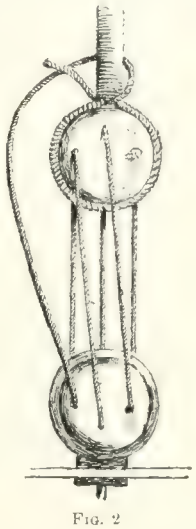


Fig. 2

The next step is to get the gaff and boom aboard, ship them, and reeve the running rigging which belongs to them. As different styles and sizes of craft have different arrangements of running gear, it is impossible for me to give explicit directions in this matter. I advise you, however, to go in for simplicity in rig, for every extra line means so much more trouble. Bear one thing always in mind: the hauling part of the throat halyards of a mainsail should always come down on the port side, and of the peak halyards on the starboard side. The jib halyards also come down on the starboard side.

You are now ready to bend on the mainsail, and this is the way to do it. Get the sail on deck, and stretch it along with the luff (the side which belongs next to the mast) forward, and the head up. Begin by fastening the throat to the gaff, according to whatever plan it has been done before on your yacht. Hoist the gaff a foot or so clear of the boom. Stretch the head of the sail along the gaff, and make the peak fast, hauling it out taut so that the head of the sail lays flat against the gaff. Now make fast the head of the sail either by lacing or by robands (small ropes) passed through the jackstay on the under side of the spar. Robands and jackstay are the only proper fitting for a yacht. As soon as the head of the sail is bent, make fast the luff to the uppermost mast hoop; hoist away, and make fast to the second, and so on, till all are fastened. Now make fast the tack at the jaws of the boom. Then haul out the clew good and taut, and make that fast. Now bend the foot of the sail to a neat wire jack-rope run through screw-eyes on top of the boom, and your mainsail is ready. Lower it, furl it, and hoist it well above the deck out of your way. Next bend on the jib. Unless your yacht is pretty large this is a very simple matter. Get the sail out on the bowsprit, and make fast the tack. Hook on the halyards and hoist a little bit at a time, so that you can hook the hanks on the forestay as the sail goes up. After your hanks are hooked and sheets bent on, lower away and furl.

So far I have said nothing to you about your hull. I have omitted it for this reason: it is customary to complete all the work on the hull before reeving running rigging and bending on canvas. In a large yacht that is well enough; but in a little craft of which you are taking care yourself, I think you will find it profitable to leave at least the deck until the last, because you will not mar its handsome fresh appearance by tramping over it while working on rigging and sails. You might do the cleaning of it before going to work on these things, but my advice is to leave the varnishing till the last thing. It will have plenty of time to harden while you are getting your cabin fittings in shape. Another reason for doing the deck and hull painting early is that the boat may be launched before the running rigging and canvas are taken in hand.

The first thing to do with the deck is to get the dingy varnish of last year off it. Don't paint your deck white or gray or green. Leave that sort of thing to the fishermen. Have a "bright" deck, with of bit of brass-work somewhere to set it off, if it's only a couple of brass cleats. Here are directions for cleaning the old varnish off: Dissolve from five to six pounds of soda in boiling hot water, add a bucketful of unslaked lime, and spread the mixture on the deck after sundown. Before sunrise the next morning scrub the deck with a hard broom, and rinse it thoroughly. You may have to repeat this operation twice or three times, but when you are through your deck will look as if it were new. Now proceed with your varnishing and the painting of your hull. I presume that you have carefully examined the hull to see whether it needs calking anywhere. Paint it above the water-line with the best white lead, unless you prefer to have your boat black. White is prettier for a small craft, and, strange as it may seem, much easier to keep clean. Moreover, if your paint gets scratched anywhere, you cannot put on a daub of black without its showing, by reason of the dulness which comes over black when it is old, so that the glistening new spot stands out plainly. This is not the case with white paint. The hull below the water-line should be coated with first-class metallic paint.

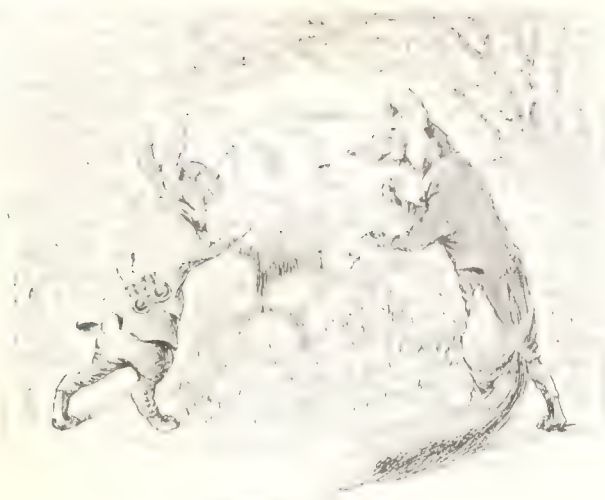
AN UNFORTUNATE NAP.

SLEEP is one of the best things in the world if taken at the proper time, but there are occasions upon which it is out of place, and gives rise to grave disappointments. A case in point was that told by the Paris *Charivari*, of a clerk in a government office at Marseilles which never granted any holidays, who had all his life cherished the fond desire to witness a performance of *The Huguenots* at the Grand Opera in Paris. At length after thirty years' waiting, he managed to obtain forty-eight hours' leave of absence. He took an early train and arrived safe in the wonderful city. *The Huguenots* was going to be given that very night, and in an ecstasy of delight the poor fellow rushed off to the opera-house and secured a seat immediately after the doors were opened. He waited awhile madly endeavoring to keep his eyes open, for what with the fatigue of travel and the excitement induced by his unwonted freedom from the cares of his office, he was tired out, and fell sound asleep, nor did he awake until about quarter past twelve the sweeper-out came and roused him.

"Going to begin, eh?" he asked, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"No indeed, it's all over," replied the sweeper.

The poor fellow had to catch the next train to Marseilles, and ended his days without ever hearing *The Huguenots*.



AT THE BALL MATCH.

REYNARD. "Hello, Jack, what are you doing here?"
JACK RABBIT. "Hush! I am a smaller detective, trying to see PANSY PLAYING. What are you doing here?"
REYNARD. "I am waiting for a FOUL to come this way, so I can catch it, for my name is *HOME RUN*."

A DESIRABLE PLACE.

"Would you rather go to the sea shore or the mountains this summer?" asked Andrew's mamma.

"Well," said Andrew, slowly, "it would be awfully nice to find some place with mountains by the sea."

[illegible] HEARD IN THE CELLAR.

"This [illegible]," said the Rat trap. "I'm afraid I [illegible]."

"If you don't catch [illegible] better than you catch rats, you needn't be afraid," said the Kindling Wood.

"You seem to [illegible]," said the Milk Pail to the Refrigerator.

"Yes, as [illegible]," said the Refrigerator with a smile.

"I HATE to be locked up here in this dull place," said the Furnace.

"Oh, I don't think it's so bad," said the Fire.

"It's easy enough for you to talk," said the Furnace. "Fires can go out, but Furnaces can't."

"How did you happen to see all these things you tell us about?" asked the Coal-bin of the Saw.

"The same way I saw everything else," said the Saw; "with my teeth."

"I HEAR you called on the Refrigerator yesterday," said the Wood-box to the Pail. "Were you received pleasantly?"

"No. The Refrigerator treated me with great coldness," said the Pail.

"THIS house is beautiful upstairs," said the Furnace to the Poker. "The flues are going up there all the time, and they told me all about it."

"OH, please stop poking me," said the Furnace Fire to the Poker. "You tickle."

"I HEAR you are quite a sportsman," said the Snow Shovel to the Coal.

"Never handled a gun in my life," said the Coal.

"Why, I'm certain I overheard somebody saying that he'd seen the Coal chute," said the Snow Shovel.



LITTLE HERBERT IS PRESENTED WITH A TOY SPIDER ON A RUBBER STRING.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was a queer noise, but it might have been only the wind; it ceased as they drew near, and a shape which Robin had taken for a man proved to be only a shadow. She would not retreat now, and Moira must be encouraged, although her own heart was thumping. She wished she had taken Thanny into her confidence and sent him with the boat; and yet how could she have brought herself to betray Ken? No half explanations would have done for "sharp" Thanny! But it was too late now for retreat or regrets.

"We must land here, Moira," she said. "We can't push up any further into the sand. You won't mind that it is wet with your bare feet."

Moira predicted robbers and wild-cats, and called fervently upon the saints.

"The road is such a little ways, Moira, and we can run," said Robin, cheerfully.

"Run, is it? If iver I has the use of me two legs on thry land!" said Moira, heartily. "An' is it lave the boat we will, Miss Robin? Sure, whin the tide do be high agin—"

"I'm leaving it for some one, Moira; it will be used and returned, I—I expect."

After all, might it not be a fool's errand upon which she had come? Would the man have trusted to Thanny? It might even be possible that Thanny's theory of the intended rescue of Jo was all a mistake.

"An' why wouldn't they come afther it be daylight, like honust Christians?" asked Moira, indignantly. "Sure it do be blood-cruddlin' work for a bit thing loike ye. But for me knowin' the great sinse ye have—"

"Oh, I haven't a bit of sense, Moira; not a bit!" cried Robin, although always under her breath, for the very trees seemed to have ears. "But I had to do this. I *had* to, Moira!"

They had dragged the boat up as far as they could upon the sand by this time, and Moira made good her intention of using her legs. Moira could run, although no one would have believed it possible. She dragged Robin along



THE MOONLIGHT SILVERED A SMALL SAIL DRIFTING OUT OF GRIDIRON COVE.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

[illegible] her pace. Moira halted resolutely as they came in sight of the [illegible]

"Moira, Moira, and I've my dancer too! We've come this road so many times in the carriage. What a night! Look! Look through the open gate! The moonlight is on the water! Is that Gridiron Cove?" Robin was out of breath already. Running a little, indeed! [illegible] "I'm glad I came, Moira. I'm glad I came. You would be glad if you knew. Oh, Moira, it was to save Ken! It was so I need never tell of something that he did—something awfully wrong, Moira. Oh poor Ken! and it isn't right—it never will be right, but I *had* to save Ken, and now no one will suffer—much." Robin added the last word with a sudden recollection of Jo Wilkes's mother.

"Is it Masther Kin?" said Moira, bewildered. "Sure, an' I thought him far away!"

"I don't mean that he is in the boat. I can't tell even you, Moira, but Ken did something awful—something wicked."

"Sure it's dramin' ye are, Miss Robin dear! He niver done anything wicked—niver in the livin' worruld! Masther Kin indade! He do be a b'y, wid the thryin' ways iv a b'y; but don't I know the good hairt in him? Is it wicked, ye says? Miss Robin dear, some rashkills is desavin' ye!" Moira's deep rough voice was tremulous with feeling.

It was with Moira as with her father and mother, thought Robin. Ken was "the best one." She was far from resenting this, as Jean did. She loved Ken too dearly for that. If one could only believe dear stupid old Moira, but when one *knew!*

"Anyway, it's right now—no, not right—oh, Moira, I wish I were a heroine! There was a girl once who wouldn't tell a lie, or even act one, to save her sister's life; wasn't that splendid? But I am weak and wicked—"

"An' it's yersilf now that's wicked! Sure I niver heard the loike iv such a wicked family!" said Moira, who, trudging along the highway, with the moon serenely bearing them company, had forgotten her fears sufficiently to be jocular. "What iver has got intil your bit head, Miss Robin darlint? Sure if thim rashkills don't bring back the boat—Masther Kin's boat— The saints be good til us, what's that?"

"It's only a carriage, Moira; it's nothing to be afraid of." Robin had scarcely been able to suppress a scream at the sudden sound, but her quicker wits told her at once what it was.

A man in the carriage which was coming towards them leaned out to look curiously at them. Robin shrank back with a half-uttered cry at sight of Carlsen.

"Miss—Miss Dinsmore!" He stopped his horse at once. "You must allow me to carry you home."

"Sure I'm here to take care of her, sorr, an' we'll go our lane!" said Moira, with dignity.

"But it's a long walk from Quansett, and a lonely road," insisted Carlsen; "and I am sure Miss Dinsmore's father—"

"We're quite used to the road, and not at all afraid, thank you," said Robin, with decision, drawing Moira along.

"I wish I had let him carry us home, Moira; it would have delayed him!" exclaimed Robin, as the sound of wheels died away on the sandy road. "Did you see the other man, Moira? I think it was the Sheriff, and they are going to Gridiron Cove."

"Joy go wid 'em! I'd rather thim than me was goin' to Gridiron Cove the night!" said Moira, gayly.

"He wanted to find out whether we were coming from Quansett, Moira. I don't like that man," said Robin, earnestly.

"Sure oursilves needn't loike nor disloike the loikes iv him," said Moira, with a grand air. "But if thim rashkills don't be afther bringin' back Masther Kin's boat—"

"They will, Moira, never fear."

"It's a quare night's woruk; and though ye have great sinse—"

"Trust me, then, Moira, and believe that the boat will be safe," said Robin, thinking it unwise to again disclaim the possession of that valuable quality "great sinse."

"Niver belave the ould rashkills that tellt ye Masther Kin was bad; niver belave thim, Miss Robin!" said Moira, as they parted for the night, Moira going up to her room with a few subdued mutterings about her "ould bones," and Robin going with as serene a countenance as she could assume to take Jean's place in reading to their father.

"You're all out of breath, dear; where have you been?" said her father.

"Running a little," said Robin.

Jean broke forth into complaints. "She's always going off by herself like that nowadays, and having something on her mind; and Moira wasn't anywhere, and I had to put the children to bed. I wouldn't mind that, of course; Robin does so much"—Jean made this amendment after being convicted of selfishness by her father's eyes—"but I don't like to be treated as if I were a child myself, when I shall be thirteen next month."

Jean's grievance was laughed at, and in the diversion thus created no one remembered to ask again where Robin had been. Her father trusted her so, Robin thought, with a pang. But what would he have had her do? Tell the truth at once, at whatever cost! He would not have spared Ken, the real criminal, at Jo Wilkes's expense; she knew that. And queerly enough, Robin felt a strong thrill of pride at her father's goodness, the goodness to which she thought it was impossible for her to attain.

What she had done was for his sake—for Ken's sake and his; there was a crumb of comfort in that. Now she must pay for the watch; she must send the money anonymously to Martha Hallett. She would understand that it was "conscience money"; perhaps she would think that Jo Wilkes sent it. And Jo Wilkes—she must try to follow his fortunes, to make amends for the wrong done him; and she must show Ken how wrong he had been, and try to bring him to repentance. To bring Ken to repentance! that was by no means the easiest part of her task.

She was reading one of the early fathers of the Church Jean had finished the newspaper—and it was hard to keep her mind upon it even sufficiently to "mind the stops." How tiresome he was, this dull old father, with his "hierarchies" and his "heptarchies" and his "anthologies." Could he ever have known the sharp troubles of living, like having a brother whom he must shield although it were wicked? The martyrs who had "scorned the rack and flame," Robin had always liked to read about them, but she never should again—never again; it would be too great a reproach. Would Thanny try to see her, to tell her about Jo Wilkes, when he returned from Sandford? She expected at every moment to hear him at the door. He would not be late, for Cap'n Saul insisted upon early hours. Thanny would see no reason for privacy, and would talk about the matter before every one, and how should she bear it? How much did Carlsen suspect, and would he ever accuse her? Would Thanny observe the absence of the *Mary Ann* when he went down to the slip to cross to Lobster Point? And how should she account for it if he did?

Filled as she was with these anxieties, it was small wonder that Robin mispronounced the ancient father's long words until the listener's brow contracted.

"You don't read as well as usual, Robin. We'll give it up for to-night. You are tired," her father said.

And Robin, although she protested, closed the book with a long sigh of relief.

She was up the next morning at the first peep of daylight. The thought of Gridiron Cove was like a nightmare, but she must go down there alone to bring home the *Mary Ann*, if, indeed, it had been left there according to the agreement made with Thanny.

She ran down the bluffs to the pier. She would go down in the row-boat, and if she should find the *Mary Ann*— These anxious reflections were interrupted by the sight of the *Mary Ann* fastened to the slip as usual, and looking as trim and tidy as if she had never been off on a nightly trip away beyond the Chunks.

There was a smooth flat stone upon her stern seat, and when Robin lifted it a five-dollar bill was disclosed.

"I didn't think of that," said Robin to herself, wrinkling her brows over this new perplexity. It was the *Mary Ann's* business this summer to earn money, but Robin could not feel that this was lawful gain. "But I know what I will do with it!" she exclaimed aloud the next moment.

What she did do with it was to enclose it in an envelope, and send it by mail, without any explanation, to Jo Wilkes's mother, and it was a nine days' pleasurable wonder to the poor woman and the little crippled girl, who were preparing to return to their old friends at Fleetwell, where, as the mother constantly repeated, "No one would believe that her Jo was a thief."

But the sending of the money was only a slight balm to Robin's conscience.

She had scarcely time to slip the money into her pocket that morning when Thanny's row-boat came in sight, and Thanny's keen little eyes were upon her. "Geewhittaker! there she is, ain't she?" he cried. "Well, as true as you're a livin' sinner, Miss Robin, she wa'n't here when I went acrost last night!"

Thanny's face was full of excitement as he hopped out of his boat upon the slip.

"What fine perch, Thanny!" said Robin, displaying great interest in the string of fish in his hand.

"Ain't they stunners? Saul made me go and catch some for breakfast. We had pork-fat and hardtack, but Saul likes high livin', so I'm goin' to carry these up to Moira. Say, do you s'pose them fellows got the *Mary Ann?* He *had* broke out of jail, Jo Wilkes had, and them dead 'n' alive Sandford folks had jest found it out! I happened to come acrost the new manager. He was jest goin' home from the works. Folks says he's there night and day. He's full of business. He's makin' new plans and—"

"You met Carlsen, and you told him. Go on, Thanny," interrupted Robin, with feverish eagerness.

"He listened, but he didn't seem so much worked up as he ought to have been. He said he'd get the Sheriff, and drive right over to Gridiron Cove. He said I'd ought to have told of it sooner, but he didn't seem to be in any great of a hurry himself. I tell *you*, what Bert Crocker told me was true. I met him a little while after, and I told him. What if Carlsen did tell me I might as well not say anything about it? 'Twa'n't his business; and Saul b'longs to the Law and Order League, and I ain't goin' to give thieves a chance to get away if the glass folks *don't* want 'em caught."

"Don't want them caught?" echoed Robin, interrogatively.

"That's what Bert Crocker says. He says they're havin' such a row with the men over there, anyhow, that they don't want to make things any worse. Jo Wilkes was a fav'rite, and the men wouldn't b'lieve he stole that watch, and they threatened to burn down the works if he was convicted. That's what Bert Crocker says. That new man, with his difrunt ways, and takin' no notice of the union, has got 'em all stirred up. Bert says some folks said it was the worst day Reuben Hallett ever saw when his daughter had Jo Wilkes took up for stealin' her watch. But it seems to me it's kind of hard if girls have got to have their watches stole and say nothin', jest because their fathers are glass manufacturers. Say, do you suppose that them fellows come up here and hooked the *Mary Ann?*"

"No, I don't think they did," said Robin, slowly.

"Well, all I know is when I come down here last night there wasn't any boat layin' here at this slip, but just your rowboat and my rowboat that I came over in."

"It was late, and you were in a hurry, and—and moonlight is so deceitful, Thanny," stammered Robin, hating herself for her duplicity.

"If you're hintin' that I was so scairt 'cause 'twas after nine o'clock, that I didn't know the *Mary Ann* from a shadder, well, then, I ain't no such afraid-cat!" said Thanny, indignantly. "A feller that has come through the marsh wood all alone without whistlin' a note ain't apt to get scairt right out here in the moonlight in sight of his own house."

"I didn't think that you were afraid," said Robin, "and perhaps the boat was gone; but it doesn't matter, since she has come back safe and sound."

"You don't b'lieve but what she was here?" said Thanny, sagely. "You wouldn't take it so cool if you thought she'd been helpin' a thief to get away."

"I'll take the fish up to Moira, Thanny. It was very good of you to remember us, and oh, Thanny, if you should hear anything more about Jo Wilkes, be sure to tell me. But I—I wish you wouldn't say anything about the boat to anybody."

"She don't b'lieve it. She thinks I was too scairt to see out of my eyes," said Thanny to himself, feeling more angry with his friend and shipmate than he had ever felt before. "I shouldn't wonder a mite if Saul was right when he says there ain't no dependin' on girls. No matter how much a fellow thinks of 'em, they'll suspect him of bein' scairt. I'll just find out where the *Mary Ann* went to last night, and I'll prove to her that I wa'n't mistaken, as sure as my name is Thanny Baker."

Unconscious of the depth of the wound which Thanny's pride had received, Robin went on her way, feeling that matters had taken a fortunate turn. Since so many people were willing that Jo Wilkes should escape, there was likely to be but little investigation of the manner of his going. No one, except perhaps Carlsen, would suspect that the *Mary Ann* had any share in it, and of what advantage would it be to Carlsen to make his suspicions known? She was afraid of Carlsen, but she had been afraid of him since he had looked at her so curiously that day at the works, when she had cried out that Jo Wilkes was innocent. It seemed to her that he had understood in a flash that Ken had the watch. But she thought that he would not betray Ken unless it were for his interest to do so. If Ken knew the secret of Freneau's discovery, Carlsen might use his suspicions to make him divulge it, but since that was locked up in poor Dave's injured brain, for Carlsen to persecute them would answer no purpose, and Robin thought that Carlsen, full as he was of plans for furthering his own interests, would not trouble himself about anything that was to no purpose. At the worst, how could he prove anything against Ken? Robin's fifteen-year-old brains bade fair to become as acute as a lawyer's with much worrying over these painful problems.

Lawn parties go on, though troubles may lie heavy at one's heart. And at the last moment it was discovered that Robin's old mohair dress would not do; the latest darn was so perversely conspicuous, Mamma Dinsmore said, that it must never be displayed to the Rawlins girls, who were so unfamiliar with darns. There was an old pink muslin which could be made more presentable by

of Monsieur Physician [illegible] Mamma [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

For how many days, I wonder, has he been on this particular flying trip? How many miles has he travelled, and what varied experiences has he survived? How many are the lumps of sugar, the drops of molasses, the slices of bread, and pats of butter over which he has been trailed, to say nothing of puddles of fresh ink! And then think of the many hours in which, from his present position, he must have conspicuously figured at that toe-twisting toilet of his host! Fancy brushing your coat and combing your hair with a live boiled lobster!

But pollen grains are not pumpkins and footballs and tea-boxes, as the microscope would have us believe; nor does the drop of water contain a herd of strange elephants. Can it be possible that this lobster is, after all, only about an eighth of an inch long, with its claws spreading barely three-sixteenths of an inch? Yes, true; but we must remember that the fly is only about one-third of an inch long, and we can imagine how proportionately formidable the little beast must appear as a lurking foe and a handicap to the fly fraternity. I have therefore pictured this little episode of fly-time somewhat from the aspect of the fly. This was one of the "troubles" which I had in mind as I prepared the initial design with its letter O. I had counted on using an old specimen of the lobster which I had safely stowed away in a pill-box somewhere, until my hap-hazard fly victim supplied me with a fresh specimen, and subsequently helped me out in the completion and modification of my initial.

A correct idea of the anatomy of the little crab may be obtained from my illustration. But what is it all about, this funny ride on a fly's hind-leg? Excepting as an inconvenience and encumbrance it is doubtful whether the fly is much the worse for his close attachment, and while this mimic crab or lobster cannot be called a frequent passenger, a careful scrutiny of any considerable assemblage of flies on white paper or window-pane will occasionally show us the animated and persistent red tag.

But let us call him a lobster no more, rather one of the "False Scorpions," one of the group known as *Pedipalpi*, in the books: queer little creatures that live in dusty nooks, among old books and papers, and feed on tiny mites and other minute life which harbor them, but born rovers withal, with a singular fancy for fly-toes and free rides.

But the false scorpion may be considered rather as a bother than a serious trouble to the fly. His real troubles are too numerous to mention. His life, as most of my readers will be glad to learn, is not a bed of roses as is commonly supposed. Just think for a moment what a fly's existence must be. With the deadly fly-paper on the one hand, the continual danger of being



AN EPISODE OF FLY-TIME.

cemented into a pellet of pulp in the maw of a hornet, or impaled on the beak of his murderous relative the "Laphria-fly," or snapped up by birds, toads, snakes, he certainly has abundant use for that head full of eyes of his. All summer long he runs the gauntlet of risks like these, but in September and October a new and terrible danger awaits him, and fortunate is he if he escapes in these advanced days of scientific discovery, when so



A VICTIM OF FLY-FUNGUS.

many of our mortal ills are shown to be dependent upon the malignity of hovering germs, of microbes, bacteria, and bacilli.

Let us be thankful we have at least escaped the notice of one of this insidious throng, and are spared the grotesque horror of such a fate as the germ-scourge of fly-dom. How swift and terrible is its course. To-day a pert and gladsome innocent, sipping on the rim of our dinner-plate; to-morrow a pale, dry relic of his former self, hanging from the window-pane by its tongue, and enveloped in a white shroud of mould, the victim of a germ or spore. Look where we will upon the window on those September and October days and we see the little smoky clouds with the dangling fly in its midst, and many an apparently modest and considerate fly upon the wall will be found similarly fixed to the surface, and surrounded with the white nimbus.

But the real mischief was done perhaps early in the evening after our fly had retired for the night. He presumably experienced the first attack of acute dyspepsia he had ever known. In his promiscuous feeding he had chanced to imbibe a spore, which once within his vitals began its murderous work, growing so fast as to completely fill his swelling body by morning, when, having completed its growth and penetrated through the insect's skin, it shed its own spores, to be wafted hither and yon to the peril of next year's flies, and the consequent delight of the tidy housekeeper.

Such is the work of the world-renowned fly-fungus, of which a writer says, "It silences more house-flies than all the brushes, traps, poisons, whacks, and swearing devoted to the extermination of the insect."

ELLEN'S FEAR.

LITTLE ELLEN'S mother has a "muley" cow, and Ellen is delighted because the cow they had before had such a dreadful pair of sharp horns that she was the terror of her life. Little Ellen's mother also has a brother who is a mighty hunter, and one day not long ago he brought from the chase a very hard some pair of deer horns, and the family gathered around to admire them. Little Ellen looked on with delight, till she saw them held up, then she said with sudden terror, "What are you going to do with them, uncle? Put them on the cow?"

PRACTICAL JOKES OF TWO KINDS

[illegible] Zurich, Switzerland, [illegible] asserts, he knocked upon the door of a physician of Zurich, and [illegible] "Come quickly, doctor, [illegible] ill!"

The surgeon, [illegible] consented to accompany the night visitor [illegible] to the village where he was [illegible] out of town. However, he insisted that there was nothing for him to do but go, and so he ordered out his carriage, and the two drove on through the damp cold night. Just before they reached F——, the husband of the sick woman alighted on some pretext or other, but did not return, and after driving into the village the physician found nobody who needed his assistance. A week later he received a note, without signature, explaining the mystery:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for giving me a lift in your carriage, for I found it impossible to procure another conveyance, and it was a dreadful night. I hope you will forgive me this once."

It is to be hoped that the doctor took the trouble to run this missive to earth, and having found me, to read me a bill for services rendered sufficiently cure me of all future desire to play practical jokes of such an excusable sort.

Another account of a practical joke, which had some real humor in it, and which resulted in a laugh for all hands, was that which, according to an English newspaper, a certain Mr. Krewskim once contrived to play upon his wife. This story is to the effect that as Mr. Krewskim was going home one day at noon, he saw the wagon of a travelling photographer standing by the road-side.

"I will stop and have a few pictures taken just for fun," he remarked, entering the establishment. He was as good as his word. He sat for his pictures—tintypes, doubtless—and flattered himself that he looked his best. When the sittings were over the operator showed him a proof.

"There," said he, "I think this is a pretty good likeness."

Krewskim looked at it, and finally said, "It 'll do." When he got home he showed it to his wife, and told her it was a picture of the "Wild Man of Borneo," that was on exhibition at the Town-hall.

"You can't fool me," said his wife, examining the picture critically. "I've seen the Wild Man of Borneo, and he's not half so ugly and frightful looking as this."

Jokes of this sort are harmless enough, and leave no sting, but the wise youth will abandon those of that other sort represented by the story of the Zurich doctor and his excessively mean midnight visitor.

TOM, TOM, THE SCULPTOR'S SON.

BY VALENTINE ADAMS.

Part I.

THE father of the sculptor's son was gazing gloomily upon the Last Chariot Race.

No, it was not at a circus. To be sure, whenever some newly fledged messenger-boy came tumbling into the studio at the beck of that imperious little indicator near the desk, he would ask, after rolling his eyes around upon the tall screens, the vast and dusty draperies, the dingy busts of ex-Governors, and the various odds and ends of those mysterious mechanisms proper to a sculptor's den, "Is this a *theayter* mister?" Generally, on receiving a negative answer, the youthful Mercury would assume a sceptical air, as who should say "H'm! You can't take *me* in, mister. I'm on to it all, I am; and I *know* it's a theayter!"

Sometimes, when the sculptor was in a light mood, he would reply, "A theayter? Why, yes, of course! All the world's a stage, my boy!" But this response, like the other, left Mercury dubious; he would discover a twinkle in the sculptor's eye, and would swiftly conclude, "He's chaffin'! 'Tain't a theayter, after all; it's only some queer kind of a shop like."

But to-day the sculptor was by no means in a light mood. The Last Chariot Race weighed upon him. And no wonder; for, as I perceive you have already guessed, the Last Chariot Race is nothing more nor less than that famous three-horse bronze group on top of the Live-stock Exchange in Forty-fourth Street. Well might such a mass weigh upon one's mind! At the time I mean, however, the group had not attained its present "commanding bulk of imperishable bronze" (I quote the papers); it was still in its earlier plaster days, and only four feet high. Even then it was no light matter: people who know about such things look upon the small plaster model for a great bronze group as a very important affair; and from first to last this Chariot Race cost the sculptor a deal of thinking as well as thumbing.

All winter long he had been working out his conception of the theme. First he modelled in wax half a dozen small sketches, embodying as many different ideas. From these sketches he chose one, upon whose general lines he then made a carefully considered clay study, four feet high. Now any good suggestion of a chariot race must contain at least three ingredients: man, beast, and vehicle. As the sculptor was not of those who put the cart before the horse, he had taken time by the forelock, and during his previous summer in the country had made many studies of steeds, spirited and otherwise. As for the chariot, that was a matter of history and of taste.

Not least in importance was the chariot driver, for whom a model was found in the person of young Raphael Antonini. Many a weary hour had this youth spent upon the model stand, gripping his chariot reins in his left hand, and occasionally waving his right arm in sign of victory! What made it harder to bear was that the three horses were reduced to one, and that one was—a saw-horse; a pair of dingy strings served as chariot reins. Studio chariot-driving is tame business; and Raphael was always glad when, on Saturdays, Tom, the sculptor's son, would step gingerly into the room in quest of sport. Sometimes, with an air of superlative meekness, Tom would ask for a hammer to nail up vines in the conservatory, or a bit of rope for the cook's clothes-line; and if his father were not looking, he would mingle pleasure with business by tickling Raphael's bare leg with the rope-end, or, better still, by flinging sly pellets of wet clay at him.

For the present, however, Raphael's trials were over. The study, finished in clay and cast in plaster, was now ready for the committee to see. Meanwhile the sculptor himself looked at his work with a severity not dreamed of in the philosophy of committees.

"No," he muttered aloud, "I'm not satisfied! I've worked hard on it, but I haven't got there! I almost wish the committee wouldn't accept the thing; or, at any rate, would give me the chance to try again!"

Pierre, the studio helper, a fat little Frenchman, listened in respectful silence. Fine odd jobs were Pierre's forte; but he loved art also. This jack-of-all-trades had a profound admiration for his master, a master of one. He believed the model of the Chariot Race to be perfect. Far otherwise was it with Jim, errand-boy and sweeper, commonly called the Destroyer, on account of the havoc wrought by his broom-handle. Jim's duties were light but varied, and can best be described by his own words. "Are you the janitor?" a caller once asked. "No, I ain't the janitor exactly," Jim had replied, "but I do about all the janiting that's done here!" Jim had small reverence for art; and when his master declared the study was not all it should be, Jim, for his part, was quite inclined to agree thereto.

"Well, Pierre," said the sculptor at last, "you and Jim might as well give the place a thorough cleaning this morning. I'm going out, and sha'n't be back till

three, when I expect the committee. I wish you'd clean up that *selle* a little," he continued, pointing to the battered and spattered oak stand that supported the group. "We don't want to insult the committee gratuitously. You might remove just a few of those outside layers of clay and plaster. Better put the study in some safe place, and give the whole stand a drenching."

"Bien, monsieur," was Pierre's cheerful reply; "bien. Rest tranquil; all shall be as you wish."

"Boss is feeling a little blue to-day," suggested Jim when the sculptor had gone.

"Blue," retorted the faithful Pierre. "No wonder he feel blue and many ozzer color encore. You, who know nozing of art, of ze grand lines, you comprehend nozing; but I -I comprehend. Despatch yourself quickly now; zweep ze floor; and when you have zweept, wash him."

Softly mimicking his superior's imperfect English, the Destroyer set about his tasks. Pierre himself had much to do. First and foremost, there were the drinks to be distributed, for work in clay must be kept very moist to avoid shrinking and cracking. Pierre, armed with a garden syringe and a huge stone pitcher of water, sprinkled assiduously: a double dose for the two great angels, because they were nearest to the radiators; a goodly portion for the equestrian statue of General Blank, whose clay charger was a very thirsty animal; and a light delicate spray for the bass-relief portrait of a lady. After being watered, each work was swathed in wet rags, and covered with its own special case of rubber cloth. Pierre performed these offices with the pious zeal which made him invaluable in the studio. When he had finished, it was one o'clock, and time for lunch. Jim was hastening away to observe this rite, when he was called back by Pierre, who needed his help in moving the Last Chariot Race.

But where could it be put? All the heavier stands and shelves were occupied, and as for the floor, that was still wet from the Destroyer's overflowing mop. Besides, Pierre had an eye for effect. There was that tall, flat, empty packing-case; why not stand it on end right in front of the great dark curtain at the rear of the studio, and then set the group on top? A good idea! The packing-case is soon placed in position, the oak stand with its precious burden is carefully wheeled up alongside, and by the joint action of all Jim's muscle and all Pierre's skill the study is shifted from the stand to the box. *Voilà!* Pierre steps back, back, back, after the manner of his master, and views the effect at long range. He finds it superb. The tall box is perhaps a trifle unsteady; to guard against accidents he inserts a little wedge under one corner. As he hastens away to lunch he gives one last glance at the "effect," fondly hoping that in his absence the master may return, and on seeing the study in a new light, be comforted.

"Afraid of your da-ad! Afraid of your da-ad!"

This boyish shaft was shot through a knot-hole in the high fence, and fell with due effect into the sculptor's back yard. Though aimed in mischief rather than in malice, it certainly wounded the feelings of Tom, the sculptor's son, who was improving the shining hours of the April afternoon by teaching a new trick to Bonaparte, the hound. The accusation from over the fence had come in answer to Tom's curt refusal to admit Jack Emery into the studio.

"Afrai-aid! Afrai-aid!" repeated the mocking voice.

"Shin over here and I'll show you whether I'm afraid," retorted Tom, angrily. Bonaparte growled in unison.

Now Tom was not a coward. Why, he was the lad who swam out so far and fast and saved two lives the time when that ninny of a Newcomb boy capsized in the bay. At the riding-school he had a great name for valor. But Tom, like most boys of fourteen, had one bugbear; it was a word—the word *afraid*. He quivered at the very thought of being called a coward. In this respect, you see, he was no braver than the little school-girl who shrieks when a spider falls on her hair.

Evidently his challenge was to be accepted; a brilliantly striped jockey-cap appeared above the fence, followed in due course by a face, in which you mostly saw a pair of black eyes set in a wilderness of freckles, and a grin whose spread was providentially checked by two generous ears. Presently Jack Emery, in jersey and knickerbockers, stood revealed on top of the fence, and swung his arms in preparation for a plunge into the sculptor's back yard.

In spite of the freckles and the grin, perhaps because of these, everybody liked Jack Emery, or Monkey Emery, as he was known in intimate circles. This title was given him not only in honor of his prowess in scrambling over the most forbidding fences, but also on account of his gift for getting others into mischief, from which he alone emerged unscathed.

Jack was a new-comer in this quiet city neighborhood. He had never once seen the inside of the studio, that strange long low building next door to his father's house. Curiosity was large in Jack; he longed with all his soul to set foot in those unknown precincts. From his room in the top story he had often taken a bird's-eye view of the premises, but the four huge skylights told no tales. Sometimes the great front doors of the studio would open, and two or three panting expressmen, watched by the lynx-eyed Pierre, would bear out some effigy in bronze or marble or plaster. Then would Monkey peer in curiously, but these glimpses only whetted his longing. Once stepping within the vestibule, and gazing far down the long room, he saw the sculptor take up the garden syringe and throw a spray of water upon the work before him. What fun it would be to chase some stray cat up and down that room, squirting, meanwhile, upon the fugitive the largest spray of water that syringe might produce, or you might let two of 'em get fighting and then squirt! What rare sport a fellow could have shying pebbles at those little figures arranged in a row on that long shelf! What a fine place a studio must be for archery, and roller-skating, and gymnastics, and good times generally!

But perhaps you think I have left Jack Emery too long on the fence. Bless you, he has descended before this, as the bruised heads of the April dandelions will testify. He has made friends again with Bonaparte, and has even mollified Tom by a change of tactics.

"Makes you mad to be called afraid, doesn't it?" he was saying. "Well, I don't blame you. I've heard the fellows say so often that you weren't afraid of anything, that I thought sure you'd know I was joking."

"Some jokes go down, and some don't," said Tom, sulkily.

For answer, Jack pulled a small black object from his pocket. "Seen my educated turtle?" he inquired, in an off-hand manner.

"Where did you get him?" demanded Tom.

Jack set the turtle down on the grass in front of Bonaparte. "I got him from my cousin George. He lives in the country near a river where's a lot of them. This one is pretty tame. Come here, Snapper, and show your paces."

Jack passed a cord through two little holes in the turtle's shell. Tom looked on with increasing interest as Snapper moved away with all convenient speed as far as his length of cord would permit.

"What will you take for him?" asked Tom, who had not outgrown a liking for queer pets.

"I'll give him to you for nothing," replied the generous Monkey, "if you'll just show me the inside of your father's studio."

A shade crossed Tom's brow. "Father doesn't like to

"Then," said Jack, in triumph, "of course you can

[illegible] looked longingly at the [illegible] hexagons' With shocked astonishment he first met his eyes. How [illegible] be reported into his notes. And how well [illegible] would, no doubt, carried on its smooth yellow under-sheet. There would be room for two there too, and then he would be useful as well as ornamental for fifty years after, and somebody might find him, and on seeing the date might guess his age and the [illegible] science would be greatly advanced.

Tom hesitated, science and the hexagons conquered. "If I let you in," said he, "you must not touch a thing; that's flat!"

"I don't *intend* to touch a thing," replied Monkey, virtuously.

"And you mustn't set the dog on anything either," cautioned Tom. "Bonaparte will behave if you do." Leading Bonaparte by the collar, Tom showed the way to the little back door of the studio. He half hoped to find it locked, so that he would be forced to return to the path of rectitude. Alas! the door was ajar, and the boys entered. They found themselves in a queer little place, half work-room, half junk-shop, where tools and a bench were to be seen, and where nails, screws, wire, lead pipe, and iron pipe were abundant. This was Pierre's den, separated by a large curtain from the studio itself. Both Pierre and Jim being absent, the coast was clear, and the little party of three passed behind the curtain.

Once within the sacred precincts, Jack Emery behaved with great propriety. He was not at all the traditional bull in a china shop. He broke nothing, jarred nothing, touched nothing. His awe and admiration gave Tom a thrill of pleasure; for deep in the bottom of Tom's boyish soul lay a passionate loyalty to his father, and all his father's works. He had often told his friends how clever and celebrated his father was, and here was a chance to prove the truth of his words. Yielding up Bonaparte into Jack's charge, he removed two or three of the rubber cases, to show how the figures were swathed in wet rags; he even lifted some of the wet rags, to show what the figures themselves were like. Monkey looked and listened with all his eyes and ears.

"That," said Tom, when his friend pointed to a large cast of a procession of riders, "oh, that's from the Parthenon."

"Did your father do it?" asked Jack, who had not yet [illegible] into Greek history.

"No," said Tom, carelessly; "but he could have. He's done big [illegible]."

By the time Tom had [illegible] character of guide, had reached the front part of the studio, his scruples about the presence of Monkey had quite vanished: he was beginning to feel that if his father could but see them now, and hear the conversation, he would entirely approve.

"What's that thing for?" asked Monkey, pointing toward a stout little truck resting on four heavy double casters. "I see there are lots of them."

"For moving things," answered Tom. "My father usually has one of them under each modelling stand, so that he can roll his work from place to place and get different lights on it. Things look different in different lights," concluded the youthful moralist.



TICKLING RAPHAEL'S BARE LEG WITH THE ROPE-END.

"How nice that little white figure looks," cried Monkey, catching sight of the study at the other end of the studio. "I mean the one with three horses and a wagon, with a boy standing up in it."

"That's called the Chariot Race," said Tom. "You know — the old Greek chariots. Father's going to have it made large size, and put on the top of the Live-stock Exchange. It 'll be about the biggest thing in America, I suppose."

"Does your father make 'em up out of his own head?" Jack asked, respectfully.

"Well, yes; he makes them up out of his own head first, and then he has models afterward. He did those horses up-country. And haven't you ever seen that Italian boy hanging around? He posed for the rider."

"How do you mean—*posed?*" asked Monkey.

"I'll show you," said Tom, entering into his duties as host. "Just tie that rope around Bonaparte's collar, so, and he represents the horses. Then the Italian boy takes hold of the reins, so, and gets on to the model stand, *so*"

Suiting the action to the word, Tom stood upon the truck, and reined in the struggling Bonaparte, as if driving at full speed.

Now if Monkey Emery had only known a certain little fact about that hard-wood floor, namely, that owing to the settling of the building it was slightly lower at the end where the heavy works usually stood, he would never, no, never, even in the fulness of his heart, have given that playful little kick at the rear of the truck. The casters had been cleaned and oiled that very morning; the floor was free from obstacles. The truck started, the dog made a furious jump, and in an instant, truck, dog, and boy had dashed up against the packing-case pedestal of the Last Chariot Race. Crash! crash! and after that the deluge! The group lay in fragments on the floor, and as the stone pitcher chanced to be standing by, that and its contents came tumbling after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



'TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BY G. T. FERRIS

THE time had come for our airy flight. Donaldson gave a last look to see that everything was right. He tested the ropes which opened the gas-valve in the top of the balloon to be sure that they worked freely. He saw that the sand-bag ballast was properly packed, with open bags on top, that the contents might be quickly emptied for the ascent. With his own hand he arranged the four-hundred-foot guide-rope suspended from the ring, so that its coils would pay out without a kink as the balloon arose. "All aboard, and good-by to earth," he shouted; "cut away the ropes, boys!" The great air-ship rose gracefully through the opening in the roof of the Madison Square Garden amidst the cheers of the crowd. My last greeting was from a friend, "I hope you've made your will, old chap, and left me a mourning ring."

We began to empty sand bags as soon as we cleared the

Garden. The swiftly blowing breeze hurled ard more rapidly than we could rise. "Work for e, men!" Donaldson yelled. "We shall be dashed against the [illegible] Colsey House." Over [illegible] sand-bags. But it was too late. That fierce gust [illegible] great gasp, the car lurched [illegible] the corner of the slate roof. Shrill cries of terror came up from below. Those who saw the impending crisis afterward said it seemed as if the car which carried us was turned upside down, and the passengers plunging to a frightful death on the stones a hundred feet down. How we clung, I never knew. Sand bags rained on the street fast and furious, regardless of human heads. Again we were whirled onward, and shot against the flag staff of the hotel. The tall mast was shattered as if 'twere a pipe stem, but we swung clear, thank fortune! free from hurt, except for the bruises which tattooed my ribs with black and blue for a fortnight. The balloon and its pendant spun like a teetotum, but there was no rent in the silk of the giant bag, nor in the long lines of our wicker carriage. As the people in the street saw us safely shooting skyward after this perilous feat, there was a roar of delight, and the clapping of palms was as if they had just hung breathless over some wonderful trapeze exploit in a circus.

"Good!" chuckled Donaldson. "I guess we're on velvet now. Lightning doesn't often strike twice in the same spot. Still, a fellow can't tell what 'll happen on such a cruise. P'r'aps we'd better not 'holler' till we're out of the woods." I learned the wisdom of this a few hours later.

The pilot of our air-ship had had long training in his perilous trade, and the balloon itself was a very big one, carrying 80,000 cubic feet of gas. We soon rose above the surface gale, and then the swift upward leap to a height of two thousand feet was made with the rush of an express train. The novelty and beauty of the scene as the balloon was swept on by the air current could scarcely be painted in words. The spectator, sailing along on his phantom ship, seems to be at rest, enthroned to watch a wonderful procession. The things of earth swing below in a restless march, the shining waters, the forests, the green sweep of hill and plain, the spires and roofs of city and town sparkling as if they were jewels. For the first time one feels that the earth moves. The clouds which float at various heights and surround the voyager on every side show beauties of form and color as the slanting rays of light warm their depths which surpass all visions of one looking skyward. I couldn't help thinking of a charming story of the *Arabian Nights:* Hassan of Balsora, in his search through the realms of enchantment after his lost wife, the daughter of the King of the Jinn, sees a terrible battle fought in the upper air between the armies of the king and their rebellious brethren. The Arabian poet tells his readers that to the eyes of the wise alone could the real nature of the mighty forms flashing in the heavens be known. To the earth-dweller they were only visions of cloudland. The voyager of the air could easily fancy that he saw a battle of the armies of light and darkness with dazzling spears and waving banners, and that the fancy of the Oriental dreamer was true.

We mounted higher and higher till we reached the height of a mile. Clouds sometimes massed themselves between the balloon and the earth, and sometimes parted to show the wonderful ball, the roundness of which could be distinctly measured by the eye even at this elevation. My ears began to fill with a buzzing sensation, as if they were muffled with pads and keen pains to shoot through the head. The noise of talking seemed a murmur as of voices from a distance, or of persons afraid to speak aloud. We were in the domain of mystery. There came a sweet busy hum from the earth, like the droning of a great bee-hive, the singing of the tree-tops, the tinkle of brook and waterfall, the lowing of cattle, the faint tones of human speech, the laughter of children and many another voice each distinct by itself, yet delightfully blended. The ancients believed in "the music of the spheres." This was the sweet music of our sphere—a thousand instruments more entrancing than flute and harp and fiddle playing together in tune. And they were playing for me, the countless millions crawling like flies down there below could never hear them in full orchestra.

Our pilot fancied it would be more interesting to sail near the earth while the sun was still shining. Our course was up the valley of the Hudson, and it was the heart of midsummer, when Nature was in her full gala robes. He opened the gas-valve a little, and we dropped with the lightness of a feather, but almost the speed of a cannon ball. Everybody was a haying in the sweet scented meadows, when the guide-rope trailed through the grass with a sort of a hiss. Useful as the latter is to the navigator of the air, it is as tricksy as Puck in the pranks it plays. As it wriggled along over the ground snake-fashion, one of the many toilers of the field, who gazed in wonder at the monster balloon that rushed across the sky, seemed to have gone daft with the sight. The old man, for he had a gray head, threw down his rake and clutched at the impish thing in spite of our warning cries. The balloon lifted a little, and in a second he was dangling ten feet in the air, when luckily he let go his hold. "Only a sprained ankle, probably," said Donaldson, a little callously! "A little more and 'twould have been a broken neck." Another time the rope coiled around the base of a solidly built chimney on a farm-house, and our ship came up all ataut. It strained and shivered a bit, like a live creature angry. The farmer-folk, old and young, stood at the fence gaping and staring. Our pilot tumbled out a sand-bag, and his ship shot up straight as a rocket, while the chimney rolled down the roof in an avalanche of flying bricks. The good man, aghast at the ruin, darted into the house for his shot-gun, and we got a glimpse of him wildly aiming at the sky.

"Poor old chap," our pilot said, as he laughed, "I'm sorry, but it couldn't be helped. It reminds me of a thing that happened to me down South a few years ago, and since that I haven't hankered to go ballooning that way. I made an ascension from Norfolk, Virginia, and drifted on a northerly current. About sunset I thought I would land for the night. In the woods below there was a rank smell of turpentine, and wreaths of smoke floated upward. I knew it must be from the pineries. I bawled at the top of my lungs for help at the guide-rope, and some lank fellows in homespun shambled out into the open. They thought it was some unknown and wonderful bird. Then they raced at hot speed for their rifles and blazed away at me. It was a wonder that the gas-bag and my skin weren't both riddled with lead. Finally I got it through their thick skulls there was a man up there. But it was a close call."

Many such stories of peril wherein he had looked death in the face (the next summer this very balloon was wrecked in Lake Michigan and poor Donaldson found his grave) he told as we sailed on high. We had risen about two miles, and the sun to those on the earth had set. We, however, could see his red ball rolling down the round of the low west from our great height, while in the opposite quarter the full moon shone on banks of white cloud, with the world below in deep shadow. It was as if day and night had stretched out their long arms to each other up where we were. The air current ceased, and the balloon hung suspended, a ghostly thing between earth and sky. Two miles high! Can our readers fancy that?

Watch in hand, I dropped a bottle over the side. The watch ticked thirty seconds before the sound came back to report. As the hours passed the readings of the barometer marked greater heights, till we found ourselves nearly 25,000 feet above the sea, or about five miles in the air. The dark earth was hidden by what seemed a great ocean of milk gleaming here and there with tints of opal, where the clouds broke and surged like the billows of the sea. The moon and stars in that thin dry air looked twice their usual bigness, and burned with the fire of electric lamps. It was so cold that the chill bit to the very bone. There was no effort to talk. The silence beat on the brain as one could feel his heart thumping against his ribs. The musical hum of the earth had utterly died away. It seemed as if some fearful unseen thing were there brooding in the deathlike stillness, and that flesh and blood could not stand it. There are some lines by the poet Coleridge:

"Like one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread;
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
For well he knows that close behind
A frightful fiend doth tread."

A similar sense made that awful height a terror, which had no kin to fear of bodily hurt. The aeronaut lay in the bottom of the basket half asleep. I touched him, and with some struggle found a voice, as if waking from a nightmare, "Can't we go down lower?" The big man stretched himself, and yawned. "B-r-r-r!" said he, with a shiver; "that's a good notion. We'll drop five miles or so, and make a landing, if we can. Yet we may have to stay in the air all night. By my reckoning we're over the Green Mountains of Vermont now."

He opened the valve, and we sank so rapidly that I had to catch my breath till we were only two thousand feet from the earth again. The current of air which we entered was blowing almost a gale, and it whirled us forward like a race-horse on the homestretch. We were in a dense fog, which got blacker every minute. There were no moon and stars now, no silence; but there was a steady roar from below, with a rumble of thunder around us, and the zigzag of lightning that cut the gloom every few seconds. We had long since got rid of all our ballast, and we could not ascend. To increase our discomfort it began to rain furiously, and the water poured over the sides of the balloon in cataracts, the weight of which depressed us still more. By the lightning glare I could see my companion's face pale and anxious. "Listen," said he; "don't you catch the crash and howl of the wind in the woods near at hand? Any second now we may strike the tree-tops of the mountain-side."

It was indeed the fierce bluster of the gale tearing its way through leaf and branch that we heard. If the balloon should dash against the hedge of spears ambushed there, it would be not only wreck, but the sharpest peril of life. "We must trust to luck," said Donaldson, grinding his teeth; "we can't do anything. But be ready to spring for a big limb, and hold on for dear life when I give the word." Such a mishap threatened us now as had befallen La Mountain, the aeronaut, in the Adirondacks, only a few years before. The trees caught his balloon in their clutch in just such a storm. He was impaled on the spike of a dead limb, and only the hawks and the eagles knew where he was for many a long day.

We were not long in suspense. The downpour suddenly lessened, and our balloon rose a little. It still thundered and lightened, but the rage of the storm had spent itself. The captain clutched my hand with a hard grip. "We're all right now," with a quiver in his voice, for his iron nerve had been shaken; "but let me tell you, you will never be so near death again and escape it."

He bent over the side of the basket. "I think there's a village close at hand. Look sharp, and you will see the twinkle of a light down there." And it was so, surely. As we moved on more lights shot into view. Through a rift of the black arch above came a burst of moonbeams, and we could plainly perceive a village of several hundred houses spreading on both sides of a rivulet. We were hovering over a valley between two mountain ridges, one of which had been so nearly our ruin. It was an hour after midnight, and the villagers were asleep. Donaldson's gayety frothed like champagne after our recent danger. "We'll wake the people from their dreams with a blast from the skies." He laughed, and seized a bugle which hung near at hand. "How's this for Gabriel's horn?" He blew notes of piercing sweetness (he had been an army bugler), which rose and swelled and sent their wild echoes flying among those midnight hills. Again and again he set his lips to the instrument, and the airy music seemed to fill the whole valley with its mysterious call. Lights began to shine in every house, and moving lanterns and the clatter of voices betokened a general alarm. What this midnight summons out of the skies might mean filled the rural fancy with terror, and the note of fear could be heard in many of the voices which floated up to us. We were so near the earth that we could hear the drag-rope slapping the sticks and stones with its tail.

"Village aho-o-oy!" whooped the captain, at the top of his lungs. "Aho-o-oy there! Bear a hand, you landlubbers, at the rope, and pull us down to earth." So our rustic friends with a hearty cheer tumbled over each other in their zeal to get hold of the rope—fear now blown away by admiration—and we were soon safely on the ground with our air-ship anchored for the night. Many of them confessed sheepishly that the bugle music seemed more than human, and they had not felt quite safe till they saw the huge dark body of the balloon hovering over their heads. That midnight visit is still, I suppose, a thrilling memory in a certain Vermont village secluded in the mountains. The next morning we resumed our journey, and landed in Canada in the afternoon; but the latter part of the expedition had no special features of interest. It was a mere summer holiday.

EXACTNESS OF SPEECH.

JUDGES rarely make mistakes in the decisions which they hand down concerning the actions at law that come up before them. Occasionally, however, they make extraordinary errors in the selections of the words in which they charge the jury. One of these that has come to hand is extremely amusing. A certain plaintiff was trying to have a defendant convicted of stealing a pig. The evidence was all in, and the lawyers upon both sides had summed up their case, when the judge began his charge with these words:

"Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. The indictment says the prisoner was arrested for stealing a pig. This offence seems to be becoming a common one. The time has come when it must be put a stop to, otherwise, gentlemen, *none of you will be safe*."

In other professions, too, inexactness of speech has sometimes resulted in ludicrous complications. A story is told of a certain university professor who prided himself always on the purity of his English, particularly on his spoken language, which he endeavored always to have scrupulously exact. According to the story, one night he was awakened at an unseemly hour by discordant sounds of midnight revelry from the direction of a student's bedroom. Dressing himself hastily, he hurried out, and after a few knocks on the bolted door, he called out:

"Hi! you fellows in there! Can't you make less noise?"

"Who's out there?" was the response.

"It's me."

"Who are you?"

"Professor X."

"Won't do! You can't fool us! X. would have said, 'It is I.' Come on, boys, just once more!" And the strains of "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl," resounded louder than ever.

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM M. THAYER.

WORK AND ENERGY.

SIR JAMES [illegible], the eminent [illegible] surgeon, once said that no man ought to be called to the profession, once said that no man ought to be called to the [illegible] unless he can answer "Yes" to seven questions. There are [illegible] under notice. Sufficient [illegible] to [illegible] the majority of [illegible] success [illegible] great [illegible] the chief [illegible] of [illegible] Lord Chancellor Eldon said [illegible] as [illegible] as [illegible] and property are the only things [illegible] by the law student. Nine-tenths of the foremost men at the bar have climbed up the rugged steeps of the profession by their own unassisted energies. So in all other pursuits. What was the course pursued by those merchants, engineers, musical composers, painters, and artists of every kind who have risen to eminence from the chilling depths of obscurity, poverty, and want? Did they beg the help of other men? Did they feel a dim indistinct consciousness that they might could, or would do something, *if* they only knew what it was, and so wander about in search of a suitable employment? Did they spend a long time in anxiously calculating risks and adjusting chances, and seek "to take a bond of fate, and make assurance doubly sure"? No such thing.

Read the biographies of these men, and you will learn that they found out for what work they were fitted, and did it with all their might, not only without aid or advice, but often in defiance of warnings, remonstrance, opposition, and sneers. If mechanics, they converted into magician's wands the poorest tools of their trade; if philosophers, they studied the phenomena of nature as readily in the open air as in an observatory or laboratory; if painters, they sketched with chalk or charcoal if necessary, or plundered the family cat for material for their brushes; if poets, they poured forth their golden songs from the garret or the plough-tail. To have little or no faith in one's self, to lean on others for support, to be always an imitator or copyist, to be always thinking of what one could do under more favorable circumstances, or if this or that thing were different, is a fatal sign of want of power. The successful man is one who, instead of sighing in these days of overstocked professions, "If I had but an opening!" *made* a way when he could not find one, who compelled the very difficulties and hindrances over which other men were moaning to be the ministers and aids to his advancement. The block of granite which was an obstacle in their pathway became a stepping-stone in his. A lad who already played the piano very skilfully said to Mozart: "Herr Kapellmeister, I should like very much to compose something. How am I to begin?"

"Pho, pho!" said Mozart; "you must wait."

"But you," rejoined the boy, "composed much earlier."

"But *I asked nothing about it*," retorted Mozart. "If one has the spirit of a composer, he writes because he cannot help it."

To self-reliance, if you would get on in life, you must add *energy*. In looking at the success of some men we are apt to imagine that there was something supernatural—some magic or enchantment about it. For want of a better explanation, we ascribe it to that mysterious, inexplicable quality called genius. But the only witchcraft they used was that of hard work—close, untiring, unremitting industry. A man may win high success in some callings without great mental gifts; but without energy, never. More important far than intellectual cleverness or brilliancy is power of application, force of will. A locomotive steam-engine may be, in all other respects, a consummate product of mechanical skill, but what if it have too small a boiler? In vain will it try to draw a heavy train or to fly along the track. So with men. Talent is needful for great success; it is the edge of the [illegible] it penetrate easily, but whether it penetrate deeply or not depends on the force applied to it as much as on the sharpness of the blade. The will is the driving-wheel which sets all the mental machinery in motion. If you aspire to excellence in your calling you must apply yourself to the work before you with all the energies in your soul—with an ardor that cannot be quenched, a persistence that considers nothing as done while anything yet remains to be done. Let there be no half-devotion, no coquetting, no playing with business as a cat does with a mouse, grasping it at one moment, and letting go the next. Strain every nerve; tax all your energies, cleave to your object with mastering pertinacity, as if all the world beside were a blank. Never flinch, or dodge, or yield to any opposition or hardships you may be called upon to encounter. Do battle with them, as our great American river, the Oronoco, does with the sea—that river which, as Scott sings,

> "in his pride
> Hurls on the main its tributary tide—"

which rushes into the sea with such a mighty, impetuous tide of waters as to beat back the currents of the Atlantic for leagues before it, and spread itself far and wide into the ocean. Difficulty is a panther; look it full in the face, and it will turn cowering away from you.

The best kind of genius is the genius for hard work, for high and long-continued exertion—that great and magnanimous kind which, as Wirt says, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself in that empyreal region with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. Indeed, so far is genius from dispensing with labor that it has been defined as a prodigious capacity for hard work. There is a story told of a boy who was anxious to become an artist, and put himself under the instruction of a great painter. The master set him at cleaning some old brushes. The paint on them was dry and hard, and after a few hours the boy concluded that he did not want to be an artist after all. Now the plain truth is that in all professional work, whether artistic or otherwise, there is an appalling amount of brush-cleaning required. Nine-tenths of the most useful labor in every calling is drudgery—work which kindles no enthusiasm and elicits no praise, but without which signal success is impossible. "No man," says the painter Inness, "can do anything in art unless he has intuitions; but betweenwhiles you must work hard in collecting the materials out of which intuitions are made."

The most successful merchants and business men have been men of indomitable energy. Of Thomas Fowell Buxton, the noted English brewer and philanthropist, it is said that when he gave his mind to anything, he gave the whole of it. When he once resolved to act, he threw his whole heart and soul into the attainment of the object. Every wish and feeling was swept into the vortex; nothing else seemed capable of attracting his interest, nor would he leave it till it was done, and done well. "The great difference between man and man," he once said, "between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination, a purpose once fixed and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it." See the energy of the great New York merchant A. T. Stewart. Left an orphan in Ireland at eight, he came to America at twenty years of age, and at twenty-five, with a cash capital of but $1400, and with no business experience, he boldly started as a trader in dry-goods, in a small frame dwell-

[illegible] contributed to Harper's [illegible] May 25, [illegible] May 24

ing twenty-two by thirty feet in size, and toiled at this business from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. For years he was his own bookkeeper, salesman, and porter, and applied himself with such earnestness, force, and singleness of mind to his work that he at once began to make money, and after thirty-seven years of toil built his great retail store on Broadway at a cost of nearly $2,750,000. and did a business during the last three years of his life amounting, wholesale and retail, to $203,000,000.

The energy manifested by great artists is well known. Leonardo da Vinci would walk the whole length of Milan to alter a single line in his painting of "The Last Supper." The works of Mendelssohn, the composer, testify to an almost unparalleled industry. At home or travelling, at all times and in all places, he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. Look at that matchless master of the violin, Paganini. No player on that instrument ever had a more marvellous genius, yet how like a galley slave he toiled even at the height of his fame! For ten or twelve hours together he would try passages over and over again in different styles on the violin with such absorption and intensity that at nightfall he would sink into utter prostration through prolonged fatigue and exhaustion. Salvini, the actor, is a titanic toiler. He has spent years in mastering a single part.

As with the great artists and actors, so with all great lawyers, scholars, teachers, and authors. The reason why they have surpassed other men is because they have taken immeasurably more pains than other men. The amount of work performed by Edward Sugden (Lord St. Leonards) at the bar almost defies belief. The income from his practice at one period exceeded £20,000 a year! Burke was one of the most laborious of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Cicero and Pascal nearly killed themselves by hard study; Milton, who mastered nearly all the knowledge of his time, says of himself: "From the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to my bed before midnight;" Heyne, who struggled for thirty-three years with the most depressing poverty, studied with such ardor, that for six months he allowed himself but two night's sleep in the week. Carey, the missionary, a poor cobbler in his youth, wore out his clerks—three pundits—in one day. When young Horatio B. Hacket was a student at Andover, his spirit was like a storm all the day, and he "fastened his eyes upon a book, as if it were a will making him heir to a million."

THE STORY OF BOISTEROUS ANN.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



A noisy boisterous child was Ann,
And very far from good;
She did not play the pleasant games
That little children should;
With rumpled hair and dresses torn
She came home every day;
In vain mamma said, "Ann, pray learn
To be less rude at play."



Now little Ann came home one time
In a most piteous plight,
For she had fallen in the mud;
Indeed she was a sight.
The housemaid standing in the door
Exclaimed, "What child is this?"
"Why, Hannah, can't you see I'm Ann?"
Cried out the little miss.



"Our little Ann in rags and dirt,
Her hair all out of curl;
No, no," cried Hannah; "run away
You little beggar girl.
If it is scraps of bread you want
Go to the kitchen door,
I can't believe you're any child
I ever saw before."



Now Ann has to the kitchen run
With tears and streaming eyes;
"Oh, dear cook, please to let me in,
I'm little Ann," she cries.
"What little Ann?" the good cook says;
"Indeed that cannot be.
Our Ann would never wear such rags
I'm very sure; not she!"



But as Ann, weeping, turned away,
Her little dog ran out,
And he began to lick her hands,
And bark and jump about.
"Why, why," cried cook, "I never saw
Dog Towzer act that way,
Except when little Ann came home
From school or after play.



"And now I look again," she said,
"You are our little Ann.
Come in and wash and mend your frock,
As quickly as you can."
Now from that day the little miss
Has played less boisterous plays,
And been more tidy in her dress
And quiet in her ways.

HAPPY DICK OF ARKANSAS

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE

"MISTER, do you think I'll meet any bears or panthers between here and Malvern?"

The speaker was a strong-built [illegible] boy, and the place was on a railroad track in a deep valley in the Ozark Mountains, in Arkansas.

It was not the idle question that timidity might prompt any boy to ask when he found himself alone in a great forest, with night approaching; it was a question based upon sound reason, for there are bears and panthers in those woods, and in the neighboring towns bear meat and panther-skins are staple articles of trade.

I had seen this boy ahead of me on the track for some time, and had noticed that he was evidently waiting for me to overtake him. This, perhaps, made me grasp my hickory stick a little tighter, for in the distance I took him for a man, and we were on the little branch railroad running from Malvern to Hot Springs, which, as I had often been warned, was a dangerous promenade, on account of the many desperate tramps who infested that neighborhood in winter.

"Probably not," I told him; "but still you might, for there are both bears and panthers in these woods."

"Do you think I could get there before dark?" he asked.

"I am sure you could not," I answered. "It is growing dark now, and Malvern is more than twenty miles from here. This is no time of day to start; you should set out in the morning, if you want to walk to Malvern."

"Well," said he, as cheerily and uncomplainingly as though he were jingling golden eagles in his pocket, and trying to make a choice between two first-rate hotels, "I shall have to sleep in a tree anyhow, and I suppose it might as well be on the road to Malvern as anywhere. Money's rather tight here in Hot Springs."

This philosophical answer made me look at the boy closer, and I was surprised to see that he was colored. He was so very light that I had taken him for a white boy; not the pale yellow of a mulatto, but like a country boy with the tan of two or three summers left upon his face

"Do you live in Hot Springs?" I asked him.

"No, sir," he answered; "I just live wherever I am. I did live in Waco, Texas; but I've left there."

"And where are you going?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm noways particular, sir," he replied. "I suppose I'll get along somehow; I always have, so far. I've been travelling for five weeks, sir, and I've got as much money now as I had when I started."

"How much was that?"

"Not a cent, sir!"

It occurred to me that I had an opening for this boy for a few days, where he could be of service, and at the same time earn comfortable board and lodging. For my household arrangements in that Christmas week were very peculiar. I was living alone in a cabin in the Ozark Mountains, some miles from anywhere. There had been four of us in a camping party, and some very fine weeks we had spent in those Arkansas mountains, with a neighboring "colored gentleman" to come in daily and do the cooking; but the coming of Christmas had left me alone, with a few days to spend in solitude before the time appointed for me to start for the West Indies.

There was one great drawback to my solitary life in that Arkansas cabin. A "cold snap" had come on; the weather had changed suddenly from almost tropical warmth to arctic coldness. This made little difference in the daytime, but night brought trouble. Arkansas cabins are not, as a rule, fitted with furnaces or steam-pipes. There is an open fireplace, where the cooking is done, and that must supply all the heat. We had bought great quantities of wood, but wood fires have an unhappy habit of burning out rapidly. I might leave as great a fire as I could on going to bed in my hammock, and in two hours the cabin [illegible] as cold as Greenland.

This was the principal use I had for the young philosopher I found on the railroad track. Why should he not be my night fireman, and keep that fire blazing from bedtime till breakfast? Then there were the errands to run (and how many errands even a camping establishment requires nobody knows until he tries it several miles from any settlement), and there were the guns to be cleaned.

This proposition I made cautiously, for a boy who could cheerfully contemplate sleeping in a tree, probably without supper, and who could travel for five weeks and go hundreds of miles without money, might scorn such a position. But he accepted it willingly.

Dick, for such was his name, was so useful a boy from the first moment, and so thoroughly happy always, that he almost made me regret the coming of the day when my mountain hearth-stone should grow cold, and when smoke should no longer curl from my chimney of sticks and mud. He was, without exception, the happiest boy I ever saw; so uniformly cheerful, so ready, so willing always to sacrifice his own comfort for mine, that I named him Happy Dick. No boy ever better deserved the title.

Little by little I drew his story from him—for one of his good points was that he did not talk too much—he let off his superfluous happiness by whistling.

"Waco? No, sir, it was not just exactly in Waco where I lived, but close by. Oh, yes, sir, I can read and write, for I went to school—two winters. In the summer I worked in the cotton fields. But I don't think much of that, sir. You see, it's like this, sir. The gentlemen that have worked in the cotton fields for fifty years are worse off than I am, sir."

"You mean the colored gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir, the colored gentlemen. White gentlemen don't work in the cotton fields."

"But how," I asked him, "can they be worse off than you if you haven't a cent?"

"Because they're old and I'm young, sir. It don't make any difference what happens to me, I generally manage to live; but they're old and poo'ly, and they can't get along like I can. That's just the way I'd be, some day, if I staid in the cotton fields, sir. So I made up my mind to come away."

"I suppose you ran away?"

"Oh, no, sir," Happy Dick answered; "I didn't do that, sir; I didn't have any need to run away. If my old pop had wanted me to stay, I'd have staid, anyhow. But I told him I thought I'd go away from Waco and get rich; and he said go ahead, and I went."

"So you want to be rich, do you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I intend to be. Colonel Crawford said to me (Colonel Crawford was my boss), 'Dick,' said he, 'you try to please people, and they'll try to please you.' Don't I keep the fire up good, sir?"

Yes indeed he did, and I told him so; so good that the old cabin fairly shone with the blaze every night, and the cold mountain winds had not a ghost of a chance in the chinks and crevices.

When the breaking-up day came, there came with it a great division of property. The cooking utensils, all the pots and pans and dishes that had made us comfortable, had been promised to our gentleman cook before Dick appeared upon the scene. But I had some few articles of my own to be disposed of. Item, a hammock; item, a blacking-brush; item, a white glass shade for a student lamp, which could not be packed in a trunk with safety. These things, and some others, went to Happy Dick.

No boy can ever have been as much pleased with a new gun or a new horse as Dick was with the hammock.

He wrapped it around his neck and shoulders, and tied the ends behind him.

"It's just the thing for a boy like me, sir. Now I shall know where I'm going to sleep every night. And it's so easy to carry, sir, and keeps me warm besides."

But the lamp shade and the blacking-brush; what would he do with them, I wondered. He had made up his mind to strike out for Little Rock, which was the opposite direction to mine; and when the carriage came for me, and I bade him good-by, the hammock was snugly wrapped around his shoulders, the handle of the blacking-brush protruded from his coat pocket, and he wore the lamp shade over his left arm, like a cuff. As long as I could see him, I heard his merry whistle down the road.

I did not expect that I should ever see Happy Dick again, and I rather regretted it, for there was something contagious in his happiness. His whole property was a hammock, a brush, a shade, a little change in his pocket, and the clothes he stood in. Yet how many rich men I know who would give a great deal for as much happiness in a week as he had every minute?

My journey to the West Indies was to be a roundabout one by way of New Orleans and Key West. There was a delay of several days at Shreveport waiting for a Red River boat, and the trip down the Red River took seven days more. Nearly two weeks after leaving the Arkansas cabin, I landed upon the levee at New Orleans, and almost the first person I saw there was Happy Dick. He had a blacking-box, with my brush in it, and was plying his trade. He had learned already to watch the arriving steamers and find customers as the passengers landed. But the hammock was gone, and the shade was gone.

"Dick," said I, while he was polishing my boots, which he insisted upon doing as a sort of jubilee for seeing me again, "you have lost your property. Your hammock is gone, and your beautiful lamp shade is gone."

Instead of replying with words, he straightened up, put his right hand in his trousers pocket, and smilingly jingled a handful of coins. "I sold the lamp shade in Little Rock for ten cents, sir; and when I got here, I found that if I didn't sell the hammock, they'd steal it from me, so I sold it for two dollars, sir."

"But tell me," I asked him, "how you got to New Orleans before I did. You must have come down in a parlor car."

"No, sir," he replied, quite seriously; "I came down in the boats: one boat down the Arkansas River, and another boat to New Orleans. I had a fine time, sir. I got this box in Little Rock, and blacked my way and waited my way right down the river."

"Waited your way! What do you mean by that?"

"Waited on a gentleman, sir, that had his horses on the boat. I made money coming down. But isn't this a beautiful place, sir? Is New York as big as this?"

"This is a beautiful place, Dick," I told him, "though moist. And if you were to put eight cities like this in a row, they would be almost the size of New York."

"I intend to go there some time, sir; and I hope you'll be back by that time. But, my! what a fine place this is, sir! Money's not tight here, sir. I never made so much in my life. It's just like a fair all the time. And I've been trying what Colonel Crawford told me about pleasing people, and it's all true, sir. I've pleased nearly ten dollars into my pocket so far, sir."

I cannot end this little sketch of Happy Dick with the familiar *finale* of my going to a powerful friend and getting him a situation as bank president or insurance director at ten thousand a year. Dick did not need any such assistance. He travelled from Arkansas to New Orleans in seven days, and made money by the journey, while it took me twelve or fourteen days, and cost me a number of dollars. I might better have paid him to give me some lessons in cheerfulness and thrift.

THE HISTORIAN AND "BABA."

LORD MACAULAY, the celebrated historian, and the author of those grand "Lays of Ancient Rome," had a little niece to whom he was devoted. The little niece is now Lady Knutsford, and in the pages of the *English Illustrated Magazine* she brings to light for the first time some of the poems of the nursery years of her distinguished uncle.

It is only fair to the reputation of their author to say that these little poems were not written for the public, but only for the private pleasure and benefit of the little niece, who was always alluded to as "Baba." Moreover, as Lord Macaulay's handwriting was not particularly plain, he took the trouble to write out the verses in printed capitals, so that Baba might read them without assistance.

On the day that Baba was taken to church for the first time, after the novelty of the situation had worn off, the proceedings no longer interested her, and spying her nurse among the congregation, she slipped out of the pew, ran down the aisle, and began to talk to her. This escapade having been reported to her uncle, called forth the following verses, with their very plain moral and warning:

A SONG ABOUT TWO NAUGHTY BOYS FOR MY DEAR BABA.

MY dear Baba, two naughty boys
Went out one day to walk;
They saw a church, and in they went,
And they began to talk.

The clergyman he heard them talk;
He said—"Who makes that noise?
Go, beadle, get a good big stick,
And beat those naughty boys."

The beadle got a good big stick,
Thicker than uncle's thumb.
Oh, what a fright those boys were in,
To see the beadle come!

And they were turned out of the church,
And they were soundly beat,
And both those wicked naughty boys
Went bawling down the street.

So when they take you next to church,
Pray do not talk, my dear.
Because if you should speak a word
The clergyman will hear.

One day she was taken out with her papa (not her uncle this time), for a day's fishing, and to his great embarrassment she regarded the whole proceeding with horror, and could only be comforted by seeing the fish thrown back into their native element. This story also was reported to Lord Macaulay, and inspired the following rhyme:

There was a little good Baba,
And she said to her dear Papa,
"My dear Papa, I do so wish
You would not catch the little fish."
Then said Papa, "Why not, my jewel?"
Then said Baba, "It is so cruel.
If you were run through with a hook,
And pulled along and boiled by cook,
You would not think it nice at all,
But you would kick and roar and squall.
So let the little fishes play,
Papa, and do not hurt them pray."

In a letter to Baba's mamma enclosing the verses he asks, "Is she old enough to take care of a canary bird or two? From her tenderness to the little fish I think I may venture to trust her with live animals."

"On our return to Great George Street, a few days later," writes Lady Knutsford, "a large cage with some beautiful canaries in it was waiting our arrival. My uncle took me up himself to the nursery to see it, and my surprise and delight during the first few minutes were all that he had anticipated.

"But after a moment's silence I inquired if my canaries had souls. Lord Macaulay was obliged to confess that in his opinion they did not possess souls. Then, by one of those strange caprices which all who have much to do with little children are prepared for, I took a dislike to the canaries, evidently thinking some specially wicked birds had been procured for me. My kind uncle, after in vain endeavoring to overcome the prejudice, was obliged in a few days, much to his disappointment, to send away the canaries."



ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

BOBBIE. "Come on out and play; will you, Jack."
JACK. "Can't. I've got bad, and pop told me if I went out through this gate he'd lick me."
BOBBIE. "How can you climb over the fence, then?"

A WET PLACE.

"WHAT becomes of all the rain that falls?" asked the teacher.

"I know," replied Jack; "most of it gets into our cellar."

IN DOUBT.

"ANYTHING growing in your garden yet?" asked auntie.

"Yes," replied May: "sumpin's come up, but I don't know whether it's an orange-tree or a radish, 'cause I planted both."

HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"CAN you read?" asked the visitor.

The little boy drew himself up proudly. "Yes, 'm," he answered; "I can read and spell and go to the grocery and count the change."

KNEW NO MORE THAN THE FLY.

For several minutes Carleton watched a fly buzzing on the window pane, and then asked, "Why does that fly do that?"

"Because," explained mamma, "he doesn't know what glass is, and wants to get out."

"Well," answered Carleton, shortly, "I guess I must be a fly, 'cause I don't know what glass is."

THE BEST OF REASONS.

"SAY, Tom, come over here and have a game of ball."

"Can't; I've got my best suit on."

"Well, why don't you change it?"

"Can't; 'cause I haven't any other."

THERE IS STILL TIME.

"DID you ever have all the cake you wanted to eat?" asked the lady of the little boy who was visiting her.

"No, 'm," replied the little boy; "I haven't lived long enough to eat all I ever wanted."

WOODLAND WHISPERS.

"I HAVE a mind not to move," announced Mrs. Bluebird, as her husband came home with the supper.

"Why so?" he inquired, astonished.

"Because the Misses Sparrows have moved into the next tree, and I'm afraid that they'll set a bad example to the children with their chattering," replied the little mother.

"HELLO!" cried the Chipmunk, meeting the Gray Squirrel. "How do you expect the tall crop to turn out?"

"Well," answered the Gray Squirrel, "I look for a regular windfall next October."

"I ALWAYS thought the farmer planted lettuce for our benefit," sighed Mr. Rabbit.

"Why, doesn't he?" inquired Miss Hare.

"I judge not," was the reply, "because this year he has planted traps as well for us."

"HOW is it that you can sit on your nest all day and yet hear all about the latest news?" asked one crow of another. "Does your husband tell you?"

"No," was the reply. "But he had the Woodbine Telephone Company attach a vine to my nest."

"GOING to join the Crickets' Choral Union?" inquired the Squirrel.

"No, sir," answered the Robin. "I might get angry at the way they sang, and eat the entire union, which wouldn't be polite, you know, since they asked me to join," added the polite bird.

A SHORT MEMORY.

"Do you always learn all the hard lessons the teacher gives you?" asked Uncle Mark.

"Oh yes," replied Willie; "but I find they're *awful* easy to forget."

SHREWD.

"I'LL give you the next dollar I find rolling up hill," said papa.

"Please," whispered Frank, "but I'd rather have five cents now."

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

"WHY, Abner, what are you crying for?" asked his nurse.

"I want to see the back of my neck, and I can't," sobbed Abner.

ROVER MAKES A JOKE.

"COME take a ride on my tail," said the dog to the cat.

"How can I ride on your tail?" asked the cat.

"Can't you see it's a waggin'?" said the dog, winking his left eye at the canary.



SYSTEMATIC CURLS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

JABEZ HORTON'S CROSSBOW.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

JABEZ HORTON lived on the ocean side of Cape Cod, close to that vast expanse of water from whose ever-sounding shore one looks out and realizes, as Thoreau says, that "one's next-door neighbor is Spain." Jabez was a small, old-fashioned boy, with a name which exactly fitted him. It seemed almost as if strangers must call him "Jabez" at first sight, because any other name would have been as unbecoming to him as a silk tile. The very lines and features of his frank, homely, honest, mature-looking face seemed to spell out *J-a-b-e-z*.

But in spite of his old-fashioned name, Jabez was the most enterprising boy in Wellfleet. He was ingenious at making all sorts of things, from osier whistles up to boats, and for quickness of apprehension, handiness, and readiness in resource there was no one of his age "below the elbow," as the forearm of the crooked cape was called, who could at all compare with him.

Jabez had all the healthy out-door tastes of a genuine country boy. He loved to ramble in woods and fields, to pick nuts and berries, to go fishing and row a boat, to swim, skate, and snowball. Of coasting he knew nothing, for the lower part of Cape Cod is as flat as a flounder. Above all, Jabez longed to go hunting, but could not, for his father would not allow him to have a gun. "It's dangerous, to begin with," said Mr. Horton, "and, besides, I don't want you to get the hunting habit." Mr. Horton belonged to the old Puritan stock, and inherited its stern aversion for guns except as instruments of defence.

But all the boys went hunting at certain times of the year, and it seemed pretty hard that poor Jabez, with his wholesome love for all kinds of field sports, should be shut off from this crowning delight of a country boy's existence. Especially in the fall, when the ducks came flocking south, and stopped to rest and feed in all the little ponds, or lay off the sea-shore in immense "rafts," did Jabez grieve under his father's prohibition. To see, as he often did, some of the other boys jubilantly coming home to breakfast, with beautiful strings of black ducks and teal, which they had shot in the early morning from a "blind" on the shores of some pond, drove Jabez almost crazy.

"What in the world is the matter with your appetite?" his mother would ask.

And Jabez, getting up from his half-eaten breakfast, would reply, dolefully, "I suppose it's because I can't have a gun, mother." At which his father would laugh, just as if Jabez had said that he was in love.

"I do think it's kind of tantalizing for the poor boy," said Mrs. Horton to her husband one morning, as George Sinclair went by the house with five ducks slung over his shoulder, and called out to Jabez, who was hanging on the fence:

"Oh, come on with the rest of us to-morrow, Jabe! You could kill 'em with a bow 'n' arrow."

Jabez gave a sickly little smile, but said nothing. Two



AWAY SPED THE ARROW, THE COILED LIFE-LINE RAPIDLY UNWINDING BEHIND IT.

climbed on top of the fence, put

"What a wild Indian you are, Jabez!" exclaimed Mr.

rather afraid of his boy's inventions. Only a short time

Mr. Horton had given two dollars, flew up there to crow, and got his leg broken.

If Mr. Horton had known what a gigantic crossbow Jabez was going to make, I doubt if he would have given his consent. But even Jabez himself did not realize at first how large the undertaking was to be. As he set about his work, however, and his plans took more definite shape, the idea expanded with the materials. For Mr. Horton, some time before, had given him an old pair of wagon wheels and axle, to do what he pleased with; and now Jabez conceived the idea that it would be a fine thing to build his crossbow on the model of a cannon, using this pair of wheels and axle for a carriage. In this way he could mount and control a bow of tremendous power, that would hurl an arrow as big as a hoe handle for nearly a quarter of a mile! So he fashioned everything on a scale to correspond with the wheels. The frame of his bow-carriage he made of the stoutest oak knees he could find in his father's woods, and the bolts and nails were of the largest and most reliable sort.

When the rest of the machine was done, he drove to Provincetown for a piece of seasoned ash of which to make his bow. He was fortunate enough to find a straight-grained stick fourteen feet long and six inches through. This was just what he wanted, and in a few days he had an immense bow hewed out, twelve feet long, and so stiff and strong that it took two men to bend it at either tip. The bowstring was of the very best twisted rawhide. But the most ingenious part of the whole machine was the cog-wheel and ratchet arrangement by which the bow was bent. This worked with a crank, and was really a very clever piece of mechanism.

By the time Frank had completed his great crossbow, the season was pretty well advanced, and cold weather had come on. This was all the better, however, for Frank only intended to use his big engine of destruction on the sea-ducks, which, as winter draws on, and enclosed waters begin to freeze, "bed" in the salt water off shore in immense flocks. The great crossbow was just the thing for them. Its arrows would outshoot, two or three times, the range of any shot-gun, and if one of them struck in a bed of ducks it would be likely to do great execution.

All this while Jabez had kept the building of his novel cannon a secret from the other boys of the village, for he wished to be quite certain how it would work before he posed as its inventor and owner. When all was done he got up one bitter stormy morning in the latter part of November, and set out to drag his crossbow down the road to the beach. He knew it was not a morning when there would be any chance of getting a shot at ducks, but it was for that very reason a morning when none of the other boys would be out, and he could get his crossbow down among the sand hills and hide it without fear of detection. Then he could watch for an opportunity of trying it on the ducks.

Not a soul was abroad that dark cold morning, and Jabez had the whole Wellfleet coast to himself. How the wind came howling inland between the sand hills, and what a deep thunderous roar the great ocean made as its waves hurled themselves far up the beach! But Jabez did not pay much attention to the elements, or to the magnificent scene which the breaking day began to disclose, of mountainous waves, and scudding clouds, and long stretches of beach white as snow with the inrushing surf. He had all he could do to tug his great machine along the heavy, ill defined road that wound among the sand hills.

Finally he turned aside from the road, and with great difficulty dragged his crossbow to a secluded hollow between two great sand dunes. Here he purposed to leave it until some calm, pleasant morning, when the ducks would be feeding off shore. But before he returned home he thought he would climb one of the sand dunes and take a look at the black raging sea.

It was broad daylight by this time, and as the boy stood there holding on to his cap and bracing himself against the wind he fancied he saw in the offing the bare masts of a laboring ship. He watched for several moments intently, and at length saw the dark hull of the vessel borne to the top of a huge wave. Then it sank out of sight again, and for some minutes remained invisible. Jabez's heart was beating thick and fast. He wondered if the ship had foundered and gone down. No; again it rose into sight, and this time Jabez plainly heard the dull boom of a gun– the ship's signal of distress.

This was before the days of regular government life-saving stations along our coast, with well-appointed apparatus and men constantly on the watch for vessels in distress. There were a few life-boats and small unoccupied "emergency houses" scattered along the shore of the cape, but no one had them in especial charge, and unless the inhabitants of the coast villages turned out to act as rescuers in a big storm the life-boats lay useless on the beach.

All this Jabez knew, and he also realized that he was probably the only person in all Wellfleet who had heard this ship's signal of distress and seen it laboring helplessly, with mainmast probably gone by the board, in the heavy seas. He calculated that it would hardly be an hour before the ship would ground and go to pieces outside in the surf, and unless a life-boat could be gotten to them all on board would probably be drowned.

It did not take the boy long to make up his mind what to do. He would run back to the village at the top of his speed and rouse the people. The Wellfleet life-boat lay under a rude shelter on the beach not a quarter of a mile from where he stood. Possibly a crew might be found who would venture out in it. That remained to be seen.

In less than an hour, thanks to Jabez Horton, a score of sturdy fishermen and farmers were hurrying down through the sand hills. The fated ship could now be easily seen about a mile off shore. She had a little canvas flying, but it seemed inadequate to give the helm control over her, and her mainmast, as Jabez had suspected, was gone. In about twenty or thirty minutes she would be on the bar. If anything was to be done for the rescue of her crew and passengers it must be done quickly. Mr. Horton was an old sailor and a natural leader of men. He picked out eight of his neighbors to act with him as a life-boat crew. Then the boat was launched, and the plucky men took their places on the thwarts, while the rest grasped the gunwales and pushed the boat as far out into the surf as they could. The great seas broke over her with terrific force, and three times, in spite of the best efforts of the crew, she was driven back on the beach.

"Once more, my hearties!" cried Mr. Horton, cheerily. "Run her out as far as you can first, and then jump aboard." The crew obeyed, but they were not like men

trained to this difficult task, and again the life-boat was driven in, this time broadside upon the shore.

In the mean while a thought like an inspiration had flashed into the mind of the quick-witted boy Jabez. As his father stood on the beach, undecided whether to make another attempt with the life-boat, Jabez ventured up and took him by the sleeve. "Father!" he cried, excitedly—"father! I know what we can do. Shoot a line over 'em with my big crossbow."

Mr. Horton stood for a moment as if astounded at such a suggestion. Then his face began to relax and brighten. "Boys," he cried, "here's a little chap worth more than all of us for wits! Where is your machine, Jabez—anywhere alongshore?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the boy, eagerly. "Over there between those sand hills. Come on, all of you; I'll show you."

The boy darted off, followed by a dozen or more of the men, though none of them knew what his plan was except his father. As soon, however, as they saw the big crossbow a shout of approval went up. They knew at once what the boy intended to do. Willing hands seized the carriage, and in an incredibly short space of time it was wheeled across the sandy plain and planted on the beach opposite the ship, which was now fairly aground and careening on its side, while the great waves broke over it with hungry fury. The passengers and crew were clinging helplessly to masts, shrouds, stanchions, rail—anything that would save them from being washed overboard. It would have been worse than useless to launch the ship's small unseaworthy boats in the surf, even if, in the present condition of the vessel, it had been possible to do so. All hope now lay in getting a life-line from shore.

"Now, Jabez, give your orders!" cried his father. "This is your machine, and you are the only one who understands it." Jabez mounted the carriage of his cross bow, and took the rawhide bowstring in his hands.

"Three of you take hold of each tip of the bow and bend her!" he cried. It was done almost before the words were out of his mouth, and Jabez had deftly slipped the bowstring into its slot. "Now bring me the small life-line," he said. It was already at his hand, having been fetched by his father from the life-boat. Jabez took one of his heavy arrows from the canvas pouch under the carriage in which he kept them. Then he fastened the small life-line around the base of it with a sailor's knot, which would not slip. Laying the arrow in the groove of the bow he stepped down, and tipped the latter on its pivot-bolt until it was aimed high over the ship. Then he pulled the trigger.

The great bow straightened out with a tremendous clang, and away sped the arrow, the coiled life-line rapidly unwinding behind it. Oh, how eagerly its soaring, birdlike course was watched by the anxious eyes on ship and shore! Will the impulse of the great bow carry it far enough against the storm? Yes! Well-aimed, well flown, good arrow! It dropped into the sea just beyond the buffeted vessel, and the line sank down over the ship. A cry of gratitude rose even above the tumult of wind and wave.

It was but a moment's work now to fasten one end of the larger life-line to the life-boat, and the other to the cord which had been sent out to the ship. Mr. Horton had already despatched a man to the nearest emergency house for a second line to attach to the stern of the life-boat. By the time this came those on board the ship had towed out the large rope, and were ready to haul away on the life-boat. The buoyant craft rode over the surf like a cork with no one in her, and was soon out in less broken water. It was not long before she reached the ship, and received her first precious load, consisting of the women and children. Then the Wellfleet men hauled her shoreward again, while those on board the ship kept her steady with a taut line. Four trips sufficed to bring off all on board; and on the last trip the boat was manned with oars by eight sailors, under command of the captain. Great was the rejoicing when the stanch life-boat came driving up the beach on a great roller with her last load. Not a life had been lost, even the steerage cat and the cook's dog being brought safe ashore. But it was scarcely fifteen minutes after the life-boat left her side for the last time that the disabled ship began to go to pieces, and all that day her wreckage kept coming ashore.

As for Jabez, I believe he never tried the big cross bow on ducks after all, for the passengers of the ship made him up a purse of five hundred dollars, and with seventy-five dollars of this, and his father's now willing permission, he bought the finest breech-loading duck-gun ever seen in Wellfleet. And if you will go to a certain tumble-down emergency-house on the beach between Wellfleet and Eastham to-day, you will find a rusty old tire and a large cog-wheel that belonged to the crossbow carriage; for Jabez's invention was kept for years alongside the life-boat to be used in emergencies like that which has been described. But, so far as I can learn, it made itself and Jabez famous only once.

SAVAGE TRADE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY E. J. GLAVE.

THE different tribes of Central Africa are obliged to maintain constant commercial intercourse amongst themselves in order that all may have the food, utensils, and weapons absolutely necessary for their existence. The various wants of the inhabitants of one district cannot all be relieved by the products of that particular section of the country; they must depend upon other parts of the land for some of their supplies. Many villages are situated on the banks of the river, and are surrounded by low-lying, swampy jungle, where the natives can kill an abundance of game—monkeys, bush-pigs, and often elephants; and the deep stream, flowing past the very doors of the bamboo huts, is teeming with fine large fish, which fall an easy prey to their cleverly knit traps and nets. But so bounteously furnished by nature with a superabundance of fish and meat, they have no soil suitable for the cultivation of vegetables and grain. Inland vil



AN AFRICAN MERCHANT PRINCE.

[illegible] head, will have extensive plantations [illegible]

The warrior must have metal with which to make his weapons, for unless armed with spears and knife he is as helpless as a child, and liable to insults from any one. Besides which all kinds of tools are necessary—axes, axes, chisels—with which to shape out their canoes and build their huts. Again, the "coats and belles" are not "dressed" unless they are liberally smeared from head to foot with powdered red wood and oil, but the tree from which this is made is not found in every village.

In order therefore that the natives of each village may have all their wants supplied, a continual bartering communication has to be kept up between the different centres of production. Myongo of Basundi will load his big dug-out to the gunwale with pottery, and he and his slaves will then paddle down stream to Mbunga, where the cargo is exchanged with old Ndombay for tobacco and grass mats. The fresh traders visit the natives of the Oubangi River with bales of smoked fish, and return weighted down with copper rings and iron knives.

Of course there is no such thing in these far-away wild regions as coined money, but there is a recognized currency, which varies according to the locality, and which enables individuals to buy and sell among themselves. The articles most popularly used for this purpose are brass rods called mitako, which are about twenty inches long, and of the thickness of a slate-pencil; small rings of copper and lead, known as minkata; tiny fibre mats six inches square; cowrie-shells, beads, iron hoes, and copper crosses. An accumulation of such property constitutes wealth, and corresponds to our dollars and cents. A slave will be worth one hundred mitako, a fowl twenty minkata, and a roll of tobacco has an established price of sixty cowries.

The interchange in produce is carried on among comparatively friendly tribes, but trading in slaves and ivory is far more important, and is a more serious undertaking; long canoe journeys must be made to far-away villages, and many dangers and hardships attend such ventures.

Whilst I was stationed at Lukolela, old Iuka, the chief, organized an expedition for the purpose of visiting a large slave and ivory market at Lulungu, situated 200 miles up stream. For several weeks preparations were making for the start, supplies of smoked fish and dried vegetables were collected, the stock of trading goods securely lashed into bales, the large war-canoes were put into thorough repair, and all the weapons sharpened and made ready for use.

The village they proposed visiting was peopled by a fierce tribe, and their voyage up stream would take them past the river settlements of some dusky buccaneers. Iuka would have to be well prepared to fight and defend himself, but the old fellow expressed himself as confident of making a successful journey. He and his party had a goodly collection of cloth, copper, brass, cowries, and beads, which he would exchange with the up-river traders for slaves and ivory, both of which could be purchased very cheaply, he said. With such a force of stalwart warriors to accompany him he feared no attack, the formidable array of his well-armed flotilla would command the respect of any tribes he might meet, and if fighting had to be done, his followers would give a good account of themselves.

At last the start was made; ten large canoes, each manned by twenty-five warriors, shoved out from Lukolela beach, and the well-trimmed dugouts, impelled by the powerful strokes of the long slender paddles, soon left the village far behind.

Three months passed away, and the villagers were beginning to feel great anxiety at the prolonged absence of their chief, until one day four canoes slowly drifted down stream and headed for the beach, the emaciated crews paddling with feeble strokes. This was the remnant of Iuka's expedition. Misfortune had attended them from the very first. On the day of the departure a hippopotamus had smashed one of the dugouts and killed two men; then in passing through a narrow channel they were attacked by a hostile tribe lying in ambush in the thick bush fringing the shore, and twenty of Iuka's people were killed before they could escape from the spears and poisoned arrows of their foes. A few nights after this, whilst camped on the beach at the edge of a thick forest, during a violent storm, twelve more men were stabbed to death as they slept rolled in their mats. Some treacherous natives concealed by the darkness had approached unseen, and at a given signal thrust their spears and escaped.

Thus by the time Lulungu, their destination, was reached, their force had been greatly weakened, and the natives of the place, instead of selling them slaves and ivory, robbed them of all their goods, weapons, and canoes, and made them captives, and threatened to sell them. But old Iuka had a friend in the village who helped him and his people to escape one dark night, and they returned to Lukolela thoroughly disheartened, all their goods and weapons having been stolen from them, and half the expedition either killed or taken captive.

The ultimate object of African commercial enterprise is the accumulation of slaves, to be trained and armed for the defence of their owner's possessions, and that not only against attack from distant hostile tribes, for it often happens that two chieftains, living in the same row of huts, become jealous of one another's power, and an exchange of angry speeches soon leads to savage contest. Warriors who have been living peacefully together in the same settlement, eating from the same dish, fishing in the same waters, and sharing the dangers of the chase, quickly separate into two hostile bands at the warning rattle of their master's war drum, and soon the opposing forces are upholding their chieftain's claim by flights of arrows and glistening spears hurled in earnest and with deadly aim. This unneighborly conduct is maintained until the weaker sues for peace, and is compelled to pay to his victorious and more powerful opponent a fine of ten or twelve slaves.

Long before the natives of the far interior of Africa had ever seen a white man there was an indirect but actual commercial communication between civilization and the wild beings dwelling in the heart of the Dark Continent. Often the costly elephant tusk which we see in the stores delicately carved into toilet set or fan comes from Central Africa. Possibly in the same dense forests where Stanley suffered such hardships the original possessor roamed about till the bold Mambutu hunter crept up to the huge beast unseen and plunged into his body his deadly spear blade. Since then the tusks have passed from tribe to tribe, until the coast is reached, and they are shipped away to the land of the white man, and then cleverly shaped into precious ornaments destined to grace drawing-room and boudoir.

A REQUEST BEFORE THE BATH.

"Mamma, I wish you'd wash me with silver polish instead of soap," said Harold. "Maybe I'd be brighter if you did."

CHILDREN AND PONIES.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY

ONE of the most attractive features of our horse shows the last two years has been the pony classes. Half a dozen years ago a pony at the annual show was something of a novelty, and if exhibited at all was pretty apt to be of the circus variety—rather "cute" to look upon, but of little if any practical value. No one seemed to think the little animal worthy of any especial attention, until some one made a class for them at the horse show year before last, given in the Madison Square Garden in New York. The large number of entries brought out and the crowd of spectators always to be seen about their stalls convinced breeders that the pony was a popular and valuable investment. The advance in quality and quantity of entries since that time has only been equalled by the growth of interest among the on-lookers. Last autumn the showing of ponies in the Madison Square Garden was the finest in the history of horse shows in this country; and this year the open-air shows have recognized the children, and offered special prizes for ponies of all descriptions. At the recent Philadelphia show no class in the judging-ring excited more admiration or created keener rivalry; and last week, at the New York open-air show on Manhattan Field, the scenes were repeated.

This is considering the exhibition of ponies merely from the spectator's point of view; but there is another and a more valuable lesson to be learned from the increased interest shown in these classes. It means that the day has passed for looking upon the pony as a mere toy, useful only in drawing Tom Thumb carriages, or eating sugar from the hand. And with this recognition of the pony's more useful side has come the better appreciation of its value in the physical education of the children.

There is no single exercise which combines so many health-giving qualities as riding. It is peculiarly valuable to children, for it is the most certain and gentle developer of the back and stomach muscles, and imparts a tone to the entire system that cannot possibly be attained in any other way. Even football, the hardiest of all games, falls short of having the same invigorating effect on the boy. If this be true for the boy—and such it is now generally admitted to be—how much more necessary is riding to the young girl, who has no game but lawn-tennis, which fails to exercise the most important parts of her body! Few boys and girls, and almost as few men and women, think twice of the value of different kinds of exercise to them, or would know much about it if they did think. Any exercise, of course, moderately taken, is better than none; but the exercise which acts upon arms and legs only is of not one-half the value of that which acts on the body, the chest, stomach, and back. When, then, an exercise is found that acts on all, its value is apparent without further argument.

It is this fact that makes riding the most valuable of all to boys and girls, men and women, but especially so to the weaker sex. The leg muscles must be used to maintain a firm seat, the arm muscles to control and guide the animal, and the back and stomach I have already spoken of. Aside from the mere physical benefits to be derived from riding, nothing is more calculated to give one command of one's self and grace. Too much cannot be written in favor of this grand training for children, and the popularity into which the pony has sprung bears witness to its more general acceptance.

But then there are ponies and ponies, and children must not fancy that because the animal is so small there is no possible danger in handling any one of them. Every pony cannot be treated like a great good-natured house-dog. They require training—and sometimes of the most careful and skilful kind—before it is safe to turn them over to the youngster. They should be well broken and gaited before the child is permitted to mount, else there is small hope of the pupil ever becoming proficient or graceful. The gait, of course, being more springy and not so rough as in a horse, the tendency would be simply to stay on, irrespective of form. As a matter of fact, I am of the opinion that a child should receive its first lessons in riding on a well-broken, easy-gaited saddle-horse; it is hardly necessary to add, under the supervision of a really



WINNERS OF THE "BLUE RIBBON."

competent instructor, which, by-the-way, is not easy to find; curiously enough, they are few and far between.

My reason for this is because of the difficulty in getting a pony which will patiently maintain any one gait under the pounding in the saddle of the inexperienced pupil. The pony is more apt to be restive, and the youngster is so busy staying in the saddle that all thought of hands vanishes, and the boy or girl learns probably to ride, and maybe as well as the average, but never gets "hands," without which no one can ever hope to ride gracefully or well. Give the child its first lessons on a good horse, and when it has got to the point where it can sit firmly in the saddle at a trot or canter without hanging on to the reins, it is time to put it on a pony.

At all events, every boy and girl should learn to ride, whether on a horse or pony.

VARIATIONS OF A JEST.

THAT there is very little that is new under the sun is shown perhaps more frequently in the jokes that are told than in anything else. A story has been going the rounds of late concerning the trepidation of a small boy, who upon being asked rather gruffly by his school teacher who discovered America, began to whimper, and instinctively blurted out,

"I please, sir, it wasn't me!"

This has its counterpart in an amusing school-boy tale told many years ago by an English teacher who believed in the powers of the birch to restore fading memory. Having asked one of his scholars the question, "Who made this glorious universe?" the boy replied, "I—I don't know, sir."

"Come," said the teacher, taking up his switch, "you must know. Tell me, or I shall whip you!"

The boy looked at the whip a moment, and then with a characteristic shiver confessed,

"Please, teacher, I did, but I won't do it again."

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."

BY SOPHIE S[illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

ROBIN [illegible] the last of crocus ribbon in her hand and looked at it in a kind of helpless dismay, while Martha, too much excited by her position as hostess to think of what seemed to her a trifle, rattled on, fortunately drowning Jean's persistent questions and even making Jean forget them, which it was very unusual for her to do, for Jean's supply of curiosity was almost as large as Tommy Baker's.

"What do you think? I've had an idea!" cried Martha. "Miss Ferris was always wanting us to have ideas, and now one has come to me. Jo has always owned that I was wonderfully clever in getting rid of Miss Ferris, and now I'm going to do it for good."

"When she has just been so kind? I think she's nice," said Jean, severely.

"Oh, she'll be better off; she has a horrid time with us," said Martha, frankly. "You know Uncle Ambrose Gifford? He's an old dear—a bachelor, or widower, or something, and preaches in Old Deptford. I was running through the hall in search of some sharp scissors when Miss Ferris offered to sacrifice her locks, and I saw him in the library talking with papa. I ran in and told about it. I made such a pretty story of her devotion that Uncle Ambrose was touched, I'm sure. I've seen him slyly go to her several times. And I killed two birds with one stone without intending it. I made a good impression upon papa, who has been dreadfully cross to me of late, as if I were to blame about that watch. He said he was glad to see some sign of my appreciating my governess. I'm going to show my appreciation by marrying her to Uncle Ambrose Gifford! I've really *got* to get rid of her!" Martha's brow darkened suddenly. "She's taken to watching me, and she comes up behind me so suddenly that she makes me jump. I'm sure I don't know what she has got into her head; perhaps she is going to be crazy. Oh, there are the Farrar girls! Isn't that a hat?"

Martha was welcoming a host of girls, of a great variety of clothes and manners. Their father insisted upon their sending invitations with much less discrimination than they would have liked to use since their New York winters, and the grandchildren of some of those who "had helped him on in the world" wore the homespun dress and manners of the stay-at-home girls and boys of the Cape.

Did Carlsen know what Ken had done, and why she had helped Jo Wilkes to escape? To say that he had found the ribbon in Gridiron Cove was certainly as much as to say, "I know that you were there the night when Jo Wilkes escaped." This thought was torturing Robin, while she tried to respond to the merry greetings of her friends. It was a little relief to see Duke Rawlins coming towards her, making his way painfully, but with a bright face, through the gay groups on the great shady lawn. She could not tell him—if she only might!—but some bits of the quotation he had read to her which he had said helped him came to her with a kind of comfort. That was a good grim bit about the man who "when his legs were smitten off had fought upon his stumps"! If only she had done absolutely right! What would Duke say to know just what they had done, Ken and she?

"I have a letter from Ken," he said, eagerly, as he reached her. "I want you to hear something there is in. Will you come down here under the oak-tree? The [illegible] are all going to the other side; the music is in the old summer-house. We shall be quite quiet. But perhaps you are [illegible] a croquet or play tennis?"

Robin shook her head dolefully; poor Robin, whose feet had been wont to tingle at the sound of a merry tune, would she ever wish to dance again?

"I knew you would be glad to hear from Ken," said Duke, a little doubtfully, evidently puzzled by her manner. "He said he had only written a scrap of a letter home. Poor Ken! he was awfully in the dumps when he went away, but I think things are better with him now."

There was a seat under a great oak-tree, on the sunny side of the lawn, and Robin sat down upon it, turning a pale and wistful face towards Duke.

"'A fellow learns a great deal in next to no time when he goes out into the world with but little in his pocket and less in his head, like me,'" read Duke. He had skipped the first part of the letter, with a little murmur of impatience; afterwards Robin remembered that. "'I knew that I wasn't much of a fellow, but I didn't see how many chances I was wasting. My sister told me so, but a fellow doesn't like to have girls telling him what he ought to do. She's twice the fellow that I am, though, my sister Robin, and she won't do anything she thinks is wrong, not to save her life.'"

"Oh, oh, he doesn't know!" murmured Robin, with a choking sensation.

"'She's pretty proud, and she minds' h'm h'm—that's nothing," said Duke, interrupting his reading. "'I'm afraid I was pretty hateful to her, and to them all, at home, and they must have been glad to get rid of me. The work here is pretty rough, and it makes a fellow flare up inside to be ordered round as I am; but so far I've had sense enough to keep my wrath to myself. The boy isn't much of anybody in a great manufacturing establishment, and he isn't going to be put up with as he is at home. But I think if I behave myself there is going to be a chance to learn the business, and that's what I want more than anything in the world. I believe I told you that there were some things that had given me a great notion for chemistry. But now I've got an idea that I can't get rid of, that I played the shirk in leaving home. They need me there, that is, if I should do my part as I ought, and not shirk. Instead of whining because things went wrong I ought to have faced the music and made them better. If I had even gone fishing to any purpose, and not let Robin take passengers out in the *Mary Ann*—'"

"Poor Ken! he needn't mind that," said Robin.

"There's nothing like a little homesickness to bring a fellow on to his marrow-bones!" said Duke. "The first time I went away to school I found out what a cub I had been at home, I can tell you!

"'I shall write to Robin,'" the letter went on, "'and ask her if she thinks I ought to come home, not to dawdle and shirk, but to put in my best licks. She's the one who will understand.'

"That is what I wanted you to hear," said Duke, folding his letter up, although Robin cast a wistful glance at the other page. "I thought, of course, you knew your own family affairs, and I'm afraid it seems like impertinence for me to say anything, but I do think it would be such a pity for Ken to come back."

"Oh, a great pity," said Robin, mechanically. She was trying to think how much Ken could mean by proposing to come back. Would he "face the music" so far as to confess everything? She was the one who would understand, he had said, and that sounded, she thought, as if he did mean to confess.

"He's the kind of a fellow, to be sure, to have an awful lot of persistency about anything that he takes to, and there really isn't anything here for him to do. I think he would get dull and discontented again, no matter how brave he might be," continued Duke.

"He really ought not to come, ought he?" said Robin, eagerly. She had wished that he might be brave enough to undo the wrong; she had even tried to pray that he might, and now, suddenly, she felt that she could not endure it. For him to suffer such disgrace—Ken, who was so proud! And his father and mother, they could never bear it. Let Carlsen threaten and try to frighten her; there was nothing that he could prove—nothing.

"I shall certainly tell him to stay," said Robin. But she looked so pale and excited that Duke was startled.

"You mustn't let this trouble you. I thought you would like to know that Ken was so — so plucky," he said. "It really does a fellow good to get out of the way of being coddled, and to have to obey orders. And if I could do anything—if you would look upon me as a brother, in Ken's place, while he is gone, I should be awfully glad. I'm not a bit bad at being a brother, if I am lame. I'm so used to it. You can ask Peggy and Kitty."

"You're very good, but I shall do very well. I don't need any help," said Robin, in a stiff little voice. Then she went and played tennis, and danced with the gayest.

"She is just getting over Ken's going," said Jean to sympathetic Kitty Rawlins. "She's had a face a yard long."

Julia Hallett, with a fringe of little bobbing curls ruthlessly shorn from Miss Ferris's devoted head penned Robin into a corner to make her "solemnly swear" that she didn't "look a fright."

"It's a success, isn't it?" said Julia, being reassured in the matter of bangs. "All but Peggy Rawlins. She's too grown-up, and she wants to be useful. She wanted to pour chocolate—think of it!—as if it were an afternoon tea. I told her we didn't do things in any such small way. She said, 'Oh, I thought it was just a boy and girl party!' I think it was rude, though Martha says she didn't mean to be. Now she's devoting herself to those shy countrified little Farrar girls. See! if she isn't making Josh Gifford dance with her! The last time he came here to a party he hid under the attic stairs, and we had to drag him out to supper."

Jean went to sleep in the carriage in which Mr. Hallett sent them home, but Robin said to herself all the way home, and half through the night, until in spite of herself she fell asleep, "I will tell Ken not to come home."

She waited anxiously for Ken's letter, which was not very satisfactory when it came. For Ken did not unburden his mind so freely to her as he had done to Duke Rawlins. It was because Duke did not know everything, as she did, Robin said to herself. But he did say that he thought sometimes that he ought to come home and bear his share of the family burdens, and asked her opinion about the matter. He admitted that he had been "as savage as a catamount" before he went away, but he had had much to trouble him. He had already learned that there was no room for shirks in the world, and if he did come home the mate of the *Mary Ann* should never again be obliged to be captain and mate too.

The paper which Prim had found, and which she had sent him, had proved to be of no value; an expert at handwriting had been able to make out a few words. As a last resort he had sent it to the apothecary at Kingstown—the apothecary who had laughed at him—but without much hope. At all events, there were some things which the apothecary would not know, unless he could remember the things which Dave had asked for in vain. "I said lots of hateful things to you about that paper, Robin, but it was such a disappointment to lose that chance of a fortune! I can't trust myself to think of it, even now." Then followed anxious questions about Dave's condition, which showed that he had not abandoned all hope of the fortune which was to be made by Freneau's discovery. "I've learned the value of money as well as ever a boy knew it, I'll warrant!" he wrote. "It drags you into the mire to be without it."

"That isn't true!" cried Robin, hotly, as she read. "Nothing can drag you into the mire but yourself. And I shall tell him so when I write."

But, after all, she did nothing of the kind. Her letter was constrained, as letters are apt to be when one cannot speak of the thing that lies nearest one's heart. How could she reproach him for the wrong which she had helped him to conceal? "We are doing very well, and there is no need of you at home," she wrote.

She worked and saved with fierce energy; that was to pay for the watch. She patched her old boating-dress anew, and went down to the Quansett wharf to look for passengers. She went fishing with Cap'n Saul, did a boy's work, and had her share of the catch, which Saul and Thanny sold for her. They eyed her askance, noticing how grasping she had become.

"There's more amiss up there than we know of," Cap'n Saul had said, one night, smoking his after-supper pipe. "You might jest as well scant our share a little when you're dividin', Thanny. She ain't nothin' but a gal."

Good, stingy Cap'n Saul! he had had a struggle with himself, which only Thanny knew of, before he said that.

Being so busily occupied Robin went but seldom to Sandford, refusing most of the invitations of the Hallett and Rawlins girls, who were having a merry summer with picnics, and sailing, and tennis. She had seen Carlsen only twice, and he had given her a quizzical little smile as he bowed. He had been obliged to give up his experiments upon Dave, because the doctor had forbidden them. Dave had been feverish and ill for a week as a result of his glass-making at the works, and the doctor had been decided in his condemnation of any attempt at forcing his memory. His mind must be amused and only gently stimulated, he said; and Adam was lent to him, at Jean's suggestion that he was well adapted to this work. Adam made things lively in the little house on the edge of the marsh. Dave's shouts of laughter could be heard far and wide, and even Robin was cheered, almost in spite of herself, when she went there, by his pranks. What Adam had needed to develop his talents was a playfellow, and he had found one in Dave. Annette worked cheerfully at anything she could find to do to keep the wolf from the door, and declared that her Dave was becoming himself once more, although no one else could see any change.

The Rawlinses came often to the bluffs on their walks and drives, in spite of Robin's unsocial ways; but Duke never said anything more about Ken, and this was a relief, after all, although Robin knew that the correspondence between them was much more brisk than that which Ken kept up with his own family.

With all Robin's efforts, the money to pay for the watch—the conscience money—was gathered so slowly! But the summer had drifted away, and the summer sun had made the cranberries plump and rosy, and the promise of a great crop was still held out. The meadow was a mile from the bluffs, down below Honeypot Marsh, but Robin was never weary of trudging over the road; the cranberries meant so much: she could pay for the watch; she might even send something to Jo Wilkes's mother. The lightening of her father's anxieties, the home comforts they would bring, were scarcely thought of now.

Robin was going to pick herself, and Jean as well, if her high courage held out, and Robin had already engaged the Blodgett children; Annette, for as much of the time as she could leave Dave; Thanny, who declared that he wouldn't leave the cranberries even to catch a whale; Joey Fickett, of clove-lozenge memory; and, in fact, a host of Quansett boys and girls, who were all her friends, to say nothing of Julia Hallett and Kitty Rawlins, who were going to pick for fun.



Only one danger now seemed to threaten the cranberries, and that was frost. It was impossible to leave them on the meadow as long as possible, for even in late September the nights were very cool. Some night a heavy frost might come, and then the flood-gates on the edge of the meadow, by means of which it could be flooded and the cranberries protected from their enemy; and Thanny and Robin, kept watch and ward.

But one day, that had gone by in one deep-yellow burning noon, cool and still, and a green and blue twilight,

"So long as it's windy, Thanny, there's no danger," said Robin, for it was always foolish, on the still cold nights, that the deadly frost came upon the cranberries.

"The wind is gonna down with the sun, and then it's gonna to *be cold*," said Thanny, sagely.

"Old Prue didn't say so," said Robin, who was constantly on the contracts of the Weather Bureau.

"Mebbe he wasn't born on the Cape," suggested Thanny. "He don't always know. It seems to me the clouds don't mean cold."

"Wind, more likely," said Cap'n Saul, surveying them with a practised eye. "We can run in after dark, and then have a breeze that'll take us home, I'm."

The Hallett girls were on board, and Peggy and Duke Rawlins. Cap'n Saul had promised them some "tall sailing," and they were picking up some very large fish. It had been warm in the morning, warm and misty, with no air, and that the *Flying Scud* had been a long time in reaching the fishing ground. Now Cap'n Saul saw no hurry to leave, but out of consideration for the catch and for his guests. It was his opinion that both Robin and Thanny were unreasonably childishly anxious about the cranberries.

Thanny kept his eye on the clouds, and had but slight regard even for the fish-pounder which he had caught.

The wind died away at sunset, at full, suddenly, and Cap'n Saul immediately betrayed himself. The *Flying Scud* was too heavy a boat to row, to be becalmed would mean to stay out all night. That had often happened to the *Scud* when Cap'n Saul and Thanny were alone in her; but with the passengers he had to-day it was a more serious matter. Thanny was about to betake himself to the tender, but his brother interposed.

"It is too far to row, Thanny, and you won't make anything. There's a cloud out there that's a-going to bring us a capful of wind anyhow."

But the capful of wind didn't come. The dark cloud wandered off, out to sea apparently, and the stars began to shine out of a clear, quiet sky; the air grew stiller, and there was scarcely a ripple on the water. "I declare, if ever I *was* so beat by the weather!" exclaimed Cap'n Saul. "I don't know as ever I see wind give out jest like that."

"If anybody wants to go along of me, I'm going to take to the tender," Thanny suddenly announced.

"I want to go, but it would make the boat heavier, and delay you," said Robin. "Oh, Thanny! But I know you will do all you can."

"You won't see land before daylight; the *Scud* will be in ahead of you," called Cap'n Saul.

But Thanny set his teeth tightly together, and took up his oars. "Exercise ain't bad for a fellow to-night, for it is cold, and no mistake," he said.

Robin crouched in the stern, a heap of misery; the cranberries were lost, and with them all her hopes.

The dim gray dawn lighted Thanny as he landed at Cranberry Cove, the nearest point to the cranberry meadow. A heavy white frost covered all the fields. Cramped and full of pains was Thanny, and nearly worn out; but he carried his heavy heart bravely through bog and brier to the meadow. No white frost here, but glistening water over all the vines. And yet the gates seemed scarcely raised at all. He hurried over to them. A figure rose from the ground, a wet and draggled figure. From the shawl thrown over her head Annette Frenean's anxious face looked out at him.

"I could not lift the gates enough, and it was too late to get any one, so I have not dare to go away. Is it that the cranberries are safe?"

"You've been here all night?" gasped Thanny. He extended one of his little, hard, brown paws. "I say, shake, will you? You — you — you're consid'able of a girl!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC."



PART OF THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION — From Photographs by C. D. Arnold, Chicago —[See Page 562]

IN THE GRAND COURT OF HONOR.

THE Grand Court of Honor at the World's Fair is certainly a magnificent affair. It is from the Administration Building at the head of the Peristyle fronting on the lake. A great basin is in the centre, across the waters of which dart the [illegible] and the swift, fearless electric launches. Over [illegible] the eagle-tops watch over the Wooded Island and the [illegible] into the earth, and make merry [illegible] that are there in great numbers. There are fountains, a stone step on either side of the water leading to the [illegible] and walks, and statues and columns and bridges and music-stands, and fountains all around. Agriculture Hall and the Machinery Building on one side, and Manufactures and Liberal Arts and the Electricity buildings on the other, complete the frame of the Grand Court.

It is impossible to mention the most striking object to be found therein. It depends altogether upon where you stand. The sun, however, makes his preference easily known, and he exhibits the traits of a miser, too. When he finds a chance to peep out from behind the clouds or mist, immediately his rays blaze toward the gold dome of the Administration Building, or the gilded statue of the Republic, making them most conspicuous against their blue and white backgrounds. The statue of the Republic stands in the basin near the Peristyle, but faces the Administration Building and the rising sun. The heroic statues upon the Peristyle can only gaze admiringly at the lady's back. Amid the massive structures on all sides the fair goddess does not look so amazingly tall at a distance, but you can realize her size when you approach nearer. The men who climbed over her head and shoulders, or sat along her arms previous to the opening day, looked more like some curious kind of birds than anything else.

Miss Republic is sixty-five feet tall, and is the work of the sculptor, Daniel C. French. She has a pole with a liberty-cap upon it in her left hand, and a globe and eagle in the right. As she represents this republic she has to be big, and is the largest statue ever made in America. Her forefinger is nearly four feet long—just forty-five inches to be correct—and is ten and one-half inches around. Her nose is thirty inches in length, and around her hair and head she measures twenty-four feet. She would be a delightful model for a school-teacher where there are any bad boys to be looked after, for her arms are thirty feet long, and the bad boys would find it troublesome to get out of her reach. From the top of her head to her chin is fifteen feet, so it would cost a great deal to keep her in veils if she was at all afraid of being sunburned. Four men could sit in one of her hands, and you might hold a dinner party in her head so far as space is concerned. These figures are official, but they give only a faint idea of her size, as she is so extraordinarily large that you have to see her to be sufficiently awed.

On rostral columns on either side stand two gigantic Neptunes, on guard over the Republic. They look lifelike enough to prod anybody with their tridents if they so desired. Around the coast are statues of various animals, and they, too, are so colossal that if they were real the enormous Krupp gun would have to be called into requisition in order to preserve Chicago and all the visitors from destruction. Everything is large there, and you can only realize the bigness of the whole by comparison with the little men and women for whose benefit it was built. You see these ordinary beings walking around like ants on a big map. The art and symmetry of the whole, however, are so perfect that the genius of the builders is instinctively recognized, and you are lost in wonder.

Opposite the Administration Building, but looking toward the Republic and the Peristyle is the great Columbia Fountain, designed by Frederick Macmonnies. This, too, is large, so large, in fact, that the sculptor had to have four great studios in which to do his modelling. In the centre of a circular basin, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, is a barge drawn by eight sea-horses, bearing outriders. Columbia sits in the barge in triumph, guided by Time and preceded by Fame. There are five figures on either side, representing Science, Industry, Agriculture, Commerce, and Fine Arts—these figures do the rowing. Around the barge swim dolphins, tritons, and all sorts of merfolks. The water which shoots and falls from all sides is illuminated at night by electricity, and the effect is wonderful. Some of the figures are twenty feet in height, and they are all beautiful, and [illegible] they seem so real, that Miss Republic at the other end, with upheld hands, looks as though she were waving to them not to bear down upon her.

There are lots of other things to be seen in the Grand Court of Honor. It would take a long, long while to count the figures which smile at you from the surrounding buildings. In fact, it would be an almost impossible task, for they pop out from the most unexpected corners and places. They, too, add to the general beauty, and some little winged Victories that look upon you, dancing on one foot, appear to be ready to jump or fly to you see. But if they ever got to the ground they wouldn't appear so little—you only term them so, speaking from Miss Republic's sixty-five-foot standard. Outlined against the white buildings and the blue skies you can observe everything, but you see so much that you forget nearly all. There is only room in your memory for gilded republics and mammoth animals, and they, like the Grand Court and the whole Fair, are so overpowering that you cannot drive them from your mind. You do not want to drive them away, however, but you do wish that you had a little larger comprehension so you could remember all the beautiful things in detail.

IGNORAMUSES.

SENSIBLE people sometimes make very odd mistakes, which a little reflection would have enabled them to avoid, while people who are not sensible take very startling views of things generally. At the Centennial Exhibition two country girls stood before a copy of the Flemish artist Paul Potter's great masterpiece, and one of them read from her catalogue, "The Young Bull, after Potter."

"Yes," said the other, "there's the bull, but where's Potter?"

"Don't you see him," asked her companion, pointing to the figure of the herdsman, "behind the tree?"

Two others were admiring a statuette of Andromeda, which was labelled "executed in terra-cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego.

"I'm sure I do not know," was the reply, "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it is."

A man, after gazing at a photograph of the Three Graces, exclaimed: "What fools women are! Those girls have not got money enough to buy themselves clothes, yet they spend the little they have in having their photograph taken."

Two boatmen on the Ohio River were talking about cold weather, and of a certain severe winter. "It was just awful," said one of them. "At Cincinnati the river was froze tight, and the thermometer went down to twenty degrees below Cairo."

"Below which?" asked his puzzled companion.

"Below Cairo, you blubber-head! You see, when it freezes at Cairo it must be pretty cold, so they say so many degrees below Cairo."

But light was bursting in upon the other. "No, they do not," he exclaimed, eagerly. "You've got it all wrong; it's so many degrees below *Nero*. I do not know what it means, but that's what they say when it's dreadful cold."

But the protoplasm man carried the day. Some one was extolling the wonderful powers of Professor Huxley in his hearing, when he asked what the professor had done. He was told that besides doing everything he had made the important discovery about protoplasm; and when informed, in answer to his second question, that it was the life principle, the starting-point of vital action, so to speak, he exclaimed scornfully, "He discovered that, did he? He knows all about the life principle, does he? Well, see here now, can he take some of that protoplasm and go to work and make a man, a horse, an elephant, a gnat, or a fly, with it?"

"No!"

"Well, then, what on earth is the use of his protoplasm; it's not worth ten cents a pound anywhere. Appears to me these scientific fellows put on a lot of big airs about nothing. Protoplasm! shouldn't wonder if Huxley came over to get up a company to work it. Is the mine in England?" But the admirer of science had nothing more to say.

Another ignoramus was a street robber who stopped a famous actor one night as he was going home with the manuscript of a play called *Vercingetorix* under his arm. "You rascal!" exclaimed the actor, fiercely, "be off! or I'll break my *Vercingetorix* over your head." The terrified robber did not stop to see what it was, but vanished forthwith.

TOM, TOM, THE SCULPTOR'S SON.

BY VALENTINE ADAMS.

Part II.

HOWLING Bonaparte was the first to emerge from the wreck; shaking the water from his coat and the dust of the studio from his feet, he limped away as fast as wrath and three legs could carry him. Next Tom came forth, sick at heart and sore in both elbows. Monkey, with an awful vision of his ultimate capture by his arch-enemy, the policeman of the block, stood speechless in despair.

"It's my fault, I suppose," he murmured at last. "I didn't mean anything."

"Of course you didn't mean anything," said Tom, fiercely. "Father says the worst trouble-maker of all is the one that doesn't mean anything."

"Can it ever be mended?" ventured Jack.

"No," cried Tom, gazing hopelessly at the headless rider, the overturned chariot, the dock-tailed, knock-kneed horses, whose wire skeletons showed grimly through their scarred flanks. "Even if it could, do you suppose my father wants patched-up, broken things? You better get out of this, and leave me to face the music. I don't know what father will do. There's three months' work gone to smash." Something very like a sob struggled in Tom's throat in spite of his feet and inches.

But Monkey's nature was hopeful; besides, he could not comprehend nearly as well as Tom the extent of the damage. "Perhaps," suggested he, "Le Page's liquid glue—"

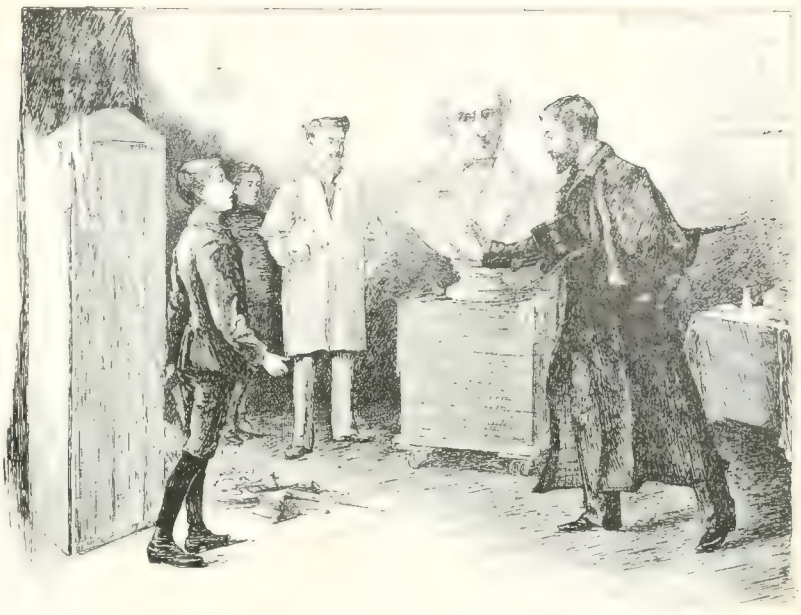
"Le Page's liquid idiot!" howled Tom, forgetting the easy affability becoming to a host.

At that moment Jim and Pierre returned. The former was not greatly moved; to him the disaster meant not so much a loss to art as a cause for "janiting"; in his character of Destroyer he felt a certain sympathy for the offenders. But the wrath of Pierre knew no bounds. He hurled at the boys sharp bits of badly broken English, calling Tom an "infant prodigal," and Jack Emery a "misérable criminel, lost to humane sentiments."

"The work of a whole winter lies here in morsels," lamented Pierre, in his native tongue. "All is lost. It is useless to gather up the fragments, since it is impossible to put them together again—impossible even for me, who knows so well how to do all things. For the three horses it matters not, since my master has copies of these; but for the little figure of the lad all is indeed over. Why, oh, why were boys ever made? Or if they must be made, why were they made like this?"

Meanwhile, the sculptor, whistling a little tune, was walking smartly up the street. His spirits had risen several degrees since morning; for, as it happened, he had seen the chairman of the committee, and that gentleman had begged that the visit might be postponed a month, as one member was ill, and he himself had just been summoned to San Francisco on business that might detain him there two weeks or more. "I *am* a lucky fellow," mused the sculptor, fitting his key into the front door keyhole. "This postponement comes just in the nick of time. With one month's work I can remodel parts of that group, so that it will be far better in itself, and better worth showing to the committee. I know what the thing lacks. The horses and chariot are well enough, but the action of that chariot-driver doesn't suit me; it hasn't the style and snap it ought to have."

Alas, poor sculptor! Very little "style and snap" has



"AND WHOSE WORK MIGHT THIS BE?"

your chariot-driver at this moment. Look at him where he lies in white fragments on the floor, his limbs shattered, his head under the chariot-wheel. No wonder you turn pale and utter a fierce exclamation.

The two boys, standing among the ruins, look up at the sculptor and shiver. Pierre's outburst had been bad enough; what will the real victim say?

For a moment the sculptor said not a word; he dared not speak. Then, in a voice that fell on Tom's ear like a lump of ice, he asked, very calmly, "And whose work might this be?"

Tom's pale lips moved in explanation; but Monkey sprang forward.

"It's my work, sir. It's all my fault. I didn't mean anything; but, of course," he added, mechanically, in Tom's words, "the worst trouble-maker of all is the one that *doesn't* mean anything."

The sculptor smiled grimly to hear his proverb quoted.

"I was to blame, too," said Tom, with an effort. "I harnessed Bonaparte, and stood upon the truck."

"And then I gave it a push," continued Jack, manfully, "and the truck started, and we couldn't stop it, and then everything tipped over."

"Precisely," observed the sculptor. "And, Thomas, may I inquire *why* you were standing on the truck?"

Tom, cut by the strange hardness in his father's tone, replied, "I was showing Monkey Emery how Raphael posed for the rider."

"Indeed! I beg that you will favor me with the same exhibition. I might get some valuable points, perhaps. Come, mount!"

Tom unwillingly obeyed. To prevent a lump from rising in his throat he held his head very erect. The sculptor, even in the midst of his anger and grief, felt a sudden thrill of pride in the lithe young figure, the resolute face. His heart softened, and he spoke in a kinder tone.

"You lads don't realize that those scraps of plaster there have cost me weeks and weeks of labor. You forget, too, that I have spent my whole life thus far learning how to make a little thing like this you've just smashed so easily. Look at that figure, broken to bits. It was not perfect, but I was hoping, with a few changes, to make it at least good. And now I must begin from the beginning again." A look of profound discouragement crept into the sculptor's eyes. Tom held his head

a tear from showing. "Surely you, my sculptor went on, very gently, "you have of my work to know that in a workshop but you, you don't know what the word responsibil I have a great mind to punish you," he add- by keeping you standing there on that truck until I get another sketch of the chariot-driver."

"Well," burst out Tom, "I will if you want me to. I'll do it now. I'm sorry for what I did, and I wish I could make it up to you somehow."

The sculptor shrugged his shoulders. "I'm afraid your posing wouldn't be worth much to me," he said, briefly.

Tom flushed. "You don't give me a chance," he cried.

"Oh," returned his father, "if you really want a chance, here goes. Strip off your jacket, and jump on the model-stand. Put your feet on Raphael's chalk marks, take up the reins as Raphael does, and I'll see what I can make out of you as a model."

So saying, the sculptor pulled out a stand, on which was the wire frame-work for a figure about half the size of the fallen driver. He did not for a moment imagine that his restless, never-do-well Tom could be of the slightest use to him as a model; but he thought it right to punish the boy by accepting the reparation offered. Sore at heart as he was, hardly trusting himself to look at the fragments Pierre was trying to piece together, he glanced idly at his new model, and pressed large lumps of clay upon the wire skeleton.

Great was his surprise to find that at the end of ten minutes his son was still standing upon Raphael's chalk marks, immovable, except for a slight trembling in his arms. Tom was on his mettle. He held up his chin, and squared his shoulders, and compressed his lips, with the dignity of an athlete going to martyrdom.

"If only I could get a hired model to look like that," thought his father, interested in spite of himself, "I could make something out of that chariot-driver."

Twelve more minutes passed

"Rest," said the sculptor, rather reluctantly.

Tom relaxed his tense muscles. "How long have I stood still?" he asked, wondering to himself if it were much more than an hour.

"Twenty-two minutes," answered his father.

Tom made no sign of surprise, but said, bravely enough, "I'll pose twenty-two minutes longer, and then one minute, and that will make forty-five minutes, just Raphael's time."

"Very well," replied the sculptor. "Pose!"

Let not those who never tried it think that posing is easy work. My broad-shouldered, athletic young friend of sixteen, I assure you that even to one of your famous muscle an old-fashioned morning at the wood-pile would be as nothing compared with one half-hour on the model-stand. To sit still in an easy-chair and read an interesting book, that's one thing; but to stand forty-five long minutes in the act of reining in a saw-horse, ah! that's another matter. Every nerve in Tom's body shrieked with joy when at last his father called "time," and he descended from his pillory.

Then, to the great astonishment of the others, Monkey Emery emerged from a dark corner, and sprang to the stand.

The sculptor laughed aloud. "Do you suppose I can piece out Tom with you?" he asked.

Monkey reddened. "I know I'm not good-looking," said he, "and I don't see no use makin' fun of my freckles; but anyway, I'm tough, and I'm straight, and I can drive a saw-horse as fast as anybody!"

"All right," assented the sculptor, entering into the spirit of the case. "Go ahead." He knew at a glance that Jack Emery was by nature even more restless than Tom; and, as he had expected little from Tom, so he expected nothing from Tom's friend. However, it might be interesting to observe, by comparison and by contrast, the characteristic motions of the two lads; besides, Monkey was quite as guilty as Tom, and had just as much need of repentance.

But Monkey, too, was on his mettle; he had made up his mind not to be outdone by Tom. As he gathered up his reins, and planted his feet firmly on the stand, and swayed his slender body far back into space, it suddenly struck the sculptor that this, just this, was the "action" he had vainly struggled to put into his chariot-driver!

Eureka! With rapid fingers the sculptor bent back the clay torso, building up here, cutting down there. During the forty-five minutes of Tom's pose the sketch had progressed wonderfully; the unsightly wire skeleton had entirely disappeared under muscles of clay; you plainly saw the sturdy figure of a chariot-driver. Now, however, the sturdy figure took on a new grace, that of spirited action. The sculptor was placing his little pellets of clay with the swift precision of a man who knows a fleeting opportunity when he sees it. "This sort of thing can't last," thought he.

Meanwhile Monkey Emery kept a stiff upper lip under his freckles, and tried hard to imagine that the saw horse was a veritable thunderer, snorting and plunging and striking fire from his hoofs. He had leisure to think of a number of things, but none of them seemed amusing. He tried, for example, to fancy himself squirting the syringe upon that stray cat, but somehow the idea lacked its previous charm; he even began to doubt if there would be any fun in using the dusty nose of that big bust as a target.

"You've posed fifteen minutes," said the sculptor. "Don't you want to get down?"

"No," said Jack, indulging in a prodigious stretch, "not till the three-quarters are up!" Then he gripped his lines tighter, thinking to himself, "Only fifteen minutes! I've heard about 'the bad quarter of an hour'; this must be it!"

Another bad quarter of an hour dragged by on leaden feet. Again Monkey refused to descend, contenting himself as before with a good stretch. "I can bear it if Tom could," thought he, "and I'm on the last lap now." But that last lap seemed longest of all; and he was just beginning to wonder if people ever did really burst and fly into fragments, when at last the blessed signal came to jump down. And didn't Monkey jump?

The sculptor stepped back a few paces and looked at his new sketch. His face was lighted by one of his rare smiles, and Tom, eagerly watching for some such sign, knew at once that not all was lost, and that he and Monkey had partly atoned.

The sculptor, though an artist, was a just man. "Boys," said he, still with the same bright smile, "perhaps you have saved me—at any rate, you have saved yourselves. So escape, escape now, while I am still in the mood to show mercy!"

A reflection of his father's smile shone on Tom's face, and Monkey's grin widened to its uttermost limits, as these two betook themselves in search of Bonaparte and the educated turtle. Pierre, kneeling among the ruins and patiently fastening a finger to a hand, and a hand to a wrist, winked indulgently as they passed. As a matter of fact, Pierre was in his element; to mend the broken was his delight; and he had before him a "splendid case," as the doctors would say. But since this is not a fairy tale, I cannot in honesty add that he repaired all damages so skilfully that the study looked even better than before. On the contrary, he fitted and patched and plastered, far

into the night and half of the next day, without accomplishing any such miracle. Nor can I pretend that the new sketch of the chariot driver was so marvellous in its beauty of pose and splendor of execution that the sculptor straightway went forth rejoicing, and sought the remnant of the committee, who rejoiced also, and in that same hour caused the work to be executed in bronze, of great size, and hoisted to the top of the Live-Stock Exchange, amid the plaudits of the people and music by the band. Art is not like that. A sketch is only the positive degree; a study, the comparative; a finished work, the superlative. A sketch may cost hours; a study, days; a finished work, years. My only point was that though the sculptor had lost much by the boys' mischief he yet gained something through their reparation; and, furthermore, that the thing gained chanced to be the thing most needed. That's all. But I fancy it will be a long time before Monkey Emery's freckles will be seen again in a studio light.

RAILROAD EMBLEMS.

THE other day while I was travelling from Troy, New York, east, over the Hoosac Tunnel route, I saw a boy in the next seat making sketches. I leaned over and asked him what he was doing. Then he showed to me a sheet of paper and the backs of old envelopes covered with odd and curious pictures or designs.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "I am making a collection of all the railroad designs I can see and find. I cut out the pictures on time-tables and on the posters that hang in the waiting-rooms. Many of the designs are painted on the freight cars alone, and so I have to copy them when I get the chance."

"And so you are on the lookout for new designs all the time?"

"Yes; I have sent all over the country for cards and time-tables. Some of the designs are used on the letter-heads, and some of them are seldom seen outside of their own States. How did I begin? One day I started in to pass away the time, and then as my collection grew larger and larger I became more and more interested. You see, it is just like collecting postage-stamps; if you once begin, you do not want to stop until you have every stamp."

I guess the boy is right. At any rate his idea was a good one. After our talk, I began to take considerable interest in looking out for the common and curious designs which were painted on the passing freight cars. I give a few of the devices.

On the cars of the Pennsylvania Road there is a small red keystone with the words "Pennsylvania Lines" painted across the face. The emblem of the Erie Road is a black disk on a square background, and painted in white are the words "Erie Lines." The cars of the Lehigh Valley Road are decorated with a red pennant, in the centre of which is a black diamond bearing the initials "L. V." in white.

The cars of the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad are known at once by a big four-leaf clover painted in white. The initials "R. W. & O." appear on the leaves. The design of the Toledo, St. Louis, and Kansas City Railroad is a three-leaf clover.

For simplicity the trade-mark of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad takes the lead. It is a solid black square with narrow white border. The words "Burlington Route" make two lines, and on one line below, in small letters, "C. B. & Q." The advertisements of the Wabash Road show a red flag with black centre, on which appears the head-light of a locomotive flashing the word "Wabash."

Very attractive is the emblem of the Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City Railroad. It is a maple-leaf. On bill-heads and cards the leaf is colored as in autumn, while the heavy veins show the route of the road. The trade-mark of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is a black disk with the dome of the Capitol and the letters "B. O." in white. Around the circle is the legend, "All trains run *viâ* Washington."

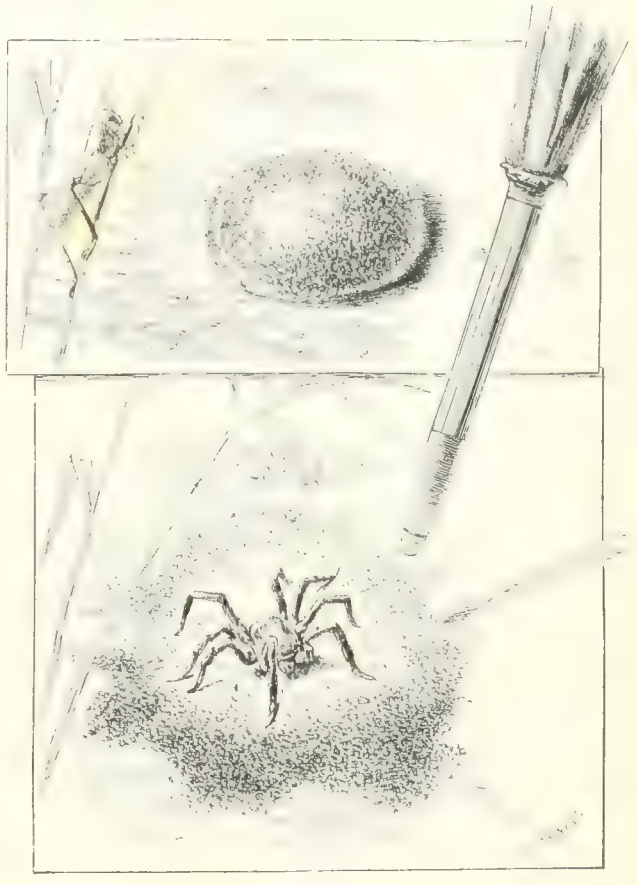
Somewhat elaborate is the design of the Chicago and Rock Island Road. It is an open square, having at the left a red circle containing the words "The Great Rock Island Route." In black letters in the centre we see "A Man." Near the A is the figure of a man with a stick over his shoulder and a satchel in his hand. And so the list might be extended.

I have often wondered when and where this quaint railroad heraldry originated. I am told that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad was the pioneer in the field. Mr. Percival Lowell, the writer and author, was then general passenger agent of the C. B. & Q., and he adopted the present design. The idea was soon imitated by the agents and managers of other railroads.

Many young people will find the gathering of these railroad devices and mottoes a pleasant diversion. It will furnish many surprises.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

IT seemed to be a ball of closely packed wool or brown hair, about an inch in diameter, moving steadily along on the path. As there was no wind and no apparent explanation of the movement of this mysterious body, I approached nearer, upon which it ceased moving, and was to all appearance just what it had at first seemed to be. Knowing that there must be life in or about it somewhere, I proceeded to poke it with my umbrella. Just as the tip of the staff was about to touch it the object in-

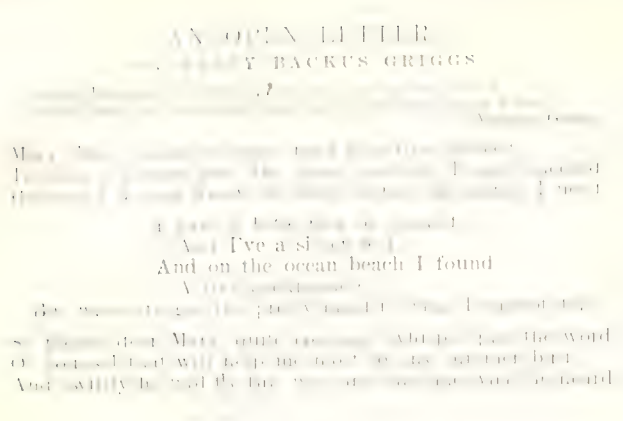


stantly spread out several inches in all directions, the whole mass again becoming motionless. In the centre of the figure thus formed was revealed a large spider ready to do battle for its young, the surrounding patch of brown matter which had radiated from it being composed of myriads of little spiders, each so small that a single one alone would scarcely have been discernible to the eye.

C. B.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

THERE are creatures in this world who never know when to be serious. An astronomer having remarked that "if we were to put the sun on one end of the scales, and pile a hundred thousand earths the size of our globe on the other, the sun would not stir." One of these facetious people retorted that that would be a very interesting experiment to try. He added, however, that in his opinion there was one very great drawback to the success of the experiment, which was the extreme scarcity of earths. He also said that he thought the man who tried it would get dreadfully tired piling up a hundred thousand earths on the scales, especially with a red-hot sun close by.



AN OPEN LETTER
BY RACKUS GRIGGS

HOW BERTRAM CAPTURED THE DESERTER

BY OSWALD CARRISON VILLARD

IT was Bertram's one great wish to grow up to be another such cavalry soldier as was his own great, strong father, whom he watched day after day drilling the soldiers. Even when he was hardly old enough to walk, Bertram seemed happiest watching the soldiers on parade. Now that he was eight years old, he came to his father every night in his little cavalry uniform, and asked how many more years he must wait before he could begin to be a real soldier. The little boy was very good when he wore that uniform, because his father had told him that if he did not deserve it he would lose it, just as every soldier lost his when he had done wrong. Bertram often thought about this, and watched for the chance to show the "Captain," as he sometimes called his father, that he really was brave and good enough to wear his uniform. One morning he thought the chance had come.

The Captain and some of his soldiers had to ride off to find another soldier who had run away—deserted, Bertram's mother had called it when she told him why his father had to go. Bertram rode with them when they left the fort, his sword by his side and his little gun on his saddle. As for Tommy, the pony, he tossed his head to show how well he felt, and galloped hard to keep up with the big horses. So they rode along until they were told they must not come any further.

The little boy watched the horses disappear behind a cloud of dust; then he turned his pony's head, and instead of riding back to the fort, rode straight towards the mountains far off at one side. That was because Bertram was going to try to find the runaway soldier and bring him back. He knew it would please the Captain, and then, perhaps, he could always wear his uniform.

So Tommy galloped and galloped and trotted and walked, while the sun grew hotter and hotter, but still they did not get to the mountains. They did not see a single thing, except some long-eared rabbits; and when they caught sight of them, Bertram rode after them as fast as he could make Tommy go, shouting at the top of his lungs, because that was what the officers did when they chased the rabbits near the fort. By-and-by they came to the woods at the foot of the mountains, and there in the shade they stopped, and both drank out of the clear cold brook. Bertram did not feel a bit afraid, because he and Tommy trotted out on the wide prairie near the fort almost every day, played soldiers, had their lunch, and then galloped in past the jolly soldiers who stood guard at the gate. So Bertram ate his lunch now, and then lay down on the soft ground, looking up at the sky through the branches of the tall trees, while Tommy ate the grass on the prairie. All at once Bertram fell fast asleep, and slept and slept, until Tommy woke him up by neighing quite close to his ear. Then he jumped up, took another drink in the brook, and galloped off on Tommy into the woods.

At first it was very good fun to ride under the trees, but by-and-by they grew thicker and thicker, and he began to feel very lonely and tired. It grew dark, too, for there were great black clouds, which hid the sun. The boy turned his pony to ride back to the prairie; but soon he found that he did not know how he had come into the woods. Just as he was beginning to be really frightened, Tommy gave a little snort and stopped, and there before them was a horse tied to a tree, and a soldier lying on the ground. The soldier jumped to his feet, and Bertram pointed his gun at him, and said, "Surrender!" The soldier looked pretty surprised at first, and then he began to smile.

"Put up your gun, little fellow," he cried. "I surrender. But how in the world did you get here?"

Bertram felt hurt at being called a "little fellow," and his face showed it. "I'm the Captain's son," he said, soberly, "and I rode here to catch you. You see, the Captain rode off down the road; but I thought we'd find you in the woods, 'cause that's where I'd go if I runned away; so we jess came here—didn't we, Tommy? And I'm glad I've caught you, because the Captain won't ever want to take my uniform away now."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the man. "Well, what are you going to do with me, now you've got me?"

"Well," said Bertram, "I think we'll have to go back to the fort, because, you see, I don't know the way, and it's getting so dark."

The man gave another laugh, and then a low whistle, and looked around. It was almost dark now, for the black clouds had met over the trees, and almost before the man could speak there was a flash of lightning, and then it began to thunder.

Bertram gave a little cry. "It's going to rain," he said.

"You bet it is," answered the soldier; "and we oughtn't to be under these trees." He helped Bertram to get off Tommy, and led him a few yards to an open place, where he covered him with a rubber blanket, and sat down beside him with his own soldier coat on.

"This is a nice go," Bertram heard him say as the rain poured down. "I can't leave the boy alone in the woods; he'd die o' fright, sure, 'fore he starved to death. But there ain't a house this side the fort, and I dare not go near one if there was. Then, again, it's prison, sure as fate, if I go back."

Bertram wondered what he meant by that. They both sat quite still until the thunder-storm passed over, when the soldier got up and began to walk around and around. He seemed quite worried about something. At one time he looked so angry that Bertram began to be afraid again.

"I want to get back," he cried. "I'm hungry and tired, and I want to go home to the fort." Bertram tried to keep back the tears, but he felt them rolling down his cheeks, and saw that the soldier was watching him very earnestly.

"So you shall, sonny, so you shall," he answered, after a little while.

Then he got his horse, rolled up his blanket and coat, put Bertram on Tommy, and together they rode through the forest.

Late that night, when lanterns were flashing and horses being saddled to search for the two runaways, the soldier rode into the fort and stopped at the Captain's door. Tommy trotted alongside, with an empty saddle, for his little master was asleep in the soldier's arms. Something the Captain said when he took him down from the horse made Bertram wake up and look at his father sleepily.

"Papa! papa!" he cried, quickly; "see, I've caught the deserter, I've caught the deserter, and he isn't a bad man at all, 'cause he took real good care of me. You won't ever take my uniform away now, will you, papa? Why, Captain, what are you crying about?"

CHOOSING A BICYCLE.

EVERY year it becomes more difficult to choose a good bicycle, simply because so many very good ones are offered. There is always a great diversity of opinion about the various makes. Questions of lightness, of comfort, and of durability have always to be decided, and for these points you may depend generally upon the catalogues. But there are a few "little" points about every machine which mark its value. These are often overlooked in purchasing, although they are of great importance. How to discover these is the question.

To begin with, try, if possible, several makes of bicycles which attract you for any reason. Almost any good dealer where you live will be glad to let you try the wheel he sells. Take it out for a half-day, and try it on as many kinds of roads as you can find in the neighborhood. Take out each of the other makes in the same way on other days, up hill and down, climbing and coasting.

Now let us suppose that you need a wheel suited for general road riding. First notice whether the strain of your weight on saddle and pedals is well distributed over the rest of the machine by proper joints and connections. Is the frame well braced? Is the saddle hung well over the pedals, and not too far back? Can you sit up straight, and still reach the handle-bars comfortably?

Then test the bearings. See how long each wheel will run under the same impetus. Notice whether the chain catches on any of the cogs of the sprocket wheel on which it runs. It ought to run almost noiselessly, without dragging or binding.

Can you hear any grinding in any of the bearings—crank, pedal, wheels, or head? They should run smoothly. Are all the bearings well protected from dust? The best machines have dust-caps on the pedals, and covered oil-holes in all the wheel and crank bearings. And notice too whether the wheels and pedals, as you spin them on their bearings, stop short after a time, or whether they seem not to know just when to stop. The best ball bearings will not stop a wheel or pedal short, but will allow either to turn back and forth until a balance is found.

Now look to the general adjustment of the machine. Is the brake strong and quickly handled, and can it be regulated for light or heavy pressure? Can the front wheel and the back wheel be removed easily, and are the spokes rigid and easily replaced if one gets broken?

The methods for tightening and loosening the chain are too many and varied for mention here. Only be sure that on your machine the chain-tightening apparatus is thoroughly strong and simple in build. The chain needs frequent adjustment, and frequently just at the wrong time. See to it, therefore, that the chain adjustment may be readily made in a moment.

Be careful, also, to have the joint of the crank bearings with the frame particularly strong. A severe strain comes there continually, and should be met with the best material and finest workmanship.

"What about tires?" you ask. Well, try solid, cushion, and pneumatic tires before you buy, if possible, and decide which you *like* best. If you cannot try the different kinds, you will be safe in using the best pneumatic tire. Certainly this tire insures the greatest comfort and speed.

A light machine, provided it is strong and durable, as the best ones are, is no doubt the proper one for general riding. Of course a very heavy rider, say a man weighing one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds, will need a heavy machine. A light machine ought to weigh about forty pounds, and many weigh less.

A thorough trial in the way suggested will be likely to result in the choice of a good machine, and the best makers are eager now, in the face of competition, to give out only those machines which are as near perfection as one could wish.

THE HOME SAVINGS-BANK.

THE French and German habit of teaching children how to save is worthy of imitation in this country. If a child grows up without knowing the right and proper use of money, its education has been neglected.

Now, it is possible to make our young people interested in saving, and at the same time to give them a technical knowledge that will be useful in after-life. Thus, a bank can be organized in every home, with papa as president, mamma as treasurer, and the children as depositors.

It will be well to give the scheme some name, as "The Dime Savings Co.," "The Home Bank," or "The Penny Trust Co." The institution can be managed after the manner of a large concern. Thus, the depositors should be furnished with books, and every time a deposit is made the date and the amount must be entered, thus: March 1st, Robert Wilson, 4 cents; March 5th, 5 cents.

The depositors can be told how to draw checks when they want money. The boy will be pleased to do just as his papa does. He will soon learn to fill out the sum to be drawn, to sign his name, and to properly endorse the check upon the back:

No. 10. NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1893

THE HOME BANK.

Pay to the order of

_____ CENTS

ROBERT WILSON.

Mamma is cashier, and she will allow no account to be overdrawn. She keeps all the checks as vouchers. There should be a meeting of the depositors at least once a month, when accounts are balanced. To show children the worth of their money interest should be allowed. Thus, twenty cents in the bank for one month will earn two cents a week interest, and larger sums at that rate. This kind of banking will afford much profit and instruction to all concerned therein.

The important feature of this scheme is not the mere fact of saving. That is all right. It is easy to save money, but difficult to spend it wisely. The object of the bank is to train a child to handle money in a businesslike manner.

Another system for encouraging thrift and the art of saving is accomplished by what is called the "savings stamp book," which is now used by several savings-banks. It is the invention of a New York stationer. Each book contains ten pages, and on each page there are ten squares for ten stamps. The following is a reproduction of the first two squares on the page:

Put ONE DIME *Savings Stamp in this Book every day for one year, and you will have*	*Put* TWO DIME *Savings Stamps in this Book every day for two years, and you will have*
$37 04.	$151 19.

The stamps represent ten cents, and may be obtained from the bank or its agents for the sum of ten cents. They are gummed on the back, to be pasted on the squares of the pages, and read as follows:

TEN CENTS.

THE

DOLLAR SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY,

CLEVELAND, OHIO,

Has received from the owner of this Stamp Deposit Book

10 TEN CENTS. 10

When a depositor has one page filled with stamps, he or she takes the book to the bank, and is credited with a dollar. The scheme is simple, and will be better understood by children than the methods of the ordinary savings-bank. The savings stamp book makes it easy and convenient for any boy or girl to bank his or her pennies and small savings.



PEEVISH CHARLES.

"I WISH I SAY IT IS," SAID CHARLES, "AND I WONDER WHY, EVEN WHEN I DON'T MEAN TO, I ALWAYS DO, AND SO AM NEVER GAY."

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD ON THE LAWN.

"Go away," said the Violet to the Daisy. "I don't want to associate with you. You are slang."

"Slang?" said the Daisy, surprised.

"Yes, slang," said the Violet. "I heard Jack's mother tell him you were slang. Jack said something was a Daisy, and she said 'Don't say that, Jack, it's slang.' So go away."

"ARE you a Wild Violet?" asked the Blade of Grass of the Violet.

"Yes," said the Violet. "Why?"

"You don't act very wild," said the Blade of Grass.

"CHICKENS are awfully delicate, I think," said the Blade of Grass. "They can't stand anything. Why, if they get their heads cut off once they go and die, while I, whose head is cut off at least once a week, never even lie down."

"WHAT good are you, anyway?" said the Bird to the Blade of Grass. "You don't study or exercise or do anything, but sit there all day and shake your head. Do you ever expect to be anything when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the ambitious Blade. "I may be a bale of hay some day."

"DID you hear that roaring last night?" whispered the Clover Blossom to the Blade of Grass.

"Yes; it was only the lion," said the Blade.

"What lion?" asked the Clover Blossom.

"Dandelion, stupid," replied the Blade.

"YOU can't be in two places at once," said the Daisy to the Hedge, which had been chiding her.

"Yes, you can," said the Hedge. "Look at me. I'm here, and at the other side of the lawn too."

"I DON'T [illegible] anything," said the Robin to the Hedge.

"Well, why should it? It wouldn't be any kind of a lawn if [illegible]."

"I DON'T [illegible]," said the Piece of Sod, "that when I [illegible] grass grows all over me, while those Birds who eat up [illegible] as I do only grow feathers."

"DON'T you [illegible]?" asked the Daisy of the Dandelion.

"YES, [illegible] like a fancy poached egg," said the Dandelion.

A LIKELY NOTION.

I HAVE a sort of notion that
We little girls and boys
Are looked upon by dolls as though
We only were their toys.

A SENSIBLE VIEW.

"I'M glad I wasn't born four-handed," said Willie. "It's hard enough trying to teach one hand to write, without having three more to teach."

A GOOD NAME FOR A CAMEL.

"I GUESS that's Humpty Dumpty," said Mollie, as she gazed at the camel and noted the curious humps on his back.

NOT ANXIOUS TO DO ANYTHING.

"IF you don't study and learn something, Bob," said his father, "you won't be able to do anything when you are a man."

"Oh, I won't mind that," said Bob. "If I can't do anything, I'll have to take it easy, and that's what I like."

A PROPER ANSWER.

"DOES your papa know much?" said Jimmie to his friend Harold.

"Well, he knows me," said Harold, "and I'm a good deal."

CAN'T BE OTHERWISE.

My mother says I'm certainly
The best boy in the world, you know,
And I believe it, for, you see,
What mamma says is always so.

A NATURAL SUPPOSITION.

"C-A-T, cat, E-R-er, catter, E-R-er, catterer," said Sammy spelling the letters over the caterer's shop. "Mamma, is that where they sell cats?"



A MASKED BATTER(Y).

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

RODKIN'S LAST FIGHT.

BY JAMES MOTT HALLOWELL.

Part I.

MY friend Rodkin was always doing what you did not expect him to do; that was the reason most people liked him, and also the reason why a great many others disliked him; for every one either liked or disliked Rodkin. You had to make up your mind about him one way or the other; he made you do so whether you wished to or not. I always thought that was the reason some people disliked him; for he made them think, and they were not used to it; unaccustomed burdens are troublesome.

I knew Rodkin at college. Indeed, every one either knew him or knew about him. He was a club man, which gave him notoriety, and also an athlete, which gave him prominence. There are two kinds of club-men: the man who is known because he belongs to the club, and the man who is elected in order to make the club known; Rodkin belonged to the latter kind.

The first time that I met Rodkin was on the football-field. He was a great player; we called him the "plunger" from the way he used to smash into the rush-line. He did not like to hurt men, but he had a knack of maiming at least one in every game he played; for he was reckless, and had the strength of a bull; and only once do I remember his being injured himself.

That was in the great Yale game. It was a rough game, rougher than they play now, and with less skill. It was the time when a man had to have three warnings before he was put off the field for brutal playing; when a poor player on one side would be commanded to "use up" the crack man on the other side, and then get disqualified himself, and have a fresh man take his place; when a player in the rush-line was found with rough knots of horse-hair sewed on the under part of the sleeve of his jersey—he had a nice way of rubbing his arm quickly across the other man's eyes just when the signal was given for a play to be made through that part of the line. The game was not gentle when Rodkin played it.

The ten thousand spectators had shouted themselves hoarse for an hour or so before the players came on to the field, and then had shouted themselves hoarser until the game began. Then the two lines of men, one clad in dirt and blue, and the other in dirt and crimson, faced each other in the centre of the field; in a moment more the referee gave the word, and the game began.

It was a great game—that is, the first twenty minutes of it was, and then a man in blue "used up" Rodkin. There is a great deal of hidden meaning in those two words "used up." We never knew how it was done; but we all saw Rodkin make a fair catch, and then saw him foully thrown, with three men in blue on top of him. When the others arose, Rodkin did not get up after them, but lay there and squirmed on the ground for a minute or so, and then lay quite still. Some men ran out of the crowd and lifted him on to a bench which they carried,



HE TOOK OFF HIS COAT WITH MUCH DELIBERATION.

while a substitute pulled off his [illegible] sweater and put it over Rodkin's shoulders. It was very cold that day. In a moment Rodkin opened his eyes and looked up at the doctor's face in a dazed sort of way, as if to ask what it all meant. Then his glance took in the field and the crowd beyond, and he knew what had happened, and then he noticed the blue "sweater" with a large Y on it, which the Yale substitute so kindly placed across his shoulders. He turned a little paler when he saw it. "Take off that rag!" he said between his set teeth, and then he again fainted away. It was one of Rodkin's unexpected speeches.

The boys in the town all worshipped Rodkin; and whenever the boys' cousins came to Cambridge to see the sights, they were taken first to see the old elm under which Washington took command of the Continental army over a hundred years ago, and then they went and looked at the outside of the building in which Rodkin lived.

But there was one crowd of boys who, I am sorry to say, did not admire Rodkin—the boys who lived up the river at Stony Point. It was not because they had anything against him, but it was because they admired some one else more; and this some one else was a young man called William Murphy. Like most William Murphys, he usually was not spoken of as William; but if you mentioned either Fighting Bill or Gentle Willy, any one would know at once whom you meant.

Mr. William Murphy, as the reporter who took his picture for the *Gazette* called him, did not look like a Hercules, for he was not six feet tall, and he did not wear a lion's skin on his shoulders and carry a big club in his hand; indeed, he despised the use of clubs. "His fist was good enough for him," some one said; and instead of the lion's skin, he usually wore a soiled flannel shirt. It was much warmer than a lion's skin, and fitted him better also. Besides, Mr. William Murphy could not afford to buy lion-skins; and he could not slaughter a lion, as they did not rage and roar very often around Mr. Murphy's residence.

But in other respects Mr. William Murphy resembled Hercules in a quite remarkable manner. His shoulders were very broad, and his chest was very strong and thick, and he was not afraid of anything; and also he had the same trick of pounding a man almost to death without at all considering the feelings of the man who was being pounded, though I think he must have had a kinder heart than Mr. Hercules; for after he had hurt his opponent pretty badly, he always gave him a chance to repent before he started in to kill him; and I don't think that Mr. Hercules gave his man any chance at all.

One afternoon, in the spring of our Sophomore year, we had taken a favorite row (with us collegians) up the Charles River to a place called Stony Point. Rodkin was not with us this time, as he had to practise every afternoon with the nine. We landed at the rocks, and with a long rope fastened our boat to a heavy bowlder; and then as we had some errands, we all started off to a neighboring village.

But when we returned an hour or so later we found that our boat had been turned into a mud scow. There was mud in the bow and mud in the stern, and mud under the seats and mud over the seats, and a naked small boy was just throwing some more mud into it; out beyond in the river were other small boys, all swimming away from us as fast as they could, while one of them turned and shouted to the boy left standing on the rocks, "Look out, Mike, or you'll git hitched." The boy threw the last handful of mud, and it landed right in a basket we had filled with bottles and ice; the ice was meant to keep the water in the bottles nice and cold.

We gave a yell of anger, and made for the boy; but he was too quick for us, and, diving into the river, swam after his companions. And then we saw Mr. William Murphy sitting on the rocks a little at one side, and evidently very much amused at it all; he was smoking a stump of a cigar, and appeared quite at his ease.

We had never seen Mr. Murphy before, and did not know who he was; and one of us, I am sorry to say, said a very bad word, and asked him why he had not stopped those "muckers" from throwing mud into the boat. Mr. Murphy did not like being spoken to in that way, for he rose very slowly, took off his coat with much deliberation, and then, although it was a very ragged and dirty coat, placed it carefully on a clean spot on the rock. Then he came down to where we were standing, tossing his cigar stump into the river, and asked us what we were going to do about it?

There were five of us, and there was only one Mr. Murphy; so we were not afraid, and neither was he. So we told him very promptly that we would throw him after the mud if he wished us to try. You see, we more than suspected now that it was he who was the prime cause of the mud-throwing.

Mr. William Murphy then smiled at us with just the same tantalizing coolness that he had shown when he sat there and saw the mud thrown into the boat; then he answered us in language which it would not do for me to repeat; I think it meant that if we did not like what he had done, we could remove ourselves elsewhere; and that if we preferred to stay where we were, and attempt to send him after the mud, he was perfectly willing to give us a chance to try it.

So we did try it. Dick Brown was popularly supposed to be a fighter; or, as was said by an admiring man who had trained him for a sparring contest, "Dick was a slugger from 'way back." So Dick advanced to throw Mr. William Murphy after the mud, while the rest of us, with suppressed excitement, stood still and watched him. But Mr. William Murphy had no idea of letting Dick try any of his punching tactics, and as the two faced each other, the former leaned forward, and with the quickness of a professional wrestler seized Dick by both wrists; this was a surprise for our man, and he tried with all his power to free his arms, but they were held as firmly as though they were caught in a vise. So the two struggled for a moment, neither one striking a blow, until finally Dick's arms were forced down to his side; and then, with another of his wonderfully quick motions, Mr. William Murphy changed his grip. Like a flash he let go the wrists, and in the same instant seized both arms just above the elbows, pinning them to his opponent's side; then, before we were well aware what he was about to do, he lifted the struggling boy over his head, held him there for a moment at arm's-length, and then hurled him, like a log, into the river. We saw him strike the water with a splash, and for a moment we stood terror-stricken at what had happened; but the next moment he rose to the surface, swam a stroke or two to the boat, and then clambered into it; he was surprised, but not hurt. Dick was all pluck, but he preferred to sit in that boat rather than come up on the rock and face Mr. William Murphy again; besides, he was weighed down by his wet clothes.

Then we all tackled Mr. William Murphy. One of us took him in front, while one seized him from behind, and the other two each tackled a side and tried to pin his arms down. But though there were four of us, we had our hands full. Before we could seize his arms he struck out at us with the strength of a bull; and what terrible power there was in that right arm of his! He struck Tom Brown right between the eyes, and Tom went over as if he had been a tenpin; and then he turned his attention to us three, who were trying to seize him from the sides and at his back. We had hold of him so he could not turn on us, but he swung those terrible arms of his as if they

were flails, and we found that he could hit almost as hard with his elbows as he could with his fist.

So we struggled upon the top of the rock, while the naked boys in the river shouted words of encouragement to their champion, and all came plunging across to help him. But suddenly all four of us swayed heavily, and then fell; we could not throw our man, as his single strength seemed to be as great as the united strength of us three; but one of us managed to trip him, and over we went—he below, and we three on top. And then Mr. William Murphy stopped struggling, and his arms lay quite limp at his side, just the way Rodkin's had that day on the football-field. We jumped off him as he lay there and lifted his head, and then we saw that, as he fell on his face, a projecting piece of rock had struck him on the forehead and had cut a great gash across the bridge of his nose; he had been knocked insensible.

But we had not time to run for water, or to aid him in any way, for several men and companions of the defeated champion were now running to the scene; the cries of the boys on the river had attracted them, and if we delayed any longer we stood a fair chance of getting dreadfully pounded. So grabbing hold of Tom, who was still very much dazed, we jumped into the boat and pulled and shoved her away from the shore, and aided by the current, we were soon out of reach of the missiles that were hurled after us. Then we talked it over, and we decided that hereafter it would be dangerous for any of us to meet Mr. William Murphy.

And so it was. Mr. William Murphy became a terror not only to us, but to every Harvard man who crossed his path. He could not understand, or maybe he did not try to understand, that we did not represent the entire college. In his mind we were the representatives of Harvard University, who had come up to Stony Point to dispute the championship with him, Mr. William Murphy; we had knocked him out, as he said, by foul means, and he swore vengeance. He never seemed to recognize that it was an accident that he had been hit in the head by the rock; and when he frightened Richard Swiveller's horse so badly that the new dog-cart was upset and smashed, and Mr. Swiveller himself was smashed also, he did not realize that instead of injuring he was conferring quite an exquisite pleasure upon us four; for Mr. Swiveller had bought his cart with the express idea of making an impression upon the college in general and the members of the Δ K E Society in particular. Mr. Swiveller was not a member of the Δ K E, but wished to be elected, so we all enjoyed hearing that he had been smashed.

But, as I said, Mr. William Murphy took no note of these little distinctions. He hurled the lightning of his wrath against everything which he could associate with "de Harvards," and a crimson flag had a worse effect upon him than it has upon a mad bull. In time all Harvard men learned to avoid Mr. William Murphy, and men with dog-carts no longer drove up by Stony Point.

This state of affairs had lasted about a year, and the reign of terror still continued; then some evil genius, or perhaps it was only a member of the fast set, suggested that we arrange a fight between Murphy and Rodkin. So, one evening, down in the rooms of the Hasty Pudding, we tried to persuade Rodkin that Mr. William Murphy ought to be whipped, and that he was the man who ought to do it. But he only laughed in return, and told us that he would have nothing to do with a street row of that sort; it was not the kind of battle that he was used to. Murphy was a mean rascal, he had heard, and no decent man could touch him without the loss of self-respect; such rascals were for the police, and if the police would not do their duty they ought to be stirred up. He would like to aid in touching up the police, however.

There was one student in the crowd who had known Rodkin for a long time, and had known him very well also, and he thought he knew a way to make Rodkin promise to meet Murphy; and if Rodkin should ever promise, nothing could stop him; either he or Mr. William Murphy would get a terrible thrashing.

So this friend winked to us to stop trying to persuade Rodkin, and then he began telling stories that he had heard about Murphy, and I am afraid that he told some also that he had not heard. He told him how Murphy had pounded a very big and fat man, who could not run fast enough to run away, and Rodkin only laughed at this. Then he told how a poor, weak little fellow, who was too plucky to run away, had been beaten, and then thrown into the river. Rodkin knew the boy's sister, and when he heard this story his eyes had rather a different look in them, and he did not laugh, but only sat very still and said nothing. Then the friend told how Murphy, after he had thrown the boy into the river, had covered him with mud, and asked him if he was not "mamma's pet," and then had said some very unpleasant things about "mamma," and some very unpleasant things about the boy's sister; and those things had hurt the boy more than the beating or the mud, but he had to stand it just as he had taken the rest. When Rodkin heard this story he changed very much from the careless, laughing Rodkin who had just entered the room, but still he said nothing; it was not generally known that he knew the boy's sister, but the friend knew it. Then a good many more stories were told, and at last, at the end of one of them, Rodkin asked in a quiet voice, "Are those stories all true?" "Yes, all true!" was the answer. "Then I'll give that man Murphy the worst thrashing he ever had in his life." Then we all knew that Rodkin and Murphy would meet.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

THERE is a building in Philadelphia that stands almost literally upon a foundation of gold and silver. It is a marble building, and of course it has the usual foundation walls of stone; but between these cellar walls enough gold and silver is stored to keep the building in place if most of the stone foundations were taken away. This building is the United States Mint.

The mint at Philadelphia was the first mint in this country, and for many years it was the only one. Then branches were established at New Orleans, Carson City, and San Francisco. But in 1873 "the United States Mint" was made a bureau of the Treasury Department, with its head quarters



MAKING MONEY RAPIDLY

of the others. The Philadelphia Mint, however, continues to be the most important It is always easy to tell where any American coin you de. If it has no mark upon it except and Carson City Mint at present.

Mr. Dunglison took me over the building and down into the cellar and into some of these vaults. I will tell you in a few minutes who Mr. Dunglison is. The principal vault that we went into stood with open doors, but guarded by two men. It is only a good sized room, but it is steel-lined, and its doors are safe doors six inches thick. It connects with another vault of equal size, shut off with a heavy wire door, locked with many locks, and sealed with wax seals. The inner room is filled, piled from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling, with silver bars. They crowd up even against the wire door, all piled up neatly. The outer room is only about two-thirds full, but it is filling up rapidly. The value of the silver bars now in these two vaults is $41,000,000. Across the hall is a larger vault, in which are 52,000,000 silver dollars, all tied up in bags, 1000 in each bag. This vault is sealed, and has not been opened for several years. In four other vaults there is silver bullion worth $32,000,000. Up a flight of stairs is a vault containing $16,000,000 worth of gold bars. Two men are directly responsible for these great sums. One is the Director of the Mint, and the other is Colonel Bosbyshell, Superintendent of the Mint. Of the two men who, as I have just said, I found guarding the open door of one of the vaults, one represents the Director of the Mint and the other represents the Superintendent. Each is a check upon the other; and nothing can be put in or taken out without its being seen and recorded by them both. The vault doors cannot be opened unless they are both present.

When I called upon Superintendent Bosbyshell and explained my errand, he said that it was an excellent idea for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to tell the American boys and girls how and where their money is made, and that I should have every facility for seeing the process. He introduced me to Mr. Dunglison, who took me over the establishment.

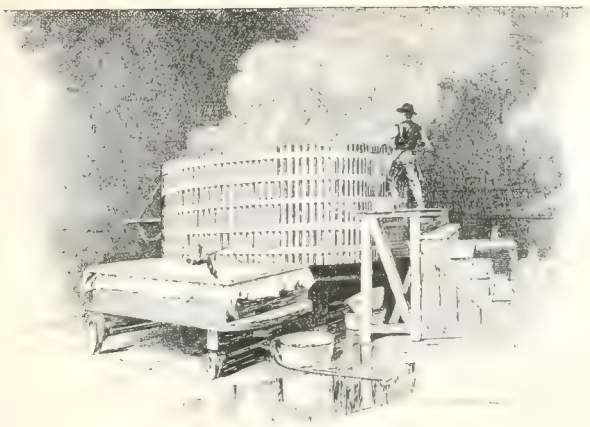
Mr. Dunglison is the Registrar of Deposits, and all the gold and silver as it enters the building is weighed and recorded in the department with which he is connected. In this office are scales so large that they will weigh several hundred pounds, but so delicate that the hundredth part of an ounce will move them. The Registrar's big book, however, is even more interesting than the scales. This big book is full of small figures, and the small figures tell some queer stories. The mint buys gold and silver from any one who has them to sell, in quantities not less than $100 worth at a time. Many jewellers buy old gold from their customers and sell it to the mint—broken watch-cases and old bits of jewelry. Let us see for a moment what the book tells about some of this old gold and silver.

The person who sells to the mint takes a receipt for so much gold or silver, but he does not get his pay till three days later. Within those three days the metal is assayed, and the precise quantity of gold or silver in it is ascertained. The standard for pure gold or pure silver is put at 1000; but when old watch cases and old jewelry are assayed they rarely contain more than $\frac{500}{1000}$, or one-half pure gold. That is to say, most "gold" jewelry is only half gold, the other half of its weight being made up with some cheaper metal. Not long ago a gentleman in the West sent a large silver tray to the mint, requesting that it might be coined into silver dollars, and the dollars sent to him as soon as possible. It was one of the largest and handsomest trays the mint officers had ever seen—evidently a costly wedding present or a family heirloom. It was broken up and melted and cast into a bar, and when it was assayed it was found that there was not a particle of silver in it, not even the hundredth part of a grain. It was made of base metal, and its owner got no silver dollars from it. Here is another interesting thing to be learned in Mr. Dunglison's department: An ounce of gold is worth $20 67 always in all parts of the world. This is a standard value that never fluctuates anywhere, and it is the standard upon which all other values are based. The price of silver varies nearly every day, sometimes two or three times a day.

We will follow a lump of gold that has just been received in the weighing-room, and it will lead us soon to where the wonderful and delicate assaying is done. The gold is locked in an iron box and taken to the melting-room, where the box is opened by two men, each of whom has a key to one of its two locks. The gold is put in a crucible with a little borax, and melted in a furnace. The borax prevents it from sticking to the crucible, and when melted it is poured into a mould, and comes out a gold bar. It is taken back to the weighing-room, and the assayer chips from it a tiny piece weigh-



PORTICO OF THE MINT.



THE NITRIC ACID TANK

ing half a gramme, or 7.7 grains troy. He numbers the bar, and numbers the sample to correspond, and takes the tiny chip of gold to his assaying-room. There he has a pair of the most delicate scales in the world, the smallest weight being the $\frac{1}{1300}$ part of a grain.

Now the real assaying begins. The assayer weighs the chip of gold, and if necessary files it down till it weighs precisely half a gramme. He has before him some thin sheets of pure lead about two inches square, and upon one of these sheets he lays the chip of gold, together with three times its weight in pure silver. The gold and silver are wrapped up in the lead sheet till they look like a small leaden bullet, and the bullet is put in a tiny shallow cup called a "cupel." This cupel, or cup, is a very curious thing. It is made of bone ashes, moistened and pressed into the shape of a cup, and it has the remarkable property of absorbing any metals that are melted in it except gold or silver. Any other metal—copper, lead, tin, no matter what—sinks immediately when melted into the cup and disappears, but gold and silver remain safely in the bottom. The cup is put into a furnace, and kept there till the bullet melts, and after it has stood a few minutes to cool there is a small disk or button of metal in the bottom of the cup. This button is pure gold and silver, for the lead and all other base metals have been absorbed by the cup.

But we have not reached pure gold yet, for this button is gold and silver mixed. The button is now flattened out with a hammer, is annealed by making it red hot, is run between rollers, and is then, with other rollers, pressed into a little spiral coil called a "cornet." This cornet is put into a tiny thimblelike vessel made of platinum, with a narrow slit in the bottom, and is boiled in nitric acid. The nitric acid dissolves the silver, which turns into a fluid and runs out through the slit; but the acid does not affect the gold. When the silver has been dissolved in this way, there remains in the thimble a very small chip of pure gold.

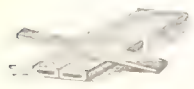
This little cornet of gold determines the proportion of gold in the whole bar. You will readily see how this is done. The first chip of gold represented the whole bar, and it weighed half a gramme. Whatever proportion the cornet of refined gold bears to half a gramme, that is the proportion of gold in the bar. If the cornet weighs only a quarter of a gramme, then the original chip was only half gold, so the whole bar is only half gold. The entire bar is then refined in the same way in the separating-room, and the pure gold is stored away in the vaults.

The assaying of silver is an entirely different matter, and it is done on a so much larger scale that when I show you how silver is handled in large quantities for making coins you will see precisely how it is assayed. You must be prepared for a surprise when I tell you that all the silver that goes into the mint is turned into water before it is made into coin. Perhaps not pure water, but as you see it in the tanks it looks like water; and if you were to have a bottleful of it in your hand, you would be willing to say that it was nothing but water. In one of the rooms is a great tank of boiling nitric acid, and nitric acid, as you know, looks like water. The silver is thrown into this tank, and, presto! it disappears like an icicle in a boiling kettle. In ten minutes it is all gone, disappeared entirely, and there is nothing in the tank, apparently, but boiling water. But metals are not destroyed by chemical processes; they only change their form. The nitric acid dissolves the silver and changes it into nitrate of silver; but the silver is still there, though it looks now like water. When thrown into the tank of nitric acid the silver is in little grains like fine shot, for it is first melted and poured into a tub of water, and this separates it into minute particles. We have seen these particles dissolved by the acid, and turned, as it seems, into water. Now to recover our silver again.

The liquid from the boiling tank is run off into tubs, and some common salt water is poured into each tub. Almost instantly a soft stuff like slaked lime appears, and settles to the bottom of the tubs. This is the silver coming back. The nitric acid has eaten up all the base metals that may have been mixed with it, and what is left is called chloride of silver, though it does not look at all like silver. As soon as it is all precipitated (that is, settled to the bottom) the liquid is poured out, and the cheesy mass is put into moulds, and under a pressure of eighty tons is pressed into round cakes that look for all the world like small cheeses. These cakes are then treated with spelter, or zinc, and this turns them into the purest virgin silver, ready to be made into coins. When gold and silver are mixed together and have to be separated, the mixture is boiled in a big kettle of nitric acid. The resulting nitrate of silver has to be drawn off care-



CASTING INGOTS



All the gold and silver stored in the vaults has first been treated in this way, and it is now ready to be made into coins. Every gold or silver coin in this country is made of nine parts gold or silver to one part copper. The copper is added to make the metal harder.

The processes so far have all been chemical: the actual making of coin is purely mechanical, done with very ingenious machines. The gold and silver we have seen refined is in bars; and for making coin the first thing is to make it into ingots, which are only much smaller bars. The large bar is melted and cast in moulds, and it comes out in ingots twelve inches long, half an inch thick, and from an inch and a half to two inches wide. Such an ingot of gold is worth from $600 to $1400; of silver about $60. The copper is added when the ingots are made, and the ingots are next run between sets of heavy rollers—eight times for silver and ten times for gold—till they are pressed out into strips as thick as the coin to be made, and about six feet long. They are then springy, like steel, and to make them softer the strips are annealed, that is, heated in a retort and allowed to cool slowly. After this when you bend one of the strips it is so soft that it stays bent. These strips are run through several machines to make them perfectly true and level, and after being thoroughly washed they go to the cutting-machines. These machines cut out smooth round disks about the size of the coin to be made, but without any marks upon them. It is very important that the disks, which are called planchets, should all be of the proper weight. To ascertain this they are sent to the adjusting room to be weighed.

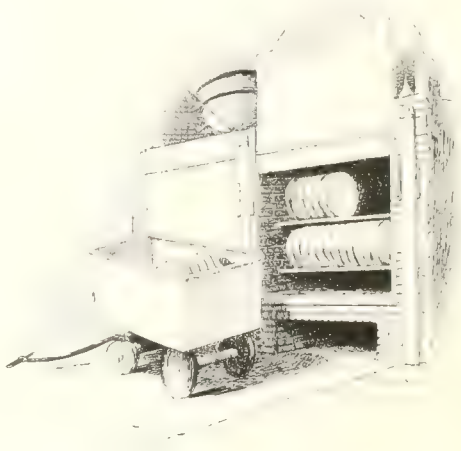
In the adjusting-room 127 ladies sit at long tables with very delicate scales before them. These ladies weigh every coin before it is stamped. If a coin is too light, they lay it aside to be remelted; if it is too heavy, they file a little from its edge to bring it to the proper weight. Those coins that are far too heavy are laid with the light ones to be remelted. The law allows a silver coin to be one and a half grains too heavy or too light, and a gold one a quarter to half a grain; but every $1000 worth of coins must average just right. All the dust made by filing is carefully brushed into small tin basins

In stamping the coins, the first process is to run them through a machine that makes the raised edge around them. They are "fed" into these machines, and into all the machines, through a brass cylinder the size of the coin. This first machine is called the milling-machine, and it can mill 560 half-dimes in a minute. They then go to the coining-press proper, which makes the impression upon both sides and cuts the little nicks around the outer edge at the same time. The impression is made with steel dies, which are very costly. First the device is engraved upon soft steel by very skilful engravers, and this steel is afterwards hardened. But these engraved dies are too valuable to use in the presses, for a die is worn out in about two weeks. So impressions are made with the dies in softer steel, and that steel is hardened, and with it impressions are made in other soft steel, and that steel in its turn is hardened, and it is with these last dies that the coins are struck. All the machines run by steam, and all are very bright, and work very fast.

After the coins are made, they have to be counted; and it would be an almost endless task to count them by hand, so an ingenious device called the counting-board is used. This is a smooth board about four feet wide and five feet long, divided with low copper strips into parallel columns just as wide as the coins. It stands on top of a wooden bin, in which are the coins to be counted. The operator takes up a shovelful of golden eagles, and throws them upon the board. He gives the board a shake, and how the golden eagles fly! He smooths them over with his hand, tips the board back so that all the loose ones slide off and back into the bin, and sees that every column is full, and that no loose ones are left on top. A sudden jerk to the board, and five hundred ten-dollar gold pieces are shot into an adjoining bin. There can be neither more nor less if the operator is careful. With this simple contrivance $50 worth of five cent pieces can be counted in thirty seconds.

How is all this immense treasure in the mint guarded, perhaps you will ask. In the corridor close by the assay-office are two racks and a large cabinet. The racks contain twenty rifles with bayonets fixed. These are for the 300 men in the building to use in case of an attack. The cabinet is filled with revolvers. The law requires that these weapons shall be kept constantly loaded and ready for use; that they shall be examined every day; and that once a month they shall be fired off and reloaded. When the score or more of night-watchmen go on duty in the afternoon, they take the revolvers out of the cabinet and lay them in convenient places about the building ready for instant use.

I was told that the men employed in the mint soon lose all sense of the great value of the materials they



"DRYING CHEESES."

work with; a million dollars' worth of gold bars is in their eyes only a heap of metal to be manufactured into coins. I found this to be the case with myself. For the first hour or so I was impressed with the value of the gold and silver; but after that it was only so many tons of dull metal.

TO BE AVOIDED.

A TEACHER in one of our Eastern schools has prepared a list of "words and phrases to be avoided," and it is so good that it deserves a wide circulation:

Had rather, for Would rather; Had better, for Would better; Posted, for Informed; Depot, for Station; Try and go, for Try to go; Cunning, for Smart; Above, for Foregoing; Like I do, for As I do; Feel badly, for Feel bad; Feel good, for Feel well; Expect, for Suspect; Nice, or real nice, used indiscriminately; Funny, for Odd or unusual; Seldom or ever, for Seldom or never; More than you think for, instead of More than you think; Nicely, in answer to a question as to health; Just as soon, for Just as lief; Guess, for Think; Fix, for Arrange or prepare; Real good, for Really good; Try an experiment, for Make an experiment; It storms, for It rains or it blows; Not as I know, for Not that I know; Every man or woman should do *their* duty; A party, for A person; Healthy, for Wholesome.

IN A CYCLONE CELLAR.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

IT was in the spring of 1876 that my older brother and myself took up a homestead claim in southern Dakota. That was before the days of Statehood and the great boom of '82. Our quarter section was upland prairie, about three miles back from the Missouri River. A beautiful piece of ground, all rolling prairie, without a tree or bush anywhere upon it, and as free from any mark of civilization as when Columbus discovered the continent. Our nearest neighbor lived four miles down the river, all the intervening land being held by a company of ranchers for grazing purposes. The nearest town was eight miles away. With the help of our neighbor we put up a small sod house, and with a team of oxen we broke about ten acres of prairie and planted our first crop of corn. There was plenty to do, and summer was upon us before we realized that nearly four months had gone by.

One sultry day in July we were both at work on our new well, having grown tired of bringing water from the river in barrels, when I noticed a curious cloud coming up in the southwest. It was not very large, but black and green, and it was moving with great rapidity in our direction. I shouted to brother Will, who was digging in the well while I hauled out the dirt in buckets, and he came up, and we watched the on-coming cloud with curiosity and a little awe. The edges of the cloud began to curl over towards the centre. And when it was about two miles away we saw the centre of the cloud begin to whirl and drop in a funnel shape towards the ground. It looked like nothing I have ever seen since, and can be described by saying it was more like the tail of some monstrous snake than anything else. The noise of this funnel was like the roar of a heavy waterfall. Will and I stood looking at it, and our excitement grew as we saw that if it came on in the direction it was then moving it would sweep away everything on our little claim. Already we could see the effect of the powerful column on a little bunch of timber that skirted a ravine two miles away. Fragments of trees and bushes were whirling about in the funnel.

"I think we had better go down in the well. We can't climb a tree to escape from this thing," said Will, grimly.

It seemed to be our only safety. We descended, one at a time, by sitting on the bucket and letting ourselves down by the rope that passed over the pulley in the cross-bar above. The well was about twenty feet deep, and perfectly dry. Once at the bottom, we listened with some anxiety for the on-coming cyclone.

The roar had increased to a great volume of sound. It had grown suddenly very dark. The lightning was white, and exceedingly sharp. There was little thunder, strange to say. We felt the funnel drawing nearer. The air in the well grew suffocating. Stones and dirt fell in upon us, and we became fearful that the entire pile of soft earth at the mouth of the well would be whirled into the opening and bury us alive. The uproar above was terrible. The poles which we had put up to sustain our rope and buckets were swept down, but fortunately were not carried away, and, lodging across the well's mouth, still held fast the rope, so that we were able to climb out again. The funnel passed quickly. Then rain fell in torrents, accompanied with great hail-stones. When this abated we thought we might safely come out of our retreat, and with some difficulty climbed up the tangled rope.

The first thing we saw, or rather didn't see, was our little house. It was completely swept away. Not a sod was left. All our household effects were also gone. We afterwards found pieces of our bed and one chair in a gully seven miles away. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete carrying off. "If we had had a mortgage on the house, I believe that funnel would have lifted it," quoth brother Will, who had had experience with mortgages, and knew how heavy they were. I didn't say much, but I kept up a thinking.

We went to work and built another sod house in two weeks. Fortunately our little barn was untouched, and the cyclone had skipped our oxen and corn. During the building of the house I suggested to Will that we dig a cyclone cellar. The storm had given me a nervous dread, and on hot days I watched every cloud that rose in the southwest, and if a thunder-storm came up during the night I could not sleep.

"We can't be going down in the well every time we see a black cloud trimmed with green coming our way," I said. "And, besides, a cellar will be convenient to keep our butter and eggs and lard in, seeing we have no cellar under the house."

So we located a site southwest of the house for our cyclone cellar, and dug a hole about eight feet by ten, and deep enough so that we could stand up in it comfortably. For a roof we threw stout poles over the top, covered them with sods, and then piled on top of all about two feet of solid earth. We cut steps in the ground to the small opening, and made a stout door which could be barred from the inside. A hole through the roof with a wooden casing provided ventilation. We finished the cellar in five days, and I breathed a sigh of relief when it was done.

"Now let the hurricane roar," said Will. And I think we both almost wished for an occasion to test the security of our retreat.

But the days went by with no occasion to use our place of refuge. The sky was clear, and the weather was perfectly well-behaved. We were entering on August now, and it was past the usual time for severe storms.

One afternoon Will had taken the oxen and gone to town to make some necessary purchases, and I was working at a fence close by the house. The day had not been very warm in the morning, but a little after noon the wind died away and it grew sultry. It was so oppressive that between two and three o'clock I quit work and sat down in the shade of the house. I glanced often in the direction of the dreaded southwest, the quarter from which most cyclonic storms came up. Not a cloud was in the sky. I went into the house and lay down by the window and fell asleep. I awoke suddenly with a sense of fear. The atmosphere was murky, and as I sat up a most tremendous crash of thunder rolled over the prairie. I rushed to the door. The whole southwest quarter of the heavens was covered with ugly-looking clouds full of wind, and charged with electric force. I hastily gathered together the most valuable effects in the house, and tumbled them into the cellar, which was only ten feet distant. By that time the clouds had charged clear across the zenith. I ran down the earth steps, and as I did so felt a great volley of hail-stones sweep down, and while I could not see any indication of a funnel this time, I did not know what might be developed as the storm came on. I shut the door, braced it firmly, and sat down on an old butter-tub prepared for the worst.

It was almost midnight darkness in that cellar. The only light that could penetrate was the glimmer that came down the ventilating pipe, and that was very little. I sat and listened to the roar of the storm. Thick as was the solid dirt roof, I could feel the rain beat upon it as if a cataract were directly overhead. The rush of the wind was distinctly felt, and even in a secure shelter that not even a cyclone could blow away (which Will had called a solid hole in the ground), I felt a little nervous.

At the end of five minutes it seemed to me that the [illegible] down [illegible] something [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] stream of water [illegible] under the door. Evidently the rain was rushing down the earth steps in a stream. I [illegible] to open the door and look out on the [illegible] when I heard close beside me a noise which no one [illegible] as once heard it at close quarters. It was so dark I could not locate the sound exactly, but thought it came from the right-hand corner of the cellar. I cautiously moved away towards the left, and groped for the bar of the door, which was a stout two-by-four scantling placed directly across the middle and resting in two sockets nailed to the uprights which formed the door-casing. This was lifted from the outside by a peg which passed through a hole in the door.

Before I could reach it I felt that I had stepped upon a squirming object, and the next instant I felt it twine about my leg, and in another second I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left hand. And I knew I was bitten by a rattlesnake! It had evidently made its home in one corner of the cellar or in the dirt of the roof. The torrents of the rain had driven it out, perhaps, and I had mistaken the direction from which the sound of its warning rattle had come, and in my nervousness I had stepped directly upon it.



"I TOOK OFF THE LID."

I remember what a yell I uttered as I wrenched the bar away from the door, flung the door open, and thrust the scantling down at the squirming reptile, striking my own foot several vicious blows in my excitement. But I finally killed the snake, which was one of the largest I had ever seen. I was so unstrung by the affair that as soon as I was sure the rattler was really dead, I sat down trembling on the tub, so faint and sick that I paid little attention to the water which was running down the cellarway and pouring into the hole until the rain stood above my ankles.

But I roused myself with the thought, "I am a dead man unless I do something, and do it in a hurry." There was a remedy for the poison if I could get it in time. I knew that whiskey was an antidote. But Will and I had been brought up in the strictest of temperance families, and never kept a drop of liquor of any kind in the shanty. There was our neighbor. He was four miles away. I knew nothing of his habits. He might not have any whiskey any more than we. But it was my only chance—a desperate one.

I sucked the wound on my hand, and remembering that clay or moist earth is always good for inflammation or poison of the skin, I covered the spot where the snake had struck me with a handful of mud, binding it on with a strip I tore from my coat lining, and then I rushed out of the cyclone cellar and started on a run for the neighbor's shanty, four miles away. I think I noticed that our house was still standing, and that everything else seemed to look as usual.

It had not been a cyclone, but only a severe thunder storm. I was dimly conscious of that fact as I set out on the hardest run of my life. It was still raining, but I did not take account of it. All that I thought of was getting to the house in time. If we had only kept a pony! But the oxen had been our only team so far for the sake of economy.

At last I staggered up to the shanty, reeling and panting, my hand and arm swollen, and despair tugging at my heart-strings. It did not seem to me that I could get the antidote in time. It is true, I knew of a case in the neighborhood where a man bitten by a rattlesnake had sucked the wound and applied clay and had not died, even though more than an hour elapsed before the antidote came. It had not taken me twenty minutes to make the four miles, but I was almost insane with the torture of the poison.

The door was locked and nobody at home. I did not hesitate a minute; with one lunge of my body I broke down the door and entered. I looked around wildly for any sign of whiskey. There was nothing but a dirty kerosene lamp on the one bracket shelf in the shanty. An old chest was leaning against the wall. I tore open the lid and shouted aloud. There was a flask of whiskey! I don't think I saw anything else. But I saw that, and for the first time in my life I blessed the drinking habits of the man who was holding down the claim nearest to ours. There was about a pint of the liquor. I didn't know just how much I ought to take, but I had heard that all one could drink would not hurt him after being bitten by a rattlesnake. I drained the flask to the last drop. Then I had sense enough to clap fresh mud on the wound, and in a few minutes I was drunk for the first and last time in my life.

I was found by our neighbor and Brother Will, who came along home with him, lying on the bed and raving about cyclones. Will said my talk was the wildest he ever heard. He said I described a cyclone as made up of a rattlesnake as big as a whiskey barrel a mile long, with a mouth as large as a cyclone cellar.

I recovered all right, but I have had a great horror of cyclones and rattlesnakes ever since. And yet, strange as it may seem, I have seen neither one nor the other since that day. So I have since then had no use for whiskey except to preserve in a jar of alcohol the snake that bit me. It is on the shelf in my study as I write, and I can truly say that what preserves him dead once preserved me alive.

TWO "HONOR MEN."

GEORGE PIERCE HOWELL

THE average youngster upon entering the West Point Military Academy at once becomes imbued with the ambition to graduate at the head of his class, to lead his associates in every study that is set before him. Once every year this ambition is realized by the more fortunate youth who, by superior intellect or by an industry that never sleeps or application that seldom rests, surpasses his fellows. The cadet who graduated "No. 1" in the class of 1893, consisting of fifty-one members, is a typical Southern boy, and, in addition to his excellent mental endowments, is regarded as one of the most popular men in the corps, which is a compliment of no mean order in an organization renowned for popular men

George Pierce Howell was born at Goldsboro, North Carolina, November 9, 1870, and therefore is not yet twenty-three years of age. He is one of eight children. His father was a soldier in the Confederate army, and is now cashier in the only bank in the picturesque little town of Goldsboro. It was in this bank, however, that Cadet Howell was first broken into business methods. Even as a boy, when his mother was preparing him for the public schools, he was the bank's runner, and carried checks between that institution and the business houses.

He was prepared for the State University at Chapel Hill by Professor Edwin A. Alderman, and left there in June, 1889, having passed the competitive examination for admission to the West Point Academy from the then Third District, now the Second Congressional District of North Carolina.

At the end of his first year he stood No. 1, at the end of the second and third years No. 2, but on the averages for the full term of four years he came out at the head of his class.

Professor Alderman speaks of him as an unexceptionally studious, modest, unassuming, and industrious boy.

"Of all my eight children, George never disobeyed me in his life, but was prompt and cheerful in executing every command I ever gave him," is the handsome tribute his father pays to him

In personal appearance Howell is tall and slender; in height measuring about five feet ten inches, and weighing in the neighborhood of 130 pounds. His complexion is sandy. His disposition is bright. His head is shapely, with a mathematical configuration. His father is authority for the statement that as a boy he always aimed to excel in everything he ever undertook, and that his qualities of persistence and determination were developed at an early age.



MILITARY CADET G. P. HOWELL

AN ADMIRAL OF THE FUTURE

Those who read "His Father's Son," lately concluded in these pages, can easily picture to themselves the scenes that were enacted in the first days of this month at Annapolis, the seat of the United States Naval Academy. Doubtless there is a real Jacob Wildon under another name in the graduating class of this year; doubtless there is always one. For the hero of the story was a type of the better class of American youth, rather than a unique specimen. He was by no means a paragon, this lad of humble birth, with the honorable ambitions of a man and the instincts of a gentleman.



NAVAL CADET W. V. N. POWELSON

Wilfred Van Nest Powelson, the honor man of the Annapolis class of '93, started in life with far greater advantages than the hero of Miss Elmer's story. His father is a lawyer at Middletown, New York, at the public schools of which town the young man received so good a grounding that in his first year's examination at the Naval Academy he was placed seventh among seventy-two. In the second year he rose to the second place, and in the third year he stood at the very head of the class. In his last year he fell back to second place; but his average standing for the four years was so much better than that of any one else that he was the undisputed "honor man" of the class.

Mr. Powelson is distinguished not only in his scientific and professional attainments, but also in the athletic recreations of the Academy. He is a good all-round athlete, and recently broke the record of the Academy in pole-vaulting. Thus he seems to be thoroughly equipped for his profession both mentally and physically, while as regards that distinguishing attribute of the sailor as of the soldier, personal courage, he has already given ample proof that he possesses it in a marked degree, for he was one of several cadets who were complimented in an order of the Secretary of the Navy for gallant conduct at a fire at Annapolis last winter.

This young Admiral of the future, who is not yet twenty-one, will shortly join the *Bennington* as an Ensign, and it is sincerely to be hoped that a career so auspiciously begun will be honorably distinguished to the end.

A SNAKE IN THE NURSERY.

A True Story.

BY DAVID KER.

"THERE'S [illegible] thing in the world that my wife's afraid [illegible], and that's a snake," said Sir Philip D—— to three or four [illegible] visitors who had come to lunch at the spacious verandah of his pretty *cottage ornée* country-house among the mountains of Ceylon. "I've known her scream to find out a peeled grape-skin hanging over the back of a chair, and all for the sake of a harmless worm-fence, when our gardener, after watering the plants, left his hose-pipe on the grass instead of putting it away, and jumped half across the lawn at the sight of it, thinking it was a boa-constrictor."

Lady D——, who was standing near the grass a little way off, watching her baby roll its plump little body over and over at her feet on the warm, sunny turf of the lawn, looked lovingly at him as he spoke, feeling sure that we must be talking of *her*, and never dreaming what nonsense things he was really saying.

His friends, however, only laughed, for their charming hostess (though she had been out [illegible] times in Ceylon, had already acquired a reputation for a cool courage that might have put many a man to shame, and no one who had seen her facing a sudden flood as tremendous as that which swept away Johnstown, or guiding her frightened horse through a burning forest with the [illegible] flames close behind her, would ever have suspected her of being a coward. In fact, small and slight as she was, one had only to look at Lady D——'s firm lips and bright, fearless eyes to be fully convinced of the perfect truth of the characteristic compliment paid her by Major O'Mulligan, of the Irish brigade: "She's a *man* every inch of her!"

But a lady's life in the tropics is seldom long without a startling adventure of some kind or other, and it was fated that the beautiful mistress of Totapella View (as her house was called from the magnificent mountain-peak which faced it) should have her strong nerves tried to the utmost that very day.

The house stood half-way up the face of a gently sloping ridge, and on three sides of it the jungle had been completely cleared away; for Sir Philip D——, like most of his neighbors, had "gone into tea-growing." But at the back of it a bristling mass of black impenetrable thickets, dense enough to have hidden a buffalo or an elephant, came down to within a few hundred yards of the palisade that encircled the villa and its belongings, and this was a constant nightmare to poor Lady D——, whose snake-haunted fancy peopled this obtrusive patch of jungle with every kind of serpent from a thirty-foot boa-constrictor to an adder no longer than her neck-ribbon.

Early in the afternoon of that memorable day, when all the gentlemen had gone off to take the nap which is as recognized a feature of a hot day in Ceylon or India as either breakfast or dinner, Lady D——, stretched at her ease in a light hammock, was just dozing off to sleep likewise, when she suddenly heard, or thought she heard, her baby utter a cry.

This was more than enough to startle the anxious mother into instant activity. Throwing herself out of her hammock, she hurried off to the nursery (which was only two rooms away), quite forgetting, in her headlong haste, that she was herself doing the very thing for which she had so often blamed her easy-going husband, viz., going about the house bare-foot, in defiance of all risk of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and other "indigenous *creepers*."

Little Phil was lying snugly in his small white cot, all alone, for his careless *ayah* (native nurse) had slipped out as soon as she thought her mistress safely out of the way, and his mother (whose disturbed imagination had pictured him to herself as stung by a deadly cobra, or struggling in the coils of a python, the moment she heard him scream) was not a little relieved to find that the calamity by which he had been overtaken was to all appearance nothing worse than the kicking off upon the floor of the light sheet that covered him.

The child stretched forth his tiny hands to her with eagerness, and she stepped hastily toward him, but in doing so she happened to tread upon the sheet which he had thrown to the floor.

Instantly she felt beneath her bare foot, with inconceivable horror, the furious writhing and struggling of some *living* thing, which, as she knew at once, could be nothing else than a snake!

It was even so. The sight of the hideous reptile wriggling across the floor had startled the child into uttering the cry which its mother had heard, and the serpent had either been covered by the falling sheet, or sought a hiding-place there of its own accord.

Expecting every moment to feel the deadly fangs in her flesh, but resolute to save her boy at whatever cost to herself, the brave woman pressed with all her weight and strength upon the writhing snake, shouting for help meanwhile with the full power of her voice.

She did not call in vain. Alarmed by her cries, three or four native servants came bursting in, and the foremost of them, a bold and active lad from the mountains of Mysore, came armed with a heavy bamboo stick, which, guessing at once the cause of the tumult, he had snatched up as he ran.

Signing to his mistress to spring back, the cool and courageous Hindoo tossed aside the sheet with the end of his stick, and dealt a heavy blow to the now motionless snake beneath it. But the stroke was not needed. The convulsive pressure of that small white foot (which had fortunately alighted right on the serpent's head) had done its work, and the reptile—a cobra of the deadliest kind, and nearly five feet in length—was now harmless for evermore.

The very next day Sir Philip began to cut away the snake-sheltering jungle at the back of his house, thinking, no doubt, that one visit from such neighbors was quite sufficient. But, curiously enough, poor Lady D——'s terrible adventure, so far from inspiring her (as it might naturally have been expected to do) with a greater horror of snakes than ever, seemed to have quite swept away her former terror of them, and from that day forth she never troubled herself about them at all.

OUR BURDEN-BEARERS.

"I LOVE my horse like a brother," said a boy who rejoiced in the possession of a beautiful horse presented to him by his grandfather. Strange to say, this noble animal does not always enjoy the high appreciation to which his virtues entitle him. The dog is the companion of our idleness and our pleasure, and richly deserves our affection for his fidelity; but the horse—except in the chase, and even then he is required to endure much—is the partner of our toil and hardship, the bearer of our burdens in war and peace. He is not wanting in faithfulness, and the Arabian proverb which says, "The paradise of earth is to be found on horseback," also says, "The horseman makes the horse."

Since so much has been done to improve the condition and treatment of horses, it is a well-ascertained fact that the viciousness of a horse is almost invariably due to unkind treatment during its early education. Let every boy who owns a horse remember that.

No people appreciate horses so much as the Arabs, and nowhere are such strong, fleet, and beautiful horses as among them. The Arab stud has been the admiration of centuries, and is the theme of song and story. And why do the Arabs bestow so much care upon their horses? It is a part of their religion, and was enjoined upon them by the Great Prophet, as they call Mohammed, himself. "Happiness in this world, great riches, and eternal rewards are attached to the forelock of horses," said the Prophet, and every devout Mohammedan among the Arabs believes it. Another saying is current among them: "Money spent for horses passes, in the eyes of Allah, for alms"; and again, "Allah comes to the aid of the trainer and feeder of horses." The Arab provides as comfortable quarters for his horse as for his family, and talks to him as he does to his child. "My Beauty," "My Angel," are names by which the Arab master addresses his horse, and Arabian poetry is full of allusions to the horse. The steed that travels rapidly over the burning desert is called the "Air-drinker," and the rider encourages him upon his journey with tender and romantic names and poetical phrases; for, says the Prophet, "Whoso possesses an Arab horse and honors him will be honored of Allah," but "Whoso possesses an Arab horse and contemns him will be contemned of Allah." "Say not he is my horse—say he is my son," says the Arab when strangers praise the fleetness and beauty of his horse.

As Adam was created out of dust, so the horse was created out of the wind, say the books of the Arabs; and as man is the lord of the horse, so the horse is the lord of all other animals. The Great Prophet declared that when Allah wished to create the horse, he said to the south wind: "I will that a creature should proceed from thee; condense thyself," and the wind condensed itself. Then came the angel Gabriel, and took a handful of this matter and presented it to Allah, who formed of it the dark bay or dark chestnut horse. Hence the bay horse is most highly esteemed among the Arabs as the hardiest and most beautiful. "If one tells you," say they, "that a horse leaped to the bottom

of a precipice without hurting himself, ask what color he was: and if he replies 'Bay,' believe him."

The Arab, a barbarian in our opinion, has the greatest contempt for the way in which Christians, as they call Europeans, treat and train horses. "Look at our horses, and look at yours," say the horse-dealers of the desert. "What we do in a single day in distance you take five or six days to accomplish. Grand marches you Christians make with your horses! As far as from my nose to my ear!"

A very amusing story is told of a learned man, Abou-Obeida, who was a contemporary of Mamoun, the son of the famous Haroun-al-Raschid. Like other Arabians, he had written numerous volumes upon the qualities, colors, and virtues of the horse. One day, at the court of Mamoun, the Grand Vizier asked a celebrated Arab poet who was present how many books he had written upon the horse.

"Only one," replied the poet.

Then the Vizier put the same question to Abou-Obeida

"Fifty," was the answer.

"Rise, then," said the Vizier. "Go up to that horse in his stall; repeat the name of every part of his frame, taking care to point out the position of each."

"I am not a veterinary surgeon, sir," answered Abou-Obeida.

"Rise, and do the same," said the Vizier to the poet.

The poet rose from his seat, took the animal by the forelock, and named each part as he placed his hand on it to indicate its position. At the same time he recited all the poetical allusions and the sayings and proverbs of the Arabs referring to it.

When he had finished, the Vizier said to him, "Take the horse; he is yours."

Nevertheless, there have been devoted lovers of horses besides the Arabs. Every boy knows how Alexander the Great prized his handsome and famous charger Bucephalus. Caligula, a Roman Emperor, not celebrated for his tenderness of heart, thought so much of his horse that he wanted to make him a member of the Roman Senate. This may have been as much to humiliate the Senate as to honor the horse. George the Third had a beautiful horse named Adonis, which was very fond of his master, and recognized his voice whenever the King came to Cumberland Lodge, where the horse was kept. James Sullivan, of Ireland, named the Whisperer, had the most wonderful influence over horses. He needed but to whisper in the ear of the wildest and most ungovernable horse to make him perfectly quiet and docile.

Horses have been known in numberless instances to show not only great affection, but great power of memory and other indications of intelligence. Colonel Hamilton Smith, of England, owned a charger, which, after the Crimean war, was sold as a cart-horse in London. One day Colonel Smith engaged in conversation with a man near where the horse was standing. He had not observed the horse, but the affectionate animal recognized his voice, and made such frantic efforts to get near his former master that Colonel Smith insisted upon taking him out of the harness, and sent him in charge of his groom to his home.

A ploughman near Edinburgh was accustomed to take a horse out of the stable exactly at six o'clock in the morning, lead him to the field, and then hitch him to the plough. One morning he was detained in the house beyond his usual hour, and when he opened the stable door found the stall empty. After a diligent search he found the horse in the field, quietly standing by the plough.

Horses are as much creatures of habit as men. A farmer near Dublin bought a troop-horse. One day his daughter, who carried milk to his customers in Dublin, rode the horse into the city. It happened to be the day of the soldiers' parade, and as soon as the horse caught the sound of the trumpet he galloped into ranks, and took his place with the milkmaid on his back. Sir Robert Clayton, not wishing to sell the gallant steeds that had served during a war, as common hack-horses, bought a large enclosure of ground and turned them into it. Many of them were halt and infirm, but the moment they heard the sound of the rolling thunder and saw the flash of the lightning, the old time of war came back to them, and they ranged themselves in line of battle, as orderly and accurately as when they bore their soldier riders.

The Tyroleans once captured a number of horses from the enemy, and mounting them, proposed to make a charge against their invaders; but the trumpets of the foe no sooner sounded than the horses carried their riders at full gallop into the enemy's ranks, who regained not only their horses, but took the unfortunate Tyroleans prisoners. A similar incident happened in the late American war, where one man was carried, greatly against his desire, no doubt, by the horse he had captured into the camp of the enemy.

It is well known that horses generally will not step on children which happen to stand or fall under them, but will use every means in their power to avoid doing an injury. Instances, too, have been known of horses saving children from drowning and other dangers. An English gentleman owned a horse which was greatly beloved by the whole family. One day a child climbed a tree some distance from the house, and falling from it, was so seriously hurt as not to be able to rise. Bessie, the horse, was in the grounds, and saw the little boy fall. Standing over him for some time, and poking her head about as if she were curious to know the child's condition, she suddenly galloped away in the direction of the house, where she stood in front of the door, impetuously neighing until she induced some one to return to the spot where she had left the child.

Off the coast of the Cape of Good Hope a horse named Jenny was famous for rescuing people from vessels which had been wrecked. Her master would encourage her, as she gallantly plunged into the waves, by calling out, "One more, my darling Jenny, one more," and thus numbers of unfortunates owed their lives to the bravery and sagacity of Jenny.

The Arabs have a sharp reprimand for any man who is found to maltreat his horse, and they usually conclude their reproof by quoting their own proverb "Honor begins with the stirrup, and is completed in the saddle."

The noble burden-bearer surely deserves kind treatment at our hands, and we must feel some admiration for the large-heartedness of the boy who loves his horse like a brother.

ZITELLA COCKE.

Here are two little "Burden-Bearers" who are not big enough to carry very heavy burdens; but they were regarded by the judges of the New York Horse Show as a good enough tandem team to win a first prize. Little beauties they are, to be sure, and happy and much to be envied is the boy or girl who enjoys the privilege of owning them. Their names are Montreal and Monte Carlo, and they live with Mr. George Green, at Katonah, New York.



"MONTREAL" AND "MONTE CARLO"

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."*

CHAPTER XIV.

[illegible] Willing [illegible] was soon [illegible] Peace [illegible] but Robin "held on," according to Cap'n Saul's counsel, [illegible] according to Cap'n Saul's prediction. It was very sweet and delightful to be such a business woman. And such a pocketful of money to be all one's own! It was enough to turn any fifteen-year-old head.

How very happy she should be, thought Robin, if only she had not upon her mind the memory of that dreadful wrong done to Jo Wilkes. And now that she had at last obtained the money to pay for the watch—all her pitiful little savings had been as nothing towards it—an unforeseen difficulty had arisen. How could she convey the money to Martha Hallett without leading her to suspect Ken Sandford was a little town, where it was difficult even to drop a letter into the Post-office unperceived. And there would be an effort made to trace a letter which contained a hundred and twenty-five dollars. (Robin had learned the price of the watch from Julia by dint of many suggestive remarks.) The Halletts would talk of it everywhere; it would cause a nine days' wonder; and just now, when it was known that she had received money for her cranberries, would not suspicion be likely to fall upon Ken? And there was Carlsen, who already suspected, who perhaps had only refrained from making his suspicions known because his trouble at the works, with the growing dissatisfaction of the men, absorbed all his thoughts.

No, it would never do. She must carry that burden for a while longer, unless Ken should now be willing to confess. It would be easier now that the watch could be paid for. He had said that he should save and save, and never have any peace until it was paid for; but with the wages of a boy, barely enough at the best for him to exist upon, how long it would be before he had saved enough! He never hinted at the matter in his brief letters; but then it was understood that all the household should read Ken's letters, and that fact was sufficient to account for his reticence. But now he had been promised a vacation of a few days, and he was coming home She wished him to confess now, for the burden had become intolerable. It had spoiled all the pleasure of the summer—the freshness of the mornings and the smell of the salt spray, even the cranberry money, although that had bought soft shoes and new petticoats for Moira, and for all in the house the things they liked best.

She had grown pale and thin; people wondered at her altered looks; her father thought them the result of hard work, and insisted upon her going to picnics and sailing parties. She gave up her class in the little mission school at Quansett; every one thought because she was ill, but Robin said to herself that it was because she could no longer endure to be a hypocrite. She left the day after the lesson had been from the text "The way of the transgressor is hard." How she had explained that text to her class, the mites who scarcely understood what it all meant, but looked at her with wondering eyes!

"It was remarkable to hear her warn those children against wrong-doing—that girl hardly more than a child herself," said the lady who taught an adjoining class.

"It was because I *knew*," said Robin to herself, overhearing the remark.

And, after all, Ken did not come. The boy's vacation was the last consideration in a large establishment, and he could not easily be spared

"But I don't complain, Robin," he wrote, "for they trust me more and more every day, and it's the most fascinating business in the world. I've almost forgotten why I wanted to learn it at first in my interest in the business itself. I wonder if old Freneau really had found out anything new about coloring glass? I've read up all the methods, and I understand about all the materials used, but it seems to me that everything must be already known that he could have found out. I sent that paper to the Kingstown apothecary, but he couldn't make anything of it. It was just like a fellow who didn't know much to go crazy over it, as I did then. And yet I can't help thinking what if there should be anything in it? I am digging at Latin like a beaver. What do you think of that, old girl? I have a use for it now. I've seen the value of it; that's worth all the preaching in the world to a dull fellow like me. But if I only had listened to the pater, what a start I should have had!"

It was a light-hearted letter throughout, in spite of the disappointment about his vacation. How manly and steadfast of purpose he had become—for Ken! How good a thing for him had been this going away from home! But how strange that he should have succeeded so well with so terribly false a start! And they "trusted him more and more"!

Mr. Eames, Duke's tutor, who had secured the place for him, had told her what good reports he had heard from Ken, that not one boy in fifty would have done as well, and that he was likely to work himself into a fine position in time.

And only she knew of what Ken was capable, what Ken had done. She and perhaps Carlsen, who might be only biding his time. Sometimes the secret was so heavy a burden that she was tempted to confide it to Duke Rawlins—Duke, whose friendship for Ken might be strong enough to stand even that test. But then it would become Duke's duty to tell, to clear Jo Wilkes, just as it was her duty, and Duke would never let such a wrong go unrighted.

The troubles in the works were increasing.

"I've told father what was coming. I've told him all summer," said Duke, in his thin high-keyed voice, as he lingered one morning on his pony at the foot of the terrace steps. "I've told him that the union wouldn't put up with that fellow Carlsen's high-handed arbitrary behavior, turning off a good workman at a moment's notice and replacing him with a foreigner, just to show his authority. Of course he would have some story of the man's incompetency to tell the firm. Oh, if ever I get over being a boy!" Duke's fair face flushed with eagerness. "I wouldn't mind being lame—not even the pain, though that is pretty bad sometimes—if only there were not so many things to be done. And sometimes I can see how, and no one will believe in me."

"But I think it's awfully mean that they won't hire foreigners," said Jean, who always had the courage of her convictions. "That was why poor old Freneau had a hard time. Both the men and the managers were down on him."

"But glass-making isn't like anything else," said Duke. "They've always guarded the secrets religiously, and there has always been great jealousy between different countries. You ought to read all about it; it's like a story. Mr. Eames asked me the other day whether I would like to be a great preacher or a great statesman, and I gave him what he called an Irish answer; I said a great glass manufacturer! But, oh dear, it seems to me that I shall be a boy forever!"

A boy forever! Robin remembered that on another day, when it seemed like a prophecy.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 699.

"To make perfect glass, you know, no slighting, no cheapening, and after getting a fair interest on money, share and share alike.' They laugh at that, and call me a boy, but why isn't it practical, I should like to know? And that's what I call being a *great* glass manufacturer! I should have to manage that foreign business in some way." Duke wrinkled his brows slightly. "It *was* hard on old Freneau. I wonder why Carlsen took such an interest in that boy! I don't think it can be true, as they say, that he knows anything of any importance. Carlsen has his hands full now, without trying to discover any inventions!" Duke spoke with a bitterness of which one would not have believed him capable. "You see it was different in the other factory; there's nothing like a Cape man for standing up for his rights! There'll be a strike, and they'll *have* to take foreigners; Carlsen talks about importing Bohemians."

"I don't see why they haven't a right to," said Jean, sturdily.

"That would be all very well if the men hadn't been crowded. . . *I* think they were," said Duke.

"Will there be fights?"

"You'll see what there'll be soon enough!" said Duke, as he rode away.

"He's a very queer boy," said Jean, reflectively. "You'd think he was a hundred, but he will play tiddledywinks! He is sort of like a lame boy in a story, being so good to people, and playing the violin for us to dance one night until he nearly fainted, and wouldn't own he was tired; but they say he has an awful temper, and one day he called Carlsen a brute and a villain!"

"I'm glad he did! I'm glad he did!" cried Robin.

"Well, if you haven't a lot of old Adam, as Prim says of Traddles! When you didn't know either that it was because Carlsen made Dicky Lawson work until he fainted, after he had burned his wrist to the bone!"

"I'm glad, anyway!" said Robin, and attempted no defence.

The very next day came the news of the strike. Thanny, who was in a state of great excitement, came up to the bluffs to tell about it.

"It's in the new department, where Carlsen is boss, that the trouble is. The workmen have struck, every man jack of 'em! They're actin' awful, too, though the union has posted notices sayin' how they'd ought to behave well. There's a lot of drinkin' and fightin', and there ain't goin' to be no school over there to-morrow; them Sandford fellers always do have all the luck!"

"Aren't you ashamed, Thanny Baker, to wish to have such dreadful things happen here?" This was Jean. Robin scarcely ever reproved any one nowadays.

"Nothin' never happens to hender school's keepin' over here. A feller's got *some* feelin's," said Thanny, resentfully.

"Are they going to hire a new set of workmen, Thanny?" asked Robin.

"Some say they be, some say they darsn't," said Thanny. "Mr. Rawlins had to go off to New York yesterday, and Mr. Hallett don't have anything to do with the flint-glass department. Carlsen he's havin' things all his own way. Some say Hallett is so worried it's made him sick; he ain't showin' himself out-doors anyhow. Some say there's a whole gang of men comin' down on the train Saturday, ready to begin work Monday morning. They be Germans, or something. No school Saturday!" Thanny expressed his gratification by a double somersault on the grass below the back piazza steps, where Robin and Jean were sitting.

"I don't see how you can enjoy it, Thanny," said Robin, making a feeble attempt at rebuke. "The men will have no money, and their wives and children will suffer."

"Union takes care of 'em; so much a week," said practical Thanny. "And they hain't no business to strike. Saul says so. They'd ought to be thankful to get stiddy days' works."

The opposing views of the matter presented by Cap'n Saul and Duke Rawlins were somewhat perplexing.

"I wouldn't think nothin' about it if I was you; girls can't understand," said Thanny, with masculine superiority, when Robin said this. "I'm goin' over Saturday, and I'll come and tell you about it," he added, consolingly.



"SAY, MOIRA, TELL 'EM DAVE FRENEAU HAS GOT LOST IN THE MARSH."

[illegible] all out in the house or the bluffs [illegible] Saturday [illegible] Cap'n Saul [illegible] Peaceful Sandford had known no such excitement for years. Thanny [illegible] school the next day [illegible] shouting out dreadful threats against the new workmen, to the great diversion of the other scholars. For Thanny's sympathies had rushed [illegible] Saul might think as he liked, but he, Thanny, was a true son of the Cape, and wasn't going to countenance foreigners.

A hostile crowd had met the invaders at the station, but there was a large force to preserve order, and beyond threats and the throwing of a few missiles, there was no violence. Placards were posted all over the town, counseling the strikers to be sober and prudent.

"When they try to go to work Monday morning, then there'll be fun," announced Thanny, sorely aggrieved that he must go to school.

As soon as school was done that afternoon, Thanny made a short-cut through meadow, bog, and woods to Sandford, but at twilight he reappeared at the bluffs breathless. He stopped only to put his head in at the kitchen door.

"Say, Moira, tell 'em Dave Freneau has got lost in the marsh. The monkey ran away, and he went after him. I expect there ain't any need of bein' so scairt as Annette is; she's that kind of a girl; and yet she ain't *all* cry baby neither." (It was evident that Thanny was recalling the night when Annette had so bravely guarded the cranberries.) "There's three or four men searchin' for him, but there ain't anybody that knows the marsh like Saul."

Robin had heard, and came flying out.

"Run, Thanny; don't stop a minute! That bog is so treacherous. And, oh, poor Dave! I'm afraid he won't know enough to keep out of it. How long has he been there, Thanny?"

"Since last night. I always said that there wa'n't any profit in that monkey," called Thanny, as he darted off.

"Annette must be almost wild, and she has no one. I must go down there," said Robin.

Moira called upon the saints to witness that her back was "broke," but she would not let Robin go alone, much less with Cap'n Saul and Thanny.

"The company ye kapes on the salt say, that God is afther makin', don't be fitt'n at all at all on dhry land," said Moira; but what she meant, if she knew herself, Robin could not stop to find out. Nothing would do but Jean must go too, and Prim undertook the gratifying responsibility of putting herself and the others to bed.

Cap'n Saul had gone to Quansett to a meeting of the Law and Order League, which had been called on account of the disturbed state of the community, a large part of the youthful element of Quansett being in sympathy with the strikers, and disposed to active measures. Thanny had an opportunity to send a message to Saul by Steve Prettygo, who was on his way to the meeting, and came breathlessly running after the party from the bluffs before they were [illegible] to the Freneau cottage.

Thanny had done his duty in the matter of the missing boy, but his mind was still chiefly occupied with the strike. Thanny had a cheerful appetite for "something going on," and he did not realize the amount of trouble and suffering involved.

"That Carlsen feller kept the upper hands to-day, I tell you. He thinks he's some to-night," said Thanny, excitedly. "But I shouldn't want to have so many officers to keep order in *my* glass works." He telegraphed for Mr. Rawlins to come home, anyhow; that shows he's some scairt, don't it? And I tell you he'd better be, for some of them are desp'rate fellows. Some folks says that their keepin' so quiet to-day means that they're up to some underhanded tricks. I hope Sandford folks are goin' to sleep sound in their beds to-night; but—but I know what I've heard!"

"If you know of anything they're going to do, Thanny, you ought to go right straight and tell the authorities," said Jean, with decision.

"If I know anything! It's likely that them fellows would tell their affairs to me! Why, they think I'm only a small shaver!" said Thanny, but with an accent which expressed contempt for such an opinion.

"Thanny, was Dave Freneau really out all night? I'm afraid it will kill him. I wonder Annette didn't let us know," said Robin.

"She didn't let anybody know till this morning. Gib Atkins, goin' to work, came acrost her on the edge of the marsh; she'd been wand'rin' all night, and she acted as if she was half crazy. 'It was a wonder she hadn't got into the bog,' Gib said."

"Ould Jack-o'-lanthern, the rashkil, was afther leadin' her asthray! Sure it was great foolichtness to live there where he do be always flittin' about, and it's me own eyes have seen him," said Moira, with deep feeling.

By this time they had reached the Freneau cottage, which was full of lights and voices. The wives and daughters of the men who were searching the marsh had come to bear Annette company. They had succeeded in calming her, or else grief and anxiety had worn her out. She sat in a corner, her face white and listless, and only her great black eyes seemed alive. She sprang up, however, at sight of Thanny.

"Where is he? Have you bring him, your brother, that know all the marsh? All the way through the woods to Deepmouth they say he know. But my Dave have not gone so far; he have not the strength; the mire have drag him down and swallow him up!" She said it quietly, without a tear—Annette, whose tears were so ready on small occasions. "He have not come? Well, it will be too late when he do!"

Robin and Jean tried their best to cheer her.

"Adam is so intelligent, he would find the way back if—if anything had happened to Dave," said Robin.

"Dave and the monkey are friends; where is one, there will be the other," said Annette.

The minutes dragged by heavily; the little wooden clock, with the picture upon it of a red-cheeked lady and a yellow rose, droned them out heavily, while they listened for footsteps—Saul's on the highway, or the men from the marsh, who might be bringing something. The women and girls began to take themselves away. They were not unsympathetic, but they were the wives and daughters of workmen in the glass factory, and their minds were full of the strike and their own cares and troubles, the men were searching in the swamp, and they must look after their households.

"Go? How can you think of such a thing, Moira?" said Robin, severely, in answer to an anxious muttering from Moira. "Papa knows; he will not worry."

It seemed an age before Saul came; he had a lantern, and he went down to the marsh with but few questions. Thanny had gone on to Sandford, against Robin's earnest advice. He said "as long as there wasn't anything that he could do, he might as well find out what was goin' on."

The October night was chilly, but the little wood fire on the hearth died out, and no one thought of replenishing it.

"If one could only do something! If I could go down into the marsh and search!" cried Robin, as the silence and suspense became unendurable.

Jean thought longingly of the peaceful nursery at home, with the children drowsily saying their prayers and Banquo cheerfully washing his face upon the hearth.

Robin threw open the door upon the back porch, and

looked inquiringly at Annette. She wished that she would propose to go into the marsh. Anything was better than this endless waiting.

"She do be spint," said Moira, arousing herself to sympathy, in spite of her expectation of being carried away bodily by "ould Jack."

"Look! look!" cried Robin. "The sky is all ablaze! The works—Sandford—the woods are all on fire!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THERE'S a little brown wren that has built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumble-bee;
She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb,
And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim
With the down of the crow's-foot, with tow, and with straw,
The coziest dwelling that ever you saw.

This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
And a foot of a very diminutive size;
Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship;
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip;
And her voice— But a flute were more fit than a pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren

One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by,
And cast on the wren's house an envious eye;
With a strut of bravado and toss of his head,
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said;
So straightway he mounted on impudent wing,
And entered the door without pausing to ring.

An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight,
All towsled and tumbled, in terror took flight,
While there by the door on her favorite perch,
As neat as a lady just starting for church,
With this song on her lips, "*He will not call again*
Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren.

BUILDING A FLOAT

BY ARTHUR B. WILCOX.

AT this season, when every one who owns a craft of any sort is painting and repairing his craft, boat-houses, and floats, a little suggestion in regard to the last may come in handy.

My chum and I own two canoes and a row-boat. Last year we built a boat-house, which exhausted our funds, and we were obliged to wait till this spring before we could consider the expense of making a float. Most floats are constructed of spars or logs, with a flooring on top.

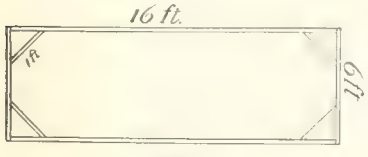


FIG. 1

As we were going to make the float ourselves, we wanted to find the easiest and cheapest way of doing so. The spars are costly, and, besides, are clumsy, and for a float the size we wanted they would have to be so large that we could not move them alone.

As we lived in the city we could not get logs, or, if we could,
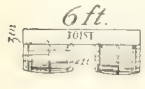


FIG. 2 (END VIEW).

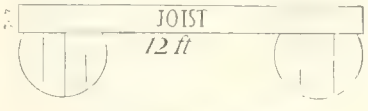


FIG. 2 (SIDE VIEW).

we should have had a big bill for carting. It was while we were painting the boat-house, one afternoon, that we saw an empty barrel go floating by. My chum said he had an idea that we could make a float, after all. We went to one of the grocery stores and got four new flour-barrels, with the heads, at a cost of twenty-five cents apiece.

We took them, two by two, over to the boat-house, and then went to a near-by lumber-yard and got three 2 by 3 sixteen-foot joists, which cost us fifty-five cents, and one hundred square feet of boards, such as are sold at twenty dollars a thousand. Some nails and our tools, and we were ready to begin work.

First we laid two barrels end to end about two feet apart; then about twelve feet from them we laid the other two in the same way. Then we took two of the joists and laid them on each side of the barrels on edge. Taking the other, we cut it in two pieces six feet long, which left a waste piece four feet in length. We then nailed the two sixteen-foot pieces and the two six-foot pieces together in the form of a rectangle, as in Fig. 1.

Then, having propped the barrels to keep them in place, we



FIG. 3

lifted this hollow rectangle on to them, so that it rested on their sides, as in Fig. 2. Cutting the four foot joist into four one-foot pieces, we utilized them as corner braces.

Next we fastened the barrels to the frame, and after painting them with a coat of thick paint to fill the cracks, we launched the craft. Then we covered the frame with the boards, laying them crosswise. A ring-bolt in each corner and a roller in the middle, and an old hose-pipe tacked around the edges, completed the float, as shown in Fig. 3.

The above, we found, was a most excellent float, and, above all, it was light, could be hauled out on the bank easily, or stored during the winter.

As it rose and fell with the tide there was no trouble in launching the boats at any time, whereas with a dock the pleasures of launching at low water are too well known to be described.

Below is a table of expenditures:

Barrels	at 25 cents	$1 00
Joists	" $20 per M.	55
Boards	" "	2 40
Nails	" 4 cents a pound.	20
Paint	" 20 cents a can	20
Rings	" 20 cents	80
	Total.	$5 15

THOUGHT IT WAS A PATENT ALARM.

A GREAT many very serious things in life have their humorous sides. It is not generally supposed that there is anything provocative of mirth in an earthquake, and yet out of these dreadful visitations have sometimes grown exceedingly ludicrous situations. Some time ago a certain Southern writer prepared and published a deliciously humorous article on the funny side of the Charleston earthquake, and previously there had been published several laughable anecdotes concerning similar visitations in other countries.

Possibly the best of all the earthquake stories is that told of a lady who was visiting Nice, on the Riviera, at the time of the earthquake in that vicinity six or seven years ago. It is vouched for as truthful, and has nothing in it which would seem to be wildly improbable. The French writer who tells it says that on the evening before the earthquake at Nice this lady had ordered the porter of the hotel at which she was staying to wake her before six o'clock the next morning, as she had some correspondence to finish in time for the early mail. But when morning came the porter and the rest of the servants had something else to think about, for the earthquake had done considerable damage to the hotel, and several of the apartments were so shaken that they might be expected to fall down at any moment. All the rooms were visited in succession, and among the rest that of the lady in question, who was found busy making ready for breakfast.

"Madame, you must have been greatly alarmed," said the waiter.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Why, we have had an earthquake!" cried the waiter.

"Indeed!" the lady replied. "I thought the shaking of the house was some new contrivance for rousing the visitors."



AT THE PICNIC.

ALICE. MARY. "Why, Frank, what's the matter? Are you ill?" FRANK. "I've eaten too much. I feel as if I should burst. I wish I hadn't eaten so much."

AHA, LOOK OVERHEARD IN THE PANTRY.

"PIES are very different from people," said the Jam. "If a [illegible] are locked up but pies are locked up because they are good."

"I THINK it's too bad," said the Sugar, "they put me in a cage to keep the flies from stealing me. I don't see why they don't put the naughty flies in the cage and let me go free."

"AREN'T you ill-natured sometimes?" asked the Milk of the Lard.

"Well, I'm a little tart most of the time," replied the Tartlet.

"I'M going to change my looks if I can," said the Powdered Sugar. "The cook mistook me for the Salt yesterday, and really we're as different as can be."

"ISN'T summer the hottest season?" asked the Gingersnap.

"No; I am," said the Red Pepper.

"DID you ever see a garden walk?" asked the Flour-barrel of the Plum-cake.

"No; but I've seen a cut-rose," replied the Cake.

"I THINK Jack likes us," said the Gingersnap to the Sponge-cake.

"I'm afraid he does," said the Sponge-cake. "We might live longer if he didn't."

"WHAT are you good for?" asked the Orange of the Lemon.

"I'm a great aid to some people," said the Lemon.

"Whom, for instance?" sneered the Orange.

"Those who like lemonade," said the Lemon.

"You and I are a great combination, eh?" said the Butter to the Bread.

"Only one better," put in the Molasses.

"What's that?" asked the Butter.

"Me and Bread," said the Molasses.

A GOOD IDEA.

"GOING to the World's Fair during vacation, Rob?"

"No; but papa's going to take me in the fall after school has commenced, so I can have all my vacation to myself."

A CATASTROPHE.

MAN. "You poor child seems to be crying bitterly."

ETHEL. "Yes, poor dear; she had a terrible adventure with a cat, and lost two ounces of [illegible]."

A NEW IDEA.

[illegible] the tree cut there grow much [illegible] MARTHA. "Perhaps it's the nature of the garden," they'll [illegible] to be pears."

A QUESTION.

WILL THE TIME EVER COME —
If that e'er comes to pass—
I wonder if then
Aren't they 'speaks of grass'?

HIS ONLY HOPE.

"Do you expect to get a prize at Commencement, Frank?"

"No, sir, not unless all the other boys in the class stay away that day."

AN ASSISTANT.

PAPA. "Goodness me, Tom, what do you want with a dog?"

TOM. "I want to teach him to run errands to the grocery store for me."

ETERNAL.

LOVE has no end: I love Mamma,
She loves my Father I have found.
My Father loves me; so love goes
Just round and round, and round and round.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"WHAT class are you in at school, Mark?"

"Well, next year I'll be in the one ahead of the lowest."

THE REASON.

"I KNOW why birds build nests," cried May, triumphantly.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"'Cause they can't build houses," was the answer.

A QUEER THING TO DO.

WHAT do you s'pose I did to-day?
What do you really think?
I took my little thumb, this way,
And spilled it in the ink!



NO HARM DONE.

[illegible] three times [illegible] school [illegible]
[illegible] but it's naughty as we can be.

We shouldn't be [illegible] on our hands and [illegible]
But [illegible] ink, the girl cries, so it's no use to do

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

RODKIN'S LAST FIGHT.

BY JAMES MOTT HALLOWELL

Part II.

THE plan arranged was this. Rodkin should row up the river to Stony Point, taking with him only one other person to row the boat; and some one mentioned the name of the boy whose sister Rodkin knew, and whom Murphy had thrown into the river. These two should row up to Stony Point, and if the champion of that place was still spoiling to thrash a Harvard man, Rodkin would give him ample opportunity to satisfy himself. The rest of us could leave the boat-house just an hour and a half later; and we would find either Rodkin triumphantly holding the fort, or Mr. William Murphy holding high carnival of victory over his dead body.

We all wanted to see the fight, of course, but Rodkin refused to allow us to accompany him. He said he was not going to make a public exhibition of himself; if any of us cared to try it ourselves in our own way, we could do so.



Then some one suggested that Rodkin could not get

fair play. "Why," said he, "Murphy always has a [illegible] mask over his face now when he comes he will have much trouble. His nose has just been broken [illegible] the rock. First [illegible] and I suppose he thinks it's safe to use a mask to protect it."

"I will wear a mask also," said Rodkin.

"But suppose that crowd of toughs comes in to take a hand; you can't beat a whole crowd."

"Yes, I can," said Rodkin; "a baseball bat is a very good weapon to use in a crowd."

So we let Rodkin have his way.

In a few moments Rodkin left the room. "Fellows," said the friend, "in thinking it over, maybe I made a little slip in one of my stories. I don't think that Murphy said anything about that small boy's mother; and as for his sister Murphy did not even know that he had a sister; so he couldn't have said anything about her, either."

"What difference does that make?" remarked some one.

"I didn't say it made any, did I?" replied Rodkin's friend.

"I suppose we ought to give Murphy his due," said another.

"He'll get his due fast enough when he meets Rodkin."

The time fixed for the combat was Sunday afternoon. Rodkin was in training for the nine, and had to practise every other afternoon; besides, this was the only day on which we could leave without cutting our lectures.

We all gathered upon the float ready to give our champion a hearty send-off, and we took great care to see that he had his wire catcher's mask and several baseball bats. "I want four or five bats," said Rodkin, "so if they try any funny business with me I can have a relay of ammunition." Then some one tossed into the boat a rubber chest protector such as the catcher on the nine wore. "It might be useful," he said, "as no one knows what dirty tricks those toughs will be up to. I advise you to wear it, Rodkin; and if you want them, I have right here in my locker a pair of football shin pads; they are the best things in the world for a rough-and-tumble scrap."

"I'll take the chest protector; the small boy can wear it if I don't, and if any stones begin to fly, it may be useful; but I guess we don't care for the shin pads."

So we shoved the boat out into the river, and gave a hearty cheer as she headed up stream; the small boy whose sister Rodkin knew was rowing, while Rodkin sat in the stern with a bat lying across his knees; he appeared very much at his ease, and was less excited than any of us who were left standing on the float; and very soon they were out of sight behind a bend in the river.

By the time the boat reached Stony Point, Rodkin had ended a long talk with the boy whose sister he knew, and had found out several things about Mr. William Murphy which he had not known before. And he had given the boy careful instructions just what was to be done while the fight was in progress. Rodkin proposed to land by himself, and leave the small boy in the boat; if any one attacked her, he should pull out into the middle of the stream; and though Rodkin thought that one bat would be enough for himself, yet in case he should need another, the boy was to land as quickly as possible, club his way through the crowd and try to reach Rodkin's side.

When they reached Stony Point, only a few small boys were in sight. No boats from down the river had landed at Stony Point for a long time, so the new-comers were eyed with much curiosity. And when at last the small boys realized that these were two Harvard men who were daring enough not only to row up to Stony Point, but even to land there, they all ran off with a shout to tell the news to Mr. William Murphy; and very soon the latter made his appearance, his iron mask over his face, and followed by a rapidly increasing crowd of admirers.

By this time Rodkin had landed, shoving the boat out into the stream, and had clambered up on to the rock, where he awaited the approach of his opponent. He had not fastened his mask over his face, but carried it swinging at his belt, while in one hand he held a long bat made out of a stout piece of ash.

The crowd from Stony Point halted at a short distance from the rock, and apparently some of them were consulting what was best to be done. This man standing alone on the rock and carelessly swinging a stout club in his hand was a very unexpected sight: they could not understand it. But their champion quickly settled all their doubts: whoever or whatever he was, they could tell from his looks that he was one of "de Harvards"; also he had invaded Murphy's own special domain, and, worse than all, it was the very spot where Murphy had been knocked out the year before. Murphy's blood boiled at the recollection, and without waiting for more words he angrily bade the others to stay where they were, and then he advanced to where Rodkin stood.

By the time he reached the spot, Rodkin had turned away and was looking up the river, just as if there were not a hundred men and boys behind who wanted to see him thrown into the river; and as if he did not know that Mr. William Murphy was advancing for this very purpose.

"Say, is you one of de Harvards?" were the first words that Rodkin heard. The Stony Point champion was standing close behind, and there was a very vicious look in his eye.

"I? Oh yes. I'm from Harvard," and Rodkin turned and looked his opponent squarely in the face; there was no sign of fear in Rodkin's look, and Mr. William Murphy was surprised in what he saw there. "And you, I suppose, are Mr. William Murphy," Rodkin continued with a pleasant smile. "I've heard of you very often, and hoped I should meet you some time; you have a great name down our way. It's a pleasant day, isn't it?"

The champion of Stony Point appeared very much taken aback at this reception; he had not expected it. He seemed undecided whether he should then and there hit Rodkin between the eyes; but as the latter turned away again and looked down the stream at the view, Mr. William Murphy decided to wait; he could not hit a man when he was not looking.

Then, much to his astonishment, Rodkin sat down on the rock, and let his legs hang over the edge, still with his back towards his antagonist.

"Say, do you know that I kin kick you into the middle of the river; and I'm goin' to do it. Don't give me any of your back talk."

"Yes, I haven't a doubt you could do it if you tried. I heard that you did it last year to a man I knew, and you scared him out of a year's growth. So don't try it on me, if you please. Take a cigar instead," and Rodkin handed one up to his companion. "I can't smoke myself, as I am in training."

Mr. William Murphy blinked as if he had been hit between the eyes; and for a moment he was quite dazed; if a referee of the fight had been present he would have scored "first blood" for Rodkin. Mr. William Murphy was a clever sparrer, but he had not yet learned how to counter a blow from a man who was not afraid, would not fight, and would not run away; it was something new. Just at that moment it must have occurred to him that "them dudes" always smoked the best tobacco, for he sat down on the rock by Rodkin's side and

took the proffered cigar. The referee who ought to have been present would have scored first knock-down for Rodkin.

"Yes," went on Rodkin, "I have heard that you can whip any man of your size in Massachusetts; that is the reason I wished to meet you. I wish I could do it myself."

"Yes, I kin lick 'em all," said Mr. Murphy, as he unstrapped his mask and took the light that Rodkin offered him.

By this time the crowd from behind had come forward to see what it all meant. There were the two fighters sitting side by side and chatting peacefully together, and Murphy was smoking a cigar the other had given him; and then the Harvard man stretched himself at full length on his back, as if he enjoyed the warmth of the sun and the companionship of Mr. William Murphy more than anything else in the world.

"Say, Murphy, ain't yer goin' to lick him?" squeaked a small boy.

"Shut up," said the champion.

"Where did you git your bat?" said Mr. William Murphy, after a pause.

"We were playing against the Bostons," said Rodkin. "I was catching, and we were one run ahead and it was the last inning. The Bostons had one man on base, and it was Kelly's turn to bat. 'Over the fence, boys,' he said, and the first ball that was pitched he knocked clean over the centre-field fence. When he crossed the home plate he picked up the bat and handed it to me. 'D' you see how it's done?' said he; 'keep this bat and do it yerself some time; maybe the bat will bring good luck; it's mine, and it's a dandy.' Yes, this is the same bat: I have used it ever since."

"What did you bring it down here for? I thought at first as you was goin' to club me with it." Rodkin's only reply was an easy laugh. "You're a good feller, you are," continued the representative of Stony Point; he felt as if the honor of entertaining the visitor had devolved upon him. You or I would have said, "I am delighted to see you," but Mr. William Murphy was more frank and less grammatical than we are allowed to be.

"I thought we might have a game of ball; it's a great day for a game, and down the river they won't let us play on Sunday. You see, as I told you, I am training with the nine, and I want all the practice I can get."

"Do you, though? I guess we kin give you all you want." Then, after a pause: "Say, is there many more like you down with de Harvards? I ain't seen 'em if there is."

"Oh yes, some," said Rodkin. Then he called to the boy in the boat, "Bring up the relay of ammunition." The boat was pulled to the shore, and the boy came up the rock with four bats and the chest protector. Rodkin then put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a ball, and then from another pocket was extracted a pair of catcher's gloves. "You see," said Rodkin, with another pleasant smile, "as you are to supply the grounds, I thought it would be only fair for me to supply the rest."

"Ain't you got any friends as would like to play?"

"Oh yes, he will," pointing to the boy; "the rest are coming along a little later."

"Come on, then. I'll pitch for you. You and I kin lick the crowd, we kin."

"Let's choose sides," said Rodkin.

"All right; let's choose sides," said Mr. William Murphy.

An hour later four boats filled with men approached Stony Point; the men in the boats seemed to be looking for something. First they all looked at the top of the rock, but what they were seeking was not there. Then their attention was attracted by a crowd playing ball in a field just beyond.

"That's Rodkin catching," said one.

"No, it isn't!"

"Yes, it is, though!"

Then they heard the loud voice of Mr. William Murphy, "Elevin to sevin in favor of de Harvards," and then they heard Rodkin's voice: "Here are the others! Let's choose sides over again! Murphy, tell 'em to hurry up, will you?" And Mr. William Murphy came down to the shore to welcome the visitors.

"Fellows," said the friend, "I have lived in vain. That little rat must have told Rodkin that Murphy didn't say anything about his sister. For I know that Rodkin would have thrashed Murphy within an inch of his life."

"Maybe he has thrashed him," said another.

"Maybe he will thrash you," said a third.

"Maybe he will," said the friend.

In Rodkin's room at Cambridge there are a great many curiosities. There is a black and orange football cap, of which Rodkin is very proud. He says that the best player that ever played football gave it to him as a present; a man named Cowan used to wear it. Then there is a string of grizzly-bear's teeth, and the skin of the bear which Rodkin himself shot. There are also a great many silver cups of all sizes. But over the centre of the mantel-piece is an old rusty, battered catcher's mask, and people always ask if it has a history. "Yes," says Rodkin, "it belonged to a man whom I once knocked out with a baseball bat. It was a terrible fight!"

LEARNING TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

IS it easy? Yes, for nine out of every ten boys. Is it dangerous? No, not on any good "safety" bicycle. Can I learn alone? Yes, you can, but it is best not to try. It matters little whether your helper knows how to ride or not, so long as he is fairly muscular, and you know the general principles of balance.

First of all, try to find a smooth surface where you will have ample room for the broad curves and wild dashes which you are pretty sure to make at first. Then get well in mind this one principle: Always turn the wheel in the direction of the fall. That is, if you find yourself tipping over toward the right, draw the right handle-bar toward you; if to the left, draw the left handle-bar toward you. This is the one great rule in bicycle-riding. Of course you will need confidence. But don't be at all afraid, for at any moment you can slow the machine down and fall to either side, landing on one foot in an erect position.

Now get your helper to stand at the side of the wheel to which the step is fastened, and hold the machine firmly by the handle and perch. Take hold of both handles, and place your left foot on the step. Swing the right leg forward, rising at the same time slowly into the saddle, getting your foot on to the right pedal at once. Then find the left pedal with the other foot, and let your helper wheel you about for five minutes or so. Sit perfectly erect, look well ahead, and try repeatedly how quickly and easily a very slight turn of the front wheel will regain any lost balance. You will be inclined at first to turn the wheel violently, but that is quite unnecessary, and you will soon learn how to regulate that. Only a slight turn is needed.

When you feel somewhat at home in the saddle let your helper walk at your side, releasing his hold on the bicycle for a moment at a time whenever he chooses. After you can ride steadily for a moment or two without aid, have your helper keep behind you, out of sight, and do your best to ride quite alone. Many a learner has been able to do this within the first hour's practice.

In mounting unaided get a little start, put your left foot on the step, give two or three pushes with your right foot, and then rise slowly into the saddle. The pedal mount and vaulting into the saddle may be learned later.

The simplest dismount is by the pedal. Throw your weight on the handle-bars and on one pedal as it moves forward and down, and at the same time swing the opposite leg around back of the saddle, and come to the ground on both feet.

So much for the first steps. Confidence, patience, quickness of eye and hand, and a knowledge of the one rule of balance given above make up a first-rate outfit. Only one thing more—a good bicycle.

EDWIN BOOTH

On the night of November 13, 1833, a group of wondering negroes huddled together before the cabin of a Maryland farmer. Inscrutable as ever, the race stood and gazed at the sky, and to their superstitious minds the meteoric display of lights was a portent. Then it was whispered about that a baby boy had been born at "the master's" house, near by, and the blacks allayed their fears and concluded that the celestial fireworks did not, after all, foreclose them any harm, but meant that the new-comer would grow to manhood guided by a lucky star, and that he would see ghosts all his days. The baby was Edwin Booth, who died June 7, 1893, and he so far justified the prophecies of the negroes that he became unquestionably the most famous and most accomplished tragedian of his time in this country.

His father, Junius Brutus Booth, was a tragedian too, and a man of very great but erratic genius. Many strange stories are told of his eccentricities, which often seemed to be almost the outbreak of a lurking insanity. Thus at one time when he did not appear at a theatre, where a large audience had gathered especially to honor him, he was sought for, and found working with the firemen at a fire. At another time he jumped overboard from a vessel, at a spot where a dear friend had committed suicide, and when he was rescued he cried out, "Be careful, or you will upset the boat and drown us all." His friends had to interfere at Washington once to prevent him from becoming a light-house keeper, but he



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, FATHER OF EDWIN BOOTH.

finally gratified his desire for seclusion by buying a farm in Maryland.

In this secluded spot, and in a little plastered and whitewashed log cabin, Edwin Booth's childhood was passed. He was the seventh of ten children, and was not by any means thought the bright one of his family. In fact, some things he has said and written in later years indicate that he used to think that his livelier brothers and sisters were better liked by his parents than was he. But, if he was slow and bright, he was certainly steadily [illegible]. His father's peculiarities made it very desirable that some one should accompany him upon his journeyings as an actor, and restrain him so far as possible, and this task early fell to Edwin. His school-days were therefore few, nor were such educational advantages as he did enjoy of the best.

Edwin played his first part at the Boston Museum, September 10, 1849, when he spoke a few words as the messenger Trenel, in *Richard III.* The father seemingly took no interest in the performance, so full of importance to the boy, though Edwin learned afterward that he had in reality watched him closely from a secure hiding-place. Occasionally thereafter Edwin was permitted to act, and in February, 1851, his father gave him his first great opportunity.

Junius Booth was a very famous actor of Richard III., and was announced to play that part at the National Theatre in Chatham Street, New York. Mr. Laurence Hutton, the long time dear friend of Edwin Booth, says, in an interesting article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, from which many of the facts of this paper are taken, that almost at the hour the performance was to begin the elder Booth declared that he would not play. Edwin pleaded in vain, and the father finally exclaimed, petulantly, "Go and play it yourself!" The son went to the theatre, put on his father's clothes, which hung upon him like bags, and stepped upon the stage. The audience began to applaud, and then stopped short in surprise and disgust at the strange and unexpected spectacle. But Edwin aroused their interest, and finally their hearty approval of his acting. His father secretly watched that performance also, but when Edwin returned to the hotel he looked as if he had not changed his position throughout the evening, and his only reference to the boy's attempt was a brusque question as to how he had succeeded. That was hard treatment to bear; but perhaps it was the truest kindness, because, as Edwin said afterward, "it compelled me to exercise my callow wits; it made me think."

The next year, in 1852, began a period of great trial for the young actor. The father and Edwin and his elder brother, Junius Brutus, Jun., went on the latter's solicitation to California, then little more than a mining camp. Great profit was looked for, but they found business there sadly depressed, and after playing a few weeks the father started for home, after advising Edwin to remain in the new country and fully test his powers. They never met again, nor was the father destined to reach his home. He died suddenly and alone on a Mississippi steamboat.

The news, when it reached Edwin, coming to him when he was suffering the sorest hardships, almost drove him to madness. He had been and was for some time to come doomed to be subject to some of the severest possible experiences of poverty. Travelling from camp to camp, he was often penniless, often hungry, and sometimes even in danger of starvation. Thus at one time he was shut in among the hills by a great snow-storm. With some sturdy miners, who preferred to face death pluckily to awaiting it idly, he struggled on foot through the snow for two days and a night, and reached a secure refuge only after untold misery. At a later period, when travelling through the mountain district, it happened that nearly every town he visited took fire soon after his departure. People thereupon began to call Mr. Booth "the fiery star"; the mountaineers thought that he brought them ill luck, and travel became so dangerous for him that he was forced to leave his company and fly from that part of the country.

During his California career he made a brief trip to Australia and the Sandwich Islands, and he used after-

wards to tell many funny stories about the latter place. He could not get anybody there to post his bills. The natives, he found, could not resist the temptation to eat up all the paste. So, as Mr. Booth's company felt too proud to do such work, he did it himself, and late at night, after the theatre, Hamlet or Richard III. might often have been seen busily employed as a bill-poster.

But this long term of trial was of inestimable benefit to him, as adversity always is to those who rightly endure it. Playing innumerable parts in tragedy, comedy, burlesque, and farce, he soon gained the measure of his own powers, and the time finally came when California delighted to honor him. Then he wisely determined to return to the East, and he came home in 1856 richer in everything except money.

A hearty welcome awaited him here. Year after year he travelled throughout the eastern half of the country, his fame steadily growing as his powers ripened, and as he restricted himself more and more closely to the tragic characters of Shakespearian drama.

Mr. Booth was certainly fortunate in coming to the stage at a time when public taste was changing, although he himself did much to change it. Those who read the orations of our great statesmen of forty and fifty years ago, like Daniel Webster, will notice that they are sonorous, stately, and massive, and that to give them effect they must be spoken with a dignity very unlike the manner of every-day life. Now our most eloquent orators aim to be more simple and less pompous in the form of their sentences and in their manner. So our actors used to pay the closest attention to elocution. They tried to make an emotion clearly understood by exaggerating it. They often reserved their strength for such moments so as to make the contrast greater, and people judged them by the amount of passion which they could throw into such scenes as King Richard's last fight, or by the oratorical delivery of such speeches as Hamlet's "To be or not to be," or Marc Anthony's "Friends, Romans, countrymen." Now the desire is that a player should act and speak on the stage exactly as one would in similar circumstances in real life. That is what is called the natural method.

Mr. Booth combined both manners. He was a sort of connecting link between the past and the present. He never made the mistake of speaking poetry as if it were prose, nor of making a romantic character commonplace. He paid much attention to elocution, but his manner was always simple, and poetry took on new beauties because of his sweetness, grace, and courtly dignity. He was the personification of these qualities upon the stage; his figure was lithe and slender, his voice melodious, and his face beautiful to look upon, with great mournful eyes like his father's, which seemed capable of flashing forth every emotion.

Those great sad eyes well revealed Mr. Booth's own nature. He was a kindly, tender, and generous man, and modest, as really great men always are.

But he was a sad-hearted man. His life, too, was full of tragedies. His boyish experiences with his father made him thoughtful beyond his years, and deepened his natural melancholy. Then his heart was almost broken by the early loss of the beautiful young wife whom he dearly loved. Later his brilliant young brother nearly wrecked his life by the mad act of the assassination of President Lincoln, and Edwin Booth probably never again would have appeared on the stage after that tragedy had he not been forced to it by pecuniary necessity. Then when he had labored hard to realize his life ambition for a beautiful theatre of his own in New York, he lost every cent of money he had in the world, and was forced to begin the struggle all over again.

He triumphed in the end, and so does every man who, with pure heart and clean hands, sets himself faithfully and courageously to accomplish a noble task. This indeed is the lesson of Edwin Booth's life. No obstacle, however insurmountable it may seem, can successfully or long oppose a determined and honest spirit. It is not every one who is called upon to fight as Mr. Booth fought against circumstances and against self, but the reward is well worth the struggle, for his fellow-citizens revere and love the memory of Edwin Booth no more for his splendid powers than for the gentleness and patience with which he endured and suffered, and the sturdy valor with which he fought against difficulties.



EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET

LILIO.

BY NANNIE CAMM SUTTON.

OF all the musty little shops in the crooked Rue St. A—— old Himrul's is perhaps the most so, yet it was before this shop that an open carriage suddenly stopped one summer morning, and the foreign-looking gentleman who got out entered Himrul's dusty doorway. Inside the shop he paused before an odd jumble of curious things—cobwebby little marble statuettes, bits of quaint-shaped porcelain, queer old musical instruments, and here and there a gilt canary cage swinging above.

From the midst of this medley the sound of a clear sweet violin rose, and floated past the gentleman through the shop to the street. In fact, it was just that which had brought the gentleman to stop his carriage here.

"What would monsieur be pleased to have?" inquired Himrul.

"I heard some one playing a violin in here," said the gentleman; "it seemed a sweet-toned instrument, and seeing those others in your window there, I thought perhaps it might be for sale. Is it so?"

"Oh, certainly; there were some fine instruments here, and great bargains. This that monsieur had done him the honor to admire was a genuine Stradivarius."

Monsieur cut him short. "Ay, but just bring out whoever is playing back there, and let me hear a little more of it; my own ears are all the recommendation I care for!" Himrul bowed low. "Here, Lilio, bring the violin in here!"

"My grandson, monsieur," he said as the boy entered, "is better to buy every violin that comes into the shop than to earn a day's wages at selling; no turn for business whatever—and that's bad for a boy, very bad, as I've told him, however well he may play the violin."

But the boy's dark eyes beat dreamily on the violin and scarcely seemed to hear. He was a slight, thin-featured stripling, with a mass of jetty hair curling like a girl's around his neck, which, together with his sweeping black brows, made him seem paler than possibly he was.

The gentleman took off his glasses and cleaned his eyes. "Your grandson?" he repeated, glancing from the old to Himrul. They certainly did not resemble one another.

"My daughter's child, Lilio Marelli, monsieur," said Himrul. "As monsieur sees, his violin is of the oldest, most seasoned wood."

"Nay, I care nothing for the age of the wood," said monsieur, waving the instrument back. "If it were made yesterday and sounded to suit me, it would be all the same—or even if my eyesight were better, I know nothing of a violin by its looks; I have never handled one. But my ear is true, and I know well enough if it screeches or sings, and I thought of surprising my little [illegible] when I go back to Leipsic." The boy flashed a pleased look at monsieur. "She is to begin practice this autumn, and I should like her to have an instrument of this tone. Be good enough to play something else, my lad."

Himrul handed Lilio the violin, and he obeyed. A soft, haunting strain sweetened the air of the little shop; the stranger put on his glasses and stroked his beard, smiling:

"Ah, yes! I have heard that before; it is one of my brother's pieces; and it proves your violin a good one, for the tone is very like his, and that is excellent. The price, then, is what?"

Himrul, with a shrewd glance at his would-be purchaser, fixed a good one. Monsieur took out his check book and paid it unhesitatingly, requesting that the violin be cased and taken to the carriage.

But where was the case? Among such a huddle of things it was possible to lose almost anything. Lilio, with a regretful look at the violin, roused himself to search about.

"But it was here half an hour ago, grandfather!" he said, wonderingly.

"Ah! maybe so, maybe not; who knows? You are dreaming most of the time, Lilio. There! you will break something, poking about so. Let be; I will find it!"

"Oh," said the gentleman, good-naturedly, "no need to hurry; just send it any time to-day — Hôtel R——, Room 20; I do not leave till night."

Himrul, rising from his hands and knees, dragged the missing case from behind a heap of miscellaneous merchandise by the counter.

"With many thanks, monsieur; but here it is!" And he put the violin he held inside of it.

Lilio stood at the door looking after the carriage as it was driven away. "Leipsic!" he murmured, "where *he* is! He that draws out a violin's soul at will! Oh, if he could teach me, I, too, should some day play as he! I know I should."

The carriage disappeared, and Lilio, sighing, turned into the shop again. His grandfather came in after him, chuckling and rubbing his hands together in a highly pleased manner.

"Ah, my dear Lilio, that was business! You have no eye to that, my son; a great pity; you might succeed me here and be worth something some day; but I'm afraid you'd never think of such a neat little arrangement as that now."

"But how?" said the boy. "If one wished to buy something of me I would tell him the price, and if we agreed it would be sold, as you sold the violin just now. It did not take very much knowledge of business for that, grandfather."

"Eh, but did it not?" returned his grandfather, with a look that puzzled Lilio. "To turn an ordinary, nice toned little fiddle into a rare Cremona, and that at an instant's notice, requires *quite* a business knowledge, I think, my son!" And Himrul laughed softly.

"Why—what do you mean?" faltered Lilio, aghast.

"You see the gentleman the real Stradivarius; it was that I was playing!"

"Ay, he bought the real article, there's no doubt about that; but it occurred to me—for I always keep an eye to business rules—that a man who knows no more of violins than whether they sing or screech could be just as happy with a nice little instrument that sings very prettily as with any other—oh, quite as happy! For a violin made yesterday, if it sounded to suit him, would be all the same to him as if it were old as the hills and of the most beautiful workmanship; you heard him, my dear! Hence observe my management: by putting a nice-singing little fiddle, lying just close to my hand, in the Cremona's case, I content monsieur and profit myself a clear fifty napoleons! A quick bargain, and both sides pleased; it takes a business head for that, Lilio!"

Lilio leaned against the counter stupefied.

"You did *that*, grandfather!" he gasped, and then, like a swift wave, there rushed over him the memory of his mother and their life together in Florence before she died. She was a poor little widow since he could remember, but they had been very happy together, and her greatest thought had always been to teach him what was right so far as she knew, and help him to keep to it. There were children all around them who thought it only a clever and fine thing to get the best of some one, any one, when they could; perhaps they had not had such a mother as his to tell them the wrong of it, for since he knew anything at all, he had heard her soft, "Do right, my Lilio, and grow like thy father." And now his own grandfather—his mother's father!—what had he done?

"Oh, don't be alarmed, Lilio," his grandfather was saying as he drew the real Cremona from behind the heap on the floor and placed it carefully in a box on the counter. "Don't be alarmed! Nobody will be the wiser; and if such a thing should happen as the gentleman's becoming so, he will post back here, when I will explain my little mistake and exchange the instruments. Tut! it is only that in searching for the case I laid down the Cremona, and in my hurry picked up the wrong violin! A million pardons, monsieur! here is your Stradivarius, which I had not noticed before!" And he bowed mockingly.

Lilio's eyes blazed like black coals; with a protesting gesture he stepped forward, but his voice trembled so that he could scarcely articulate.

"Grandfather! this it must not be! It must not! You must send the signor his violin quick! that he paid for; I will take it to him; you can exchange it now! Let it pass for a mistake now! He must have it!"

Himrul turned away with a shrug and a smile.

"Oh, Lilio, Lilio! You have a thing or two to learn, my son; you are a very greenhorn. Ah, bah! what a milksop for business!"

The boy had grown very white when Himrul told what had been done, but now his face flushed crimson. Catching up his cap, he went to the richly colored Stradivarius and lifted it from its cushions, and, as if it were some living, lovable thing, hugged it to him while he fronted Himrul.

"Grandfather, I will go to remedy your mistake." And he moved toward the door.

"You will?" said Himrul, stepping after him, his face darkening with sudden passion. "Could I not take it from you, boy? But never mind! Go, if you will, but *send* the fiddle back to me; I shall be done with you!"

Lilio trembled; what was to become of him? He had no money, no friends in France, if anywhere.

Clutching the violin, he sank back against the doorway; a shudder ran through him. For the first time in his life he knew the temptation to be dishonest! Opportunities had come to him often, but they had not tempted him so long as, even in the worst poverty at Florence, there had always been something to look forward to—his little earnings by street fiddling—which would put bread in the mouths of the dear little mother and himself, and *she* had always made a home for him, wherever the garret! But now he had no one if not his grandfather, and nothing! Not even the strength to labor. What but starvation lay before him if he crossed the will of Himrul?

Lilio lifted his eyes and saw Himrul's anger-distorted face and frowning brows bent upon him.

"*Do right, my Lilio, and grow like thy father.*"

His soul heard the words as plainly as though they had been spoken; the voice of them was like a delivering angel's

The boy raised his head and suddenly whitened again. "I will go, grandfather." And clasping the violin he passed into the street.



CLASPING THE VIOLIN HE PASSED INTO THE STREET.

A rap on the door of No. 20, Hôtel R——.

"To see monsieur," explains the servant to the gentleman within, as he ushers in a boy.

"Eh?" says the gentleman, turning his blue glasses upon Lilio; "the young violinist? Come in—Marelli, is it? No matter. And what brings you, Marelli? With another violin, too! Want to sell out your stock, eh?" And the gentleman smiled genially.

The boy flushed red and paled. "I am Lilio Marelli, signor. I have come to correct a—a mistake. My gr—The wrong violin was given you, signor, in—in the hurry. I bring you the Stradivarius." And he held it out.

"What!" cried the gentleman. "How is this? A mistake? I have not the violin I paid for?"

"No, signor. The violins—got exchanged in the haste. But I came as quick as I could with the right one. You will see the difference at once by comparing them. This is—oh, a violin for a king to play on, signor!" The boy's love of the instrument broke out in forgetful enthusiasm. "My grandfather" he winced "does not know the true worth of such an instrument as this. He rates them only by what he can get for them. He has no ear for music. But think, signor! If it speaks so soft for me, how heavenly sweet could it sound for one like Talmador Ovad!"

The gentleman started. "Talmador Ovad! And what do you know of him?"

"I heard him play once, in Florence," said Lilio, with luminous eyes, "and no one could forget that, for it was like the singing of seraphs. And after, I tried each day to play over all that he played. I remembered it all, I think every note of it; but to play it, that was another thing. I could get the tune well enough, but that was like only one voice, and his was all the angels singing together in a whisper sometimes."

The gentleman, looking at Lilio, did not speak. Perhaps the silence recalled the boy to himself.

"They said he was Hungarian, signor, though he lives in Leipsic. Perhaps you have had the happiness to hear him many times?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I have heard him many times."

"Ah! And you may even know him, signor?"

"Well, yes," answered the gentleman, stroking his full beard. "I have met him."

"Some day—" began Lilio, animatedly, and stopped. With a sort of shiver he once more held out the violin. "Pardon, signor, I was forgetting. Will you please examine this, and give me the other violin?"

Instead of taking it, the gentleman removed his glasses and gazed at Lilio for a moment very steadily. Then he got up, and going to a table upon which his violin-case rested, he took out the violin within, and with it resumed his seat.

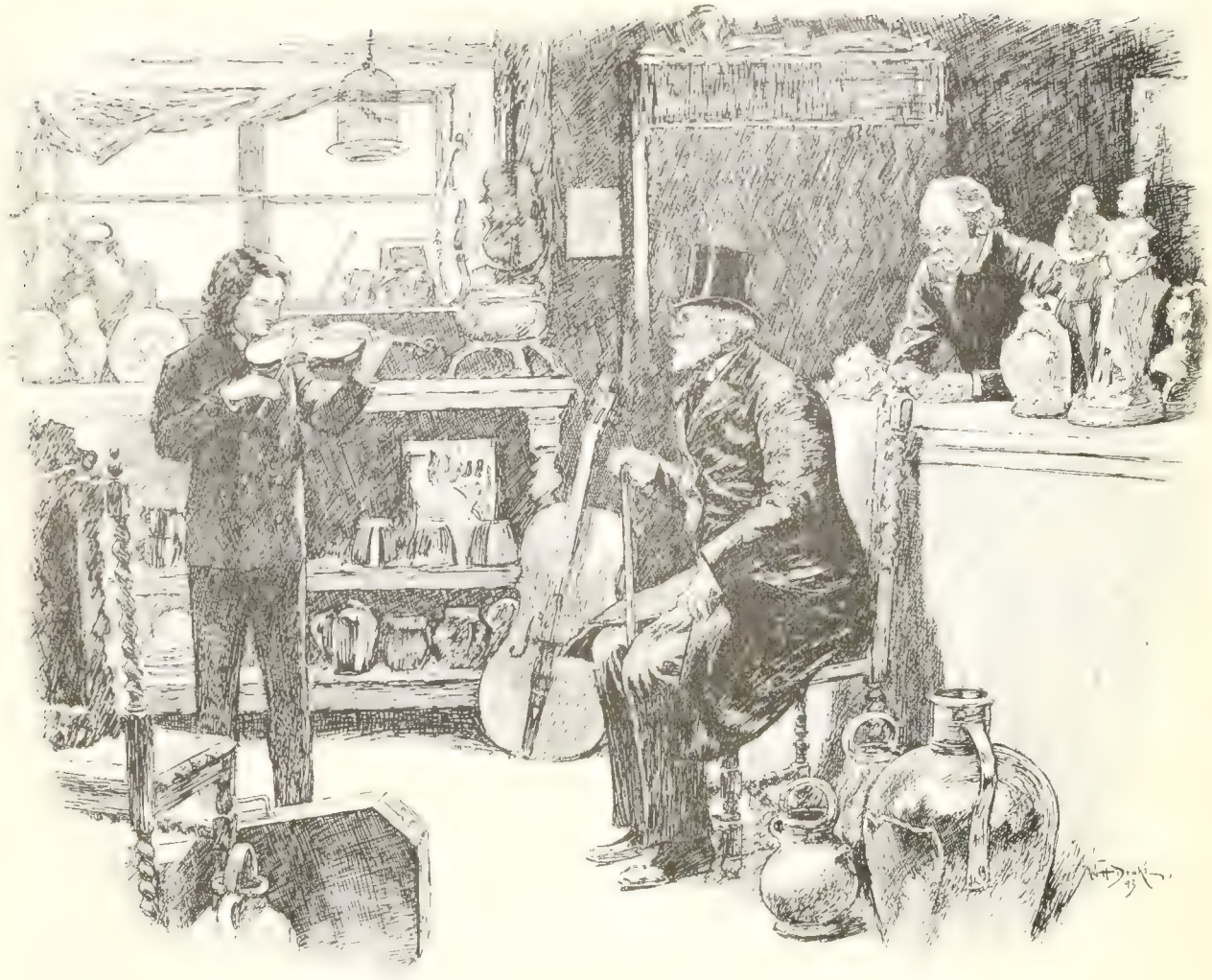
"Many persons," he said, quietly, "would think this 'mistake' altogether a hoax, Lilio Marelli, and would have both violins examined forthwith by a connoisseur. Especially as I told your grandfather and you that I knew nothing of violins except by tone. But I do know that there are faces beyond lying, and I believe yours is one of them. Moreover, I trust you for other reasons. But it is only natural I should seek in some way to confirm myself. As I have said, my ear is not readily deceived; it is a family acuteness for tone. Be good enough to let me hear this violin, then the other."

The boy, with a feverish desire for perfect fairness, did as he was bid.

"*Faugh!*" said the gentleman to the first. "*Ah!*" he exclaimed to the Cremona; adding, "you play well, my young violinist!"

Lilio handed him the Cremona and prepared to go. But stay! how was he to get his grandfather's violin back to him? *He* was forbidden to carry it! "Signor," he said, in embarrassment, "I do not go back to the shop to-day—or soon; if you would graciously be so good to have this left there for me. It—it would be a great kindness, signor; I do not know just when I could take it myself, nor whom I could leave it with—" He paused, coloring.

"Certainly," said the gentleman; "but not going back? You have found a better place, eh?"



A SOFT, HAUNTING STRAIN SWEETENED THE AIR OF THE LITTLE SHOP.

"No, signor."

"No? Off for a holiday?"

"No, signor; I—that is, I don't know."

"Upon my word," said the gentleman, laughing, "you're a funny fellow! But why so still-tongued? The grandfather is not really displeased at your fondness for violin-playing? He spoke of it. Come, I am rather interested in you, Lilio Marelli, and so I am curious to know why you are suddenly not to return to the shop. Tell me, have you displeased your grandfather?"

The boy could not withstand the kindness of that tone. "I—I am afraid so, signor," he faltered.

"And how? Tell me how, that I may try to remedy it."

For answer, a flame of color sweeping the boy's cheeks and brow, even his ears.

"Too much playing? So?"

"No, signor," low and protestingly.

"Ah, well! You do not wish me to know. Stay!" cried the gentleman, leaning forward, a new light in his eyes. "Was it any fault of yours? Had you done anything deserving of censure?"

Lilio shook his head despairingly, and turned to the door. "I must go, signor," he half whispered.

The gentleman rose hastily and laid a hand kindly on his shoulder: "Now I think I understand this thing!" he cried. "Do not go, Lilio Marelli; I am your friend, child. Trust me! You do not return because you have brought me the Stradivarius?"

And then the pent-up tears gushed quick through Lilio Marelli's fingers, that strove to hide his face.

"And you are not to go back at all? Answer me, my boy. Not at all?"

An almost inaudible "No, signor."

"Then I will tell you where you may go, if you will, Lilio. With me to Leipsic, to learn to play of Talmador Ovad!"

"Learn of the master, signor? But how could I do that?" Lilio Marelli forgot his tears and looked up with eyes like sunbeams in spring showers.

"Well," said the gentleman, smiling, "enough of mystery. Talmador Ovad is my very dear brother, and he will teach you, I promise, from the day you play to him his cradle-song as you played it in the shop this morning. To the rest, I will see. It is settled. You go with me to-night."

"Oh, eccellenza!" And then, being speechless, Lilio told the rest in passionate kisses on Signor Ovad's hand. "But—but my grandfather, eccellenza? You will not let harm come to him for this? He is so old—so very old! Graciously forgive him, signor; he did not take the violin from me, as he might have done. And perhaps he has not long to live; pardon, signor, because he is so old!" There was a tremor yet in Lilio's tone.

Melchior Ovad stroked his beard thoughtfully. "So old a rogue," he muttered, frowning; but meeting the boy's entreating eyes, he smiled, and made haste to answer: "As you will, Lilio—because he is so old."

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE sky was indeed all ablaze, and the clang of fire bells came to their ears as they hurried out, Annette aroused from her apathy, and Moira trembling in every limb and crying out that it was "the ind of the worruld."

"The woods are all on fire, and my Dave is there!" cried Annette, rushing out. Robin held her back.

"The fire has not reached the marsh yet, Annette, and the bog is so wet I don't think it can get there!" she said. "And just hear the bells! They are calling engines from everywhere; they will put it out."

"Who say my Dave is in the marsh? I have go all over it, every inch, over and over I have go, and he is not there; he is in the deep woods. He will be burned to death!" cried Annette, almost beside herself. But she did not try again to go down into the swamp. Poor Annette! her night of wandering and the long strain of suspense had worn her out utterly. She dropped down upon the door-step, and crouched there, her head covered with her shawl. Old Moira sat down too, and rocked to and fro, raising a banshee wail. One of the men who had been searching for Dave came running through the yard on his way home. Their wives and children and everything they had in the world might be in danger. All the men had gone home. They must help to extinguish the fire; that was their first duty, the man said.

Meanwhile the air was full of the clanging of fire-bells; the wind brought the sound from distant towns, and echoes came up from the marsh. The smoke was rolling towards them in dense waves.

"The fire is reaching the marsh, Jean. We must do something, or I shall go crazy!" whispered Robin.

"Every one has forgotten us!" whimpered Jean. "Dave and us too! This house will be on fire soon!" Soon a beating of horse's hoofs on the road was heard, and in the blaze, which made everything as clear as day, they could distinguish Duke Rawlins's white pony.

"Is it true that Dave Freneau is lost?—is down in the marsh?" he shouted. "My father heard of it from Carlsen. He has sent Nick Piper and Collins down there."

Nick Piper was a sportsman who knew all the marshes and woods in the vicinity.

"Cap'n Saul is there," said Robin, "but it is a large place, and there are the woods; no one knows how far he may have wandered. Will the fire reach the marsh?"

"God knows," said Duke, reverently. "There is the



THE BOY WAS LYING AGAINST A FELLED TREE

"The fire was set in the works, at the furnace end of [illegible]. They may try to say that it was a de[illegible] of [illegible], or they may try to say that the responsibility rests at the door of the strikers or of those who [illegible]. There are two opinions about that, of course, as there always is of any account. Fortunately the wind carried the flames towards the woods, so they will [illegible]. Half a dozen horses near the works have burned, and as many more have been half ruined by water. Of course there is a panic, and people are pitching their goods recklessly into the street. I saw Thanny Baker staggering under a load of pew cushions from the church, half a mile away from the fire!"

"It's just Thanny to help anyway," said Jean, stoutly defending her absent friend. "And I can't help thinking that Cap'n Saul will find Dave. The Bakers are so *dependable*."

"If we could only go! It is terrible to wait here," said Robin. "And to think that he may have been overcome not far away, or that the fire may be creeping upon us!"

"Sure it's creepin' upon oursilves, Miss Robin darlint, and of what use for an ould woman and childer to bide here?" said Moira, piteously. Moira was on her knees uttering pious ejaculations when she was not calling upon every one to witness that she had always known "the dhrickseiv ould Jack."

"You may go home if you like, Moira, you and Jean; perhaps you would better. The fire may make papa alarmed about us," said Robin. "I *couldn't* go."

But Moira steadfastly refused to desert Robin. "Sure it do be but a thrifle to have *I* roasted," she said, with somewhat bitter resignation.

"I *must* go down there!" said Duke, desperately. "A fellow can't always be thinking that one of his legs is shorter than the other, when he might save a fellow's life. But you—you're a girl."

"I sha'n't be in your way. I'm not—not just like other girls. I'm used to rough things," said Robin.

"Sure hersilf is a lady born and raired," muttered Moira, indignantly, "barrin' oursilves is come to the quarest place, wid nothing at all but sand and a dale iv fish, and wan as good as anither."

"You *are* the mate of the *Mary Ann*; you're not an ordinary girl," said Duke, ignoring Moira's mutterings. "The smoke may drive us back, but we'll try it."

"Oh, musha, musha, that iver we seen the Cape!" wailed Moira. "And Miss Robin wid her sinses gone intoirely; and it's niver in a sand hape that I thought to lay me ould bones."

"If you don't keep still, I'll go down into the marsh, too," said Jean, whose temper was tottering by reason of sleepiness and the strain on her nerves.

And Moira kept silence for a few minutes, watching Robin and Duke, as their figures, standing out clearly now, and now obscured as the firelight was hidden by smoke, were making their way down into the underbrush.

"Is it bit things loike ye that'll foind the b'y, whin the hunthers can't?" she called after them, scornfully. "The monkey is that wise ye'd think he'd bring home the foolicht b'y. Thim foreigners! Oursilves is kilt wid 'em!"

There was no fear of Annette's temper now, she seemed entirely oblivious of Moira's complaints.

"Jist to think of hersilf goin' down there in the night her lone, but for the lame b'y, and the loikes iv me sittin' here; but, the saints presarve us! me ould legs do be spint intoirely."

Robin and Duke made their way with but little more difficulty than if it were daylight until they were in the depths of the marsh. The heat of the fire was oppressive, and now and then a great cloud of smoke darkened the sky and made breathing difficult.

"He can't be here in the marsh; there is less tangle of underbrush than I thought; he would certainly have been found," said Duke, stopping short suddenly.

"Adam has a great fondness for tall trees," said Robin. "As long as one followed and tried to catch him he would go on. We used to turn back, and then he would follow us. But perhaps Dave didn't know that."

They had come to the edge of the bog, the "honeypot," which intervened between the marsh and the great stretch of woodland which extended for many miles down the Cape, fringing its sandy shore.

"Could he have crossed this bog?" said Duke, in perplexity.

"Yes, on the old road, around the edge. We drive over it sometimes," said Robin.

Duke looked at her and hesitated. A great cloud of smoke suddenly enveloped them in darkness.

"Oh, can't we go? It will flame up again as light as day," said Robin.

There was a great burst of flame even before the words were spoken, but it showed them such a curious sight that even the object of their search was for a moment forgotten. The bog was full of small rushing shapes; whirring wings struck Robin almost in the face.

"The wild creatures from the woods!" exclaimed Duke. "I have heard that they came out like that when there was a forest fire, but I never thought it could be such a sight as that! Look! look! there's a deer!"

Robin saw a wild rushing thing—like wind made into a shape, she afterwards explained to Jean—a beautiful, antlered head.

"I didn't really believe that there were still deer in those Deepmouth Woods, although I had heard people say so. That fellow must have come a long way. I'm afraid it's a sign that the fire is spreading down towards Deepmouth, though they started to fight it in that direction at the first alarm. How queer to have a fire-warden and to pay so much an hour for fighting fire!"

"Thanny is in that business by this time," said Robin, sagely.

"And half the strikers, if I know them," said Duke. "When once the instinct of thrift gets the upper hand, all is safe. They'll forget that they wanted to shoot the foreign workmen and hang Carlsen in their zeal to save the forests and get the fire money. They were only a few scamps who set the fire, you know."

"See, the wood is full of the animals! It is like the opening of Noah's Ark," said Robin. "Those were rabbits that scampered almost under my feet. And that was a creature whose tail was the most of him—it must have been a fox. And—oh, it's growing dark again!" Robin hung back a little. The darkness, with the scurrying shapes all around, was trying to one's nerves.

"The creatures are harmless; they're terror-stricken, poor things; all they want is to get out of the way. And the fire will flame up again—only too soon. But it seems to me that the bog may stop it, it is very wet. This that you call a road is wet, and the wind is not blowing so hard."

"We didn't see any of these wild things in the marsh," said Robin, jumping quickly aside as another creature, "whose tail was the most of him," rushed by. One might be the mate of the *Mary Ann* and a strong-minded housekeeper, and all that, without liking to have rabbits and foxes and all sorts of creatures, perhaps even wild-cats, scurrying by one in semi-darkness!

"They'll keep in the open; you won't catch any of them near anything that is like woods to-night," said Duke, wisely. "If the animals in the marsh haven't taken the alarm, they will soon."

"Hark! what a queer noise that one is making, and the others are so still," said Robin.

They were about midway along the old honey-pot road, which led to the woods, and the smoke was making a dense darkness about them.

"Listen a moment!" said Robin, for the queer noise had ceased, or been lost in mingling with the other strange noises of the night.

It rose again, a half-plaintive, half-angry little cry, with something like a human tone in it.

"It is—it surely is—a monkey!" cried Robin.

"And there can't be monkeys even in Deepmouth Woods!" said Duke.

"If it would only flame up! Of course I don't want the fire to last, but just once!" cried Robin. And then she called Adam, coaxingly, commandingly, threateningly; and from somewhere out of the darkness, with a suddenness which made her scream, on to her shoulder leaped Adam.

"Dave can't be far away. The monkey was fond of him; he wouldn't leave him! Oh, Adam, where is he, where is he?" cried Robin.

The monkey sprang from her shoulder. It was swampy land into which he darted, but both Duke and Robin plunged after him unhesitatingly.

"He's here! Dave is here!" cried Robin.

The boy was lying against a felled tree, and his face looked ghastly in the lurid light of the fire.

"Oh, I'm so thankful! If he had been only a little farther off!" Robin looked with a shudder towards the blazing woods, from which sometimes the fire seemed sweeping upon them with terrible speed.

"But how are we to carry him?" said Duke.

Robin, looking at him, was startled to see how white his own face was.

"How could I forget! It must have hurt you dreadfully to walk so far—over the rough ground and through the mire," she said.

"It hurts a fellow worst of all to have to cave in—not to be able to do what a girl can!" said Duke. "But that's foolish. I'm afraid I *am* about used up. If I could get Cap'n Saul or Nick Piper!"

He whistled again and again, but there was no response except from the echoes.

"Couldn't we make a chair?" suggested Robin, placing her hands after the old nursery fashion. "I am strong; you could let him lean to my side. Oh, I am very strong; you don't know what muscles I have, from rowing and sailing, and house-work, and all that!"

"If there were any one to lift him into the chair," said Duke, who had been trying in vain to arouse Dave to consciousness. "We must do something soon. We can't breathe here long."

He whistled again, whistled and shouted with might and main, with no more result than before.

"If the smoke grows any thicker we can't see our way at all," said Robin. "Can't we put our hands under him and lift him so?"

They succeeded in lifting him after several efforts. Dave was not heavy, but his height made him an unwieldy burden. If he had had sufficient consciousness to help himself it would have been comparatively easy, but he was limp and apparently almost lifeless, and the coldness of his hands made Robin shudder.

Adam added his small weight to the burden by perching upon Dave's shoulder, and utterly refusing to be driven away.

They staggered along under their burden until they had almost reached the marsh. It was less difficult to breathe now, and the walking would soon be comparatively easy. Robin's heart had begun to beat high with hope, when Duke suddenly lurched forward on to his knees, allowing Dave's form to sway over on to him, but not relinquishing his hold of Robin's wrists, by which the "chair" was formed.

"I couldn't do any other way. I knew that I was going, and I tried to save him. It isn't a sprain, you know; my leg just gave out, that's all. How it must hurt you to crouch like that! You'll have to just let him go—softly."

Robin endured the strained position for a moment or two longer, and then was forced to unclasp her hands. She wished that she had done it sooner for Duke's sake, for relieved of the burden of Dave's weight he fell forward half fainting.

"I shall be better, all right, you know, in a minute," he gasped. "It hurt, that's all."

Thoroughly frightened, Robin set up a cry that made the woods ring. There was an answering shout, oh, joy! not far away.

"Holler again, so's't I can tell jest where you be! Holler *lively!*" shouted the voice, Cap'n Saul's voice, the most delightful sound, thought Robin, that had ever greeted her ears.

"This way! This way! He's found, found!" she shouted.

Cap'n Saul came floundering straight through the bog, and not far behind him was Collins, Mr. Rawlins's coachman.

"Found! well, I should say you had found a pair on 'em!" exclaimed Cap'n Saul at sight of the motionless figures.

"There's nothing the matter with me," asserted Duke. "Not much—that is, only my leg gave out."

"If it ain't that slim young Rawlins fellow! How in the name of common-sense he 'n' a gal come to find what a whole gang of men couldn't beats me! But you see we was all so 'fraid of his gettin' burnt to death that we put straight for the woods. I expect now you come acrost him right here in the marsh. You never fetched him over the old road? Well, 'tain't no wonder that slim little feller's give out."

"I'm not slim, you know; I'm only lame," explained Duke, not without a touch of resentment.

"You ain't slim in your grit anyhow, nor nothin' like it," responded Cap'n Saul, heartily. "I declare if this feller 'ain't got a good strong pulse, though you wouldn't think he was hardly alive," he added, after an anxious examination of Dave. "I should like to know what happened to him. He couldn't have got lost so nigh home, 'pears to me, even if he is kinder lackin'. And the monkey stuck to him! Kinder cur'us, wa'n't it?"

"We might not have found him. We shouldn't have thought of looking in that place if it hadn't been for Adam," said Robin. "And he knew my voice; he wouldn't have come to every one."

"'Twa'n't a mite too soon, neither," said Cap'n Saul. "When I heard that whistle I was just thinkin' that nobody couldn't stay in them woods many minutes more. Piper he cleared out acrost the crick. Well, I always did say monkeys was unprofitable creturs, but—"

Cap'n Saul had gone on, with Dave in his strong arms, and his present opinion of monkeys was lost. Collins carried Duke, and Robin stumbled on behind, footsore and almost exhausted, but feeling herself in a triumphal procession.

The little waiting group was still waiting, although Jean was almost hysterical and Moira wailing.

"You needn't have been afraid; the fire can't cross that bog," said Cap'n Saul. "But them that's come up out of that old road has had a close call."

Annette seemed almost senseless, but she screamed at sight of Dave. Nothing would persuade her that he was not dead.

After vainly trying to carry Duke home on horseback, the strained position causing him unendurable pain, Col-

[illegible] off post haste in search of the doctor and of a consequence for Dave.

It was long before the doctor came, but under Cap'n Sears's skilful manipulations and Morgan's untiring heat [illegible] of hands and blankets Dave was restored to consciousness.

It was daylight before he opened his eyes, a daylight obscured by a pall of smoke which the sun's rays could scarcely pierce.

"Look out for the bottles, Ken. Don't go to throwing things into the cabin. That's precious stuff, you know," he cried.

"He thinks he is on board the *Scud*—just before he was hurt. He remembers!" cried Ken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOY'S PROSPECTS IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

If a boy wishes to enter the United States Navy there are two ways of setting about it. He can go either as an officer or as a common sailor; only there is this one thing to be remembered, that while any one entering the service as a boy or a common sailor may rise to be a warrant officer with good pay, he can never hope to tread the quarter-deck as a commissioned officer. If, on the other hand, he elects to go into the merchant service, it does not very much matter where or how he begins—hard work and merit will eventually take him to the top of the tree.

Boys of good character, who have no physical defect, and who can read and write fairly well, are admitted into the navy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years. Between fourteen and fifteen years a boy must measure 4 feet 9 inches in height, and weigh not less than 70 pounds; between fifteen and sixteen, 4 feet 11 inches, and 80 pounds; between sixteen and seventeen, 5 feet 1 inch, and 90 pounds, and between seventeen and eighteen, 5 feet 2 inches, and 100 pounds. They must serve till the age of twenty-one as boys and junior seamen, and after that age they rank as seamen or petty officers. They are now allowed a sum of $45 for outfit, a fact which considerably enhances the advantages of the service. To discover the exact number of petty officers on board a fully equipped ship is by no means an easy task; but, at all events, the number of these minor prizes is encouragingly large, while still higher up, as the final goal of the common sailor's aspirations, are the substantial berths of the four warrant-officers—held by the boatswain, the carpenter, the gunner, and the sailmaker—whose pay and privileges are the same as those of the junior officers.

And now as to the rates of pay: The pay of boys enlisted as third-class apprentices is $9 a month; the next promotion, to second-class apprentice, brings $10; the next, to first-class apprentice, $11 a month. Further on we have second-class seamen apprentices, with $19 a month, followed by first-class seamen apprentices, with $24 a month, these two grades corresponding respectively to ordinary seamen and able seamen, or simply seamen, whose pay is also $19 and $24 a month. It can thus be seen that a first-class seaman apprentice and an able seaman get each the respectable sum of $288 a year, which is $128 in excess of the highest sum paid to a first-class seaman in the British service, the only other navy in the world worth consideration on the score of pay and promotion. There is, besides, the daily ration of thirty cents, which runs through the ship from the apprentice to the commander, for, strange as it may appear to some people, Uncle Sam distributes just the same fare to the officers as to the apprentice, and that, too, only when on sea duty. There are no other allowances whatsoever made to the officers; they have to furnish all their own mess equipments and everything else.

Take, next, the boy's prospects of promotion in the United States Navy. An ordinary lad, who has health, energy, and fair talents to start with, has it in his power, by an industrious and persevering application of these qualities, to become some day a warrant-officer, wear a handsome uniform, and draw substantial pay and rations while visiting the four quarters of the globe in the service of his country, and, of course, fighting her battles if need should arise. The pay of a warrant-officer being the same as that of a lieutenant, we find that the reward to which an ambitious and capable boy may reasonably look forward to attaining in our navy is an income of from $1200 to $1900, with board and lodging. At the age of sixty-two years he can retire with a pension of three-fourths his current pay, just the same as a commissioned officer; that is to say, he can carry with him on his retirement a perpetual order on the Treasury for a sum of from $900 to $1425 a year, the lowest figure of which considerably beats the $750, which is the utmost limit of the British warrant officer's pension. It may be stated in passing, however, that the Englishman has one great advantage, viz., that he can carry away his $750 when he is not more than forty years old.

A seaman's privileges are considerable. He is discharged at the end of every three years, and each first-class continuous service certificate entitles him to $1 a month of good conduct pay, and three months' leave on full pay, on condition that he re-enlists within three months. A boy has almost unlimited daily liberty, and while in port, if his home is near, he can stay away there from Saturday to Monday, provided he is not in debt. In addition to this, frequent short furloughs of from two to six days are given to enable boys and men to visit distant relatives, and always on full pay. Finally, there are all those chances of promotion and pension above described to encourage the young sailor to lead a steady, industrious, and orderly life; and even if he does not attain to warrant rank, there is still the intermediate grade of the petty officer, who receives from $27 to $70 a month, and can retire with a pension after thirty years' service.

There are many worse things that a young lad of spirit might do than become one of Uncle Sam's sailor boys. In the merchant service, though a man be captain of the finest clipper, or even of a steamship, if he falls sick, or is compelled by any circumstance to retire, he has nothing whatever to fall back upon but the traditionary midshipman's half-pay of "nothing a year and find yourself." Nor is there any comparison between the handships of men-of-war's men and of merchant sailors, for the number of a man-of-war's crew, which is proportioned to the guns to be fought, and not to handling and reefing, makes all the work of the seaman light. Therefore, looking at all sides of the question, it would seem that the navy offers to a poor boy with a distinct inclination for a sea-faring life overwhelming advantages over the merchant service.

CAMPING.

I.—LOCATION OF THE CAMP.

BY PHILIP A. FOWLER.

THE selection of a suitable spot in which to build a permanent camp is a matter of great importance, as its situation has much to do with determining the comfort and success of the camp. We should advise that a camp be located near some body of water, unless in a very wild region or existing for the special purpose of studying Nature in some of her many branches. The usefulness of the gun and rifle in camps nowadays is decidedly small; the responsibility of supplying the larder falling principally upon the rod, thus rendering the proximity of a lake not only an advantage but a necessity. There is also a constant need of water for washing and cooking purposes, and it would be a great inconvenience to carry water from any distance to meet these demands. And what would life in camp be without the morning plunge in the cool waters of the lake; or at close of day the moonlight paddle and song far out on its quiet bosom?

The success of a camp is not in proportion to the size of the lake. We passed three most enjoyable summers on the shores of a pond five miles long and half as wide. On a very large lake a high wind will blow up a sea which renders cruising in a light boat or canoe both difficult and dangerous. This extreme roughness lasts often for several days, and in such an event a party encamped on an island, unless provided with a stanch row-boat, would be temporarily shut off from all communication with the mainland. Again, the difficulty of locating and becoming familiar with good fishing-grounds or ledges in a large lake is very great, and must be experienced to be appreciated. This is a matter of great im-

portance to campers, who necessarily depend upon fishing to a considerable extent for pleasure and maintenance; and one may as well fish on dry land as cast his line at random in a fresh-water lake.

On the other hand, a large body of water has its advantages. The many islands and channels afford excellent opportunities for exploring expeditions, which are always acceptable features of camp life, while occasional visits to the towns and villages which border on many of our larger lakes tend to break the pleasant monotony of a total isolation from the outside world.



A PLEASANT AND ROOMY CAMP.

The desirability of camping near a town is often questioned. We advise pitching the tent at that end of the lake farthest from the village. With the exception of necessary visits two or three times a week for mail and provisions, and on Sundays, campers have no business in town. They should rely upon their own resources for amusement, and all food outside of those staple articles which they cannot reasonably be expected to provide. It is essential, however, that the camp be situated but a few minutes' walk from some farm-house, in order that it may be furnished each day with fresh milk and eggs. The inclination to scoff at any introduction of home comforts into a camp, and the heroic determination to subsist on frogs' legs and condensed milk, are impracticable, and extremely prosy in the reality.

One cannot advise in the selection of a particular spot for a camp as in the choice of a rod or gun. Pick out some flat elevated spot free from dampness and in the immediate shores of the lake. If possible, pitch your tent in a grove of hemlocks or pines, for the dead branches are indispensable as fuel, while the green tips of hemlock twigs, when stuffed into old mattress tickings, make excellent beds. We do not recommend camping on an island, principally because there is no advantage in so doing. On rainy days the pull to and from the mainland is very disagreeable, while in case of illness or accident such a location might prove most unfortunate.

CRUISING.

One of the pleasantest and most profitable ways to camp out is to cruise the entire length of some attractive river. Since much of the pleasure in such a trip lies in the ever-changing scenery, the occasional visits to the towns and villages through which the river flows, and the preparation of the evening meal, it is not necessary to select a river noted for its wildness.

Our smaller rivers may be divided into two classes, the muddy and the sandy bottomed. There is a sort of a monotony about a river of the former class as it takes its winding course, almost hidden by immense marshes of sedge-grass. Here the boat-tailed blackbird builds his nest and the muskrat constructs his house well out of reach of the spring freshets. There is nothing to break this monotony except now and then a strip of woods or a muddy bank bristling with forked sticks left by some midnight pout-fisher. The current is sluggish, but extremely hard to paddle against. There are no rapids worth mentioning, but numerous rocks just showing above the surface of the water, and invariably covered with small turtles. There are only two redeeming features to such a river—its lilies and its fish.

In strong contrast to this class is the sandy river which rushes over a pebbly bottom often at a depth not exceeding a few feet, now flowing placidly along, on the one side a heavily wooded bank, on the other waving meadows extending back to the distant hills. Short sets of rapids are numerous, not heavy or rough, for the water scarce reaches one's waist, but with just that spice of danger which renders running them exciting. As the river widens and the current lessens, announcing the approach of a dam, pickerel and perch may be taken out with a spoon-hook.

If possible, select a river that takes its rise in a large lake or flows into another river. Thus one may start within a few miles of home, and after a river cruise of ten days go into permanent camp one hundred miles away. For example, we started within fifteen miles of Worcester, Massachusetts, and after a one-hundred-and-ten-mile paddle on the Nashua and Merrimac rivers, went into camp on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire.

The picking out of a suitable place in which to pass the night while on a river cruise is a matter of considerable importance, since much of the real camp life is included in the preparation of the evening meal and camp for the night. This selection should not be delayed too long, lest you find yourselves, with twilight fast coming on, hurriedly paddling along, looking eagerly for any place where you may haul out your canoes for the night. Often during the afternoon you will pass an attractive spot or deserted building on the shores of the river; then, if the day be not too early, stop and make your camp. Time is not so valuable to the canoeist but that two or

three boats can be arranged for a comfortable camp at night.

If you intend to sleep in the boats, open a sufficient number of cans to last you for the night, as it would be rather bad for the provisions to open them in the morning. Better open them the night before, for there would be less danger of disturbance from mosquitoes. Place the canoes in a quadrangle and prop them up with stakes driven into the ground on the outside. It is often pleasant to build a camp fire in the space between the canoes, as its cheery blaze enables the campers to clear up the supper dishes and arrange everything for the night, besides dispelling any dampness in the immediate vicinity. Never sleep in your canoes on the water. Aside from any actual danger from overturning and dampness, there are no advantages in such a proceeding. You can always find some sort of a place where you can pull out your boats; or it would be better to take a blanket and sleep on the bare ground.

Perhaps a few words in regard to running rapids will be a fitting close to this article. In running down a set of rapids bear in mind that unless you move more rapidly than the current you can have no control over your craft. Kneel down in your canoe, and having determined your course, which will naturally be in the channel or quieter part of the river, enter the rapids at full speed. On striking a rock, unless you can instantly free yourself, jump into the river, or your canoe will swing broadside in the current and capsize. Always jump out above the canoe or it will sweep down upon you with unpleasant results. On encountering a long set of rapids while cruising up a river, where a "carry" is impossible, don your bathing-suit and prepare for the worst. The canoe should be fitted at both ends with strong ropes, by means of which a canoe can be controlled and directed up the rapids with remarkable ease. These cords are used either from the shore or in the river, and should be from six to eight feet long.

DICK'S BULL PUP

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

DICK was a proud and happy boy. An old friend of his father's had sent him a little bull-terrier pup only three weeks old. He was a grave and dignified little puppy, as he had a right to be, for he was the sole son and heir of a very distinguished family.

His father and mother were English, and had only been in this country a few years when he was born, but during these few years they had achieved a notable social success. His mother, Lady Rosemary, had been awarded many prizes and ribbons at the dog show; and as for Grabber, his father, he had come to look upon the first prize at all the bench shows as his by right, and only had to make his appearance in order to secure it.

Dick had named him the "Rajah of Dah," a fact which had depressed the puppy somewhat for a week or two, and caused him to think so much about the dignity of his title and position that not only his forehead but his queer little body became wrinkled, and it was only when his young master, finding the name rather long for every-day use, had rechristened him Flip, for short, that he began to show the joyousness and freedom from care that one naturally expects to find in a puppy of his age.

He soon showed powers of observation and discretion that were nothing short of remarkable for an animal of his tender years. On cold days he would fasten his sharp teeth in a footstool and drag it over to the register, which was in the wall at the side of the library, and jumping up on it, would turn his little wrinkled back to the heat and sit there with blinking eyes until he was thoroughly warmed through. When he was about three months old Dick thought it about time to take him in hand and instil in him the rudiments of a liberal education, so he began to teach him many things which he thought it indispensable for a well-bred dog to know, such as giving his paw, sitting up, and speaking for sugar.

Flip made rapid progress in these elementary studies, and when the weather grew warm enough for him to be out of doors without shivering, Dick took him out in the yard and commenced to teach him to retrieve. Dick had just thrown a rubber ball to the end of the yard, and was trying to persuade Flip to run after it and bring it back; but Flip showed a decided preference for the society of his young master, and seemed to think that it was much more fun to jump about and bark than to go to the other end of the yard for a paltry little rubber ball which did not interest him at all.

Just as Dick was about to box Flip's ears for his disobedience, he heard his uncle Arthur's voice calling him, and as Dick was very fond of his uncle Arthur, he ran to the house to meet him.

"Well, Chappie," said Uncle Arthur, "what have you been doing?"

"Oh, I've been trying to teach my bull pup to retrieve, and he won't do it!" answered Dick.

Uncle Arthur put on that curiously grave expression that had so often puzzled Dick, because he could never quite tell whether his uncle was talking seriously or in fun when he looked that way, and Dick had noticed that he wore the same expression whenever he referred to any of his remarkable adventures, which he would sometimes narrate for Dick's benefit.

"Oh, I wouldn't try to teach him to retrieve, if I were you!" said he. "Sometimes it is very inconvenient to have a dog that retrieves; I nearly lost my life by one once."

"How was that?" inquired Dick, ready for the story which he knew was coming.

"Why, when I was with a government surveying party in Alaska ten years ago, I had a fine cocker spaniel named Prince that I was very fond of and had taken along with me. Prince was devoted to me, and as a retriever he never had an equal. Why, that dog used to bring everything back. One day, after we had set out a lot of surveying stakes, we returned to camp tired out by the hard day's work. Prince was missing, but I supposed that he was running a rabbit or something, and so went to sleep without looking for him. In the morning you can imagine my surprise and dismay when I found in a neat pile in front of my tent all the stakes we had set out the day before. Prince had evidently thought that we had forgotten them, and had worked all night to bring them back one at a time and lay them before my tent. Of course we had the whole day's work to do over, and I had to impress upon Prince the fact that he must let surveyor's stakes severely alone, which he did after that.

"Well, after we had been camping out nearly a month we began to get rather tired of our camp diet, and, as one of the Indian guides suggested that he knew a lake only a short distance away where there were plenty of trout, I volunteered to go with him and bring back a catch which should be large enough to give the whole party a taste of fresh fish. When we got to the lake I put my rod together and made a cast, but with no success. For several hours I patiently tried every fly in my fly-book, but with no result. Then, as a last resort, we used bait, and even that failed to attract their attention. Evidently these fish were not hungry. There were plenty of them, for the calm water of the little lake was continually dimpling as they would come to the surface.

"To say that I was disappointed at my ill-luck is putting it mildly, but suddenly a happy thought struck me, and

I conceived a horrible scheme for obtaining a supply of these exasperating trout for our larder.

"In our outfit had been included several small dynamite bombs for use in blasting. One of these exploded in the lake would kill any quantity of trout, and Prince could swim out and bring them ashore.

"I immediately despatched Shauk, my Indian guide, to the camp, with instructions to bring one of the bombs; then I lighted my pipe, and Prince and I sat down and awaited him.

"In about an hour he returned, carrying cautiously in his hand the bomb, of which he was much afraid. I tied it securely to a small piece of wood so that it would float, and then while Shauk and Prince watched with breathless interest I lit the slow fuse at my pipe, and threw it far out into the lake.

"I had no sooner done so than, with a rush, Prince was after it. Many times before I had thrown pieces of wood into the water for him to retrieve, and he knew of no better fun in the world.

"In vain I shouted to him to come back, in vain I entreated and implored him; it was useless. He had but one thought in his head, to get the piece of wood which he supposed I had thrown into the water for him.

"I watched him as he seized it and turned back with it in his mouth, and I could see that the fuse was burning slowly but surely; it was only a question of a few moments before there should be a terrific explosion, and I should lose my poor Prince. He neared the shore, and then for the first time I fully realized what he was about to do. He would bring the bomb, which now might explode at any moment, and would lay it at my feet! With a wild yell to Shauk I took to the woods; glancing over my shoulder I saw that Prince had gained the shore and was coming along, about two hundred yards behind me.

"I redoubled my efforts, and was running as I never ran before in my life, when there was a frightful explosion behind me, and I sank to the ground exhausted.

"When I recovered my breath I went back to the scene of the explosion. There was a big hole in the ground about two or three feet deep, but nothing remained of poor Prince but a few patches of black hair.

"So you see, Dick," concluded Uncle Arthur, "there are disadvantages about having a retriever, and if I were you I would omit that part of Flip's education, for I don't think that bull-dogs were ever meant for retrievers."

SOME FIRST THINGS.

FIRST things have always a peculiarly fascinating interest. Perhaps just now the most interesting first thing is the first church bell ever rung in America. It is exhibited by the government at the great Columbian Exposition. This bell hung in the equally awe-inspiring object, the first church in this country. A bit of brick from its walls is embedded in the corner-stone of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is being built on the promontory overlooking Morningside Park, New York.

Columbus when he made his second voyage to these western shores landed on the island of San Domingo and established a city, called Isabella. One of the first buildings erected was a church, which was built of brick brought over from Spain as ballast in the vessels of the expedition. Shortly afterward, however, the settlement, buildings, bell, and all, were removed to La Vega, and there remained until 1542, when an earthquake destroyed it.

Trees grew up among the ruins, and there was nothing to tell that once a prosperous city stood on the forest-grown plain. La Vega had been quite forgotten until a quarter of a century ago, when the old bell was found embedded in a fig-tree which had grown up in the ruins of the belfry. Investigation proved it to be the bell of the church built by the companions of Columbus. It is of bronze, eight inches by six and a half, and bears on its surface the letter F in old Gothic design, and an image of San Miguel.

The first printing-press in the United States began its civilizing work at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639. The first American-made illustration is believed to be that which appears in Tully's Almanac, of Boston, published in 1698. The first three engravers were Paul Revere, Benjamin Franklin, and Isaiah Thomas. The first copper-plate engraving made in this country appeared in Increase Mather's *Ichabod*, published 1703.

The first printing-press in the New York colony was set up by one William Bradford, April 10, 1693. The two hundredth anniversary was celebrated by the New York Historical Society, and two tablets are to be erected marking the spot where the first printing-press was set up, and also where the first newspaper was published in 1725. The exact spot of the former occurrence has not been determined, but it is supposed to have been on Pearl Street (then Dock Street), between Broad Street and Old Slip.

Matches, which are among the prime necessities of ordinary existence, were unknown until the early part of this century, and were regarded at first as dangerous—so much so, indeed, that as a matter of public policy their manufacture was condemned by the German government, because some children in playing with them had caused a fire. The first match was the product of the ingenuity of one John Frederick Kumerer, who was imprisoned in a penitentiary at Hohansberg. It was while in prison that he invented the lucifer-match.

The first street railway to receive a charter was the New York and Harlem, in 1831. This road is still in operation, and is popularly called the Fourth Avenue. The first street-car was built and patented by John Stephenson, in 1833. From the pictures of it extant it must have been a cross between an omnibus, a rockaway, and an English railway coach. It was divided into three compartments, each seating ten persons. Before the advent of street-cars the only public conveyances were "stages" or omnibuses.

The first porterhouse steak received its name from a famous old tavern kept by Martin Morrison, at 327 Pearl Street. It was a favorite resort for seafaring men. One day an old sea-captain called for a steak. Morrison said he had no steak, but he would cut him a thick slice from the tenderloin, which had just been prepared to roast. The old salt assented, and the steak was so satisfactory that the order was duplicated. Morrison's tavern was known as the Porter House, and after a while his customers got to talking about the Porter House steaks; and finally Morrison told Gibbons, his butcher in the Fly Market, to cut up the sirloin into steaks for him.

Buckles, which are now so fashionable, were first made in 1680.

It is declared that the first drops of blood shed in the late war are in the possession of Colonel B. F. Hawkes, of the Pension Office, in Washington. Colonel B. F. Kelley, who commanded the Federal troops at Philippi during the first battle of the war, was shot in the lungs by one of the first bullets. The blood-stained piece of his vest was preserved. He did not die, though the surgeon at the time pronounced his wound mortal.





HERE IS A PAIR OF MITTENS FROM NATURE.

[illegible]

WHAT LACK OVERHEARD BY THE HAT-RACK.

"I DON'T see why they call you a walking-stick?" said the Umbrella to the Cane.

"And why shouldn't they?" queried the Cane.

"Because you can't walk, of course," retorted the Umbrella.

"I WONDER what's to be on foot for to-day?" said the Derby Hat.

"I guess I am," said the Rubber Overshoes, "it's so wet out."

"THE Beaver Hat is [illegible] cross to-day," whispered the Cane.

"Well, why shouldn't he be?" said the Card-receiver. "That Hat-brush rubbed him the wrong way, and he's all ruffled up about it."

"WHERE'S the Brown-silk Umbrella?" asked the Mackintosh.

"He's in the hospital," said the Green-silk Umbrella. "He was all picked to pieces with a severe east wind yesterday, and three of his ribs were broken."

"I DON'T think our owner is a very fast runner," said the Derby Hat. "I can beat him easily. I jumped off his head yesterday, and he chased me for three blocks without catching me."

"You must have had the wind behind you," said the Hat-brush.

"I had—but so did he," said the Hat.

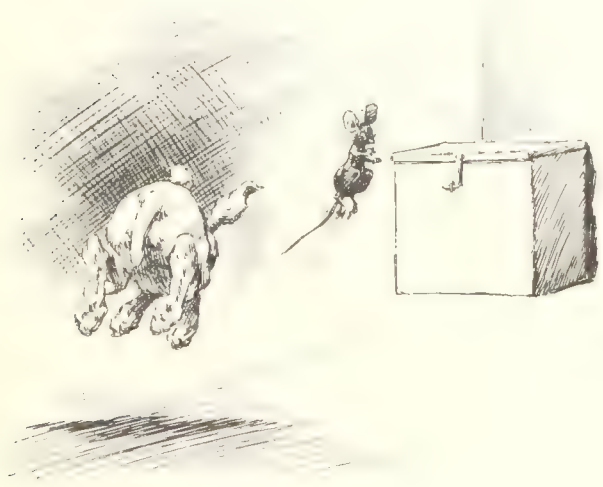
"I'M glad winter's over," said the Seal-skin Cap.

"Why? Do you like the hot summer?" asked the Derby.

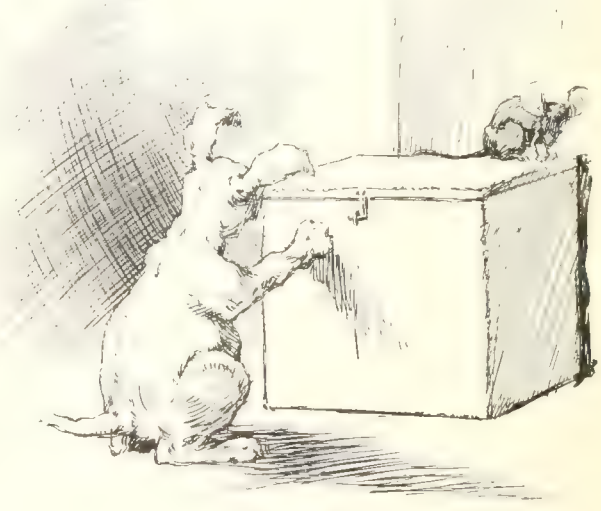
"No; but I'm never worn out in summer, and I always am in winter."

"I WONDER where that music comes from?" said the Green-silk Umbrella.

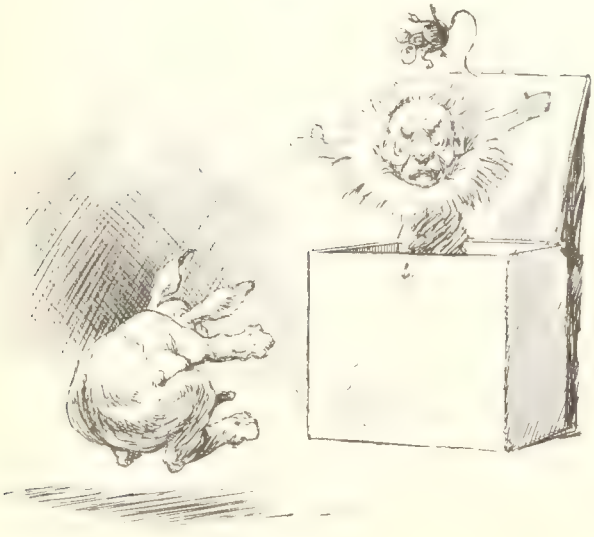
"I guess some of the hat-bands must be giving a concert," replied the Riding Whip.



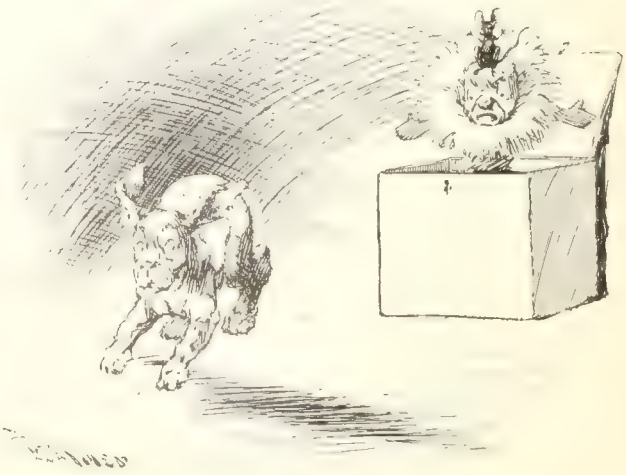
1. CHASED.



2. CORNERED.



3. CHAMPIONED.



4. ROUTED.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THREE JACKS, "THE FOURTH," AND THE FIFTH

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT was at Zurich that Jack, Jack, and Jack were spending their vacation. Not Zurich, Switzerland, but a little imitation American Zurich that served the purpose of these three lively boys quite as well as if not better than the Swiss Zurich could possibly have done. The fact that Zurich, New York, was the proud possessor of a lake, two hotels, and a prosperous pulp-mill, now run by steam and not by water as it had been in days of yore, contributed much to the pride of those who were compelled by force of circumstances to dwell there all the year round. From these they derived their bread and butter. The lake made the hotels possible; the hotels brought them money in summer; the pulp-mill brought them money in winter.

To the three Jacks, best known to their friends and neighbors by the names they had given themselves—Jack, Ditto, and Likewise—there was no place in the world that was more beautiful and fuller of opportunity for fun than Zurich. They had met there year after year from the time they were babies, and there was not anywhere in the county in which it was located a nook or cranny which these venturesome spirits had not explored.

They had found places in the narrow stream that formed its western boundary, and which, as it flowed on, swelled into one of the most useful navigable rivers in America, where even they, short as they were, could wade from one bank to the other; so that when returning to school in the autumn they told their school friends they had, unaided and alone, crossed over that mighty river on foot, they were variously regarded as heroes or great romancers according as their schoolmates believed or disbelieved the tales they told. They had found caves on the neighboring mountains wherein they had set themselves up as wild men to their exceeding great delight; they had found deep forests which they explored, in the



could be of great use. They were the first ever to set foot within those dark recesses; but, best of all, they had found an old wooden flume which ran from the outlet of the lake almost to the river; a flume that had once conveyed the lake waters down past the mill, so that the mill-wheel might be turned; a flume built like a barrel, five hundred feet in extent, of wood, and bound together by strong iron bands. For possibly two hundred feet it ran underground, and for ten or twelve years had been in a state of disuse and decay.

When the owners of the pulp-mill had been compelled to close it up for several winters because the water had frozen, they bethought themselves of using steam to make their machinery go, for steam could be used from one year's end to the other if they so chose, and willing workers would not be thrown out of employment for a month or two every year through no fault of their own. So the flume was closed at one end, and the stream which had once fed it was allowed to find its way over its natural course to the river. The method adopted to turn the water aside was the simplest they could devise, and consisted simply in letting down before the flume entrance a stout bit of planking, which held the flowing stream in check, and sent it back over its old course.

To Jack, Ditto, and Likewise the flume was a never-ending source of enjoyment. On hands and knees they had often crept from one end of it to the other, and in order to get out of it they had cut away a portion at the upper end, making a hole large enough to serve their purpose. Here they played games which a possession of that sort would suggest. Jack, for instance, would pretend that he was an Indian, and the flume would be his lair. Here he would be traced by Ditto and Likewise, besieged and forced to surrender, or to capture his pursuers, according to the course the three had previously decided upon.

It was their hiding-place after some particularly mischievous bit of daring in which they sometimes indulged. They had done about all things there except pass the night within it. It never lost its charm to them, even though they did once stumble over a tramp asleep at its lower end, to disappear into its pitchlike depths in flight when that surprised individual sat up to look about him, and discover if possible what it was that had disturbed his rest.

It so happened that one Fourth of July, Jack, Ditto, and Likewise put the flume to a new use, and very nearly destroyed it and several other things of greater value. The boys had spent their day very much as boys usually spend the Fourth. They had risen at five in the morning to assist in firing off the old brass cannon, which had been loaded to the muzzle the night before to usher in the day of Independence with the appropriate salute. They had, I am sorry to say, stampeded more than one herd of cows on their way to pasture by hurling torpedoes at them, and I half suspect that it was they who let off a giant cracker in a coffee-grinder fastened to the back-door jamb of the hotel kitchen, with the result that every vestige of it disappeared in the air.

As the day wore on and their stock of fire-crackers was nearly exhausted, it occurred to Ditto that the flume would not be a bad place in which to set off a few of the remaining giant crackers, so the three boys, gathering up what little ammunition remained, repaired to that favored spot. They were by no means disappointed with the result, for the crackers made an unusually weird noise as they exploded in that long tube, a noise which reverberated up and down its length in a manner suggestive of a cannonade. Of the fact that horses passing along the road under which the flume ran were rendered nearly frantic by their efforts, they were in profound ignorance. A boy ten feet underground cannot be expected to note very closely what is going on above his head, and a pleasant hour or two was passed by Jack, Ditto, and Likewise listening to the noises they made. Then when the last giant cracker had fulfilled its mission, the fatal notion came into the mind of Ditto.

I say, fellows," he said, his face getting crimson with the importance of his idea, "wouldn't it be fun to set off a rocket at this end and see it come out at the other end?"

It was certainly an exciting idea. It never occurred to Ditto that it might be a dangerous thing to do. Boys rarely think of consequences. The fun of the thing was all he thought of, and it was all Jack and Likewise thought of, either. The idea appealed equally to all of them.

"It would be just elegant!" cried Jack.

"Let's do it," said Likewise.

And so it happened that the three youthful scalawags hastened home and extracted a couple of the largest rockets from the supply of fireworks their fathers had brought from New York.

All through supper they were less like real Jacks than jumping-jacks. They could not keep still with thinking about their grand scheme for the evening, and for the first time in his life Ditto was unable to eat his jelly-cake and preserves, which nearly resulted fatally for his evening's fun, for his mother, noting that the sweets he had always so dearly loved were taken from the table untouched, began to fear that he was ill, and suggested that he take a hot bath and go to bed early.

"I'm all right," he said, with a slight trace of impatience in his voice. "I'm only excited, that's all."

"I don't wonder much," said his father. "You have made noises enough to day to excite a mountain."

"That's it," said Ditto. "And then I'm looking forward to the fireworks, you know."

"Of course you are," said his father. "I used to be the same way."

So it turned out all right for Ditto. The hot-bath idea was dropped and the bed hour was indefinitely postponed.

At eight o'clock the fireworks were filling the skies with fire. Rockets hissed through the air, and on reaching the height of their glory broke and sent varicolored stars flying through the air; but, strange to say, Jack, Ditto, and Likewise were not there to see them. They had met, according to agreement, at the lower end of the flume. Trembling with excitement they placed one of the rockets in position, and Ditto touched it off with a piece of punk. True to its mission it gave a fearful hiss, and disappeared in the darkness of the flume forever. No sooner had it been touched off than the boys clambered excitedly up to the road, from where they had expected to witness the glorious exit of the colored stars at the other end of the flume; but, alas for their expectations! they were grievously disappointed. They could see nothing but the blackness of the night. Nothing came forth from the other end.

"Must have stuck somewhere," said Jack.

"May have been a bad rocket," said Ditto.

"Good thing we brought two of 'em," said Likewise.

The remark of Likewise was more to the point than those of Jack and Ditto, for it suggested further action. In haste they descended to the opening, and placed the second rocket in place.

"Let me light it," said Jack.

"All right," said Ditto. "But wait until Likewise and I get back on the road again. Maybe the other came out before we got there."

"Oh, you can light it," said Jack, to whose mind seeing the rocket come out was rather better than the mere business of lighting it.

"I'll tell you what," said Likewise. "We'll tie the punk on a long stick, and light it from the road. Then we can all see it."

This suggestion was pleasing to the other two conspirators, and the course suggested by Likewise was adopted. A large stick was found, and the punk securely fastened to it. Then the three climbed back to the road again, and from there the second rocket was set off. Like the other it hissed and plunged onward through the flume. Like the other it failed to appear at the other end, and after waiting about for ten or fifteen minutes the three boys solemnly wended their way home, very much disappointed with the results of their experiment.

They little knew what was going on while they slept that Fourth of July night as the result of their attempt to send rockets through the flume, but they found out early on the morning of the fifth.

When they met at about seven o'clock for their usual early morning romp they found a number of village boys running toward the mill.

"The mill's on fire!" cried one of the boys.

"What?" shrieked the three Jacks, looking at each other in consternation.

"The mill's on fire. The flume's nearly all burned up, and the mill's caught too," another boy called back to them.

The three Jacks started pell-mell for the scene of the fire, Ditto in the lead. He was very much upset in his mind. He remembered that he was the one to suggest the rocket idea, and he felt certain that it was the rockets and nothing else that had caused the trouble. When they reached the mill they found that the report was only partly true, but bade fair soon to be entirely so. The flume was blazing merrily, and the mill was in great danger. The fire was drawing nearer and nearer, and there seemed to be no way to put it out. If the mill once caught nothing could save it, for it was a veritable tinder box, and Zurich had no fire-engines. Zurich was too poor to have any of the modern appliances for putting out fires, and the only engine in town capable of pumping water on a fire was in the mill itself, and it was locked. Pails only were at hand, but they could be of little use.

Poor Ditto's heart almost stopped beating when he realized this. It would be interesting, of course, to see the mill burn if the fire broke out from some carelessness on the part of the mill people, but the thought that he and Jack and Likewise had really set it on fire, even though unwittingly, took all the pleasure out of it. The other Jacks were equally disturbed, and almost disposed to weep. Weeping was of little use, however, for still the flume blazed on, the flames drawing nearer and nearer to the mill as time passed.

"Where's Ditto?" cried Jack, breathless with excitement, as he took in the situation with a glance.

"I—I d-on't kn know!" panted Likewise. "Oh, Jack, what shall we do?"

"There he is," cried Jack, ignoring the question as he caught sight of Ditto running along the top of the flume toward its upper end. "What's he after?"

"I don't know," replied Likewise, excitedly, "but I'm going to see."

And the two boys darted after Ditto. By this time the flames had almost reached the mill, and smoke was pouring in great volumes out of the little hole the boys had made up by the thick plank that held the water back.

"Hurry up, fellows," cried Ditto. "If we can move the board we can put out the fire. The water 'll run through, and it will be all right."

But it was a vain effort—the board could not be moved, and almost beneath the boys' feet the flames burst forth. Try as they could they could not get the board out of the way, and they had about given up in despair when, with a noise like the booming of a gun, the board broke in twain, the force of the water sent its two halves flying through the flume, and, following close upon them, the stream leaped through in a mighty tide, and the mill was saved. The flood of water had put the fire out.

The flames themselves, eating slowly the night hours through, had so burned the obstruction to the water that the board had weakened and burst, and the fire by its own work was deprived of the prey it was about to devour.

So it happened that Jack, Ditto, and Likewise got more excitement out of setting off rockets in the flume than they expected, and became convinced at the same time that the least dangerous method of playing with rockets was to set them off in the manner usually followed by less adventurous spirits than they.

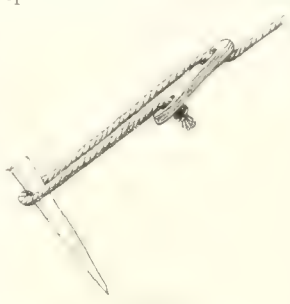
CAMPING.

BY ARTHUR MOORE MORSE.

II.—CAMP FURNISHINGS.

THE best style of tent for a party numbering from four to six is a wall-tent, round at the ends, and with exits at the sides. Let the tent be a large one, for nothing is more demoralizing to good order in camp than cramped quarters. We suggest a tent about eighteen by ten feet, with a five-foot "wall." While a "fly" is not an absolute necessity, it will prove an advantage in time of heavy rain, and is certainly worth the trouble of carrying.

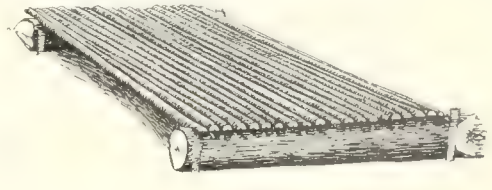
To pitch the tent, first join the poles to the ridge-pole, spread the canvas over the ridge-pole, and raise the framework. Then while two boys hold the poles in position, drive in the pegs and secure the guy-ropes. Fasten the lower part of the wall close to the ground. Ropes should extend from the peaks of the tent to neighboring trees on either side to prevent a collapse in case of a high wind. Dig a trench five or six inches deep around the tent to prevent water from running under the canvas. Care should be taken to loosen the guy-ropes during a rain, as the sudden shrinkage is liable to tear the ropes from the canvas.



GUY ROPE.

BEDS.—The beds are an important factor in camp furniture, and considering that one-third of the time spent in camp is passed upon them, they should be carefully constructed with a view to comfort. We shall speak only of one kind of camp-bed, because that one is the best, and can be made at slight expense of time and trouble.

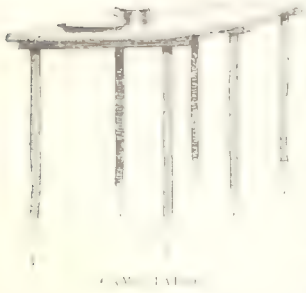
For a single bed cut two logs four feet long and six inches in diameter; place these parallel to each other and six feet apart. Construct on them a flooring of boards, if possible, or saplings an inch and a half in diameter will answer the purpose very well. On this framework



A BEDSTEAD.

place an ordinary bed-ticking filled with the green tips of hemlock boughs. It is advisable always to lay a rubber blanket beneath the ticking to guard against dampness. This mattress should be taken out of the tent every pleasant day, and thoroughly aired. Put fresh twigs in the ticking once or twice a week.

DINING-TABLE.—The plan for the dining-table is the same as the one for the flaps are at the sides and ends directly on the ground. If you prefer to eat out under the trees, and have room enough to do so, except that meals and late suppers require that meals be served inside the canvas. The table should be built in the centre of the tent, extending with it, so that when the flaps are thrown back it will be practically in the open air. Cut six stakes three and a half feet long, sharpen the ends, and drive six inches into the ground in two parallel rows, two feet apart, and at intervals of two and a half feet. Cover with clean boards. For seats drive two stakes into the ground, and nail to them a short board. Each person should select his seat at the table, and keep it permanently. Other simple seats may be made like those shown in the illustration below.



CAMP TABLE.

STOVE.—The days of the conventional campfire for cooking purposes are gone by. The camp should each day be supplied with a variety of well-cooked food, and this cannot be accomplished if the campers are dependent upon an exposed wood fire. You should be able to find at the village an old cooking-stove, which you can doubtless procure for the season at a slight cost. Set it up in a protected spot near the tent, and provide it with a long funnel for draught. If you cannot find a complete stove, at least secure a top, and place it on a rectangular enclosure of stones from eight to twelve inches in height, the cracks between the stones being closed with mud or cement.

CANOPY.—It is a very good plan to build a canopy over the stove which will serve as a protection from both sun and rain. It should have as its foundation a stout framework of stakes driven into the ground and cross-pieces, and should be thoroughly thatched throughout with ferns and green twigs.

PROVISION TENT.—The habit of storing the provisions in the living-tent should not be tolerated. In spite of careful effort to the contrary, food will get scattered about, and then there is the temptation to take a bite now and then, a practice which plays havoc with delicacies, which should be reserved until meal-time. Pitch an A tent six feet square a few feet from the stove to



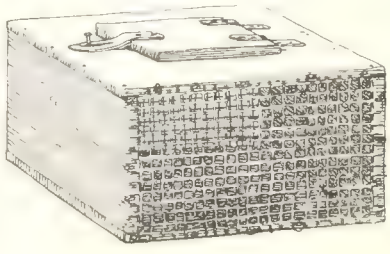
VARIOUS KINDS OF STOOLS.

hold all the cooking utensils and provisions. Have everything kept in boxes and not deposited indiscriminately on the ground.

"COOLER."—For convenience in preserving perishable articles of food we would suggest our cooler. Its construction is very simple, as will be seen from the following description. Take any serviceable wooden box a foot or more square and line it carefully with zinc or tin, thus rendering it water-tight. Let the cover, also lined, be securely hinged and provided with a hinge, [illegible] the cooler to its cover in some damp, shady spot. In it butter will remain firm and milk fresh for a considerable length of time.

COOKING UTENSILS.—It is not to be expected that campers will attempt to prepare any fancy messes, at the same time the table should be supplied each day with a variety of well-cooked food. To attain this end it is necessary to have a small but well-selected supply of cooking utensils. We give a list of utensils sufficient for a small party. Two scale iron saucepans (three quarts), two steel spiders, two large pails, milk-can, coffee-pot, two medium sized tin dishes, cutlery, dish-pan. These articles are absolutely needed in camp.

CLOTHING.—The amount of clothing to be carried depends upon the time one is to be gone, and the location of the camp. Generally speaking each camper should be provided with the same amount of clothing he would wear were he at home. This applies especially to underclothing. There is no conventional camp suit. A long-sleeved jersey, or cheviot shirt, any light-weight long trousers supported by a belt, visor cap, and canvas tennis shoes make a very comfortable outfit for pleasant weather. A cold rainy day requires an old winter suit throughout, with leather shoes. Rubber coats and boots are very bulky and heavy—hardly worth carrying. Each camper should bring a good-sized trunk in which to keep all his personal effects free from dirt and dampness. There will be plenty of room in the tent for the trunks, and experience will show that they are well worth the trouble of transportation.



BAIT-BOX.

GUNS AND RODS.—The question of fire-arms is one of minor importance. The only things you can lawfully fire at during the summer months are crows, and if you are careful, no injury need be done to either party. A thirty-two calibre rifle is, however, a handy weapon to have in camp. In an unloaded state it will have a wholesome effect on tramps and other unwelcome visitors. Revolvers and pistols are decidedly out of place in a camp; they are certainly of no practical value, and too often prove disastrous.

In speaking of fishing-rods, we take it for granted that they are to be used in taking out *lake* fish. For this purpose select a lance-wood bait rod weighing about twelve ounces. The reel plays a most important part in the capturing of the fish, and should not be a cheap affair. A braided raw-silk line is preferable to an oiled-silk one, and it does not kink as do many oiled lines.

BAIT.—Perhaps a few words in regard to bait for catching bass and pickerel would not be out of place. The best and standard bait is the minnow. To obtain this fish, take a piece of mosquito netting six or eight feet long and three feet wide. Weight one long edge with small pebbles or bullets, and tie a stout piece of cord to each of the four corners. Drag the shallow water along the sandy shores of the lake, keeping the lower cords short and the netting close to the bottom. Allow the top edge of the net to sag back a little. The school, finding escape around the ends impossible, will dart into the net, when all four corners should be quickly drawn up. For preservation of this bait, which is good only when alive, cover two sides of a wooden box with a fine wire screen. Fix a trap-door in the top, and anchor the box in a quiet cove near the camp. Crickets and grasshoppers also make good bait.

AN OWL IN THE STOVE.

FLORIDA has more wonders to offer its visitors than the boiling springs, the trees full of oranges, and the great hotels. A New York boy who spent the winter in a rural part of Orange County thinks that the State is full of queer things. "You don't even have to go out of your own house to find them," he says. "When I went down there the weather was cold for a few days, and they put up a stove in my room—an old-fashioned wood-stove, made of cast iron, and shaped like a box. It soon came on warm, and for a long time I needed no fire.

"For several days it seemed to me that I heard something move in the stove, but I paid no attention to it. One night as I was going to bed the noise in the stove was so plain that I was sure there was something in there. I started to open the stove door, but it occurred to me that it might be a big snake, so I went and called my father. He came in with a cane and opened the stove, and saw a big pair of eyes glaring at him, but it was too dark to see what they belonged to. He dropped a small piece of burning paper in the top, and put in his hand and drew out a great big owl. His lordship looked at us as wise as if he knew everything in the world, but he acted very stupidly. After he had winked at us a few times, as if he was asking, 'Well, what are you going to do with me?' we opened the window for him, and he hardly knew enough to fly out. He had fallen down the stove-pipe, and of course could not get out of the stove.

"Well, when that excitement was over I made a fresh start for bed. Some rooms in Florida have carpet on the floor, and some don't, but most don't. My room didn't have any, of course. I sat down on the side of the bed to pull off my shoes, and I heard something break. I thought it was the side piece of the bedstead. 'It's the climate,' said I to myself; 'it's made me so fat that I'm breaking the furniture.' I held the lamp down and looked, but the bed was all right; so I sat down again, and the minute I touched the bedstead the cracking began again. 'Go it,' said I, 'and we'll see what will happen.' The cracking changed into a crash, and bang went one leg of the bedstead right through the floor. In those houses the floor above is the ceiling of the room below, so part of my bedstead stuck through into the parlor, and they picked the caster off the parlor floor. It made a great commotion, but there was not much harm done. It was dry-rot, that was all. In that climate the dry-rot works away at the inside of a board, and eats it all away but a little crust on the outside; so the board looks perfectly sound when it has no strength at all, and as soon as any weight is put on it, it breaks.

"That was a good average night for excitement, but it was nothing to the day they killed the eight-foot rattle-snake almost in front of the railroad station."

TOMMY'S WISH

TOMMY. "The fish go in schools, don't they, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Tommy dear."

TOMMY. "I wish you would buy me a bathing suit, mamma, and send me to one of their schools."



GETTING ON IN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

VI. JUDGMENT, DECISION, AND MANNERS.

ENERGY to execute must be joined with *judgment* to plan and *decision* without which a man is qualified only to be a clerk or foreman for others who can do the scheming and planning for which he lacks capacity. Woe be to him who goes forth in business to act upon opinions will when his judgment cannot be trusted! It is like putting an engine of high pressure where the dynamic lacks sufficient strength: the centrifugal power will soon scatter it to fragments. See to it, then, that your judgment is cultivated by study of thoughtful books, observation, and meditation. Do not make the mistake which so many youths do, of cultivating the lower faculties of the mind—fancy, wit, etc.—instead of the higher; the auxiliary ones instead of the principal. There is an applause that follows the display of the former which is flattering to youthful vanity; but let the brilliant, showy youth be pitted in the arena against an antagonist who has aimed chiefly at strength of mind, and sought to discipline his faculties of reasoning and judgment, and you will soon see the sparkling diamond reduced to carbon and pounded to dust.

Next in importance to a sound judgment is *decision*. He who combines the soundest judgment with the greatest rapidity of decision and energy in executing his plans will push his way the fastest and climb the highest up the steeps of success. Thousands of men who are possessed of every other qualification for getting on in the world fail from lack of decision. Bacon justly complains of them that through fastidiousness, timidity, or mental slowness they object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and *seldom drive business home*. The world was not made for slow, squeamish, timid people, but for those who act instantaneously and with power. Better decide wrong occasionally than be forever hesitating and vacillating, with the weakness, misery, and disaster that follow from a chronic habit of doubt. "To do anything worth doing in the world," says Sidney Smith, "we must not stand shivering on the brink, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the Flood; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousins and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting friends that he has no time left to follow their advice."

The victories and defeats in life often turn on minutes. Crises are ever and anon occurring, the seizing of which is triumph, the neglect of which is ruin. Too many young men who might otherwise succeed in life are like the Alliance that fought the French Revolution, which, as Chamfort said, was always behind by a day, by an army, by an idea. In critical moments they vacillate, like Louis XVI., whose pitiful lack of decision and nerve prevented him, in his escape from Paris to the frontier of France, from passing round the barrier in the highway at Varennes. Instead of acting promptly, he hesitated, and discussed the fine quality of the Burgundy offered him at the village inn, and that hesitation was his ruin. In twenty or thirty minutes he might have been safe among his friends, but through his delay in the little parlor, outside events shaped themselves in the fatal grooves of that long procession of shame and suffering which ended with the guillotine.

How many Generals have lost the opportunity of victory through their excessive anxiety to be perfectly prepared for battle? How different Napoleon's conduct in his Egyptian expedition. Hardly had he disembarked at Alexandria when he advanced against that city, and assaulted it with a mere handful of his troops, without waiting for his artillery. "It is a principle of war," says he, "that when one can use the thunder-bolt, it should be preferred to cannon." Who does not admire the intrepidity and decision of that hard fighter, Admiral Farragut, in Mobile Bay, when, despite the torpedoes that had just sunk the *Tecumseh*, he ordered the fleet to press on. "Go on!" he shouted. "Four bells. Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!" and the dread line was passed. The torpedoes snapped, but did not explode, and a disastrous defeat was converted into a brilliant victory. Promptness of decision allied to invincible courage and energy was a leading quality of the eminent man of business and philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. When he advocated the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies he encountered a howling tempest of opposition. All the artillery of prayers, entreaties, flatteries, and threats was directed against him to induce him to postpone his motion in the House of Commons, but in vain. "What shall I say when I hear people abusing you?" asked one of his friends when the storm was fiercest. "Say," he replied, snapping his fingers, "say *that*!"

Will you tell me that decision, like bodily vigor, is God-given, and cannot be created by dint of effort? I answer that some men, no doubt, have constitutionally decision of mind; but does this prove that this quality may not be acquired by those who lack it, or strengthened by those in whom it is weak? By no means. Many men are constitutionally timid, but do they not often conquer their timidity, and become conspicuous for heroism? Frederick the Great fled like the veriest poltroon from his first battle, yet he afterward astonished the world by his bravery amid the most appalling military disasters. William Wirt tells of an inferior officer in our Revolutionary war who was nicknamed "Captain Death," and who was singled out for the most desperate enterprises. If a "forlorn hope" was to be sent out or a dangerous battery to be stormed he was always chosen to lead the adventure; yet it was observed that he was never called up for the purpose when he did not turn as pale as his namesake at the proposal, and tremble from head to foot. Still he never failed to face the danger, and went unscathed through all the showers of bullets he encountered. If cowardice may be overcome by moral considerations, by the sense of shame, training, and discipline, why may not the infirmity of irresolution be conquered, and a habit of decision be formed in the same way? Resolve, then, that you will acquire this habit if you lack it.

> "Be thou in the van
> Of circumstances, and seize the arrow's barb,
> Before the bow-string murmur."

But we must pass from this theme to the consideration of *manners*, good and bad, as affecting worldly advancement. "A good manner," says Bulwer, "is the best thing in the world either to get a good or to supply the want of it." Politicians are well aware of this, and therefore are careful to put a hinge in the neck, and keep it well oiled. In many private callings coarse, awkward, or offensive manners often neutralize the finest intellectual gifts. It seems hard that men should be prepossessed or prejudiced regarding one another by what is merely superficial; but the simple fact is, they *are*. There are thousands of good, even excellent persons in the world with a certain *hardness* of character whose manners are disagreeable. There are blunt and boorish, shy and reserved men, with whom intercourse is exceed-

* The previous articles in this series were published in HARPER'S [illegible]

ingly unpleasant. It is not that they are malignant, but they lack a delicate perception of the little trifling things by which pain or pleasure is caused. Again, there are rude, cynical, restless people—the contradicters and railers at public and private tables, that, as Emerson says, are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight. On the other hand, there are men of a winning, sympathetic, golden temper, with whom a half-hour's talk is as invigorating as a bath of sunshine. Is there any doubt to which of these classes belong the men who get on in life?

"Civility," says Lady Montagu, "costs nothing, and brings everything." The shrewd Madame de Tencin gave as a rule to Madame de Geoffrin, who was educated under her, "Never rebuff any man; for though nine persons out of ten should not give themselves a farthing's worth of trouble for you, the tenth may become a useful friend." Many a fortune has been won by little attentions that were not tinged with the hope of after reward, but were sincere and kindly ones, springing from a good heart and good breeding combined. It is related of the wife of Dr. Dodd, that once, when attending an auction, she bid for a cabinet, and was at once outbidden by a lady present, upon which Mrs. Dodd immediately courteseyed and retired from the contest. The lady, who had set her heart upon the article, was so pleased by this, that she expressed a desire for a better acquaintance with Mrs. Dodd, and shortly afterward presented her with a lottery-ticket which drew a prize of £1000. A celebrated English politician is said to have won an influential lady's support in an important election, by listening patiently as she explained to him in detail fourteen ways of making a certain kind of cake. The glaring vices of Charles James Fox were overlooked by those who felt the fascination of his manner. His courtesy and affability preserved him from personal dislike, even when he had gambled away his last dollar, and politically was the most unpopular man in England. When Pitt, his chief opponent, was asked in Paris in 1783, by some French statesmen how a man ruined by the dice-box and the turf, could have such weight in England, he replied, "You have never been under the wand of the magician."

Can this charm of manner, true courtesy, be acquired; and if it can, in what way? No doubt it is often a natural gift, but it is often, too, the result of art and culture. Though when it is in perfection we cannot analyze it and detect its hidden mystery any more than we can analyze a delicate perfume, yet it is in substance what Lord Chatham, in his letters to his nephew at Cambridge, calls "benevolence in little things." This benevolence is not to be acquired by studying rules of etiquette, though these are not to be despised. Of course a well-bred man will be truthful, calm, quiet, dignified, and self-possessed; he will not be unduly familiar or obtrusive; will not be supercilious, boastful, or vain of his gifts or accomplishments; will be respectful to his inferiors, and tender toward the weak; will be self-denying without effort; will listen attentively when spoken to, and not interrupt the speaker; will tell few stories in general society, and when he tells one, will make it brief, and avoid needless details, etc., etc. But these are merely the outward manifestations of courtesy, which has its source within—in the heart. True courtesy springs from *goodness of heart*. To attain it you must be filled with a kind and loving spirit. You must have what Sir Philip Sidney calls "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." If these are wanting, all the forms of politeness are but empty husks, a cheat, and a sham. But if you have a sincere desire to please, this is more than half the battle. Frequent good society, and observation and attention will achieve the rest. "Live among wolves," says a Spanish proverb, "and you will soon begin to howl." Live among well-bred people, and insensibly you will catch and reproduce the air, the address, and the turn of those with whom you associate.

INDIANS!

BY PHILIP MARSTON BRASHER.

IT is not many years ago that Indians were numerous in what is now the State of Colorado. They were not tame Indians either, but fierce creatures, almost as far beyond the influence of humane impulses as the wild animals they slaughtered with their bows and arrows. White settlers and travellers in an Indian country were obliged to be constantly on guard against redskins, for, although treaties of peace existed from time to time, there was no telling when one Indian band or another would repudiate its promises to let white men alone and go upon the war-path to wage battle with all comers; and, whether at peace or not, the Indian was seldom unwilling to gratify his fondness for highway robbery, stock-stealing, and similar enterprises.

Ambushing his intended victim was a favorite mode of procedure with the "noble red man," and very clever he was at this particular game. He could hide as cunningly as a rabbit while waiting for his prey, and travellers plodding wearily along, with no suspicion of danger near, were often surrounded by a mob of howling robbers which seemed to have sprung, without warning, from the earth itself. One afternoon, before railroads were known west of the Missouri River, a stage-coach was bowling along in southern Colorado. It carried six passengers, five riding inside and one on the box. The driver, a man of much experience in frontier life, and familiar with most Indian tricks and deceits, was congratulating himself on having almost ended another day's run safely when he caught sight of something ahead which at once aroused his suspicion. It was apparently only a harmless sand heap, but the driver's practised eye saw danger in it, and he gave his team loose rein and cracked his whip over the leaders' heads with startling emphasis as a hint that speed was needed, and very quickly.

Off went the six horses on a wild run, and the innocent-looking sand heap suddenly lost its character as such and became a wild Indian, bent on capturing the coach. Perceiving that his intention had been discovered somewhat prematurely, the tawny rascal let fly an arrow and a frightful yell simultaneously. The arrow did no harm, but the yell brought about a score of fellow-scamps out of seemingly impossible hiding-places close by, and the gang took after the coach as soon as they could mount their horses, which had been hidden in a grove. They overtook the coach too, but were met with so severe a storm of bullets, fired from its interior, that its capture could not at once be effected. The outside passenger had crawled inside at the first alarm, and now six badly scared men were emptying revolvers and rifles at their pursuers, while the driver was offering every encouragement to his horses to get himself and his passengers out of the danger.

It was only two miles to the next station, but whether so terrible a pace could be maintained long enough was an unanswered question. The Indians, fearing to lose their booty, crowded hard, and one fellow, riding up alongside the coach, sent an arrow through it. He got a bullet in his head and dropped. The driver appeared to have a charmed life, for not an arrow hurt him, though two passed through his clothing; and when at last the station came in sight he raised his voice with such power that a relief party at once rode out to meet the coach. The Indians saw help coming. They took the hint and turned about, while the coach dashed into



"THE FOURTH" AT BLACKVILLE—PARADE OF THE LINCOLN GUARDS' CADETS.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

safety with arrows sticking into it on all sides. No one on board was hurt.

The following story illustrates the anxiety and fear of Indians suffered by early settlers in the far West. When news of the Thornburgh massacre (1879) reached the Yampa River, in northwestern Colorado, a man, who may be called Weed, living near that stream, fancied that a general murder of whites was about to take place, and that the blood-thirsty Utes were already approaching the Yampa Valley to clean out its inhabitants. That was enough for Mr. Weed. Jumping on his white pony he rode madly up the valley toward what is now the town of Steamboat Springs, in Routt County. His family was visiting there, and he was bound to fly to the rescue of his dear ones. He reached the place as quickly as possible, though the run nearly killed his pony, and was rejoiced to find that he had outstripped the Indians.

Scarcely pausing to warn any one else of the impending danger, Mr. Weed hastened to the camping-place of his family, and immediately set about making preparations for defence. He selected a new camp site, well hidden by clumps of willows, and, by-the-way, just where an attacking force could easily have burned him out, or got the best of him in any one of several ways, for he wasn't much of a strategist. Then he began moving supplies, and for a couple of hours was distressingly busy, at times being so badly "rattled" that he would run back and forth with a sack of flour or other bulky burden and forget to lay it down. Complete removal was finally effected, however, and the Weed garrison took possession of their new quarters, prepared to fight to the last gasp.

There was another family of pioneers at Steamboat Springs, the Crawfords, and they naturally felt alarmed by the prospect of an Indian invasion; so Mrs. Crawford, her husband being absent at the time, packed up some food and clothing, and started with her children up Soda Creek to seek a hiding-place. This party made their way to a quiet spot a couple of miles distant, and went into camp. At evening a spy was sent out to ascertain if the foe had appeared, but he reported on his return that the only new arrival at town was a mail-carrier from down the river. This mail-carrier had seen nothing unusual on his journey except a "mighty scared man" riding furiously up the valley. He meant Weed.

Next day, as no war party broke in upon the scene, and there was apparently no immediate danger of a massacre, the Crawfords returned home. A few men from other localities also arrived, word of the expected attack having been sent out in different directions, and preparations of a substantial kind were made to repel invaders. A cabin was turned into a fort, and other steps were taken for defence, which made every one feel safer. Toward dusk some dark objects were seen moving slowly along the top of a ridge overlooking the camp, and public attention was drawn to them. The foe was doubtless about to attack now, and the little garrison grew very much excited. No blood-curdling warwhoops followed, no cloud of arrows whizzed through the air, however, and when it was discovered that the supposed enemy was only a bunch of cattle, the excitement subsided.

For several days a careful watch was kept, but no enemy appeared. News of the fancied danger was sent across the range to Mr. Crawford, and he rode with all speed toward home, gathering recruits on the way. His anxiety can better be imagined than described, especially as he could gather no reliable word of the situation on his journey through the country, which at that time contained but few settlers. At length he arrived at Steamboat Springs, almost convinced that its entire population had been wiped out of existence. It was after dark, and all was still. With beating hearts the party of horsemen rode up, expecting anything that was heart-breaking and horrible, and were intensely relieved to find everybody well and comfortable. The Indian raid never took place, and the only reason for any fear of it sprang from the working of an over-excited imagination.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN."

BY SOPHIE SWETT,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN POLLY," "FLYING HILL FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

"DAVE remembers! He remembers!" cried Robin, joyfully.

"My Dave is himself awaked!" exclaimed Annette, with a radiant face. "How is it that he remember now, and not before?" asked she, in perplexity.

"There ain't no accountin' for the freaks of folks' memory when they get a knock on the head," said Cap'n Saul. "I see a fellow that had got a knock like that, in a Liverpool hospital once; he never knew who he was or where he come from, or any other matter, till he had a fever, then he jest come to as nat'ral as life. I expect it's some like the man that jumped into the bramble-bush."

They had discovered that Dave's ankle was badly sprained, and swollen to twice its natural size, and Duke was lying, in greater pain than he would acknowledge, on the little broken-springed lounge, but when Collins came with the carriage, after what seemed an endless delay, he insisted that it should first be used to carry Robin and Jean and Moira home. They found that the household had slept peacefully, knowing nothing of the fire until morning had shown them the heavy pall of smoke which overhung even the bluffs and the sea.

Before Robin slept she wrote a letter to Ken. She was almost exhausted, and she found it difficult to write to Ken now; but she wrote "Dave remembers," with an account of his accident and what he had said. Ken must get his vacation now, she thought; he would be too impatient to wait. At noon of that day Thanny appeared, toiling up the hill from the marsh road —a wayworn little pilgrim as black as a chimney-sweep. Jean espied him first and called Robin, and they both ran out to hear his adventures, Robin delaying only to get a cup of coffee, for Thanny was evidently what Moira expressively described as "spint." Moira followed with a great piece of gingerbread, fresh from the oven, which she was obliged to feed to him, as Thanny, though eying it ravenously, justly maintained that he "hadn't no hands to touch nice victuals with."

"I've fit fire stiddy—eleven hours fire-money!" explained Thanny between his mouthfuls, as he sat upon the grass, surrounded by his devoted friends. "Saul couldn't expect a fellow to go to school after that, could he? And 'twas you and Duke that found the French boy, wa'n't it? I tell you, there's been kind of lively times. And I came awful near lickin' a feller, too."

"Oh, Thanny!" said Robin, reproachfully.

"I guess if you knew!" said Thanny, with depths of meaning in his tone. "I wouldn't care if he was a man, if I'd been there and heard him I'd have pitched into him. Would you let anybody say that your friends was thieves, and stole a watch, without pitchin' into him?"

"Who stole a watch? What are you talking about?" said Jean.

As for Robin, she could feel the blood rushing to her temples, and her heart seemed to be beating in her ears.

Thanny fortified himself with a long draught of coffee and a great, deliberate bite of gingerbread, which Jean now held, since Moira had been obliged to return to her work. "Of course nobody cares what that feller says, and he knew he'd get discharged They held a meetin'



THERE WAS A SUDDEN HUSH IN THE GROUP ABOUT THE DOOR AS THEY SAW HER.

union folks, the sensible ones, you know—with Mr. Rawlins and Mr. Hallett, right in the room where he was set. Carlsen had heard they was goin' to, and he wasn't asked to it, and he knew his time was up. I'd like to be there to curse Duke Rawlins like that. I guess he didn't!"

"But why should you mean?" Carlsen didn't accuse Duke Rawlins of stealing," demanded Jean impatiently.

"He was lame this mornin' when Cactus was carryin' him home in the carriage, and he called him a little snoopin', white-livered meddler, mixin' with the workmen, and keepin' the lowest company he could find, and he said he and his friends Ken and Robin Dunsmore would be above stealin' a watch and lettin' an innocent fellow like Jo Wilkes suffer for it! And he said you had helped Jo Wilkes to get off out of the way, and he was knowin' to it, and he could have had you took up! Now I'll tell you jest what it all means," added sagacious Thanny, after another refreshing pull at the coffee. "It got out somehow that them fellers expected to have the *Mary Ann* that night and I don' know but what they come up and got her and brought her back again; for jest as sure as I'm a livin' sinner she wa'n't layin' at that slip when I went acrost that night. And that Carlsen hatched up that lie with jest that much to start on."

"It doesn't matter, anyway. Such a ridiculous story!" said Jean. "Fancy Ken and Robin stealing! Of course no one would listen to it for a moment. I think Duke was foolish to be annoyed. Why, Robin, you look as if you really minded. You're quite white."

"Well, it ain't so very polite, now," said Thanny. "'Tain't real complimentary. And lies are always rilin'. He called Duke Rawlins a sight of names, too, and Steve Prettygo, that was listenin', he said Duke was jest as white as a sheet. Collins threatened to run over him if he didn't clear out. He's cleared out now, bag and baggage! He was afraid to wait for the train, for the men was threatenin' to hustle him!"

"Has he really gone?" asked Robin, doubtfully.

"Of course he has; that was part of the 'greement that the union made with Hallett & Rawlins, that he should be discharged, and the men are coming back at the same prices, but with the old hours that they had before Carlsen came—all of 'em, jest as soon as the new works are ready. And they've arrested the men that set the fire. The workmen themselves helped to track 'em, and the foreigners are goin' to be paid for their trouble, and Mr. Rawlins is goin' to find work for 'em in New York. And so it's all right, only Duke Rawlins is pretty sick, they say; they had two doctors as soon as he got home."

"I knew he felt dreadful when he was lying on that old lounge this morning, though he wouldn't own it," said Jean. "What he went through last night was enough to kill any one as delicate as he! Well, Peggy is likely to have nursing enough to do in her own family!"

"Oh, Jean, don't talk as if Duke were going to die," cried Robin. "Everything seems to be turning out so—so dreadfully."

"I thought everything was turning out very well except that Duke is ill," said Jean. "The strike seems to be ended, and Dave Freneau is coming to his senses, and the fire didn't do as much damage as was expected, and—it isn't possible that you really care about the silly things that Carlsen said about you and Ken? It isn't as if it were a *probable* story! I should never think of it twice."

Robin went down to Quansett that afternoon; there were some errands at the stores, and, moreover, she felt a feverish desire to know what people were saying about Carlsen and the story he had told. Every one would have heard it, for Steve Prettygo's shop was a rendezvous for gossips. Fortunately Jean, for once, did not wish to go, being thoroughly tired out. Every one stared at her even the few belated visitors at the hotel; or did she only imagine it? The strike and the fire and the rebuilding of the flint-glass factory were the chief topics of conversation; she heard Carlsen's name mentioned, but it was coupled with very uncomplimentary adjectives. Jean was right; it was a silly story to which no one would listen. And what if Thanny did spread abroad the story that in the night those men who helped Jo Wilkes to escape had carried off the *Mary Ann*? It was a plausible way to account for Carlsen's slander, and the men would never confess their share in the matter for the sake of denying that they stole the *Mary Ann*. The way of the transgressor was hard, but every one would call Carlsen's story foolish and improbable, and talk about it would die away.

"There never was so much smoke without some fire; and, anyhow, the minister had ought to know it."

"Hallett is lookin' into it. He's the one to tell the minister."

Robin heard this as she was going into Mr. Sears's store. There was a sudden hush in the group of men and boys about the door as they saw her. She went by them conscious that her cheeks were blazing. How queerly Mr. Sears looked at her! and she could scarcely command her voice sufficiently to make her errand known.

People believed it! they would tell her father—her father, who was so happy in the good reports that came from Ken, whose earthly hopes seemed now centred in him. It was Solomon Gross who had said that "Mr. Hallett was looking into it, and he was the one to tell the minister"—Solomon Gross, who was sober-minded and not given to light gossip, and had always been a good friend to Ken and her. Mr. Hallett was a straightforward man, with a taste, like Cap'n Saul, for bottom facts. He would be very likely to go to her father with the report. He had been more feeble than usual of late, and the doctor had said long ago that he must have nothing to agitate him, or he would not answer for the consequences.

In some way she must hinder the report from reaching her father's ears; but how? It was terrible to tell any one what Ken had done. She might write to Ken and urge him to confess, but that would involve delay; and then Ken was peculiar and obstinate; since he had been capable of doing it, he might be capable of denying it now, when confession would ruin all the prospects which were opening before him. And when they questioned her she could not deny; she had been able to act a lie in seeing Jo Wilkes wrongfully accused, but to the deliberate falsehood, which, perhaps, after all, was not so much worse, she knew herself unequal.

"I am weak—weak!" said poor Robin to herself. "I could neither tell the truth for him, nor a lie!"

If only Duke Rawlins were not too ill, she thought, she could tell him. He was such a good friend; he would find some way to keep the truth from her father's ears. At length she decided to go to Martha Hallett, carrying the money to pay for the watch. Martha was friendly and kind-hearted, she thought, although she was so frivolous. And she was not without shrewdness; she might find a way to satisfy her father's suspicions without betraying Ken. At least she could persuade him not to tell her father. And to have the watch paid for would make a little difference, it seemed to her, although all were known. She was so weary, physically, that it was impossible to go to Sandford that afternoon, but the next morning, early, she set out with the roll of bills in her pocket.

Both Julia and Martha espied her from afar, and ran to meet her; they had evidently just come from the breakfast table, for Julia had a napkin in her hand.

"So lovely of you to come over so early!" cried Martha, and Julia echoed the sentiment. "Oh, and I've such a piece of news!" continued Martha. "I'm really going to get rid of her for good! Uncle Ambrose Gifford is really attentive to her! He comes every Tuesday evening, and it's always a sign of something particular to go to see a lady always on the same day of the week! At least for an old bachelor. I asked Miss Ferris if it wasn't, and you should have seen how furiously she blushed! She wouldn't have cut off her locks to piece out *my* burned bangs! And, oh! we're really to go to New York this winter, for a month or two, anyway."

"And the strike?" said Robin, trying feebly to stem the current.

"Oh, it's over; but wasn't it dreadful? We thought we should be burned to death; every one thought they would set this house on fire. And it will be so late before we can go to New York! Papa will have to see to the new buildings; he won't trust any one."

"Carlsen is gone," announced Julia, "and every one is glad. And Duke Rawlins is very sick."

"Carlsen wasn't so very bad," said Martha, reflectively. "He was very obliging to me about -about getting Jo Wilkes off when I didn't want to go to court. They say he was dreadfully rude to Duke Rawlins, but, dear me! those two were always having it. I don't think a boy like him has any business to meddle."

"Martha, can I speak to you alone for a moment?" said Robin. How difficult it was going to be to break into Martha's frivolous chatter with a revelation like that!

"To Martha alone? Well, I must say it doesn't seem very friendly, when I've always thought so much of you, Robin!" There were symptoms of tears in Julia's voice. "And people *always* keep secrets from me; but, of course, you have a right to like her best if you want to."

"It hasn't anything to do with liking, Julia," said Robin, patiently. "It is only something very private."

"Oh, of course, if you don't want me to hear," said Julia, in an aggrieved tone, and walked away.

"Oh, Robin, is it a surprise for Ju? or a party at your house? Such a delightful house as it used to be for parties!" said Martha, dancing along the driveway backward before Robin in her eagerness.

"It isn't in the least like that, Martha," said Robin, and her distressed face brought Martha's dancing to a sudden end.

"I hope it isn't anything very bad," she said. "I do love a bit of privacy, especially if Ju isn't to know anything about it."

She led the way into the library, and shut the doors carefully.

"There's no one about, anyway," she said. "Papa goes down to the works directly after breakfast, and grandma is sitting with mamma, who is in bed with a headache, and Miss Ferris—don't you tell, but Miss Ferris is priming herself in algebra; she has to before lesson hours. She has a key; I found it hidden under everything in her desk; and now *I* use it before she does. So it's a convenience to both of us, you see."

Robin's wide-open eyes looked an astonished reproof, and then they fell suddenly. Surely she had no right even to look reproof at any one. She thrust a roll of bank-bills into Martha's hands.

"Oh, Martha, you will take it to pay for the watch, and not let your father know, and not let people say it was Ken. It was, Martha—it was Ken, and not Jo Wilkes. He picked it up and—and kept it, because he had no money to go away with. He meant to pay for it right away, but, poor Ken! with a boy's wages, and we could send him nothing, and I tried, too; and then after I got the cranberry money and could pay, I was afraid you would find out. It seemed too dreadful to have people know that it was Ken, and it will kill my father if he ever hears it—it will kill him, Martha." Robin's voice grew high and shrill in her excitement. "Of course it was dreadful to let Jo Wilkes be suspected wrongfully, but after he got away it seemed as if it—it might not hurt him so much."

"Why, of course, a person like Jo Wilkes, it can't matter much to him," said Martha. She leaned upon the arm of Robin's chair, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. "I can't understand. You don't mean, Robin, that Ken would—would keep a watch! I don't see how you can think such a thing of your own brother." There was a touch of real indignation in Martha's tone.

"But, Martha, he did. You don't know what it is not to have any money. And he meant to pay—you'll believe that he meant to pay? And I was so thankful when Jo Wilkes got away. I helped him a little. I lent the *Mary Ann*, and Carlsen found it out. He saw me coming from Gridiron Cove, and there was where he found the ribbon that his little girl brought me the day of the lawn party. Don't you remember the checked hair ribbon? He suspected before, because I said that Jo Wilkes wasn't guilty. Don't you remember that day in the works when Dave Freneau made the lamp shade? The rest of you didn't think anything of what I said, but he did. And he told Duke Rawlins. Steve Prettygo heard; every one knows. Oh, Martha, won't you say that it's paid for? Try to keep people from talking? Help me to keep it from my father?"

"Will every one know? What will they know? You talk so fast, Robin, that I can't understand you. Of course Ken didn't. Oh, I wish you wouldn't make such a fuss! I'm sure I had trouble enough about it! I did hope there was an end of it when Jo Wilkes got away! But you must have had a dreadful time!" Martha's peevish tone suddenly showed a touch of sympathy. "But I don't see how you could— Wait a minute, and let me think, Robin; you do talk so fast."

"I am sorry to be a listener, and sorry to see a little girl in such trouble." At the sound of the grave voice Robin sprang to her feet, and Martha screamed "Papa!" with an accent of terror. Mr. Hallett had parted the portière which divided his den from the library, and stood calmly holding back its folds. "But I can't possibly allow my daughter to be persuaded to promise to keep anything from her father, especially anything that seems so important as that. If a wrong has been done, an innocent person accused, and the guilty one allowed to escape, the wrong must be righted at any cost."

"Oh, what have I done? Why did I come?" cried Robin, wildly. "I have ruined Ken, and I have killed papa! Oh, why did I come?"

And then she dropped back into the luxurious depths of the yellow satin arm-chair—even the library in the Hallett house glowed with yellow satin—and fainted for the first time in her healthy young life.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. HALLETT was very kind, and Martha was half sobbing when Robin came to herself, with Miss Ferris's pungent vinaigrette, which Martha had brought in haste, almost strangling her. She was still protesting piteously that she had ruined Ken and killed her father, but Mr. Hallett assured her that he had heard the reports, and should have felt obliged to investigate them, so her coming had made no difference.

"You won't, oh, Mr. Hallett, you won't let papa hear of it?" said Robin.

Mr. Hallett hesitated; he might have a kind manner, but he evidently had no intention of changing his purpose because a girl had fainted.

"I certainly shall not tell him while he is sick," he said at length; "though I think that the best thing for

such circumstances, is to have his father [illegible] I must look up Jo Wilkes, and see that he doesn't suffer from the unjust arrest. That is no more than [illegible] and it doesn't do for a firm to get the reputation of treating its workmen unjustly. No, no, my dear, we shouldn't take your money, of course. If the young man himself should wish to pay for it, that would [illegible]" said Mr. Hallett.

Robin went away but little consoled, although Martha followed her to the gate, assuring her that it would "all die out, just as it had about Jo Wilkes." "But papa is dreadful," said Martha, still on the verge of tears. "You don't blame me now for being afraid of him, do you? But he will be careful not to let your father know; and, oh, Robin, don't blame me for—for letting him overhear! I never thought he could be in his den, because he always does go to the works directly after breakfast."

"It didn't matter, he knew already," said Robin, hopelessly, as she went away.

The next day there came a report that Duke Rawlins was dangerously ill; fever had followed his nervous prostration, and for a time his life was despaired of; after the crisis was past he had a relapse, and there were conflicting reports of fear and hope.

"I think it's very queer that you don't even go over to inquire, you who are such friends with them," said Jean, wondering at Robin's silence and apathy.

"I have no right to go," said Robin to herself. "They have heard too, and they wouldn't speak to me. And I was to blame for it all; if Duke dies I shall be to blame, for if I had told the truth, and Jo Wilkes had been released at once, the strike might never have happened!"

The Hallett girls seemed to avoid Robin, and it was no wonder, she thought, bitterly. Julia told her one day, when they met by accident, that Martha was not at all well.

"She's only fretting to go to New York, I think," Julia said. "Martha wants to be too grown up; she isn't so old as I am, if people do tell her things that they won't tell me."

The "privacy" seemed to be rankling in Julia's mind, which was strange, Robin thought, since she probably knew what it was.

But the fact was that Julia did not know, Martha having for once held her tongue.

Martha rushed up to Robin one day and put her arms round her. "Oh, don't look like that, Robin!" she exclaimed. "It won't come to anything, not a thing! It's a great mistake to make too much fuss, because if you don't, things will come right. Papa can't find Jo Wilkes; he can't hear any news of him. And the *Wasp* hasn't come back to Fleetwell. So many young men go away from the Cape and never come back again! And I know papa will never make any fuss about—about Ken. All he thinks of is Jo Wilkes."

"It was dreadful about Jo Wilkes," said Robin, slowly.

"I don't see how you can think it matters so much for a person like that; he wouldn't care," said Martha. "And perhaps the *Wasp* went to the bottom," she added, cheerfully.

"Oh, Martha!" exclaimed Robin.

"One wouldn't wish it, of course; it was dreadful to say that," said Martha, contritely. "But, anyway, I don't believe Jo Wilkes will ever be heard from; so that is the last of all that fuss!"

Ken wrote often to Robin now, chiefly to inquire after Duke's condition, which was slowly but surely improving.

"Poor old Dave!" he had written in his latest letter, "It is good to hear that he is getting better, but, as I told you, I don't think so much about his father's discovery as I did. I wish it might amount to something, but I'm afraid the chances are small. Anyway, it's been a great thing for me, for it has shown me what I can do. I've been working, I can tell you, and studying up glass making and coloring, and that's what I want to do. Of course I know it's a long road for a boy without money, but I have got a great scheme into my head since I've heard about the new glass works that Hallett & Rawlins are going to build. I've read about them in the papers the greatest thing in the country they're going to be. I'm thinking that fire wasn't such a bad thing! And it looks as if the opportunity for me were right there! How would you like to have your bad penny come back? I shouldn't expect much of a place at first, of course, but they would do better for me than strangers would. Mr. Fayer is going to write them a letter for me. He says he shall be sorry to lose me, but he thinks that there's my opportunity. I'll tell you one thing, Robin, I'll be a better fellow if I do get home again. P. S.—You ought to see the letter which Mr. Fayer has written for me, to Hallett & Rawlins! I'm afraid I couldn't get such a character at home, but, Robin, as true as you live, I've turned over a new leaf!"

A new leaf! But who was to wipe out the record on the old one? The letter dropped from Robin's trembling fingers. To apply to Mr. Hallett for a position at the works! Ken always was audacious, she thought; he had never seemed to realize things like other people. She must not let him do that! she must write to him that it would not do. And yet, why not let him be made to realize what he had done in that way as well as in any other? Poor, poor Ken, who seemed so strangely lacking in moral sense! While she was still uncertain, in the beginning of winter, while the December days were short and cold, her father's illness suddenly assumed an acute form, and even her anxiety about Ken was almost forgotten in the new care and danger. He was delirious, and old cares thronged in his brain; the emptiness of the little church on the highest bluff and the uselessness of his ministry in Penanhant were the chief. It was Christmas eve, and there were only dark shadows—shadows and silence—in the little church; that was the vision that haunted him in his delirium, and in his lucid moments he had shown that he brooded over the same idea.

"We must have a service on Christmas eve! we must do it! The boys may not have forgotten their carols entirely," said Robin to Jean, as they stole out, together, from their father's room.

"But, Robin, it's so empty! The Land Company's creditors took even the chandelier, and the lamps along the walls!" said Jean. "And not so much as a desk—nothing but bare boards!"

The Rawlins' carriage stopped at the door in less than an hour after the girls had held this colloquy. Duke, muffled in furs, only the gaunt frame-work of a boy, was lifted out.

Ah, it was to Duke and Peggy and Kitty that she could tell her plan! Duke could scarcely be too ill to think of helping others, and Peggy would be in her element.

They were full of enthusiasm at once. Uncle Ambrose Gifford would read the service; there was only a week, but Peggy would help to teach the boys the carols, so far as they had forgotten them. A few of the choir-boys had gone away to sea, but most of them could be found without difficulty. As for lamps, that was no difficulty; were there not lamps enough even in the Sandford stores?

Teaching the boys was hard work; they had forgotten the carols, and that was not the worst. Thanny's voice, which had been in keeping with his cherubic appearance, had grown a shrill pipe; the best voices had all changed. But distance lends enchantment to sound as well as to sight. Was a carol ever anything but musical borne on the clear, frosty Christmas air? That was what Duke and Peggy said, and the others agreed with them.

Christmas day dawned dull and lowering, with a hint

of snow in the air. Before noon there came a message that Duke was ill again; very ill he must be, for the girls sent only a hasty word of regret.

"But the service need not fail. The boys can sing!" said Robin, with feverish eagerness.

She had told her father of what was to happen, at the doctor's suggestion, and he had seemed wonderfully soothed and cheered. He had had his bed moved nearer to the window, that he might see the lights.

Robin grew anxious as the early twilight came on, and the lamps had not come. Uncle Ambrose Gifford, who had shown great interest, had ordered them from Boston, not finding any that were suitable in Sandford. It grew late; seven o'clock - eight, and the choir-boys and a sparse little congregation had gathered in the bare church, where burned only the few feeble lamps which could be spared from the house.

"They have all failed us, Jean!" said Robin, bitterly.

"I knew the Hallett girls wouldn't come, because Alice Gifford's going to have a Christmas party," said Jean. Her father's repeated murmur, reported by Moira, cut Robin to the heart.

"It must have been a dream. I thought Robin told me that there would be lights and music in the church — a Christmas service in the empty little church. Of course it must have been a dream! There's a feeble little flicker of light, only enough to show the shadows that I'm always dreaming about."

Her mother came to Robin, weeping; the disappointment was throwing him into a fever, she said.

"Cap'n Saul! Thanny! help me to build a bonfire, so that its light will show through the windows of the church. There is wood in our shed—plenty of drift-wood on the shore. When once the fire is lighted, we can see to gather wood to keep it."

There were willing hands, in spite of the Sunday clothes, and just as the first flames darted upward a carriage stopped at the church door, and Miss Ferris and Martha Hallett alighted from it.

"We were sorry to be so late, but the Christmas dinner, you know," gasped Miss Ferris; "and poor Mr. Gifford has a dreadful attack of asthma—his old enemy—and the bonfire will be beautiful, but why is the church so dark?"

"The lamps didn't come," said Robin.

"The lamps! I went to the station and got them this noon myself, and sent them over!" said Miss Ferris. "Steve Prettygo agreed to deliver them safely at the chapel."

"At the *chapel!* Now that's just like you, Miss Ferris; you know you do get things so wrong!" said Martha, candidly. "He took them to the Quansett Mission Chapel, of course!"

"Oh! and is there nothing to be done?" cried poor Miss Ferris, wringing her hands.

"Yes, gather drift-wood; it makes such a fire!" said Martha Hallett. "And it's so delightfully Christmasy."

Martha scrambled through the sand, and made her way out among jagged crags of ice, regardless of her fine clothes, while Robin made Miss Ferris go into the church,



ROBIN WAS EXTINGUISHING THE LIGHT IN THE HALL.

which was warmed, consoling her by assuring her that she could help very much about the singing.

"Martha, your hands will be frozen, and you needn't work so; there are so many men. See! they keep coming!" said Robin, her heart wonderfully cheered.

"I want to help you! I want to so much! I'm so glad I didn't go to the party with Ju. If—if anything should ever happen, you'll remember it of me, won't you, Robin?"

Robin listened, only vaguely wondering. She had such a care upon her mind about the fire, to keep it steady and not too high, so that discovery could not mar her father's satisfaction. Bonfires might be "Christmasy," as Martha said, but they would scarcely seem appropriate to her father as a means of lighting a church.

The choir-boys' voices were a little hoarse from their exertions, but the carols rang out bravely in the frosty air. And they all sang, with might and main, the old hymn which Mr. Dinsmore loved best of all "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." The sick man's window had been opened a little, while he was carefully shielded from the air, and the doctor had said that it would "do him more good than medicine." Moira came and reported that he had gone to sleep "as soft and aisy looke as a babby" while they were singing that hymn.

"You won't forget, Robin, that I I wanted to help you?" said Martha, insistently, as she went away.

"I don't know what she means," said Robin, a little impatiently to Jean, who had overheard. "Of course I [illegible] was kind.

Mama had made coffee for the carol-boys who had sung [illegible] the house in the cold and it was late before they had all gone.

Robin was extinguishing the light in the hall when [illegible] came running up the steps three at a bound [illegible] thought Robin with her heart leaping. It was Ken himself who burst in when the door was opened, panting and almost exhausted.

"I've run all the way from Quansett—had to, to keep from freezing—got so chilled on that schooner!" panted Ken, dropping into a chair. You see, Hank Colson lost his bearings somehow. He was bound for Fleetwell—there's where she hails from—the *Wasp*, you know; but he agreed to put in at Quansett and set me ashore. You see, I ran across Hank in Boston, just as Mr. Fayer had decided that I could come, though he had thought he couldn't spare me in such a busy time—the last of the year. I thought 'twas a streak of luck, because I couldn't really afford to come on the cars, a fellow doesn't exactly roll in riches the first year in business, and I've been saving up to pay—well, what you know about. I guess it hasn't hurt you as much as it has me!"

Robin drew a long, long breath. "Oh, Ken, I'm glad you've come!" she said.

"Well, I was beginning to think you didn't behave much as if you were," said Ken. "And it's a wonder that I'm here, let me tell you that! Came within a hair's-breadth of getting wrecked on the Chunks; she actually grazed on a rock! If it hadn't been for that bonfire, the *Wasp's* bones would most likely have been at the bottom now, and mine, and all the crew's!"

Robin clung to him, to be sure that he was real flesh and blood. For a moment nothing seemed to matter, since Ken's bones had not gone to the bottom. She told him the story of the bonfire, which had done so much more than was expected of it, and of the hope which the doctors had begun to hold out of her father's complete recovery.

"But he must have nothing to agitate or worry him," the doctors say—"nothing, Ken!"

"Well, we won't give him anything, the dear old pater!" said Ken. "Sha'n't I astonish him with my Latin? and with my zeal for business, too, I imagine. A fellow isn't stuck-up or anything, you know, Robin, but I do want him to see the letter that Mr. Fayer wrote to Hallett & Rawlins for me! I asked them to send it yesterday, so it would get there just ahead of me, and I'm going to see Mr. Hallett to-morrow, Christmas or not. I can't wait, Robin. I would rather see him than Mr. Rawlins, because I want to feel as if I got the place on my own merits, without owing anything to Duke—dear old fellow! I hope he'll get well soon. And Dave! it's great about Dave! I must see him to-morrow too, if the doctor will allow it. I suppose he will by this time. It would be queer if there should be a fortune in old Freneau's way of coloring glass, after all, wouldn't it? Anyway, I feel like the old fellow who dug all over his farm to find a pot of gold; and though he never found the gold, he made his land so fertile by digging that he raised wonderful crops and got very rich.

"Jo Wilkes, a fellow who used to work at the factory, was on board, and came off at Quansett with me on his way to Sandford. It seems he was arrested for stealing something or other and ran away; he says it was a 'put-up job' of that Carlsen, and he can prove that he's innocent. But you're awfully tired, Robin; how white you are! I mustn't keep you up any longer. I begin to think you are a good deal of a somebody, Robin."

What a strange chance it was that had brought Jo Wilkes back at the same time with Ken! She must prevent his going to Mr. Hallett—she must tell him that everything was known; but in the morning—in the morning.

It was a merry household in the morning, though it had to be a quiet one; the father was better, and Ken was jubilant; his high spirits infected every one but Robin.

"She looks all worn out," said Ken, to his mother. "She looks as if she *couldn't* smile."

"I'm beginning to fear that Robin hasn't a happy disposition," said his mother; "Jean is more like me."

"I want to speak to you, Ken, just a moment, before you go," said Robin, with dry lips and a voice that sounded strangely in her own ears, as Ken was making ready for his walk to Sandford.

"You can't just now, anyway," said Ken, "for there's Martha Hallett coming, and with a bee in her bonnet, of course, those Hallett girls always have."

But Martha's bee was not buzzing; she was quiet and solemn.

"She looks as if something had happened," said Ken, wonderingly.

"There are just you two alone? that's what I wanted," she said, looking around the room, and without a word of commonplace greeting. "Yes, I knew Ken had come"—in answer to an inquiring look from Robin. "Jo Wilkes came to see papa. And papa had a letter about you, Ken. He said—oh, *you* know what he would say, Robin, thinking what he did, and then I seemed to realize what I had done. I didn't at all at first, and I was so afraid that papa would send me away to school if he knew that I had made such a fuss and had Jo Wilkes arrested when he hadn't stolen the watch! And when you begin to deceive like that—oh, it is so hard to find a way out of it."

"Of course I don't know what you're talking about," said Ken, "but I have tears if this is the time to shed them," he added, lightly. It was like Ken not to believe that Martha Hallett could have any real troubles.

"Oh, Robin knows! She will never speak to me again. I let her feel awfully, *awfully*, and I didn't own up, I was so afraid of papa!" cried Martha, in tones of such real distress that Ken's levity gave way to sympathetic interest. "It's about my watch that you found and brought back to me the morning that you went away."

"Brought—brought back to you?" echoed Robin.

The dreadful burden of months slipped off in that one blessed minute; but there was a burden of shame instead, that would not let her look up into Ken's bewildered face.

"I didn't tell that you had brought it back! I had had Jo Wilkes arrested, and papa would have been so angry. And when Robin thought that you—you hadn't returned it—"

"Robin thought *what?*" demanded Ken, in a voice which made poor Robin quake.

"You said, Ken, that you had—had done something desperate for money!" said Robin, summoning all her courage.

"So I did," said Ken. "It doesn't seem so desperate, now I have paid it, but I borrowed it of Duke Rawlins."

How simple was the explanation! Oh, the long, long weeks in which she had tortured herself needlessly!

"And I saw the watch in your drawer," continued Robin, with an effort, "and I found out from Martha—I thought I did—that you hadn't returned it, and, oh, Ken, it didn't come easy to think it of you, but what could I think?"

"It gives a fellow a curious idea of how he must have behaved to make his own sister so ready to think him a thief!" said Ken, dryly. "I remember now thinking that you had seen that watch, and were going to blame me for getting it."

"I told papa all about it this morning, and I suppose there's no hope that I sha'n't be sent away to that dreadful Normal School," said Martha, pathetically. "He said that if Miss Ferris were not going to be married, perhaps he wouldn't send me, for he thought well of her influence in spite of what I'd done. And fancy that I put it into both their heads! I was so crazy to get rid of her. I seem to have been such a fool! And I don't suppose you'll ever forgive me, Robin, you or Ken."

"Oh, bother forgiveness!" said Ken, in boy fashion. "Of course you couldn't expect to kick up such a bobbery."

"I'm afraid it was I who kicked up the bobbery," said Robin; and then she told him all about Jo Wilkes's escape in the *Mary Ann*, and Carlsen's reports; it was such a relief to have it all over at once.

"It is a little queer for a fellow who thought he was getting on in the world to find that every one at home was suspecting him of being a thief," said Ken.

"I can't ask you to forgive *me*, Ken," said Robin, humbly.

"Well, you look, old lass, pretty much as if you had got your deserts," said Ken, with a quiver in his voice. And then he gave her a thoroughly consoling hug, and went off with Martha, who had recovered much of her vivacity, to see Mr. Hallett.

"Oh, Jean, Jean, there never was such a Christmas day!" cried Robin, whirling into the nursery with a rain of happy tears upon her face.

"It is nice," said Jean, placidly, "with papa better, and Ken at home behaving so much better, and good news again from Duke" (Thanny, who had been sent to inquire in the early morning, had brought it,) "and I must say that muff and boa were just what I wanted. But I hope, Robin, you're not going to get hysterical like Annette Freneau. It doesn't seem a bit like you."

Ken came back jubilant. Mr. Hallett had been more than kind, and had promised at once to give him the place that he wanted.

"He really feels badly about what that girl did, and it *was* pretty rough on a fellow—rougher on you, Robin."

"If you only will never think of it again, Ken," pleaded Robin.

"I won't. I have much pleasanter things to think of,' said Ken. "I stopped to see Dave as I was coming home. They're not going to keep him quiet much longer; he's as well as ever. He drew out from under his pillow the whole formula of the glass-coloring, his father's great secret, written out from memory with a pencil and bit of paper which he had smuggled. I persuaded him to let me show it to Mr. Fayer. He'll know whether it's worth anything."

It was not until late in the spring, when the new works were in full blast, and Ken working his way bravely up through the trials of being only a boy, that it was discovered how much the secret was worth.

"I wouldn't say anything until it was tested at the works, though Mr. Fayer sent me his opinion a month ago," Ken said to Robin, trying hard to preserve a manly calmness. "It's a success—not a great fortune as we fancied, but a valuable patent, because it's a saving of money to glass-manufacturers. It is certainly worth twenty thousand dollars, perhaps twice that. I've told Dave that I wouldn't take a third, our old agreement. I haven't done enough to help him; it wouldn't be fair; but there'll be enough of my share to make things comfortable here at home, and to give me a little start when Duke and I go into business. And you, Robin, you mustn't be such a little drudge, with a load of care on your shoulders."

"Don't try to set everybody up in the world, Ken," cried Robin, gayly. "Even Thanny wants to be manager at the works. It's well that I have a contented mind, for I shall be left to be 'the cook and the captain bold and the mate of the'—*Mary Ann!*"

THE END

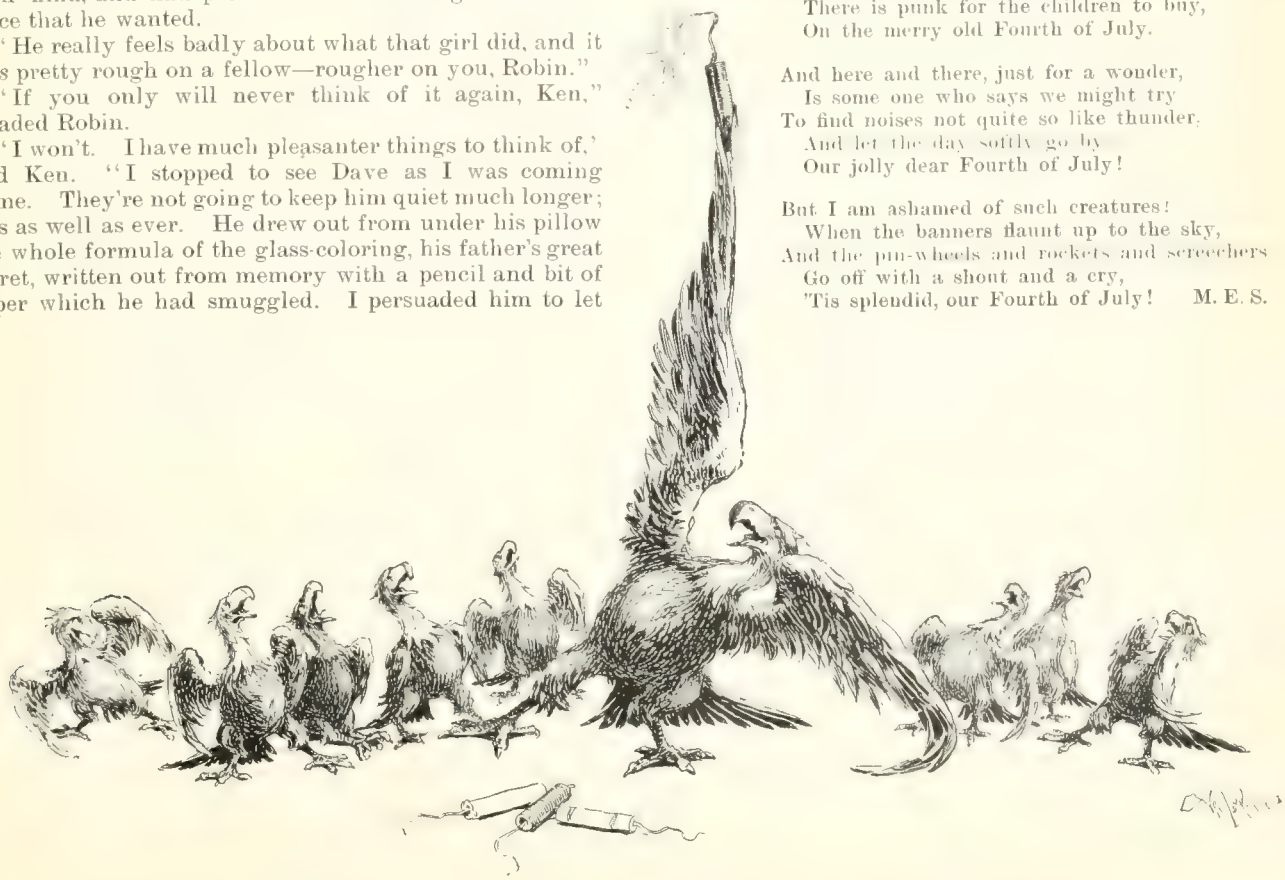
THE FOURTH OF JULY.

With a boom and a fizz and a bluster,
And a flutter of flags in the sky,
With soldiers who come to the muster,
And drums that go merrily by,
Comes in the gay Fourth of July.

There are bells ringing out from the steeple,
There are fireworks blazing on high,
There are great jolly throngs of good people,
There is punk for the children to buy,
On the merry old Fourth of July.

And here and there, just for a wonder,
Is some one who says we might try
To find noises not quite so like thunder,
And let the day softly go by
Our jolly dear Fourth of July!

But I am ashamed of such creatures!
When the banners flaunt up to the sky,
And the pin-wheels and rockets and screechers
Go off with a shout and a cry,
'Tis splendid, our Fourth of July! M. E. S.



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.—Drawn by Frank Ver Beck.



CHORUS OF TORPEDOES.—"OW, OW, OW!"



CHORUS OF TORPEDOES.—"OW, OW, OW!"

A GOOD IDEA

"I WANT to ask you something," said Freddie to his father. "Can't I stay home from school next winter just as many days as it lasts during vacation, so as to make things even?"

ITEMS FROM THE POWDER MAGAZINE

"THOUGHT you were going to leave us," remarked the Torpedo.

"Just going off now," retorted the Fire-cracker with a bang.

"HIM Rocket thinks he's a dude," sneered the Torpedo.

"YES," returned the Green Fire; "a regular stick, and light-headed as well."

"THAT Pin-wheel was very rude at the exhibition yesterday," said the Bomb; "all he did was to hiss at everything."

"GOODNESS me," remarked the lighted Punk, "Matches are awfully sensitive. Why, I barely touched one just now, and he immediately flared up, and then went out."

"YOU know that old Giant Cracker?" inquired the Flower-pot. "Well, I told him a very funny story yesterday, and it made him laugh so hard he exploded."

"HUSH-SH-SH," said the Giant Cracker, in a harsh voice.

"What's the matter?" was the cry.

"Oh, nothing," returned the Giant Cracker. "False alarm. I'm going out in a moment."

ARE you any relative to the Shooting Stars?" asked the modest little Snapper.

"Well," returned the Rocket, proudly, "I presume I am, for there's some sort of family resemblance. We've often been taken for each other."

A NOVEL IDEA

ROBERT. "May I stay home from school to-day, mamma?"

MAMMA. "No, Robert, of course; it will soon be vacation."

ROBERT. "That's just it. I want to stay home, mamma; I want to get used to vacation by degrees before it comes."

WHAT would be the "scene," I could without a bit of noise?
'Twould seem as though we'd put nice frocks on all our lit
tle

CHICK'S CONVERSATIONS

"HELLO," cried the Chimpanzee to the Elephant, as he was calling at his breakfast, "going away?"

"No," returned the Elephant. "Why?"

"'Cause I saw you had your trunk packed just now," chuckled his tormentor.

"WHAT makes the Tiger so angry this morning?" asked the Polar-Bear.

"Oh," laughed the Hyena, "I saw him walking up and down his cage this morning, and asked him if he was going far, and he got mad."

"SAY," called out the Baboon to the Giraffe, "next time you go to stretch your neck let me know, will you, please, so I won't think it's a boa constrictor, and get scared into fits again."

"THAT Leopard and Panther tire me with their quarrels," sighed the Silver Fox; "they dispute every day as to who has the best fur for a rug—just as though there was any choice in the matter after people have seen me."

"THAT Antelope is very proud," whispered the Elk.

"Of course," returned the Moose; "he's among the first animals in natural history."

"How is that?" inquired the Elk.

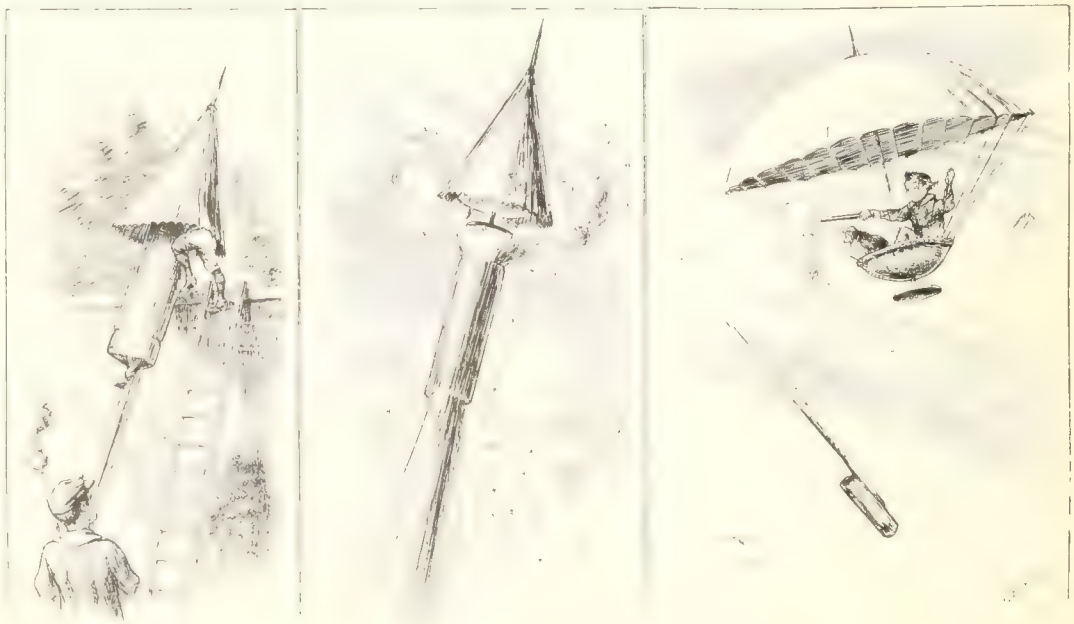
"Pooh, you stupid," was the answer. "Doesn't his name begin with A?"

"WHY isn't that poor Hyena popular?" inquired the Sacred Cow.

"Because," explained the Camel, "he laughs at his very best friends, and they don't like it."

"HELLO," cried the Ape to the Buffalo, "you fellows are getting to be a great curiosity nowadays."

"Well, I wish you were," returned the Buffalo, who objected to being teased, "then we might be glad to see you once in a while."



PHILANDER BRIGGS'S SCHEME FOR CELEBRATING "THE FOURTH"

AS HE HOPED. CELEBRATION. THE RETURN

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE BRAVE MOCCASIN BOY.

BY JULIAN RALPH



THE bravest American boy of whom I ever heard was named Palatkin, and he was a Crow Indian. I would ask nothing better than to have time to prove to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that the American Indian had, and has yet, as high qualities of courage, loyalty to sentiment, friendship, honor, and honesty as any people who ever lived. I would like to prove that if our red men had lived in Europe 1000 or 2000 years ago, and if they had possessed a written language like the Greeks and Romans, we should all be pointing to their deeds of valor and of manhood as we do to those of other peoples who did possess a literature. But, alas for the red Indian! his poets and orators had no reporters or historians. Perhaps some day I shall gather together what I have read and heard and seen of the American Indian, and lay it before the boys who now live in the land where the Indian roamed. If so, I will not make the Indian appear any better than he was, for he was simply a savage trained to the chase and the war-path. But, on the other hand, I hope to be able to show that it ill becomes us, who have cheated and wronged him for two centuries, to dismiss him with that cruel and horrible sentence, "The only good Injun is a dead Injun."

To begin with, let me tell about the bravest boy—white, black, or red—of whom I ever heard. His name was Palatkin, and he was a member of the great Crow nation. He lived, as I am told, not above half a century ago, and roamed the plains near the Canadian border, where we see Montana and North Dakota on our maps. One day a band of his people were out on the war-path, and they took Palatkin with them as a "moccasin boy"—a sort of servant to look after the wants of the men, and do the drudgery of each camp that was set up when the band rested or put up their tents. Moccasin boys do the work of women, and used to be taken on the war-path and the hunting-trail when the squaws would have been useless and in the way. Palatkin was fifteen years old.

Little Indian boys in the great fighting tribes play like any other boys at first. They swarm in the villages and play all sorts of games, much as white boys do. There are two great differences between them and white boys. One is that there is very little discipline for them. Beyond being taught to bear pain and not to cry—by having their mother's hand clapped over their mouth whenever they start to cry, even while little babies—very



PALATKIN LEAPED ON THE BEAST'S BACK.

[illegible] sport together. Another difference is that from the moment they are able to ride about on their ponies they begin to learn to ride horseback. Then, again, these [illegible] begin to shoot at little birds and [illegible] squirrels and rabbits, as soon as they are [illegible] They learn part stalking and the art of [illegible] with stones and spears, and with arrows that sometimes fling from their hands and sometimes [illegible] from bows. They become very clever marksmen and riders of course. When they begin to feel that they are getting to be big boys, the day is certain to come when they shall borrow a real bow and quiver or a real gun and go out after big game. When such a boy at last comes returns to camp with the body of a deer that he has shot, he feels that he is no longer a child. All his people are as proud of him as he is of himself. He never plays with smaller boys after that.

Palatkin had reached that stage, and was glad to go with the warriors on the war path. He did not care what drudgery he had to do so long as he could be with them.

On one afternoon the braves with whom Palatkin travelled had seen the lodges of some Blackfeet on the plains. They wanted to watch them until nightfall, and then attack them and "stampede" their horses, or wait until daybreak and fight them. I fancy what they wanted most, for there were only a few Crows in this band, was to steal the horses of their enemies. They were close to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, and they decided to climb upon the outermost hill and lie down and watch their enemies and wait. This they did.

After they had all been lying upon their bellies on the hill for a little time, one of them sounded a low note of alarm.

"Look! look!" he said. And he pointed far down the trail by which they had all climbed the hill.

All the braves looked where their comrade pointed, and all saw a startling sight. It was a huge grizzly bear slowly climbing the hill. He could not help coming right upon them, and they did not know what to do. They dared not fire a gun to kill him, for the Blackfeet would have heard the report. They dared not stand up and run; they might be seen.

They did not know how to act. They wriggled close together and whispered. Each asked the other, "What on earth are we to do?" Each shook his head as if to say, "I do not know."

Palatkin, the moccasin boy, saw how troubled they were. Presently he spoke. As a rule, Indian boys hold their tongues when warriors are talking. But Palatkin was not like other boys.

"If you will allow me to do it, I will kill the bear and make no sound," said he.

"Boy," said a mighty warrior, "do you know what a grizzly bear is? The great Manitou made him king of beasts, made him fearless. He fights even the lightning. He can only be killed when he smells no danger."

"If you will only let me try," said Palatkin, "I will kill the great bear. Why not let me try? If I fail, he can only kill me."

"Try, then, you fool," said the headman. "It is as the boy says, the bear will kill him."

"Give me the biggest and best knife among you," said Palatkin.

The headman handed him a great broad-bladed skinning knife, new and sharp, from Sheffield, by way of the nearest Hudson Bay post in Canada. The bear was coming clumsily along, shuffling up the trail.

Palatkin threw off his blanket and wore nothing on his smooth hard young body except his breech-clout and his moccasins. He was practically naked. But he kept the big knife in his right hand. Turning toward the place where the grizzly bear must soon show himself on the brow of the hill, the heroic boy crept along and presently flung himself face downward on the dirt and bunch-grass, with his knife in his hand under his body.

The enormous and terribly savage animal came lumbering along, rolling from side to side as bears do. When he came to Palatkin he stopped. Then he advanced and smelt him, rubbing his great cold nose along his body from the boy's heels to his ribs. "If this boy is dead," thought the bear, "I'll go about my business, but if he is alive and only asleep, he will wake up. Then he will want to fight, and, ah, what quick work I will make of him!" Putting his cold snout under the boy he rolled and jostled him about. Palatkin scarcely breathed. At last the bear was satisfied that the boy was dead.

The huge beast swung a leg over the boy and followed it with another, meaning to clamber past him up the narrow trail. The instant the beast was in the right position, fully over the boy, Palatkin stabbed him in a vital part. Quicker than a thought, almost, Palatkin grabbed the bear's long hair, leaped astraddle on the beast's back, and continued to stab him in the neck and behind his left fore leg and wherever he thought he could kill him.

It was a short fight. With his windpipe severed and his heart cloven in two, big Bruin fell upon his side. He had not gone many feet from where he found Palatkin. In a few moments he was dead—at least he was harmless.

When that warrior band rejoined the tribe and the braves told what Palatkin had done, all agreed that he should be the war chief of the nation. Every tribe has its full chief and its lesser chiefs, and they rule it all the time except in war. But when there is war the war chief is above all the others. He is the absolute head of all. He is chosen because of his courage, the scalps he has taken, and the victories he has won. It was a wonderful honor to fall to a boy of fifteen. I never heard of any other boy in any other tribe who won the place of war chief. Nor did I ever hear of any other boy who deserved it.

BILLY BUNCO.

A QUEER STEER

IN the slang parlance of some of our great cities a bunco-steerer is a man whose occupation consists in luring unsuspecting countrymen into games of chance and defrauding them of their money.

Billy Bunco, however, is not a man, but a Texas steer, and is probably the greatest arch traitor in the land. For six years he has been employed in such a wholesale betrayal of his comrades that the burden of his sins, as expressed numerically, is simply astounding. Billy is owned by Armour & Co., the great Chicago beef house, and his vocation consists in leading cattle to slaughter. The cattle on arriving at the stock-yards are much alarmed at the smell of blood, and it is exceedingly difficult to drive them, as they seem to have a premonition of their impending doom, but where one of their number leads they follow blindly. So when the pens are opened, Billy is at hand to lead his trusting companions to their death.

An employé opens the gate of a pen and calls out, "All right, Billy," and Billy without delay places himself at the head of the frightened herd, and unhesitatingly marches to the door of the slaughter-house, where he quickly steps aside, while his deluded followers are driven to meet their fate.

He then makes his way back to the yard, and waits for the next pen to be opened, and at the signal, "All right, Billy," he conducts fresh victims to the house of death.

It is impossible to have very much respect for this wholesale and professional betrayer, Billy; but perhaps he is not so much to be blamed, as he probably knows that if he should fail to perform the unpleasant duties connected with his office he would forfeit his head, and disappear in the house, whither he has seen so many of his kind enter, never to reappear except in the form of steaks, roasts, and canned beef.

It is probable that he purchases his life at the expense of his happiness, for this betrayal of nearly a million lives a year is telling on him, and he wears a sad and shame-faced expression; so possibly, some day, he will mix with the herd as they go to their death, and sacrifice his life to atone for his misdeeds.

BLACK-BASS FISHING.

BY PHILIP A. FOWLER.

THE black bass is the best-known game-fish in our smaller lakes and ponds, and while regarded as a less noble fish than the trout, will make a remarkably sharp though brief fight when hooked. Its home is the cold depths of a mountain lake in the shadow of some huge ledge, although I have taken many fine specimens from that notoriously muddy river the Concord.

It is useless to cast your line at random in any lake, for the bass is decidedly a rock fish, and while it is not necessary to search out bowlders of great size, it is essential that the lake bottom be rocky. The bass is not a "deep-sea" fish, if I may use that expression; better drop your line in twelve feet of water than in twenty. Bass-fishing is not confined to the early morning. My experience has been that they will bite equally well at all hours of the day, especially if the sky be overcast. A bright sun and calm surface are unfavorable to any kind of fishing, as the shadows of the boat and rod tend to frighten the fish.

Good fishing-grounds are not quickly "fished out," and on finding one its location should be permanently determined by noting the prominent landmarks about the lake. By this I mean select some large tree that is in exact line with a house or distant mountain-peak. Note two such objects, and you will be able to row at once to ledges which otherwise you might never find.

A bass will not rise to a fly to any extent later than the middle of June. They are best taken with live bait during July and the latter part of June.

The standard bait for catching bass is the minnow, which may be bought at one dollar a hundred at any fishing resort. It is impossible to catch this small-fry in a landing or dip net, but I have used with success the following method: Take a piece of firm black mosquito-netting from six to eight feet long and about thirty inches wide. Weight one long edge at intervals of six inches with small pebbles, and fasten to the four corners pieces of cord four feet long. With this net drag the sandy shores of the lake, especially where eel-grass abounds or near the outlet of a stream. The lower edge must be kept close to the bottom by a short lower cord, the upper portion of the net sagging a little behind. The school of minnow, finding escape around the ends impossible, will dart into the net, when all four cords should carefully and quickly be drawn to the surface. Crickets and grasshoppers are excellent bait, and in deep water a small frog may be used.

For the preservation of live bait, a small box with wire gauze netting on two sides and a trap-door at the top should be anchored partially beneath the surface of the water in some sheltered cove near the camp.

The rule to be generally observed in bass-fishing is to keep cool. Each person has his own way of playing and landing or loosing a fish. While the rod is in repose, waiting for a bite, there should be plenty of slack line out, so that the fish will not be frightened by the paying out of line at his first nibble.

Do not be in too much of a hurry to strike a fish; let the line run out even, though slowly. When you strike, do so with the rod, the tip being quite near the water. Hold the line firmly between the first two fingers of the right hand, and give one sharp jerk directly up and back, so as not to free the hook from the fish. During the first fierce rushes give the bass plenty of line, but on his rising keep the line taut; never jerk. Avoid a short line, especially when about to secure your fish.

Landing a bass is a delicate piece of business, and should never be attempted without a net. When you are sure there is no more fight in the fish, reel in the line until there is but a rod's length out. By elevating your rod the bass may be slowly led up within two feet of the boat, when the net should be gently slipped under him from behind.

If the line becomes caught under a rock, reel in until the rod is at an angle of forty-five degrees; then grasping the rod in the left hand, just above the reel-plate, with the line taut, strike the butt several smart blows with the right hand.

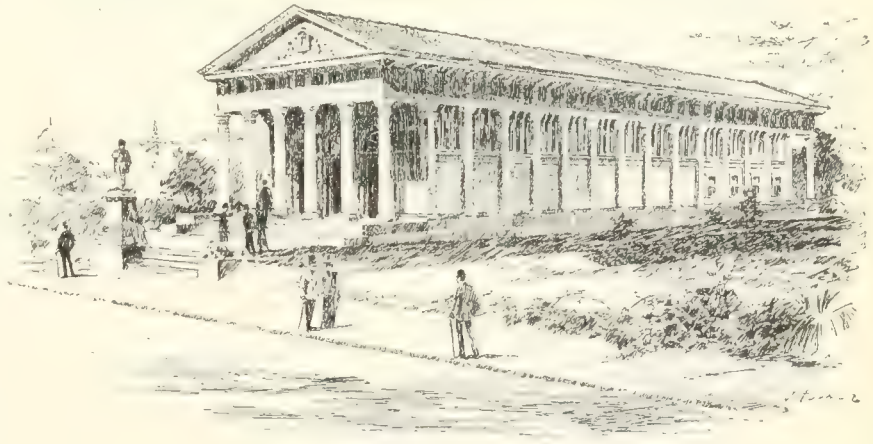
The flesh of the black bass is not so delicate as that of the trout or pickerel, yet is very good eating. It is not necessary to skin a bass, but simply to remove the scales; this can easily be done when the fish is first caught. To remove the fins make deep incisions on either side, and pull them out. I mention this way because it removes the bones which are so troublesome when the fish is served.

The proper rod for bass-fishing is an eight-ounce lancewood bait rod with three joints. For a line I advise using a braided raw silk, as sufficiently strong and less expensive than the fancy oiled lines. For hooks select any small ones with gut, and also use a three-foot single leader. Three split shot should be placed about six inches up the leader.

THE STATES AT THE FAIR.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

EVERY State and Territory in the American Union will be represented at the World's Fair in one way or another, though not all of them will have special buildings as exhibits or as headquarters for the people from each State. Those which have buildings are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota,



THE GEORGIA BUILDING.

Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. It would be interesting to describe all of these buildings, for each of them in some sense represents the taste in architecture of the people of the State that has erected it, or is a memorial of some important historical epoch. There is not space, however, in a periodical like this for so extended a review of these buildings, and we must be content with a very brief mention of some of the most important characteristics of these structures.

Probably more visitors will go with interest to the Virginia Building than to any other, for the Virginia commissioners have reproduced Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. This house, to be sure, will not be important or interesting on account of its size, because as a matter of fact it is one of the smallest of the State build-



THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING.

times which are ordinarily termed mod- [illegible] But it is a vague method of classi- [illegible] best. The building represents at once a villa and a palace, partaking of both the domestic and public character. It is approached on the south by a broad flight of steps, giving access to a grand terrace, from which the loggia or vestibule is reached. The main floor is occupied by this vestibule, a grand hall in which is the staircase, and a suite of drawing-rooms, with the usual offices. This hall for the staircase extends to a dome forty-six feet high. The second story will contain a large hall for meetings and a number of rooms for special purposes. The entrance to the building is flanked by the Barberini lions recently cast in Rome, and selected in preference to those of the Villa Medici, which though very fine are inferior in size. There are four pedestal lamps to light the terrace, and these are copies in bronze of antique examples in the Museum at Naples, and are richly sculptured. This building will be most elaborately lighted by electricity both inside and out. Over the main entrance there will be in the centre a bust of Washington, and on either side those of the first and the present Governor.

ings; but it will still be imposing in American eyes, because it will recall the modest daily walk of the first great American, the man in whose glory all of us have pride. This house, too, will be furnished in Colonial fashion, and will contain many relics of the Revolutionary era. There will be nothing modern in it save the library of books written by Virginian authors.

The Massachusetts Building is also of Colonial fashion, and is to a great extent a reproduction of the home of John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress, whose bold signature is the most striking one among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This Hancock house stood on Beacon Hill, near the State-house, in Boston, till 1867, when it was pulled down. The reproduction follows the lines of the original structure faithfully enough to recall the old building to any one who ever saw it. Like the original, it is surrounded by a terrace raised above the street, and has in front and on one side a forecourt filled with old-fashioned flowers and foliage such as decorated the gardens and yards in the days of our great-grandfathers. This building, too, is furnished in Colonial style, though there are in it more modern things than in that representing Virginia.

Another building of Colonial pattern is that of Pennsylvania. The front of this is an exact reproduction of old Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The entrances, bell tower, and spire are just like those on which so many thousands gazed during the Centennial year of 1876, and in the tower will hang the now cracked and voiceless Liberty Bell which announced to the people that their representatives assembled in Congress had declared the allegiance to England at an end. The front entrance opens into a central rotunda, to the right and centre of which will be general reception-rooms and their accessories. The walls of these apartments will be decorated with portraits of distinguished Pennsylvanians. Broad winding staircases lead to the second story, where the offices of the State Commissioners will be located. The exterior of this building is imposing, and the interior will be found to be of interest to all who know and love the history of the country.

The New York State Building is easily more artistic, and at the same time more splendid, than that of any other State. It has an admirable situation near the Art Palace and just across from the Pennsylvania Building. It is of the architectural style usually called Italian Renaissance, which means that it is of a style used in Italy after the Middle Ages and before the

The Illinois State Building is the largest, the most conspicuous, and the least attractive, except on the score of size and location, of all the State structures. It is just south of the Art Palace across the lagoon, and cost $250,000. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and the intersection of the arms of the cross is surmounted by a dome, which adds to the conspicuousness of the building. This building too is said to be an adaptation of the Italian Renaissance, and visitors who care to know how poorly descriptive is this term will do well to contrast the architecture of this building with that of the State of New York.

The Alabama Building represents a true Southern mansion. The Georgia Building is of the Greek temple style of architecture so common in the South both for private dwellings and public buildings. The Connecticut Building represents a Colonial residence of the better sort, and is said to be a reproduction of a historical house. The Arkansas House follows classic models, and is classified as belonging to the French "rococo" style of architecture. The Colorado Building is Spanish in style, the most striking features of the design being two slender towers 98 feet high rising from either side of the main entrance. The tower roofs and the overhanging roofs are of red Spanish tiles.



THE IDAHO BUILDING.

The Delaware Building, like the State, is small. It is constructed of native woods, and is quite picturesque. It is finished and furnished in Colonial style. The Idaho Building is of rustic architecture, and the exhibits within will mainly illustrate the mining industry of the State. The Indiana Building is French Gothic in style, as is also that of Iowa. The Kansas Building has a glass dome, and the ground-floor is given up to an exhibition-room, which extends to the hall. The second floor has offices of various sorts. The Kentucky Building will be of a



THE CONNECTICUT BUILDING.

Colonial type. It was not far enough advanced when I was in Chicago to give me an idea of what it would be like. Louisiana's Building will be a creole kitchen made of hard-woods indigenous to the State.

The Maine Building is octagonal in form, two stories in height, the first story of granite and the second of frame and staff. The roof is surmounted by a lantern and four corner towers. The Maryland Building represents an old manor-house of the Chesapeake Bay region. Michigan has a large building, the idea of which is that it shall be a meeting-place for Michigan visitors. The Minnesota Building is also said to be of the before-mentioned Italian Renaissance style. Within the entrance is a sculptured group, representing Minnehaha and Hiawatha. The Missouri Building is large and conspicuously located. The entrance is of cut brownstone, and the remainder of staff.

Montana is represented by a building of the Romanesque style, and is one story high. Nebraska has a classical building of the Corinthian order. New Hampshire's Building is a Swiss cottage. North Carolina has reproduced for its building a house known in the State as "Tyron Palace," the original of which was made of material brought from England in the early part of the eighteenth century. North Dakota has a small house of brick and wood near the Kansas Building. The Rhode Island Building is in the Greek style, with Ionic pilasters. The South Dakota Building is a frame structure covered with Yankton cement in imitation of stone.

Texas and California have buildings of old Spanish-American types, representing old mission houses. The Washington Building is meant to be an exhibit of the timbers of the State, and it is the oddest structure on the grounds. The foundations are of great fir logs laid five deep. Two base logs at the north and south ends are each 127 feet long, and, after being slabbed off very deeply, are still eight feet thick at the butt ends. The heavier of these weighs 36,000 pounds, and required four flat-cars to bring it from Washington to Chicago. The West Virginia Building is also of a Colonial type, and all of the exposed material came from that State.

The Wisconsin Building represents the Wisconsin home. The exterior is of brownstone and pressed brick and native hard-woods. The Wyoming Building will contain the State exhibit, including a collection of present and extinct animals. The Territory of Utah has a handsome two-story building, with Ionic columns and pilasters forming the supports and guards to windows and doors. Vermont has a granite building modelled after a farm-house of the Revolutionary period. The Florida Building is a reproduction of the old stone fort in St. Augustine, though only one-fourth as large as the original. Ohio has a Colonial building of good proportions and dignified appearance.

A RAILROAD'S VARIETY STORE.

DID you ever stop to consider where all the little things used on a railroad come from? Where the engineer gets his oil cans and oil and waste, the brakeman his flags and lanterns, the station agent his envelopes and pencils and glass to replace broken panes, the car-cleaner his brooms and sponges and soap? The men might buy all these things themselves, but that would be a very expensive way, for some of the great railroads spend $5,000,000 a year for these apparently little things. Every railroad has an officer called the purchasing agent, who buys all the articles that are constantly needed. He has nothing to do with buying the locomotives or cars or rails; it is only the "little" things that he has to spend sometimes $5,000,000 a year for.

On the first of each month the head of each department and every station agent make what is called a requisition upon the purchasing agent for the supplies that they will need for that month; that is, they make out a list of the articles and send it to headquarters. The purchasing agent looks over all these lists, audits them, as it is called, and strikes out some of the items when he thinks that too much has been asked for. When the list is cut down to what he thinks is right he puts his initials upon it, and it is sent to one of the principal officers of the road, who also approves it. When it comes back to the purchasing agent approved, he sends an order to the supply department, and the goods are shipped to their destination.

But this is only one part of the purchasing agent's work. He must see that the supply department always has the goods on hand. He buys oil by the ten thousand barrels, rope by the hundred coils, and paper and envelopes by the dozen tons. Buying in such large quantities, he of course gets his goods much cheaper than most people can; but he is always watching for still lower prices. It takes a smart man to keep the run of the many kinds of stationery needed, to say nothing of the other things. One big railroad uses 10,000 different forms of printed envelopes alone.

The variety of things that the purchasing agent has to buy is shown by two requisitions taken at random from among thousands received by one agent in this city this month. One was for 3 dozen red globes for signal lanterns, 750 barrels of oil, 100 barrels of signal oil, 20 gallons of turpentine, 10,000 seals and wires for sealing freight-cars, 1 coil of rope 5 inches in circumference, 1 dozen brooms, ½-dozen sponges, 100 pounds of waste for cleaning chimneys, 3 gallons of soft soap for cleaning cabooses, 4 kegs of nails, 500 envelopes, 1000 paper clasps, 1 gross of pens, 1 gross of pencils, and 10 yards of flag bunting. Another requisition, from an office in the interior of New York State where there must be a great many clerks, called for 10,000 large envelopes, 20,000 small envelopes, 500 small pads, 5000 letter-heads, 10 gross of pens, 500 application forms, 500 monthly report blanks, 10 gross of pencils, 10 gross of clasps, 100 large sticks of red sealing-wax, 500 heavy manila envelopes, 5 dozen oil cans, 3 dozen lanterns, 10 signal lamps, 3 dozen red globes, 2 dozen white globes, 3 large lamps for station, 2 dozen brooms, 4 feather-dusters, 150 pounds of waste, 9 kegs of nails, ½-dozen large chamois-skins, 75 panes of glass 16 × 20, 5 coils of small rope, ¼ bale of coarse wrapping-paper, 250 fence pickets, and 1100 feet of barbed wire.

A CRUISE IN A HOUSE BOAT.

BY W. L. HENDERSON.

I.—BUILDING THE BOAT.

"WELL, I've got to the end of it, that's all."

"So am I, and if I don't scare up something to do pretty soon I'll be sick, I think."

"What's the matter with you two fellows?" asked a third voice, unexpectedly.

"Why," exclaimed Philip Harvey, "it's Johnny Martin!"

"This is luck," declared Fred Francis. "Here we two have been having the dumps in the worst sort of a way, and all of a sudden up you pop to get us out of them."

"That's all very fine," said Johnny Martin; "but why don't you get yourselves out of them once in a while?"

"We never know how. If it wasn't for you we'd just die sometimes," said Fred Francis.

"Not more than one time," answered Johnny, smiling. "To be sure, we are the only three boys living on the banks of this river for ten miles, and so we can't get up baseball or football teams, when we have to walk seven miles every day to school. But we've pulled through duller times than this, I guess, and we'll do it again."

"That's the sort of talk," exclaimed Philip Harvey. "I know you've got some kind of a scheme in your mind. Let's hear it."

"Well, what do you think of a fishing expedition?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the other two, as their countenances fell. "Is that the best you can do? Why, we can catch all the fish we want right at the foot of our places."

"But I mean a fishing expedition miles away from home, up the west branch of the river, in a new kind of a boat, with a chance of some shooting, and maybe an adventure."

Philip and Fred sprang up, their faces aglow with interest.

"Now you are talking!" exclaimed Philip. "But, say, what sort of a boat is it, and where are we going to get it?"

"It's a house-boat," said Johnny, enthusiastically, "and we're going to build it, and live in it, too. I've got the plans all in my mind, and I see how it can be done."

"But how are we going to get it up the river?" asked Fred.

"Drive it up with our feet."

"How?"

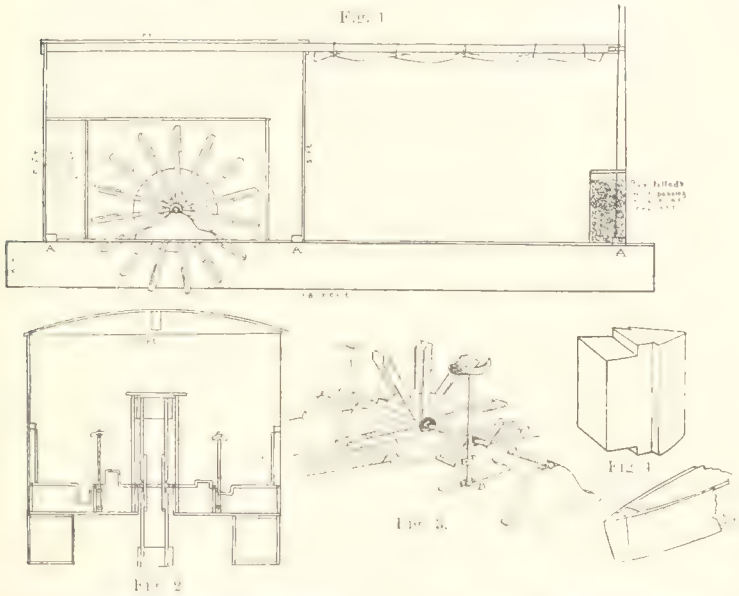


Fig. 1. Side Elevation of House-boat. Fig. 2. Sectional View of House-boat. Fig. 3. Construction of Paddle-wheel. Fig. 4. Bow and Stern Posts.

"That's what I'm going to show you. But first let us set to work to get the stuff for building her."

The three boys were soon rummaging among the wood-piles on their fathers' places, and were deep in the mysteries of "half-inch stuff" and other necessaries. All three of them knew something of the use of a saw and of hammer and nails, and in the course of two weeks they had a boat that was exciting to admire. She was composed of two long narrow boats. Each of these was 18 feet long and 18 inches wide in the middle. The first things they had to make were four stout pieces, like that marked Fig. 1, cut out of solid spruce. These were the bow and stern posts. To these were nailed the top, bottom, and side boards which formed the hulls. The cracks were then well calked, and the floating supports of the house-boat were ready. The tops and bottoms were made of one-inch and the sides of half-inch pine boards. These two hulls were fastened together by three-inch beams at the points A A A, with their inboard sides 4 feet apart, making the total beam of the combined hulls 7 feet.

"Now," said Johnny Martin, "we've got to the place where we'll need the old blacksmith's help."

So the next morning early the three boys set off to the blacksmith's, three miles away, and showed him what they wanted made, namely, their wheel shaft. It was made to be worked on something like a bicycle principle, as can be seen by reference to the drawing. After it was completed the boys had to get a hub for their wheel.

"Oh, that's easy," said Johnny. "I know where there's a beautiful maple-tree's trunk in our wood-pile. It's almost perfectly round, and all we need to do is to cut out a section of it, trim it down with an adze till it is exactly round, bore a hole through it, and there you are."

"But how are you going to get it on the shaft?" asked Fred. "It won't slide over the bent parts."

"I never thought of that," said Johnny.

So they had to take their hub and shaft back to the blacksmith and get him to straighten out one end of the iron bar, slip the hub on, and bend the bar again. It was just as well that they had to go back, for the blacksmith fixed their hub on the shaft so that it would not slip. Next the boys nailed on stout pieces of wood for spokes, and then put on the paddles, as they may be seen in the drawing. The shaft was held in place by four blocks of wood nailed to the floor of the cabin. Two seats, supported on uprights which could be removed at will, gave positions for two of the boys to operate the wheel, which, as you can see, reached into the water through the middle of the cabin floor.

"I don't think it will look very nice to see that wheel sticking up in the middle of our cabin when it's done," said Philip.

"No, and it will throw water all over the place."

"Don't be in too big a hurry," said Johnny; "that wheel is not going to show at all."

"How are you going to fix it?"

"Here's the plan," said Johnny; "it is to be completely concealed by a case, which will be our cabin centre-table."

"That's fine!" exclaimed Philip.

"Why, of course," said Fred; "how could we get along without a table in our cabin?"

So, having laid the deck of one-inch pine boards, they built the wheel-trunk or cabin table, and found they had a good space astern of it, which they converted into a locker. The sides and top of the cabin were built of half-inch pine, and the top was rounded up in the centre so that rain would run off, and was well calked so that it

would not leak. The ridge-pole of the cabin roof was made as long as the boat, and it ran forward to the flag-staff at the bow, helping to support it, and acting as a support also for a canvas awning.

"We'll find that awning one of the biggest features of our boat," said Johnny. "On hot days we can sit in its shade, and on rainy days it will save us from being shut up in the cabin all the time."

"Huh!" exclaimed Phil; "much we care for rain."

In each side of the cabin and in the front the boys built a small window, and in the front was also a door.

"Well, this is pretty fine, as far as it goes," said Fred; "but where do we sleep?"

"Why do you suppose I designed those seat supports beside the wheel to come out?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know."

"Well, we are going to build our bunks to hang on hinges from the sides of the cabin. When the seat supports are out of the way the bunks will lift up, and be held up by braces set under them. We spread our blankets on them, and there we are."

"You seem to have thought of everything," said Philip.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Johnny, modestly; "I dare say that after we are up the river we shall discover lots of defects."

"Well, I see one now," said Fred.

"What is it?" asked Johnny.

"We have nothing to steer her with."

"Well, I did think about that," said Johnny.

A rudder was hung on the stern post of each hull by means of hinges. Johnny explained that as their hulls were so shallow they must make the rudders long in order that they would get a good hold on the water. The steering ropes were attached to the outer and upper corners of the rudders. Thence they passed through pulleys properly situated under the stern of the cabin, thence up through holes in the floor and roof to the little bridge on the roof, where they were attached to a lever by which they were operated. The boat was now completed by putting ballast in the bows to keep them down, building a set of shelves in the cabin, placing hooks for clothing, guns, and fishing-tackle, and by the laying on of three coats of white paint. Johnny's mother made them a little triangular flag of blue and white, and the boys were prepared for their launch.

Johnny had planned for that as well as for everything else. The work had been begun by placing the hulls on rough wooden rollers. Wedges were placed under those nearest the river to prevent the craft from going into the water before her time.

"Now," said Johnny, "there is one thing more to do."

"Yes," exclaimed Fred; "knock out the wedges, and let her go."

"Where do you suppose she'd stop," asked Johnny.

Fred and Phil looked at one another. They had never thought of that.

"Why do you suppose we built her with her stern toward the river?" asked Johnny.

"Don't know," answered the other two.

"Well, now, we'll see."

Johnny brought forward a long rope. He made one end fast to the base of the flag-pole at the bow, and passed the other around a small tree a few yards away.

"Now," he said, "you two boys take hold of this rope, and stand by to bring her up easily close to shore."

Fred and Phil did as they were bid, and Johnny knocked away the wedges from under the after rollers.

"Hurrah!" shouted he; "she's going!"

Slowly at first, and more rapidly as she gathered way, the new house-boat slipped into the water with a swash.

"Haul taut, there!" Johnny cried out, as the bow was afloat, and the other boys stopped the movement of the boat.

"Hurrah for the — what is her name?" asked Fred.



OFF FOR THE WEST BRANCH.

"I've thought of one," said Johnny. "We'll call her after our own State, if you don't mind, the *Empire*."

"Good enough!" cried Philip. "Hurrah for the *Empire!*" The boys gave three cheers with a will, and then Johnny said,

"And now we'll put her into commission."

"What's that?"

"Hoist her flag, salute it, and declare her ready for business."

Johnny brought out his shot-gun, put a blank-cartridge in, bent the new flag on the halyards, and told the other two to hoist away. As the flag reached the truck, Johnny banged away with his gun, and the three boys cheered again. The next thing was to get under way and see how everything worked. Johnny took the helm, and the other two boys manned the wheel. In a moment the house-boat began to move slowly and smoothly up the river. All three of the boys were delighted to find that she went along easily, and that one of them at a time could keep her going, though slowly. They returned to the landing, and tied her up to the little wharf in front of Johnny's home. Then they went to work most enthusiastically to fit her out for their cruise. A small wood stove for cooking was put aboard, and a supply of food was stored in the locker. The three boys then separated for the night, having agreed to meet early the next morning and make a start. It was not long after sunrise when they assembled and went aboard their novel craft. Such a boat had never been seen in that part of the State, and she had already been visited by the few neighbors who did not have to come over six or seven miles to see her.

"Now, then," said Johnny, when all was prepared,

[illegible] go there are Indians."

"Indians!" exclaimed both the other boys, much

[illegible] shooting and fishing up there; but I hope to show them that we three boys can get some of it.

[illegible]

"With you, yes! Hurrah!"

"Then man the wheel and go aboard!"

HOW DESPERATE ADVENTURES

In order to make the excursion appear as romantic as possible, the boys anchored their house-boat in the middle of the river to pass the first night. They caught some fish, and with these and potatoes, bread and butter and coffee, they had a very satisfactory supper. When it grew dark they lighted the swinging lamp in the cabin, and sat around the table discussing plans for the morrow.

"I thought you said we were going into a country full of Indians," said Philip.

"Not exactly that," said Johnny. "I said there were Indians up this river, and so there are; not very many, though."

"Have you ever seen them?" asked Fred.

"No," said Johnny; "but I've heard about them."

"Well," said Philip, "I don't believe there are any; some one's been fooling you."

"Anyhow," declared Fred, "the building of the house-boat was a fine thing, and I've enjoyed the trip up here."

"Oh, I'm not finding any fault," said Phil, laughing; "besides, if there are no Indians in this part of New York State, Johnny can't help it."

"But," objected Johnny, "we have not gone far enough yet. You know in all the time we've lived here we've never explored this branch of the river, and I suppose these Indians are twenty miles away from our homes."

"Never mind about the Indians, Johnny," said Phil. "We can have a good time without them."

Johnny felt hurt to think that the other two boys had lost faith in the existence of Indians along the west branch. He was sure they were there, because his father had once laughingly warned him against them. But the next day, when they had forced the *Empire* some six or eight miles further up stream, had gone ashore and shot two wild pigeons, and had seen no Indians, Phil and Fred laughed freely at Johnny's faith.

"Never you mind," said Johnny; "you'll see them when you least expect it."

"Then we ought to see them right away," declared Fred, "for we'll never expect them less than we do now."

Johnny made no reply, but continued to prepare the evening meal. All went as usual, until the boys had gone to bed and were conversing in low tones in the dark. Then suddenly a long quavering cry rang out over the water.

"At last," said Johnny, springing up, "the Indians—they're coming!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Fred.

"Stand by to slip the anchor and let the boat drift down stream. Then we must open the windows and keep watch, ready to fire on anything that approaches."

"But it might be a white man."

"Do white men make such noises in the woods at night? Listen! There it is again."

Once more the long, wavering cry came across the water. Fred burst into laughter.

"Oh, Johnny!" he cried, "you've gone mad on the subject of Indians. Why, that's nothing but an owl!"

"Nonsense," said Johnny.

"I tell you Fred's right," said Phil.

Johnny disdained to answer his companions, but listened to hear the sound again. He waited for half an hour, but it was not repeated.

"If that had been an owl," he said, solemnly, "we should have heard it again."

"Why not hear it again if it was an Indian?" asked Fred.

"They have heard the signal and are gathering for the attack."

"Gathering for the fiddlestick!" exclaimed Phil. "I'm going to sleep."

"So am I," said Fred.

In a short time the regular breathing of the two boys showed that they had done as they intended to do. Johnny gave up waiting for the Indians in the course of an hour, and went to bed quite worn out with excitement. In the morning he was so sleepy that the other two boys had a hard time getting him out of bed. However, a plunge into the river refreshed all three, and they set to work to take the *Empire* several miles further up the river. Nothing was said all that day about Indians. Johnny did not mention the subject, though he watched the banks of the river so suspiciously at times that he made the other two boys smile. However, they said nothing, for they saw that Johnny would be hurt if they made any more fun of him.

"Now, then," said Fred late in the afternoon, as they were about to come to anchor in mid-stream, "I vote that we land and do a little hunting. I should like a nice broiled bird for my supper; I'm tired of fish."

"Me, too," exclaimed Phil, without regard for grammar. "I'd like to stretch my legs on shore."

Johnny was about to offer an objection, on the ground of danger; but the moment his face began to look serious his companions began to smile, so he held his peace, and assisted in running the bows of the *Empire* upon a level bit of sand.

"Johnny," said Phil, "you stay behind and take care of the boat."

"Do you think I'm afraid to go into the woods?" demanded Johnny, stoutly.

"Oh no, I didn't mean that; if you think I did, I'll stay myself. Some one must, you know."

"Never mind," said Fred; "if we find an Indian, we'll bring him back to supper."

Phil looked reprovingly at Fred, and the two boys went off into the woods with their guns over their shoulders. They walked perhaps two miles in a roundabout way, so that they were not more than half a mile away from the boat before they found any game. Then they started back toward the *Empire*. They had hardly gone a dozen yards before Phil stopped suddenly in his tracks, and stood speechless, pointing toward the bushes a short distance away on their right.

"What is it?" asked Fred.

Turning his gaze in the direction indicated by Phil's finger, he was thrilled by the sight of a dark countenance and a gleaming pair of eyes peering through the leaves.

"It is an Indian!" he exclaimed, in a whisper.

"Yes," said Phil, in trembling accents. "Shall I shoot?"

"Of course," answered Fred. "But first, get cover. That's the way they always do in Indian fights."

With the greatest possible agility Phil and Fred sprang behind two small trees which stood close together.

"Now," said Fred, "your gun is loaded, mine isn't."

"All right," said Phil, his voice very shaky.

He raised his gun to his shoulder, and was much surprised to find that the muzzle insisted on dancing about

like a tree branch in a gale of wind. "How shall I ever hit him?" he said to himself. Then he glanced over the waving barrels at the spot where he had seen the dark countenance, and was dismayed to find there was nothing to be seen but leaves.

"Shoot!" whispered Fred.

"There isn't anything to shoot at," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"The Indian has gone."

"He must be stooping down; fire low."

Again Phil levelled his gun, and in his excitement pulled both triggers. Off went both barrels at once, filling the arches of the forest with a reverberating report, and nearly knocking Phil off his feet. Leaves flew from the bush, but there was no cry of pain or yell of defiance.

"Oh my!" cried Phil, now more frightened than ever. "I've killed him."

"Let us go and see," said Fred. He started forward, and suddenly turned back. "No! no!" he exclaimed. "It's a trap to draw us into an ambush."

For a few moments both boys stood with fast-beating hearts behind their trees. Then Phil said:

"I can't stand this. Ambush or no ambush, I'm going to see."

He ran out from behind the tree, and went to the place where the Indian's face had been seen. The torn and broken branches of the bush showed where the two loads of shot had crashed through, but there was no dead Indian.

"He's gone!" exclaimed Phil.

"Gone?" cried Fred, in dismay.

"Yes; there isn't a sign of him."

"There must be," said Fred. "Let us look for the trail."

"While we're looking for it, what will he be doing?"

"That's so! He'll go and bring the rest of his tribe, and we shall be captured and held for a ransom."

"Or tortured."

Fred turned a shade paler, and said, "Let's get back as fast as ever we can."

Phil needed no second invitation, but broke into a run, and Fred, in two bounds, was at his side. They were hardy, active boys, but it is safe to say that they never before ran a half-mile through bushes, over rocks and fallen trees, in such fine time. Johnny saw them nearing the *Empire*, and knowing something must be wrong, had the bow-line cast off, and was all ready to back out into the river the moment they came aboard.

"What's the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Get away from here!" said Fred.

"Quick!" added Phil.

"What is it? What is it?" demanded Johnny.

"Indians!" exclaimed Fred.

Johnny was dreadfully frightened, but still he was a boy, and he couldn't help saying, "I told you so, didn't I?"

In a few minutes they had the boat out in the middle of the river, and then suddenly their courage began to return.

"We are safe enough here," said Phil.

"They can reach us with their canoes," said Johnny.

"Well, there were not so very many of them," said Fred, slowly.

"How many?" asked Johnny.

"Well," said Phil, after a pause, "I counted only one."

"And did you two run away from one Indian?"

"Not till after Phil had fired at him and we found that he had disappeared. We made up our minds that he had gone after his friends."

"Was he in war-paint?" asked Johnny.

Phil and Fred looked at one another.

"Well," said Fred, "we didn't see. He was hiding in the bushes."

It was now dusk, but as the three boys sat in their little cabin there was light enough to show that Phil and Fred looked a little ashamed of themselves. However, the matter was serious, and so Johnny said, "What do you think we'd better do?"



"WAS HE IN WAR-PAINT?" ASKED JOHNNY.

"I think we'd better get down the river as fast as possible," said Fred.

"Not at night," said Johnny. "We might run ashore in the darkness and be captured."

"Then," said Phil, "let us stay here, and in case of attack sell our lives dearly."

"But I don't want to sell my life at all," objected Fred.

"Hark!" exclaimed Johnny.

"What is it?"

"I hear the sound of a paddle in the water."

"Load the guns, quick!"

"Too late!"

At that instant a slight jar was felt, and the next moment a footfall on the deck outside the cabin was heard.

"Let him have it through the window!" whispered Fred.

Phil was raising his gun, when there came a gentle knock at the door. The boys looked at each other.

"Indians don't knock at doors," said Johnny. The knock was repeated. "I'm going to see who it is," declared Johnny.

He opened the cabin door, and the other two boys involuntarily started as they saw the same dark countenance and gleaming eyes they had discovered an hour before in the forest. But this time they saw the body which carried the head. It certainly was an Indian—an Indian girl, attired in a calico gown considerably the worse for wear, barefooted and bareheaded, and carrying some baskets.

The three boys stood stupidly speechless for several seconds, while the girl smiled at them. Finally Fred found his tongue, and said, "Won't you come in?"

"Yes," said the girl, "if ye'll promise not to shoot at me."

Phil hung his head, and said: "I didn't know it was a girl. I thought it was a brave."

"They ain't no braves about here," said the girl. "They's only me fader, John Jones, an' he's old an' got

[illegible] Johnny [illegible] are you not

[illegible] We's Injuns. Me fader's one o' the chiefs o [illegible]

"And he's a farmer, and you make baske[illegible] That's I come fur."

The boys [illegible] laying a wood [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

"And the 'Washington dish,'" added Helen.

"And the ancestral cup," chorused Marian.

"Those were all ages ago. I am older now and more careful, and of course on a salary I should be doubly so. Please, mamma, say that I can go to-morrow and apply."

And her mother, who seldom denied her youngest daughter, gave her consent.

Early the next morning Victoria went to Boston. She looked an attractive little figure as she emerged from the Providence Station, crossed Boylston Street, and entered the Public Gardens on her way to Commonwealth Avenue.

"I must remember to keep cool," she thought, as she walked rapidly across the Gardens. "Fortunately I can usually find my tongue. Oh, suppose somebody else gets ahead of me!"

It was a little after ten when she reached the designated number on Commonwealth Avenue. Already two or three women were ascending the steps. Victoria looked at them with interest. No doubt they would be preferred to her. They looked staid and respectable and as if they had never broken a bit of china in their lives. Victoria was spared the necessity of telling her errand, for when the door was opened by a very pompous-looking man-servant, the little crowd passed in together, and were ushered into a small reception-room. Two or three women were already there.

"Gracious me!" thought Victoria. "I never should have thought that so many women would want to dust. I wonder if they all want to go to Chicago?"

They sat in a row, nearly every woman holding a little bag in her hand. The silence became oppressive.

At last the quiet was broken by the pattering of small feet on the polished floor of the hall, and a large black poodle, closely shaven, except for his head and part of his back and legs, ran in and sniffed inquiringly at the various occupants of the room. Several drew aside in terror. When he came to Victoria she patted him on the head.

"Humph! I am glad that one of you is not afraid of him," said a deep voice in the doorway.

All the women looked up quickly at the tall figure who stood there.

"All those who are afraid of dogs had better go at once. I have no further use for them," continued the speaker.

The women who had shrunk from the poodle clutched their little bags more tightly and looked at each other.

The keen eyes in the doorway darted quickly about the room. "Will the young woman who is sitting in the window please come with me?"

Victoria rose and followed this somewhat formidable-looking person across the hall to another room. It seemed to be a library, for the walls were lined with books, and the tables were littered with magazines and papers.

"I wish I could dust here," thought Victoria. "Books don't break."

"What is your name?" asked the deep voice.

"Victoria Gresham."

"Where do you live?"

"In Clayton."

"And your references?"

Victoria looked blank. References! She had never thought of that part of the advertisement. It seemed so odd to be obliged to account for herself. "I—I haven't any," she faltered.

"No references? Then how can you expect me to trust you among my priceless bric-à-brac?"

"You need not if you do not wish to," returned Victoria, with spirit.

"I am quite aware of it. I suppose you are known in the town where you live?"

"Slightly," said Victoria, who now felt inclined to stand on her dignity.

"Have you had any experience in dusting?"

Visions flashed before her of the ancestral cup, and of



A VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM SAID, "DROP THAT!"

the unlucky "Washington dish," from which the Father of his Country had been helped to oysters at the supper table of her great-grandfather. As she said afterwards to the family at home, it seemed as if bits of broken china were standing out all over her, but she merely murmured, "Yes."

Then the keen eyes studied her for a few moments that seemed hours to the object of their gaze.

"You don't look very poor. Why do you want employment?"

"Because I must earn some money to go to the World's Fair."

"How much do you need?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Will that take you?"

"Yes. I have twenty-five already, and I can do it well on a hundred," said Victoria, warming to the sub-

[illegible] forgetting her resentment about the references, [illegible] to go."

The lady meditated, gazing steadily at Victoria the while she did so. At last she spoke:

"I like cats and you like dogs. I can find out about you from your pastor, Mr. Chapman at Clayton, for I suppose you go to church. I will engage you at ten dollars a week. You shall dust the pictures in the drawing room. I am afraid to trust the servants, and then to talk to me for an hour, or keep quiet if I don't feel like talking. Sometimes I don't. My name is Armstrong, Lucretia Armstrong. I have no family but my nephew, who lives with me. Take off your hat and coat. You can begin work at once."

Victoria obeyed, and then followed her employer across the hall and up a broad flight of stairs to the second floor, accompanied by the poodle.

"James, tell those people in the reception-room that I don't need their services," said the lady of the house to a footman whom they passed.

"Ten dollars a week!" thought Victoria, "just to be an agreeable duster! My fortune is made."

But when she entered the drawing room her heart sank. How could she ever move about among these exquisite things without breaking something? The walls were lined with pictures, and cabinets containing bits of rare china and tables laden with ornaments stood in every conceivable spot. China was evidently Miss Armstrong's hobby.

"You will find dusters in the drawer of this table," said the owner of all these beautiful objects; "silk ones. I prefer them to feather-dusters."

"Even agreeable ones?" thought Victoria. "What shall I do if I break anything!"

"Now I will leave you," continued Miss Armstrong. "When you have finished, come to the library."

Victoria set to work, and carefully went over every article in that well-filled room. Not a speck of dust was to be seen, but she none the less conscientiously lifted, wiped, and set down each vase, cup, and pitcher, holding her breath while she did so.

She had almost finished and was about to put back in its place an exquisite vase, when a voice from the back of the room said, in peremptory tones, "Drop that!"

Victoria started, and nearly obeyed the command. Fortunately she had a good grasp of the handle of the vase, and it refused to drop. She set it down carefully, and then looked round for the owner of the voice. No one was to be seen.

"Careless! careless!" continued the person, whoever it was. "Ever break anything? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Who is it?" thought Victoria. "It must be the nephew, rude boy!" And she picked up her duster with dignity and continued her work.

"Ha! ha! ha! Lucretia! Lucretia! She's broken a cup! She's broken a cup!"

"I haven't at all," said Victoria, indignantly. "You disrespectful boy, what do you mean?"

She stood in the centre of the room angrily talking at space.

"Oh, you need not mind that," said Miss Armstrong, coming in at this minute; "it is only Peter."

"I thought so," said Victoria; "he is very rude."

"He is in the habit of seeing the servants break things. He has a fine view from his cage."

"His cage!" repeated Victoria, wonderingly.

"Yes. I let him out occasionally to hop about."

"Why, what is he?"

"A parrot, of course."

"Oh!" said Victoria; "I thought it must be—"

"What?"

"Your nephew," she said boldly.

Miss Armstrong laughed. "You are refreshing! I am going out now," she continued, "so you need not talk to me to-day. I shall expect you to-morrow, and every day until you break something. I forgot to say that such an event would sever the contract. Good morning."

"Every day until I break something," thought Victoria as she put on her hat. "That odious parrot will frighten me into it before my first week is out. But think of there being any chance at all of my getting to the World's Fair! It is too good to be true."

For several weeks all went smoothly. The result of Miss Armstrong's inquiries had evidently been satisfactory, for nothing more was said about references. After the dusting was finished, Victoria would go to the library and write notes at Miss Armstrong's dictation, or talk to her as she happened to prefer. Victoria had grown more accustomed to the treasures of the drawing room, and though she continued to be just as careful she no longer trembled with excitement when she lifted them, thereby doubly endangering their existence. The presence of Peter troubled her more than anything. He would hop about among the china, switching the things with his tail, and he constantly taunted Victoria with having broken them.

It was nearing the end of May. The time was almost up. Victoria had seventy dollars locked away at home with the twenty-five she already had. If she worked until the last of the month she would have more than the desired one hundred with which to go to Chicago, and she had made definite arrangements with Susie Chester to start on the first of June.

"Miss Armstrong's compliments, and will Miss Gresham please come to the library?" said the staid footman.

She hurried down, leaving Peter in possession of the drawing-room.

Twenty minutes later Victoria was busy writing in the library when Miss Armstrong, who had left her for a few moments, re-entered the room.

"Miss Gresham, will you please come to the drawing-room?"

Victoria obeyed, wondering at the unusual severity of Miss Armstrong's voice. The latter led the way to a remote table, and pointed to a once exquisite cup which lay in several pieces half hidden behind a picture.

"Miss Gresham, your services are no longer required."

Victoria looked at her in amazement. "What do you mean?" she asked; "and how did that lovely cup get broken?"

"How, indeed! You know best. You will remember that our contract was to hold until you broke something. As that has come to pass it will not be necessary for me to remind you again that I no longer need you. I am disappointed, and I might have been induced to pardon an accident if you had had the grace and the good taste to tell me of it. You trusted to the fact that the cup was in an out-of-the-way place, and probably intended to hide the pieces if I had not sent for you to come to the library."

"I don't know what you are talking about!" cried Victoria, hotly. "I haven't broken anything, and I didn't hide the pieces. Nothing would induce me to hide the pieces if I broke everything in the room."

"It would be hardly possible to do so in that case," said Miss Armstrong. "It is unnecessary for you to excite yourself to such a degree. It does not convince me of your innocence. This cup was one of the most valuable that I possess. I cannot overlook it."

"I don't wish you to overlook it," said Victoria. "I did not break it. I know nothing about it."

"Miss Gresham, who could have broken it if you did not?"

"I don't know. Peter was out of his cage; perhaps he did."

Miss Armstrong laughed coldly. "Why accuse an innocent bird? You have never liked him, and now you

seek to put your fault upon him. Peter is in his cage, with the door shut. Do not add untruthfulness to the rest."

Victoria glanced at the cage. Sure enough, there was Peter, apparently sleeping the sleep of innocence, with the door securely closed; and yet she was certain that he was on the table when she left the room. She said nothing, but gave Miss Armstrong one steady look which spoke volumes. Then she put on her hat. While she was doing so Peter opened his eyes.

"Lucretia! Lucretia!" he screamed, in his discordant voice. "She's broken a cup! She's broken a cup!"

"I know it, Peter," said Miss Armstrong, gravely.

"Perhaps you will find out your mistake," said Victoria, when she was ready to go. "I did not break the cup, and Peter was not in his cage when I left the room. I suppose the money I have will not make up for your loss, but I will bring back what you have paid me. Nothing would induce me to keep it. Good-morning."

She walked along Commonwealth Avenue, scarcely able to see. She had never been so angry in her life. The injustice of Miss Armstrong's accusations stung her to the quick. And then she must give up Chicago! Her toil, her care, her conscientiousness, all had been of no avail. She was not going to the World's Fair.

She took the first train for Clayton. No one was at home when she got there, so she could not pour out her tale. She unlocked her money-box and counted out the seven crisp ten-dollar bank-notes, that looked so fresh and new, so eminently fitted to be spent in going to the World's Fair. She sealed them up in an envelope, which she then put in a little box, tying that up and addressing it to Miss Armstrong. Then she walked back to the station just in time to catch the one-o'clock train to Boston. She left the package at Miss Armstrong's door, and went home again, tired, hungry, worn out with excitement, anger, and, above all, deep and bitter disappointment.

"If I only had the satisfaction of feeling that I deserved it," she said to her grieved and sympathetic family; "but to think that I was so careful and took such pains, and then to be falsely accused and have to pay for it. Oh, it is too dreadful!"

Several days passed, and Victoria grew calmer, though she still felt very sore at heart, and the disappointment was just as keen. The home duties seemed very tame, with no salary to pay for uninteresting dusting and no Chicago at the other end. One morning she received a telegram from Miss Armstrong.

"I beg that you will come to me at once," it read.

"I am not going," said Victoria.

"Oh, you must!" cried Marian; "she has probably found out who did it."

"Perhaps she has, but I am not going near her."

"You must, Victoria! You are simply throwing away a chance for Chicago. You won't gain anything by standing on your dignity in this case. I will go with you."

At last, very reluctantly, Victoria consented to go, accompanied by Marian. Miss Armstrong came forward graciously, with outstretched hands, but Victoria appeared not to see them.

"Ah! you won't shake hands with me," she said, "and no wonder. But I apologize for all I said. It was Peter—naughty Peter. I was in the drawing-room this morning when he was out of his cage, and I saw him deliberately knock over a vase, my beautiful Sèvres vase, and then hop back into his cage and shut the door with his beak. Fancy his being so adroit! And then he chuckled, and called out, 'Lucretia, she's broken a cup—she's broken a cup!' I am truly sorry, my dear Miss Gresham, and I beg to return the money which you so diligently earned, and which I am sorry that I ever took back. I was very angry, and my judgment was warped." And she pressed an envelope into Victoria's unwilling fingers. "You must pardon me," said Miss Armstrong, feelingly; "I am very fond of my parrot, and I had not known you very long. Say that you will forgive me!"

"Of course I will," said Victoria at last, after having fought a battle in her own mind. "It is not nice to be accused of something that one never did, but I suppose it was a natural mistake for you to make."

"And it is not too late for you to go to Chicago?"

"My friend starts in three days."

"Just in time, then," said Miss Armstrong; "and I hope that you will have a charming time, and that our friendship is but just beginning."

When Victoria got home and opened her envelope, she found it to contain a check for one hundred and fifty dollars.

AN INGENIOUS PRINTER.

IT requires a great deal of ingenuity to become a successful printer. Boys with printing-presses, and ambitions to develop into great printers, should remember this, and exercise their inventive qualities at every opportunity.

A story is told of a Prague printer who got himself out of a very disagreeable dilemma by the use of his ingenious mind. He was once called upon to print a report of the Board of Trade of his native city in the two languages of the country, German and Czech, and the representatives of either nationality strenuously desired that their tongue should occupy the first of the parallel columns on each page. The wary printer got out of his dilemma by turning one column upside down throughout the book, and arranging the titles accordingly, so that each language had a front column on every page.

AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

THERE was once a wise King who was awfully curious. He was possessed of a desire to know everything, and was continually asking questions. Indeed, his thirst for knowledge carried him so far that he wanted to know the age of every person he met. But, being a King, he was exceedingly polite, and would resort to strategy to gain his ends.

One day there came to the court a gray-haired Professor, who amused the King greatly. He told the monarch a number of things that he never knew before, and the King was delighted. But finally it came to the point when the ruler wanted to know the age of the Professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the King. "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now the Professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the Professor.

"Multiply by 2," continued the King.

"Yes."

"Add 5."

"Yes," answered the Professor, doing so.

"Now multiply that by 50."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the King, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the Professor, wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the King's response. "So you were born in December, 60 years ago, eh?"

"How in the world did you know?" cried the Professor.

"Why," retorted the King, "from your answer 1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Professor. "Capital idea. I'll try it on the next person I meet. It's such a polite way of finding out people's ages."

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

By Harrison Robertson

CHAPTER I.

A LONG VOYAGE BEGUN.

IT was no easy matter for the Kirkwood family to have any secrets in the house that when one did steal in upon them it made them all uneasy—all but the one member of the family who knew nothing about it. They were not people to have family secrets, the Kirkwoods, and this one was such a weight upon their minds that they were anxious to part with it. Still, it was no deep and deadly mystery, and it need have been no secret at all if they had not chosen to pet it for a few hours before disclosing it.

Larry Kirkwood, the only one not in the secret, sat in his own easy-chair beside the round table in the sitting room, studying. It was as cozy a place for study as any boy might want—a very large back room in an old-fashioned New York house, with a bright gas lamp on the table, and a big fireplace on one side of the room; but this was an evening early in September when the secret arrived, so no fire was burning in the grate. There was a particular chair for each member of the family, and all four of them comfortable. Mr. Kirkwood's was a big arm-chair, and he sat in it, pretending to read his evening newspaper; but if Larry had watched him closely he would have seen that his father was giving very little attention to the news. Indeed, Larry might have read something in all their faces if he had known. His sister Imogen's face, every time she looked at him, said as plainly as possible, "If you knew what was in store for you, you'd hurry through with those lessons." But Larry did not know, so he did not hurry. He was so long that his mother began to show her impatience, for the secret was burning and burning. At length, however, he shut the last book and yawned. As he did not know, he did not notice the significant looks that his mother and sister exchanged.

"Are you all through with your lessons, Larry?" Mr. Kirkwood asked.

"Yes, sir, all through for to-night," Larry answered. "And dead tired, too; I think I'll go to bed."

"Wait a little," his father said. "I have a letter here that I want you to read to us. We'll see whether you have learned to read bad manuscript."

Larry took the letter that his father handed him, much surprised at such a request. Mrs. Kirkwood dropped her sewing; Imogen closed the book that lay before her. Evidently the secret was coming out.

"Why," Larry exclaimed, "what a queer stamp! And it's postmarked Trinidad. Oh, I know the writing now—it's from Uncle Ben. Have you read it, father?"

"Yes, we all read it before you came home," Mr. Kirkwood replied. "But I wanted you to finish your work before I gave it to you, for I am afraid there would have been no study to-night if you had read the letter first. Read it straight through, and you can make your comments afterwards."

Larry unfolded the letter and read aloud:

PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD, *August 14th.*

DEAR BROTHER ALEC,—You know letter writing never was one of my strong points, and many years of adventure in South and Central America have not improved my scholarship much, so without any fancy-work I will come right to the point.

I am going to make you a visit—that's the short of it. And I am going to do it in such proper style that you'll not be ashamed of your roving brother. I am going in one of my own ships, for I have two. I think I told you in my last letter of my buying several thousand acres of wild land here in Trinidad, and starting a small banana plantation. Well, it's a big plantation now, and pays so well that I have built a substantial house, and bought two of the vessels that carry away my crops.

Of course I want to see you all, and have a glimpse of old New York again. But that is not the main object of my visit. My boy Ferdinand, my only child, was fifteen last June, and it is time for him to see something of civilization. He was only two years old when we lost his beautiful Spanish mother, but Ferd is a constant reminder of her. He has her tall and graceful form, her very dark complexion, snapping brown eyes, and wavy black hair, as well as her quick temper. Of course he would have that, being in these South American countries all his life. That's why I want him to see New York, and learn our American ways.

I am a great believer in the education of travel, and I want to give Ferd what little of it I can. I propose to take a cargo of fruit to New York, and spend a few weeks there, and then sail slowly home through the West Indies and along the Mexican coast, stopping long enough at all the principal places to let Ferd study the people and their different ways of life, living on shore with them, and making his own acquaintances. Such a voyage will take about three months.

Now I reach what you will consider the astonishing part of my letter. It would be a great advantage if Ferd could have the company of a bright American boy of about his own age on this trip. He is entirely too fiery and headstrong (he gets it honestly from both his father and mother), and a good level-headed American companion would help tone him down. Your boy must be just about Ferd's age, and why should he not sail in our schooner from New York and make the voyage with us?

Is he such a level-headed boy as I have spoken of, and will you spare him to go with us? He shall be at no expense, and he shall see Bermuda, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Martinique, and a dozen other interesting places.

Write me what you think of it. Tell me what manner of boy you have, and let him write to his cousin. You may expect to see me in November, well sunburnt and seasoned, a trifle older than before, but still, with love to the wife and family,

Your affectionate brother,

BENJAMIN KIRKWOOD.

A dozen times in the course of the reading Larry paused to catch his breath or make remarks, but each time his father held up a warning finger and signalled him to go on. When he had read the last word he let himself drop back in the chair and held the letter out before him.

"Well," he gasped, "that's the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. A black-haired Spanish cousin; his own ship; three months in the West Indies; Mexico, Jamaica, Martinique. Why it's like a fairy story."

Larry's father and mother watched his face closely to see what effect the letter would have upon him, but Imogen could not wait.

"I think Uncle Ben shows very poor taste," she laughed, "to invite you instead of your sister. But you'll have a glorious trip, Larry."

"I'm not so sure about that," Larry answered, thoughtfully. "Of course it would be a glorious trip, but I mean I'm not so sure about going. There are a great many things to be considered. There's school, for one thing, and you all, for another. Then I'm only invited conditionally, you see, and perhaps I can't fulfil the conditions."

"Why not, I'd like to know?" Imogen exclaimed. "There are only two or three conditions. Uncle Ben wants a bright American boy, and you're certainly an American boy, and bright enough to stay in a ship and sail through the West Indies. He is to be about Cousin Ferdinand's age, and as you are just past sixteen, that's near enough. And he's to be level-headed. Don't you think you are level-headed?"

"That's the rub," Larry answered. "I don't want to go under false pretences. Uncle Ben and Ferd must both be pretty fiery, from the way he writes, and I'm not sure that I'm the sort of fellow to 'tone Ferd down,' as he puts it."

"Don't you really want to go, Larry?" his mother asked.

"Want to go? Why, mother, I'd give my head to go.

It's the very thing I've dreamed about for years. But if you are all willing to have me go, and leave it to me, I don't want to make up my mind till I think it over."

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood looked at each other with pleased faces.

"That's the proper way to look at it, Larry," Mr. Kirkwood said. "We have plenty of time to think it over. But if I were you I should write to your cousin Ferdinand by to-morrow's steamer. You need not commit yourself, but write him a kind letter."

When Larry went up to his room to write the letter he would have felt gratified if he had known what his father was saying about him.

"It's astonishing," his father said, "how that boy is gaining control over himself. A year ago he would have turned somersaults all over the room to hear such news; but something has started him in a new direction entirely, and I hardly ever see him excited. I believe he will be just the boy to travel with Ben's young Spaniard."

While Larry was writing the letter, his sister Imogen stepped into his room and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Larry," said she, "what was the matter with you? I thought you'd be wild with joy over such a chance to go travelling."

"So I was, but I held my horses," Larry answered, laying down his pen. "I'll tell you what it is, Sis, I'm learning to hold myself. You know when Dick Somers was sick last spring, and I took his place for a week in Mr. Roland's office? Well, I was right in the room with him, and I learned a heap from that man. There was a man worth millions of dollars, managing railroads, steamships, all kinds of big concerns, and always as cool as a cucumber. With ten thousand things to worry over, nothing ever excited him. People would come in and bother him, sometimes be saucy and ugly, but he always spoke in the same quiet way, always answered pleasantly. No matter what happened, he never turned a feather. That's the kind of man to get along in the world, and that's what I'm after."

Larry soon concluded that writing to a cousin he had never seen was hard work, but after making several false starts he got under way and finished the letter. One beginning, "Mr. Ferdinand Kirkwood: Dear Sir," and then another, "My dear Cousin," he tore up because they sounded too formal, and at length he settled upon this:

DEAR COUSIN FERDINAND, –It is only about half an hour since I read the letter from Uncle Benjamin saying that you are both coming to New York. As the steamer sails to-morrow, I have barely a chance to tell you how very glad we shall all be to see you. It's a fine thing to have a cousin you have never seen, and I know we shall have some grand times together. You must not expect to find me slender and dark and black-haired, as uncle says you are. I am pretty nearly your age, just two months past sixteen, but I am rather solid, and light-colored, with red cheeks sometimes, and gray eyes and light hair always. I shall be through the grammar-school next spring if I don't go to the West Indies with you. I want to go, of course, but it depends upon how "level-headed" I am in the next two or three months. Anyway, how many curious things *you* will have to see! We'll all be watching for your ship.

The day came fast enough when they were watching for the ship indeed. Letters had been exchanged, and the Kirkwoods knew that the vessel was the schooner *Boca Grande*, and that Uncle Ben and Ferdinand should reach New York not later than the 10th of November. Mr. Kirkwood left an order with the telegraph company to report the schooner's arrival to him, and on the morning of November 6th, while they all sat at breakfast, there came a telegram:

Schr. *Boca Grande* passed Sandy Hook in tow, 6.40 A. M.

It took all of Larry's philosophy to keep him cool while he and his father were preparing to go over to the Erie Basin, where Uncle Ben had written the vessel was to lie. But there was no time to lose, for it was a long ride to the Erie Basin, and as the schooner was in tow, she would probably be there as soon as they. So she was, made fast to the dock, and it sent a thrill through Larry when he saw her and thought of the circumstances under which she came.

They were soon in the cabin, Mr. Kirkwood and Uncle Ben trying to make up for many years of separation. Larry was somewhat surprised at Uncle Ben's appearance. He expected to find a man as tall as his father, with a big beard, and the same dignified manner. But Uncle Ben was much shorter, and inclined to be stout, and seemed very much younger—certainly not forty, Larry thought.

Ferdinand was still in his state-room, and the sounds that came through the thin partition made it evident that he was dressing, and scolding a servant.

"Look at those boots!" Larry heard an angry voice say. "Do you think I'll wear such looking boots as those? I've told you fifty times not to plaster the blacking on so thick. And what did you do with this coat?—drag it over the deck, instead of brushing it? You're the most aggravating nigger I ever saw."

Ferdinand presently made his appearance, answering almost exactly the mental picture Larry had drawn of him—neat in his dress, tall, slender, and dark. The cousins were shy at first, but they soon became talkative, and went over the schooner together. And a beautiful schooner she was, almost like a yacht, registering 260 tons, and carrying a crew of twelve men, four of whom were black. Her cabin was large for her size and beautifully furnished, and so were the two state-rooms that had been specially prepared, one for Uncle Ben, the other for Ferd and Larry.

If Ferdinand could tell in his own impulsive way of his three delightful weeks in New York, his story would make several chapters by itself. But what he called his adventures were experiences that are common enough to American boys. The crowds in public places were a continual aggravation to him, and more than once Larry had as much as he could do to pull his cousin away from altercations with people who the young Spaniard thought were imposing upon him.

What might have proved the most serious of these little troubles happened one day when Ferdinand and Imogen were out together, and Larry did not know of it till afterwards. Imogen watched her chance to see Larry alone when she reached home, and told him about it.

"Look at that!" she said, holding out a long heavy clasp-knife with a spring in the back to hold the blade open. "I took that away from our interesting cousin. We were going to take an elevated train, and as it was crowded, the guard slammed the gate right in our faces. You just ought to have seen Ferdinand. He flew into such a passion that he was perfectly white in the face, and before I could say a word he had his knife out and open. I crowded up against him so that no one would see it, and made him give it to me. I think you'll have your hands full with him, Larry."

"He'll be a first-rate fellow," Larry answered, "when he learns to control himself a little. But I'm not sure yet that I'm going."

Uncle Ben, however, put an end to all doubts upon this subject.

"What!" he exclaimed, a few days after the adventure with the knife, giving Larry a great thump on the shoulder, "don't know whether you ought to go! Don't know whether you're level-headed enough! Why, lad, you're just the boy out of all New York to travel with my Ferd. You're a rock—a perfect rock. I've watched you, my lad, and I know what you are. Of course you're going."

Larry's father was almost of the same opinion; and



THE WATER-SPOUT. DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

as his mother was willing, though worried, and as Imogen urged it, and he began to feel greater confidence in himself, it was settled at length that he was to make the great voyage through the West Indies.

"Now here's the programme I have made," Uncle Ben announced, on their last evening in the Kirkwood sitting-room. "We go first to Bermuda; from there to Nassau. Then to Havana; for the boys must see the greatest city of the West Indies, of course. Then we run across the Gulf of Mexico to Vera Cruz, and have a look at Mexico. Coming out through the Yucatan Channel, we run over to Jamaica, and make a little stay in Kingston. Then over to Porto Rico, and from there straight down to St. Kitt's. Then we're in the Windward Islands, and we go on to St. Lucia, Martinique, and Dominica, and so across to Trinidad. That gives you youngsters a chance to see quite a slice of this side of the world."

The tug dropped the *Boca Grande* just around the point of Sandy Hook, almost in front of the Highland Lights, and in a few hours she was out of sight of land, and Larry was lying in his berth seasick. They were so fortunate as to have five days of fine weather, and were almost in the latitude of Bermuda, though considerably to the westward of it, in the warm water beyond the Gulf Stream, when they met their first squall.

Larry was lying on a locker in the cabin, no longer sick, but taking a nap. A great commotion on deck—the noise of men running to and fro and shouts—awoke him, and he ran hastily up the companionway. Uncle Ben was standing by the man at the wheel, evidently much excited. The Captain was shouting out orders right and left. The sea was not rough, and only a moderate breeze could be felt on deck; but the dark clouds overhead were scudding rapidly, and apparently in every direction. All were looking anxiously at one spot, and following their eyes, Larry saw a great pillar of water reaching from the sea up to the low clouds—broad at the base, and widening out again at the top, seemingly spilling out into the clouds, and whirling rapidly.

"A water-spout!" Ferd shouted to him. "Get a life-preserver! Why don't they lower the boats? We'll be wiped out in a second if it hits us."

The young Spaniard was in a great state of excitement, and Larry tried to calm him, knowing nothing of the danger.

The schooner had been put about, and was trying to dodge this beautiful but dangerous column of water, which seemed to approach them. The ship's little brass cannon was fired at it in the hope of breaking it, but without effect. It certainly was bearing swiftly down upon them. A moment more, and it towered over their heads.

"Hold fast, boys!" Uncle Ben shouted. "We've a chance yet; but if it strikes us it breaks, and a thousand tons of water on top of us will smash the schooner to pieces."

The dark whirling column was so close now that they could feel the wind of it across their faces. It roared like a hurricane, and spread out so broad over their heads that the sky was blackened.

"Hold by the ratlines!" Larry called to his cousin; and he let go his own hold to drag Ferd to the ship's side. But the words were hardly out of his mouth before the schooner shivered under a terrible shock, and the stern, where they stood, flew into the air, while the bow sunk down, down, as though bound for the bottom of the sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

IV.—THE CHASE OF THE SPANISH GALLEONS.

WHAT a thrill of romantic interest these two words "Spanish galleons" excite! The moment we see them they bring up before us visions of bright bars of silver and glistening ingots of gold, with diamonds and pearls as big as walnuts, and emeralds larger than pigeons' eggs in heaping handfuls, such as gladdened the eyes and enriched the pockets of Francis Drake and the other freebooters whose exploits have been so brilliantly celebrated by Charles Kingsley in his *Westward Ho*. They remind us, too, of daring deeds at sea, when in vessels smaller than a first-class fishing schooner of to-day, and not half so seaworthy or so easily handled, the British mariners flung themselves upon the huge Spanish ships, whose poops towered high above their decks, and captured them by the sheer impetuosity of their attack.

And it must not be forgotten that it was in the quest of these very galleons along the coast of South America, and in the fighting of them in the English Channel, when the Great Armada bore down so menacingly upon poor little England, that the English sea-dogs learned the secret of the mastery of the seas, a lesson that did more than any other to build up and maintain their country's glory and strength at home and abroad.

Now what were the Spanish galleons, and how came they to have such precious cargoes? The term "galleon" was, in the first instance, applied only to ships of war having three or four gun-decks, but, later on, its use became more general, and all large merchant vessels went by that name. They must have been very imposing-looking affairs when under full sail, although hardly less clumsy than a canal barge. They were blunt of bow and round of stern, very low in the waist, but exceedingly high at either end. In fact, some of them must have resembled two wooden towers joined by a bulwarked raft, and having masts sticking out of their tops, to which sails were attached by means of many cross-yards and a maze of rigging.

It was in one of them that Columbus discovered another world, and took possession of the island of San Domingo. By their aid Cortez and his steel-clad soldiers made their way to Mexico, and crushed the Aztec empire with appalling cruelty, and Pizarro, at the head of his daring adventurers, accomplished the conquest of Peru. In fact, these galleons were the keys by which the plucky if pitiless Spaniards unlocked the treasure-houses of the New World, whose marvellous contents were poured into the coffers of King Charles V. and Philip II., thereby enabling those monarchs to lift Spain to the proud position of first of European powers.

Between 1492 and 1568 Spain had the field practically all to herself. From Florida to the River Plate, on the eastern side of the continent, and from Panama to Patagonia, on the western, her sway was supreme. To the right of conquest was added the authority of the Church, for by a papal grant the whole of America was conveyed to the Spanish crown, and this vast trust the bigoted Philip was as anxious to guard from the taint of heresy as he was from commercial competition. Terrible threats were proclaimed, particularly against the British "sea-dogs," who had already given his galleons trouble along the European coasts. For a time these measures prevailed, but as the sixteenth century drew towards its fourth quarter they ceased to be sufficient to restrain the national hatred of Spain and the national craving for a wider commercial field, even though it had to be won at the point of the pike.

The renowned John Hawkins was the first to dare the dungeons of the Inquisition by violating the Spanish monopoly of the New World, and so successful was his venture that he soon had many imitators. Among them was one whose fame soon eclipsed that of all others, growing into such proportion and gathering about its kernel of fact such an amazing mass of fiction that his latest biographer says of him: "He was not dead before his life became a fairy tale, and he himself as indistinct as Sir Guy of Warwick or Croquemitaine. His exploits loomed in mythical extravagance through the mists in



CAPTURE OF A SPANISH GALLEON.

[illegible], for high reasons of state, they long remained en[illegible] he seemed some boisterous [illegible] and belaboring a comrade [illegible] was the case of the Spanish [illegible] the corner-stone of Britain's naval supremacy. Sir Francis Drake.

Looking back over his astonishing career, and consid[illegible] the overwhelming odds that as a rule he had to [illegible] the absolute completeness of his victories over [illegible] it would so very hard for us to understand the superstitious Spaniards giving him credit for being in [illegible] with his Satanic Majesty, and winning his way by diabolical means. For a quarter of a century the name "El Draque" was full of terror to them.

It was not by any means mere greed for gold that spurred Drake on to his extraordinary exploits. As an Englishman and a Puritan he hated the would-be monopolists of the American continent in the first place because they were Spaniards, and in the second because they were Catholics. Moreover, to this national and religious hostility was added a deep personal grudge for the treachery which wrecked the first two of his ventures into the Spanish Main. At La Hacha, and again at Vera Cruz, by violating their solemn covenant the Spaniards gained a temporary advantage. But it was dearly bought, for not only did it win for King Philip and his perjured Viceroy the mortal enmity of both John Hawkins and Francis Drake, but it showed the latter the road to his revenge.

Having found the road, Drake wasted little time in venturing upon it. In the merry month of May, 1572, there sailed out of Plymouth Sound two small ships that were destined to mark an epoch in the world's history. These were the *Pasha*, of seventy tons, commanded by Drake himself, and in her wake the little *Swan*, of twenty-five tons, in charge of his brother John. In view of what was before this little expedition, the project certainly looked more like a school-boy's escapade than a serious enterprise. The crews, all told, men and boys, numbered about seventy-three souls. There was only one of them who had reached the age of thirty. And yet their modest scheme was nothing less than to seize the port of Nombre-de-Dios in the Panama Isthmus, and empty into the holds of their tiny vessels the contents of the Treasure House of the World!

The wildest kind of a design, truly. Nevertheless, they came within an ace of accomplishing it. As it was, they stormed the town, held possession of it for some hours, and made their way into the treasury, where their astonished eyes were met with a sight such as exceeded their most fevered expectations, to wit, the gray shimmer of a pile of silver bars ten feet in breadth, twelve feet in height, and seventy in length.

But the Spaniards presently rallied from their first affright. Drake was severely wounded, and very reluctantly the daring invaders had to return to their boats, leaving the vast booty untouched. In retreating to cover they took with them, however, a well-filled galleon that lay in port, and after a fortnight of rest on an island, they swooped down upon Cartagena, cut out a large ship that was at the quay, and once more vanished.

But they soon reappeared, and after making a dashing though fruitless attempt upon the Panama gold train, sacking Vera Cruz, capturing thirty tons of silver almost at the very gates of Nombre-de-Dios, and securing other booty, they at length decided to call a halt, and go back to England for a rest. The return voyage was safely accomplished, and on a fine Sunday in August, 1573, the good folk of Plymouth scandalized the preacher by running out of church as the triumphant young freebooter's guns thundered out a salute to the batteries.

Some idea of the wonderful daring and energy shown by this handful of men during their twelvemonth in the Spanish Main may be gathered from the statement that of two hundred vessels of all kinds which then navigated the Caribbean Sea, they calculated that there was not one they had not overhauled once at least, and some of them had suffered this unpleasant treatment three times. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of such proceedings, this must not be forgotten—that Drake never maltreated a prisoner, and was as renowned for his mercy to the vanquished as he was for his courage in the face of foes.

After four years' inaction at home, Drake, with some difficulty, succeeded in organizing another expedition into the same rich field. It was not much more imposing than the other, comprising as it did only five ships, of which his own, the *Pelican*, measured but one hundred tons, and the smallest was a mere pinnace of fifteen tons, yet the results were to be the most momentous, without question, in the whole naval history of England.

The little squadron set sail from Plymouth in November, 1577, and took nearly three months to reach the Strait of Magellan, and three weeks to get through that perilous passage. Then the Fates, which had hitherto been very unpropitious, seemed to do their utmost to wreck the enterprise. Two vessels had been left on the other side of the strait, and of the remaining three, one went down with all hands, and the other fled back home, leaving Drake alone in the *Pelican* to go on in a strange sea—for he was the first Englishman to navigate the Pacific—and along a strange coast held in force by the deadliest foes of England.

But his great spirit was equal to the emergency. Dauntlessly he pressed northward, and splendidly was he rewarded. In the harbor of Valparaiso he found one of the great galleons from Peru, having on board "a certaine quantity of fine gold of Bollivia, and a great crosse of gold beset with emeraulds, on which was nailed a God of the same metal." This "certaine quantity" amounted to about twenty-four thousand pounds, and was only the beginning!

From December to April the story of the voyage reads like a fairy tale. The saucy little *Pelican* ran in and out of the harbors, hardly ever losing a man or failing to add to her store of booty. The Spaniards, who no more thought to see an Englishman on these coasts than the Pope himself, seemed to have attempted no resistance, preferring to be plundered rather than to fight. At Tarapaca the Englishman found a lot of silver bars ready piled on the pier for shipment, and the Spaniard in charge sleeping comfortably by their side. "Whereon," writes the chaplain, in a humorous strain, "we freed him of his charge, which otherwise perhaps would have kept him waking, and so left him to take out the other part of his sleepe in more security."

At the next landing they "met a Spaniard driving eight Peruvian sheepe [llamas]; each sheepe bearing one hundred weight of refined silver. Now we could not endure to see a gentleman Spaniard turned carrier so, and therefore, without entreatie, we offered our services and became drovers, onely his directions were not so perfect that we could keepe the way which hee intended, for almost as soon as hee was parted from us, we with our new kinde of carriages were come into our boats."

At Arica "some forty and odde barres of silver of the bignesse and fashen of a brick batte" were annexed, and at Lima their eyes were rejoiced by the sight of a fleet of ships ready freighted for sea, "aboard whom we made somewhat bold to bid ourselves welcome," with the result of the addition of 1500 bars of silver, a chest full of gold reals, and some bales of costly silk to their valuable cargo.

The greatest prize, however, was still ahead. This was the huge galleon *Cacafuego*, "the great glory of the South Sea," full to the brim of gold and silver. Sailing two miles to her one, the *Pelican* overtook her off Quito,

and made her an easy captive. "We found in her," records the chaplain, in his quaint way, "some fruits and other victuals, and (that which was the especiallest cause of her heavy and slow sayling) a certaine quantity of jewels and precious stones, 13 chests of ryals of plate, 80 pound weight in gold, 26 tonne of uncoyned silver, two very faire gilt silver drinking boules valued at about 360,000 pezols" -more than $2,000,000.

Enough had now been done both for glory and profit, and Drake decided to hurry home, which he did, not by going back through the Strait of Magellan, but by continuing right on around the world, which feat, hitherto unperformed by a British mariner, was safely accomplished, and after nearly three years absence he returned to Plymouth, the richest man in the kingdom.

Of course there were others besides Francis Drake who made prey of the Peruvian treasure-ships, but none who succeeded so splendidly, and he may be accepted as their representative in so far as to render unnecessary the following out of their checkered careers.

Moreover, there was another phase of this chase of the Spanish galleons which still needs to be touched upon. I have already pointed out that of galleons there were two kinds, freight carriers and ships of war. It was with the latter kind that Drake and his associates had to contend when, in the summer of 1588, the prematurely styled "invincible" Armada, consisting of no less than one hundred and thirty galleons, galeases, caracks, and other craft, bore down upon England in its imposing crescent formation.
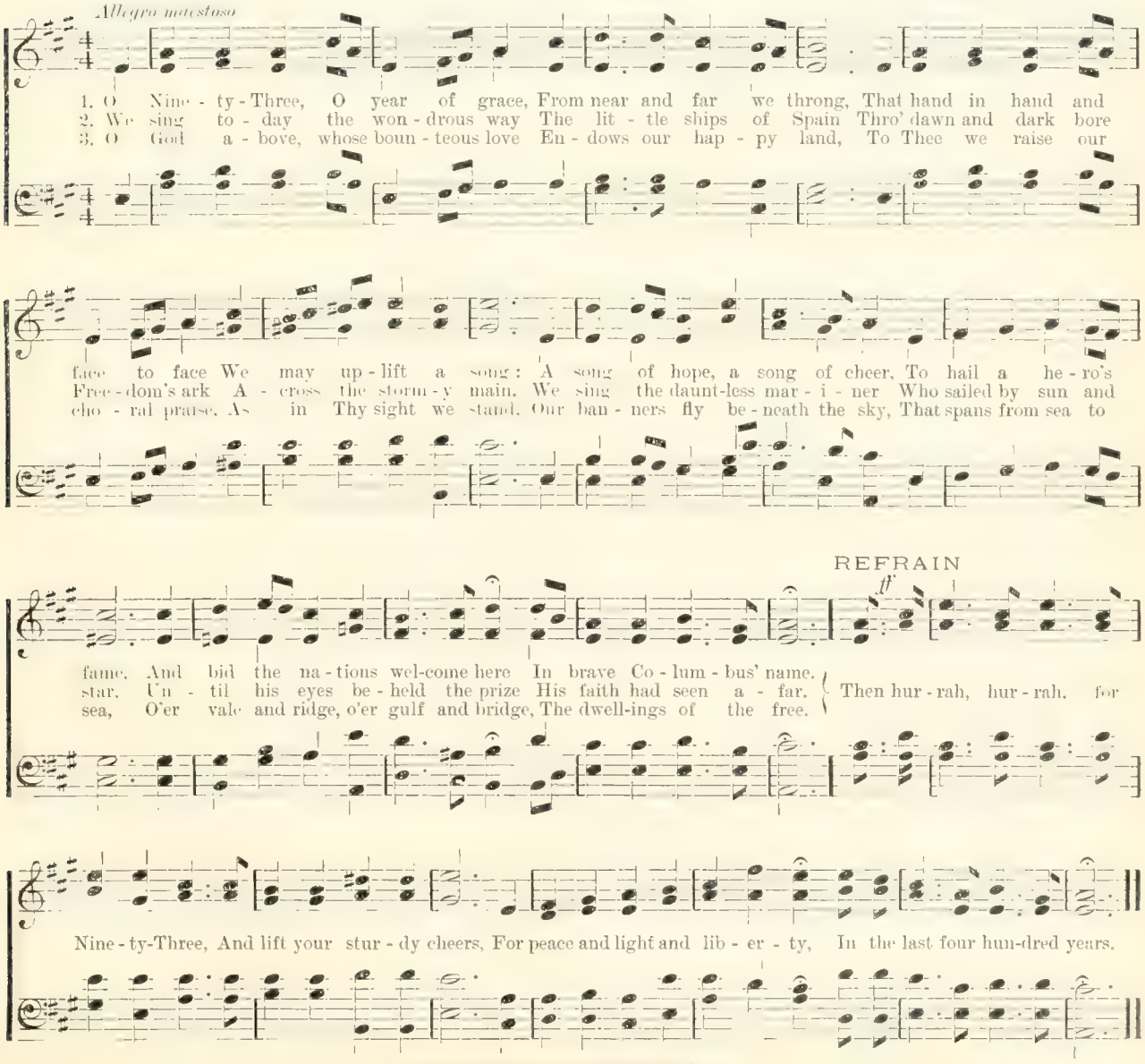
There is no need to rehearse the story of that famous fight, which continued through days and nights of thrilling anxiety, until at last the elements came to the aid of the Englishmen just when they were wellnigh spent with their almost superhuman exertions, and completed the demoralization of the mightiest naval force that ever the world had seen.

Throughout this tremendous struggle Drake bore the leading part. To him more than to any other was due the glorious result whereby the sceptre of the seas fell from the hand of Spain into the hand of England, where it has ever since remained, for in the chase and conquest of the Spanish galleons, little as Queen Elizabeth or her "sturdy little pirate," Sir Francis Drake, imagined it, England laid broad and deep the foundations of her maritime supremacy.

REUNION SONG.

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Music by ADAM GEIBEL*



* From *Franklin Square Song Collection* No. 1.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] there was no wind, and it was more than two hours [illegible] the cloud was really overhead; then, as Jim said, [illegible]

[illegible] windows shut. We had them closed for fear of [illegible]. Somebody had told us that [illegible] currents of air. Secretly I wanted to go to the bedroom [illegible] to the feather bed, but I knew that Jim would laugh at me, and the children would be even more frightened than they were now. The children were the twins, six years old, a boy and a girl. The boy couldn't talk plain, and was continually referring to himself as the "boy-quin," until we called him Quinny, though he was christened Henry Edward. The girl was named Lavinia, and of course we called her Vinny. Jim said he always felt like a poet when he called the two children. Jim and I were the rest of the family. He was so tall that he was still awkward about his height, for he was not quite nineteen. I was just the other way, small and insignificant-looking, and only a girl. I was generally taken to be about fourteen. I was really older, but I shall not give my exact age, for fear you will think I ought to have known better all through this history.

After the third clap of thunder there was a cry. It seemed to come from upstairs. We all looked at each other. The boy twin put one fist in his eye that he might be ready to weep on the shortest notice. Jim was sitting opposite me, with his hands thrust in his pockets.

"It is the wind," he said, calmly.

"There isn't any wind," I answered.

"Well, there's rain, anyway," he responded.

The water was coming down in great spouts; the noise of it on the tin roof of the porch and on the ground seemed as if it closed one's ears.

Another blinding flash, and a crackle and a roar almost at the same instant. I drew the twins closer to my knees, and involuntarily bent over them. Quinny put the other fist in his other eye, and began to sob. Then we all heard the cry again. It certainly came from the upper part of the house.

Jim sprang to his feet. I cowered still lower over the children, and put my arms about them as they pressed close to me. Our collie, Sandy, who was on the hearth, growled distinctly. Jim walked to the door which led into the front entry. I thought he was going right up the stairs. I was thinking of the burglars who had been down in the village.

"Take something to defend yourself with. Take the carving-knife, Jim, if you're going up stairs," I said. I hadn't sense enough at that moment to know that burglars did not usually shout.

Jim flung open the door, then he paused. There were only two chambers "finished off," and oh, how the rain was pounding on the shingles!

"Who's there?" called Jim. He shouted twice, and then a thin, piercing treble answered.

"Me!"

I wondered why Sandy did not make another demonstration. He glanced at me, raised his ears, and wagged his tail a little. As for me, I think I was more frightened by that small voice than if it had been a gruff one, such as a burglar ought to have had. I never saw Jim look so strange. He told me afterwards that he was actually scared, and that he almost thought it must be something supernatural which had spoken.

I did not move from my place by the twins. Jim seemed to brace himself before he asked, loudly,

"Who's me?"

Before any answer could come, there was another peal of thunder. Immediately after, the voice piped, brokenly: "Oh dear or dear! Why doesn't somebody come up?"

"Why don't you come down?" asked Jim.

I can't. I can't."

At this Jim dashed up the stairs and I after him. The twins and Sandy came behind. There was such a roar on the roof that we appeared to be going right into the tempest. We all pressed into my room, the door of which was open.

"Where is it, anyway?" exclaimed Jim, bewildered.

"Here I be," came the treble pipe. There was a double crib belonging to the twins standing by my bed. There was something on this crib; this something now said:

"Why didn't you come before? I've been struck twice already. It's an awful tempest."

It was I who took the lead now. I pushed by Jim and up to the side of the crib. There lay a child whose head and body seemed as if it were ten or twelve years old. There was an unfamiliar coverlet thrown over the lower part of him. He was almost as white as the pillow under his head. He had large gray eyes, wide apart, and ink-black thick lashes and brows. His face narrowed down from a broad forehead to a delicate chin.

I was almost beside myself with surprise and wonder. He—I had assumed that this stranger was a boy—was now perfectly calm and self-possessed. He had been crying, though, for there were tears on his cheeks. At first I couldn't speak. But Jim gave a little laugh, and asked,

"How do you know you've been struck?"

The big gray eyes turned toward the speaker, and the owner of the eyes answered scornfully by putting another question:

"How does any fellow know when he's been struck?"

Jim uttered an exclamation, but he said nothing more then. I bent over the crib.

"Where were you struck?"

"All over. Them two big crashes of thunder did it."

It did not seem an appropriate time to tell him that thunder did no harm. I began to know now that he was only frightened. But who was he? He kept looking at us, from one to the other. When his gaze rested on the children, he asked,

"Twins?"

"Yeth," said the boy, who could not talk plain, "and I'm the boy-quin."

The eyes came back to me. "Sometimes twins are great fun," remarked the stranger. "I've seen twins before. Yonder," pointing with one thin white hand. "But these," looking at the children again, "these are whole; they've both got arms and legs. They ain't really twins, I guess."

Jim whistled. Quinny gazed down at his own fat sturdy legs, and Vinny gazed at her arms.

"Yes, they are really twins," I said, with emphasis.

"I never seen any so before," was the response. "What I seen, one had one arm and t'other had one leg."

Jim whistled again. I turned and put the lamp I had held in my hand on the shelf, where its rays fell full on the couch.

"Where did you see that kind of twins?"

It was Jim who made this inquiry.

Before it was answered Sandy walked up to the crib and thrust his nose between the rungs at the side. The boy lying there put out his hand and stroked that nose, and for the first time a faint wan smile came to his face.

Jim repeated his question. "Where did you see that kind of twins?"

Now the boy replied: "In the horspittle, of course. I

s'pose if they'd been whole twins they wouldn't have been there."

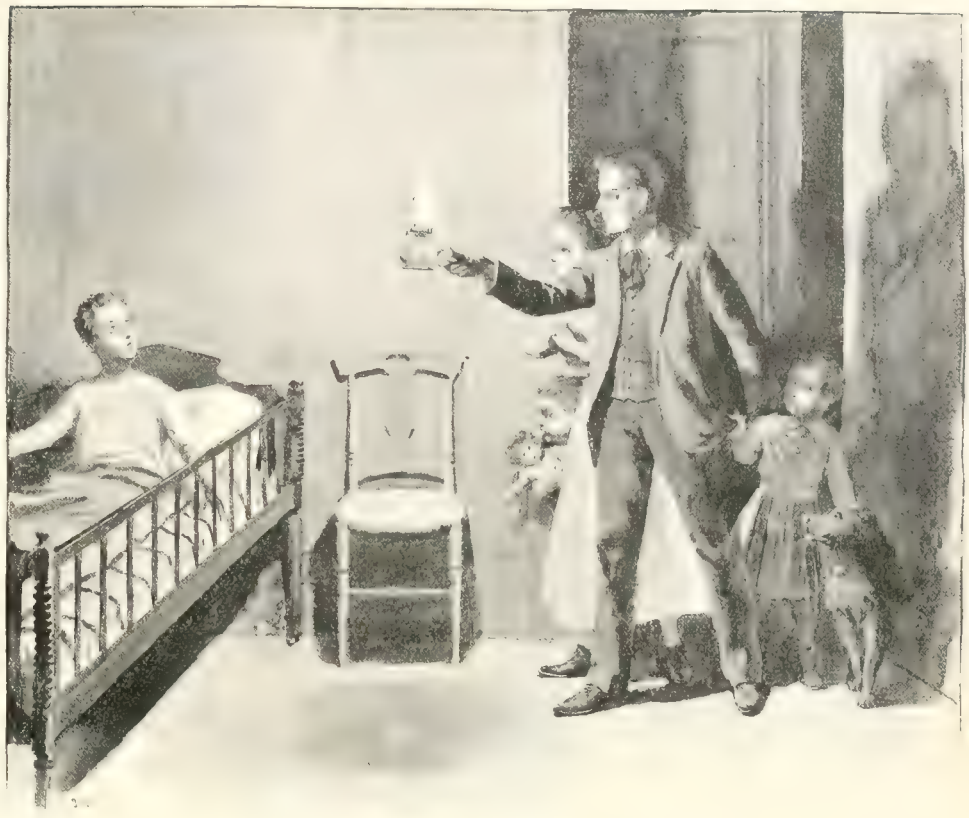
Jim glanced at me. The thunder now came from over towards the south. The flashes of lightning were less frequent; the rain ceased to beat so heavily on the roof. I did not know what to do. I went to the window and flung it open. A volume of damp sweet air came rushing in. I could distinctly detect the odor of my blush-roses which were blooming beneath the window. It was the last week in June. The boy in the crib turned his face towards the fresh air.

"Roses!" he cried. He sniffed audibly.

I returned to his bed. "Where did you come from?" I asked.

He looked at me as if in great amazement that I should put such a question.

"From the children's horspittle," he answered. "Thought you knew; they said you'd be expecting of me."



"WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BEFORE? I'VE BEEN STRUCK TWICE ALREADY."

He did not seem in the least concerned because we did not expect him.

"Oh!" I cried out, and turned to Jim. "Can it be it's the child from the Home?" I inquired.

"That's about the size of it," said the person in the crib. "Chardon Street," he added, laconically.

"But how did you get here?" said Jim.

"You bet I did not walk," was the answer. "I couldn't; I 'ain't got any legs—that is, none worth mentioning. But I've got arms," stretching them out. He looked at me and smiled faintly.

I felt as if something were pulling at my heart, and my throat closed up for an instant. I glanced at Jim again. He turned his head away as if he did not want me to see his face.

"I'm glad you've got a dog," now remarked the stranger. "I always did think dogs were the nicest kind of things to have—only, of course, I never had one. I ain't one of the kind that has anything, not even legs—that is, to speak of."

"What's your name?" Jim's voice was husky as he asked this.

"Ebenezer Towne."

"I suppose they call you Eben, then."

"No, they don't; they call me 'Nezer. Odd, ain't it? You see, my little sister, when she couldn't talk very well, called me that, 'n' I'm glad it's been kept up. She's dead now. Folks that you love are awful apt to die."

This last was said in a whisper. It was now Jim who walked to the window. I knew he was thinking of father and mother. Do all I could to keep them back, the tears would come to my eyes. The boy in the crib gazed at me.

"Your folks have died, too, 'ain't they?" he asked, in the same whisper. "I'm sorry. That's all we can do when they're dead—jest be sorry."

The tears now openly dropped from my face. It was not yet six months since mother had gone.

"We can try to be good, just as they would want us to be," I said, putting out my hand and touching his, which lay outside the coverlet.

"Yes, I s'pose we can; anyway, folks that have legs that amount to something can try."

"Have you a father or mother?"

"I 'ain't got any mother. But I remember her. She was real good to me and Sis. Yes, I've got a father. I guess he's a bad one. He's in quod a lot."

"In quod!" I repeated.

Jim, at the window, made an inarticulate sound.

The boy laughed. "Don't you know what quod is?" he exclaimed. "It's a jail or a prison, I guess. Anyway, when you're in quod you're shut up."

The twins were gazing and listening with all their eyes and ears. Their faces showed that they were much excited and might soon begin to cry. I began to cheer up apparently. I had to do that very often. Sometimes I had found that when I made believe cheer up the effort did me good as well as had its effect on the twins.

"But you haven't told me how you came yet," I said, briskly.

Jim still stood at the window with his back to the group by the crib. Sandy sat on his haunches, appearing to listen to every word.

"Deepo wagon," said 'Nezer. "I had to come in that. Mr. Chipman—he belongs to the Home, you know—he brought me out. I could have come well enough by myself, only I have to be carried round, on account of my legs. It's a nuisance to be lifted in and out of the cars, and folks stare so. Mr. Chipman said they couldn't look at me any more if I was a professional beauty. He said I must play I was one. But I don't know what they be; do you?"

[illegible] Mr. Chipman brought [illegible] We got here in the middle of the [illegible] We couldn't get in the house because the dog [illegible] on the door-step. Mr. Chipman said you [illegible] his letter; did you?"

No, we haven't heard from the post office for almost [illegible] And the twins and I went over to the pine woods about two o'clock; it was so pleasant. What did you do?"

"Mr. Chipman, he thought a minute, then he carried me to the brown house down the road. I didn't like the woman there; I didn't like the way she looked at me. I ain't a bit like you. She came back with us. She said she knew where you put the key. She found it under the door-mat on the porch. She let us in. Mr. Chipman had to go right back. The woman brought me up here. I was so tired, you know. She asked me a lot of questions.

"When it began to thunder she had to go home because she'd left some winders open. She said she'd keep watch, 'n if you didn't come back she'd come here again. After she'd gone I went to sleep, I was so tired. You're real apt to be tired if you don't have any legs, or only shrivelled-up ones, like mine. The thunder woke me; I thought I was struck. I guess I was only frightened, for I seem to be all right now. I must have had quite a nap. I s'pose you didn't know I was here; did you?"

"No, indeed."

"And the first you knew was when I hollered?"

"Yes."

'Nezer gave a short laugh.

"What did you think? I'll bet you thought I was a burglar." He laughed again. "You looked awful scart when you came in with that lamp in your hand, and the rain, and the thunder, and the lightning. Horrid, wa'n't it? I thought them kids were twins the minute I see them; only what twins ever I saw didn't have all their arms and legs."

There was silence when he ceased speaking. Jim had come back and stood by me. 'Nezer lay looking at us both.

"I s'pose you must have sent for a child from the Home," he remarked at last, "else Mr Chipman wouldn't have brought me here."

"Yes," said I, "we did send. But it's almost two months ago, and they wrote they would let us know before they sent a child. I had almost given it all up. And we didn't get the letter."

"You 'ain't really given it up, have you?"

I hesitated when he asked that question; we were poor. It was because I wanted to earn some money that I had written, after consideration and consultation with my brother, to the Home, saying I would like to board a child.

I didn't seem fitted to earn money in many ways; and t.. re were the twins. I must be at home; within a week, however, I had been able to get some slop-work from the next town. I was not very skilful with needle or sewing-machine, but I hoped to do better with practice. Jim expected in a short time to make enough to support us all, but that time had not yet come. There had been debts to pay. Mother's illness had been long. We must both put our shoulders to the wheel. Above all else we wanted to keep together and live on the old place. Love of home was strong in both of us; and Vinny and Quinny —here was the place to bring them up.

"You 'ain't really changed your mind, have you?" The boy repeated his words, and this time his voice was unsteady; then he added, "I've jest been longing and longing to be in the country; the doctors said country air was what I needed, and fresh milk -you've got cows."

I nodded. In my mind was the thought that I had not supposed when I sent for a child to take care of that I should have a cripple. I almost feared to undertake so much.

'Nezer was gazing intently at me. He drew a long, quivering breath, and then said: "I s'pose you wa'n't expecting one with no legs to speak of. I know it does make a difference. But oh, how I do wish I could stay!"

CHAPTER II.

WHAT MRS. FORD THOUGHT.

WE all stood silent round the crib after 'Nezer had spoken in that way. I made up my heart, if I may say so, instead of my mind, directly as to what I should do; but I hesitated, because my reason did not go the same way.

Jim was looking at me. The twins were gazing at the boy, who had shut his eyes and seemed to be holding them shut because he could not bear to see me while I was deciding.

Jim suddenly took hold of my arm and led me out on to the landing which served as an upper hall. He shut the door, and it was quite dark there. He kept hold of my arm. "Don't you see we can't do it," he said in a whisper, shaking me a little.

"I can't see anything," I answered, "it's too dark."

"Don't joke," he responded. "I know he's a poor little chap. I hate to think of sending him back; but just think! A cripple! He can't walk a step, and there are the twins, and the slop-work, and the cooking! 'Twould take two strong women, and I can't help a bit in the house now. Think of the haying, and the market-gardening I want to do, you know! Jane Ann, it can't be done; you're crazy!"

I must interrupt myself to say that it is true that my name is Jane Ann. Of all the names in the world, that was the one chosen for me. If I ever had thoughts of being a heroine in any way, directly I remembered my name I knew it was of no use for any Jane Ann to try to be heroic.

"I know the twins, and the slop-work, and the cooking," I replied, "and you needn't shake my arm. And I haven't made up my mind yet."

"You needn't tell me," said Jim; "didn't I see your face when that little midget said he wished he could stay? This is a great state of affairs—and the market-gardening, too!"

I knew I ought not to do anything of which Jim really disapproved; everybody said he had wonderful good judgment for a fellow of his age. But I couldn't get that pale, wistful face out of my mind.

"Jim," I said, after a long silence.

"Well?"

"I do think I could manage it, and I'd rather work harder some other way than at the slops. I dislike that so. It's a hard way to earn my salt. And just think how he would love to sit out under a tree when you were turning the grass. Perhaps he'd get some color in his cheeks. I wish I could keep him for just a little while."

Though I could not see my brother's face, I knew that he was hesitating. At last he said:

"Let alone all the trouble he'll be to you, you don't know anything about him. He may be vicious; it 'll be bad for the twins to be with him."

Now it was I who hesitated. I had not thought of that. But presently I said, "Don't you think, Jim, that you and I and the twins, to say nothing of Sandy, ought to be able to do more about setting a good example to that bit of a thing than he can do in the way of setting a bad one?"

Jim gave a kind of groan. "I see you're bound to do it."

"Not if you disapprove."

"He is such a poor little chap," said Jim as if to himself.

Then I knew he had consented. Still, he had to say, for a last word:

"I don't see how it's going to be done, for all that. If he only had legs, you know."

"Boys with legs," I answered, "have their disadvantages. A boy's legs take him into a heap of mischief."

I turned and began to grope for the door to go back to the chamber. But I paused to say, "Whatever happens, Jim, promise me you'll never say, 'I told you so.'"

And he gave his promise, and kept it too. It turned out that quite a good deal happened, and I wouldn't much have blamed him if he had used that exasperating phrase.

When we went back to the children the twins were still standing and staring as if they could never see enough of this new-comer. As for 'Nezer himself, he opened his eyes and looked at me with almost an anguish of eagerness.

He put the palms of his hands together and pressed them tightly. But he did not speak. It seemed as if he could not.

"We're going to keep you for a while, anyway," I said, quickly.

The boy flung up his hands and cried out, "Oh!" The next moment he had controlled himself, and said, as any other child might have done, "I tell you that's jolly." And he added: "Now don't you go and worry too much. The last woman that had me she said she was kind of glad I didn't have legs, 'cause she almost always knew where I was. But I can hitch round more'n you'd think."

"Have you been to many places?" gravely asked Jim.

"Three," promptly. "Women are gen'rally good to me. You see, they pity me. But I never was on a farm. A real farm's the thing, ain't it? I was in villages them other times. I didn't gain much. I say" with a sudden change of manner—"have you got some victuals in this house? I didn't know I was hungry till this minute. Bears ain't nothing to me."

"To be sure," I exclaimed. "You haven't eaten since noon, and 'tis almost nine. But bread and milk is all you can have. We finished the hasty-pudding."

I was going to bring his supper to him, but he looked at Jim and said, "Take a fellow down stairs, can't ye?"

Jim lifted him in his arms: as he did so 'Nezer made a swift movement which swung the coverlet round his waist so that it fell down over his legs.

"This quilt always goes with me," he said. "It's my petticoat. Folks don't stare quite so much when I have this. I tell you I'm mighty sick of being stared at."

As he ate his supper he kept looking about the low old kitchen. He asked if "this was a truly farm-house."

"Yes, it had been a truly farm-house ever since it was built, almost two hundred years ago," I replied.

He expressed his opinion that it was "a boss place anyway."

Soon after his supper Jim carried him back up stairs, and put him on a cot I had placed in the "unfinished chamber" close to my open door.

When Jim and I went down we sat and talked by ourselves until after ten, which was very late for us.

Several weeks later, one morning while I was washing dishes, Mrs. Ford, our nearest neighbor, came in. She had been having what she called a "spell of the rheumatics," and hadn't been out before. It was she who had come over with Mr. Chipman when he had brought 'Nezer and found the house locked.

She sank stiffly down on a chair. She flung back the small square shawl she had put on her head. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I was struck up when they brought that little atomy the other day. Goin' on two months, ain't it now? I should have thought you'd sent him back long 'fore this. I 'ain't seen Jim nor nobody to ask about him. Of course you didn't want no such thing as that 'round here."



"I TOLD MY HUSBAND 'TWAS AN INSULT CARTIN' THAT CREATURE OUT HERE."

"No," I said; "we have not sent him back. We're going to keep him for the present, anyway."

"Jane Ann! You don't mean it!"—opening her mouth and eyes in the most irritating manner.

I felt my face growing red.

"Yes, I mean it," I answered.

"But what did Jim say?"

"He was willing."

"I declare! I told my husband 'twas an insult cartin' that creature out here. I've been wantin' to get over here and tell you so."

"Somebody must take care of him."

"Oh, waal, I suppose there's folks fitted for such things. Yes, I told my husband 'twas a real imposition, 'n' 'tis; 'n' there's the twins, 'n' the butter, 'n' the slop-work. Jane Ann, you can't do it!"

"I've dropped the slop-work."

"You don't say so! Waal, I guess you'll have to drop the twins too. What do them folks pay?"

"I don't know yet. We're expecting a letter every day. Jim's gone down to the post-office now. We were in no hurry. They're good pay."

"I s'pose the Home gives a ruther good price?"

"I s'pose so."

"I was thinkin' some of 'plyin' for a child myself, but I guess I sha'n't."

She sat for some moments longer. She gazed at the door, and seemed to be listening. I knew why, but I made no remark. If she wanted to know anything, I thought she might ask. At last she could keep back her curiosity no longer.

"Where is he, anyway? I should like to see how he looks. I was so kind of flustered that day when he came that I didn't half see him."

[illegible] and the twins down to the post office.

"I must say that was good of Jim."

"Jim is generally good," I answered, with some heat.

[illegible] set of folks that [illegible] imposed on [illegible] Jim won't be imposed upon!"

I couldn't bear this any more, and I went out of the [illegible] As if I'd let my brother Jim be imposed upon!

When I came back I had my tongue under control.

Mrs. Ford looked curiously at me. "I spoke for your good," she said. I wonder why people are so disagree[illegible] they speak for your good."

She did not say anything more about the boy from the Home, though I was sure she was waiting till he should come back. "Another burglar down in the village last night," she remarked. "Had you heard?"

No, I hadn't heard. I had begun to baste a large piece on the boy quilt's blue gingham "tire." I did not care much about burglars. "I don't think anybody 'd break in here," I said. "We've only got a dozen real silver spoons, and I guess they wouldn't get paid for comin'."

"That's just what I say to my husband. I don't worry much about 'em. 'Tain't such kind of houses as this they come to. They got into Dr. Chilson's last night. They took four hundred dollars in money and all their spoons. Made a good haul. I should think somebody might ketch 'em. Do you use any butter color now?"

"No," I answered; "I couldn't quite make up my mind to it."

"It don't do a grain of harm," she responded, "and the butter sells better. Folks like a high color. I'd ought to be churning myself." She put her shawl over her head; but she didn't leave her chair. Suddenly she began to draw herself up from her seat. "There they be now," she cried; "'n' Jim's liftin' that little image out. I do hope this won't be too much for Jim."

My blood grew hot to hear it. I wanted to run to the door, but I kept on with my sewing.

My brother came in with 'Nezer in his arms. The twins came trailing behind. 'Nezer was laughing. His eyes shone.

"Just dump me anywhere, Mr. Jim," he said. He looked at me as he was put on the floor.

"I tell you it's been a bully time, and no mistake!" He flung what he called his petticoat over his shrunken legs.

"Bully time!" cried Vinny, clapping her hands. And the twin in the doorway shouted, "Bully time!" and jumped up and down. I said to myself that the moment I was alone with 'Nezer I would impress upon him that I didn't like that expression.

Mrs. Ford nipped in her lips. "That's queer kind of talk," she said, severely. "Ef I was takin' care of you," gazing at 'Nezer, "I should slap you for that. 'N' teachin' the twins, too. It's a mercy if he don't swear, Jane Ann."

Jim turned and walked quickly out of the room. 'Nezer sat gazing full at Mrs. Ford. When she had ceased speaking, he pushed out his under lip in a very exasperating way he had; then he laughed.

"There ain't no such old woman 's you goin' to take care of me," he said, in his high treble voice. "'N' you don't run this shanty, not by a long chalk."

The twins burst into a loud laugh, and began to jump up and down again. My face burned with a distressing blush. I dropped my work and turned:

"'Nezer!" I cried out, sharply; "don't you ever speak like that again to anybody! Do you hear me?"

"I hear plain enough," he answered.

"I guess you'll be sorry you kept him," remarked Mrs. Ford, with some triumph.

She now left the room with as much dignity as her rheumatics would permit. I stood a moment not knowing which way to turn. Finally I said to the twins, "Run out to see Jim and see what Jim's doing." They were always ready to go to Jim.

I knew now that I had secretly thought that this neglected boy who had been tossed here and there all his life was going to be kind of an angel. I had read stories of crippled children who were little saints. And he had been a tolerably good child.

Unconsciously I had expected that all I would have to do about 'Nezer would be to attend to his physical wants. Now for the first time I began to wonder if his spirit was as lacking in symmetry as his body. Of course just these words did not go through my mind, but the sense of them did. When I stood alone with the boy, and looked down at him, I felt a strange inclination to cry. He looked up at me.

"She's a real poor specimen," he said, nodding towards the door through which Mrs. Ford had passed. "When Mr Chipman took me there 'cause you wa'n't to home, I knew quick's a wink what I'd do if I was with her. If I had legs, you know," nodding again in the queerest kind of a way.

"What should you do?" I asked.

"Why, I'd jest take and hook it."

"But you couldn't."

"I know that well enough. I said if I could," he answered, emphatically. "But I'd get even with her someway. I'd set fire to the house, or something. I hate that kind of a woman, anyway. I hated her the first thing. She'd better be burnt up."

I was thankful that the twins were out of the way; of course it was childish talk, but it turned me cold to hear it. What should I do? I forgot all about my work. I forgot everything but that little creature who was gazing up at me so strangely.

All at once he began coming towards me. He put a hand down on the floor on each side of him, and propelled himself quite rapidly. He called it "hitching along"; and so it was. He came close to my feet and stopped. I sat down on the floor beside him. It did not seem fair, someway, to be standing, and he unable to hold himself upright.

I had a dreadful feeling that perhaps Mrs. Ford was right, and I had been "crazy to keep him." My heart ached as my eyes met his. I did not know a word to say to him. There we sat, staring at each other. I only knew I was so sorry. Did he feel my feelings? His face changed. I never knew a face change as his would do. It softened wonderfully.

I was afraid the twins would come back. I was afraid if I should speak that I should not say the right thing. But I must do as well as I could. Before I could say anything, however, there was an interruption. A long shadow was flung across from the doorway upon 'Nezer and me.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE GILMAN.

"HULLO! What on earth is this? What kind of fol-de-rol be you folks up to now? And where's Jim?"

We both turned quickly. In the open door stood a tall thin man dressed in his best suit of well-worn shiny black broadcloth. He had a straw hat on his head and a whip in his hand. His hat was pushed back from his forehead, which was high and narrow. His face was shaven, save for a long fringe of white hair about his neck. His eyes were blue and sharp and cold. I knew him very well. It was Uncle Gilman Ridley. I hurriedly rose to my feet. I didn't like Uncle Gilman; and I was afraid of him too.

"What fol-de-rol's this, I say?" he repeated. "Who is that chap, anyway?" He pointed with his whip at 'Nezer, who stared persistently at him.

"It's a child we're boarding," I answered.

"Where'd he come from? You ought to git mighty good pay for takin' care of such as him."

I tried to answer respectfully that the pay was fair.

"There's the twins 'n' the house-work 'n' the butter," he said; "I hope you don't neglect um."

"I hope not. You know I must try to earn something."

Uncle Gilman's hard face softened a little.

"That's right," he said. "You ought to earn something, a great girl like you."

Secretly I always thought Uncle Gilman was afraid we should apply to him for help.

"Where's Jim?" he repeated.

"He's digging on the new ditch in the meadow. Shall I call him?"

"I guess you'd better. I won't hinder him long."

When Jim came up in response to my shout from the back of the house his rubber boots were covered with fresh black mud, and his face was red and wet with perspiration.

"It's Uncle Gilman," I said, in a low tone. "Perhaps he's going to offer to pay those doctor's bills."

Mr. Ridley was a rich man, but "as close as the bark to a tree."

Jim grew redder than before. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "As if he'd do such a thing—and as if I'd let him!"

"Well, he wants to see you. He's been questioning me about 'Nezer. I hope the boy 'll be respectful to him, for I never quite know what the child 'll do."

Evidently 'Nezer had not been exactly as he ought to have been, for there was a black frown on Uncle Gilman's face as we came in at the door.

I went up and whispered to the cripple: "Do be good, 'Nezer. What shall I do if you disgrace me?"

He clasped his hands together. "Oh, I do try! I do try!" he said. "If it wa'n't for you 'n' Mr. Jim, I wouldn't, though."

He put his hands down on the floor and hitched quickly along to the stoop, and I forgot all about him. I heard the twins playing under the apple-tree at the end of the house. We were in the kitchen. I heard Uncle Gilman say to Jim:

"He hailed me as I was going by his house, and he paid me the money. I told him he'd better keep it till I came back, for I didn't want it about me when I was in Boston. I'd got to stop to a tavern, and a man don't want a lot of money on him for pickpockets to take."

Here he pulled a great leather pocket-book from his pocket and opened it. Jim stood leaning one hand on a chair watching uncle. Jim was always rather stiff and silent with Uncle Gilman, and I didn't wonder. We used to ask each other how this man could be mother's brother.

"I thought I should feel easier to leave the money with you, Jim. I hated to drive the eight miles back, when you could keep it well's not. I've got to pay most of it right out, and it's foolish to put it in the bank. I mean to be at home the last of the week. You jest stow it away safe somewhere." He handed five bills to Jim. "See if there ain't five hundred dollars," he said.

Jim counted. "Yes, sir," he answered.

"All right. I shall feel a sight easier not to have it with me. You look out for it. You're kind of a capable boy, and I guess it'll be safe. I'll call, you know."

Uncle Gilman walked out, and presently we heard him say "G'long" to his horse. Jim stood, with the bills in his hand. I went and carefully shut all the doors.

"I'm sorry you've taken that money," I said.

"But what could I do?" returned Jim. "I couldn't say I wouldn't oblige him; and he'll soon come for it. It's a lot of money, isn't it? I wish I had some of it."

"Don't talk like that, Jim," I cried. I was frightened. "I do wish Uncle Gil hadn't left that here. You know how the burglars have been down in the village this summer."

Jim laughed. "Girls are always afraid of something," he said. "No burglars will come to this old house. They are too bright. Now, where shall we put this so it 'll be safe, even if the house is broken into, which it won't be. It mustn't be in any box or bureau or anything of that sort."

I pressed my hands together. "Oh, I do wish—" I began again.



"HULLO! WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS?"

"Now don't be silly. Help me to think."

The end of our thinking was that I rolled the bills up in a piece of thick brown paper, tied them carefully about, and then we put the package under a loose brick in the kitchen hearth.

"I sha'n't see anything nor think of anything but that brick until Uncle Gilman calls for the money," I said.

"Promise me you won't go there till uncle comes," he said. "If you do, the twins or 'Nezer 'll be sure to see you, or you won't put the bricks exactly right."

So I promised.

"You'd never dream there was anything under there now, would you?" he asked.

"No, I shouldn't. It shows that Uncle Gil trusts us, doesn't it?" I said.

"Trusts us? I should think so!" exclaimed Jim, flinging his head back. "Why shouldn't he, I should like to know?"

Here somebody pounded on the door and shouted to be let in. It was the boy-quin. Jim went back to the meadow. I went out on the stoop, to see where 'Nezer was. He had hitched himself along on the dry grass until he was under the lilac, where he was reading a story-book. As I saw him, I thought that I was glad no one had heard what uncle had said. I had shut the doors purposely. Two neighbors came in that afternoon. I was miserable all the time, for it seemed to me they were continually looking at that brick. I couldn't get it out of my mind for a moment. When I took my lamp to go upstairs at nine o'clock, Jim said,

"Now, Jane Ann, I hope you won't worry about anything."

"I hope so too," I answered, rather dejectedly; "but I do wish it wasn't here."

I went first into the place where 'Nezer slept. We had put some bed for him in a room, which opened from the sitting-room. It saved taking him upstairs. Here he could [illegible] and by the aid of a crutch and a low chair he managed to get himself into bed. He was very proud of this. He quite scorned to be afraid because he slept down stairs. He said that "prans if he was a girl he might be afraid, but being a boy, he wasn't a grain." I always stopped to see him before I went to my room. He was often awake, for he was not as good a sleeper as a child ought to be. He was awake now. I bent over him, and kissed him. He caught hold of my hand.

"What does Mr. Jim mean telling you not to worry about anything?" he asked. "He don't mean me, does he?"

"Oh no! not you at all."

He still clung to my hand. "And what is it you wish wasn't here," with a child's persistent curiosity. "I'll bet I can guess! I'll bet I know!"

I thought his eyes were brighter than ever.

"Nothing that concerns you. Go to sleep, 'Nezer."

"All right." He sank back on his pillow.

As I was turning away he asked, "Where's Sandy?"

"On the stoop, I think." I opened the outer door. "Sandy, are you there?" The dear fellow came and licked my hand. I patted his soft head. I could see his eyes gleaming in the dim light.

"Sandy's here, 'Nezer," I said.

I gave one look at the brick. I wished I had not promised Jim not to touch it. I lingered a moment looking about the kitchen.

"Now don't be silly," again Jim called from the sitting-room where he was reading.

I lay awake until after midnight listening for any sound. Once Sandy barked furiously. He often did so. I heard Jim go down stairs; when he came back I at last went sound asleep.

It was late when I wakened. I rushed down stairs half dressed. I took a long breath of relief when I saw those same dry blades of grass, which I had artfully arranged over the brick, were just as I had left them. They could not have been disturbed. I was more cheerful now it was daylight, and the sun was shining. But as the afternoon waned and it came sunset, I grew almost ill with anxiety. I became more and more angry because Uncle Gilman had done this. He ought to have thought what a weight it would be on us. That five hundred dollars was like lead right on my heart. I thought I should be perfectly happy when the owner took them away. 'Nezer gazed at me intently a great many times. Finally he said:

"I guess your head aches, Miss Jane Ann. Take some little white pills, that's what the doctor used to give me;" then he smiled the queer little smile he had as he added, "but they didn't help me any. Mebby 'twas on account of my legs. You see, you must allow for my legs."

He hitched up close to me as I sat mending a cardigan jacket of Jim's. He leaned against me and shut his eyes.

"Do you feel well, 'Nezer?"

"Tollable, only tired. I guess it's the hot fall weather." Suddenly he opened his eyes. He looked at me. "I want you to understand, Miss Jane Ann, that I'm tryin' to be good, even if I don't make out any great shakes."

"I do understand it," I answered, warmly.

I put one hand down on his cheek for an instant. A few moments later Mrs. Ford came in. 'Nezer immediately sat upright. Every time she came she used to ask in a surprised tone, "Be you still keepin' that boy from the Home?"

Now as she sat down heavily in the rocker in front of us, 'Nezer spoke up shrilly, "She's still keepin' that boy from the Home, Miss Ford."

I said: "'Nezer! Don't you speak again till you're spoken to."

He shook his head something like a mischievous colt, but he kept silence.

Mrs. Ford said she didn't see how I did it. "'N' there was the twins, 'n' there was the butter, 'n' there was the housework. She *should* think I'd have to neglect something."

She looked over the kitchen to see if it was as tidy as usual. Then she told about another burglary down in the village, night before last. Lawyer Metcalf's house broken into. "Two gold watches," and she went on to give all the particulars. But I could hardly hear them, my heart was thumping so. She wound up by saying, "That it wa'n't safe livin'; seems if—"

"Why don't they nab the fellows, 'n' chuck 'em into quod?" now suddenly asked 'Nezer.

Then at a look from me he subsided again.

Mrs. Ford rose. She said she was sure she didn't know what such language meant.

When she was gone I longed to send 'Nezer and the twins out of the room, and lift up that brick. But there was my promise. I began to think I remembered about treasures being hidden under a brick in the hearth. Yes, certainly, anybody would look for money there. By the time Jim came up from the east field, which he was getting ready to sow down, I had worked myself into what my brother called "a state of mind." I ran into the orchard to meet him. He looked alarmed as he saw me.

"What!" he cried, sharply, "is it gone?"

"I don't know. I guess not. But I've promised not to look."

"Oh, what is the matter, then? I don't mind saying I shall be relieved myself when Uncle Gil takes that money. I think he'll be back by to-morrow."

"Relieved!" I cried, excitedly. "I shall be a maniac if we keep it a week. I came out here to be away from the children while I tell you that Mrs. Ford has just been giving all the details of another burglary in the village. I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night. I think I shall sit up and keep a light burning."

"Now, Jane Ann," began Jim, in his strong, comfortable way, "just use your common-sense a little. You know we are known to be poor. We haven't any valuables. Only you and I and Uncle Gilman know about that money. A burglar must be a fool to come to a house like that." He pointed to the old building as he spoke. There it stood, brown and shabby, in the warm light of sunset. "It's a dear old place, though," with heartfelt emphasis that brought a glow to his tanned face.

"I wish Mrs. Ford would keep her burglar stories to herself; at least until Uncle Gil gets back," I said. But I was comforted.

I thought it was plain enough that my brother did not share my fears to any great extent. When it came nine o'clock that evening, and the children in bed asleep, I began to reconsider my determination to sit up all night. I had slept so little during the previous night that, as I sat with my book in my hand at the reading-table with Jim, my eyes would fall in spite of all I could do. Once my book dropped from my hand. Jim looked comically at me, but he said nothing. I persisted until ten o'clock struck. Jim rose to pay his usual visit to the barn to see if the cattle were all right.

"I shall have to give in," I acknowledged. "I don't think I could keep awake if the house was surrounded by burglars."

I gave a sleepy look at 'Nezer, who was almost snoring. I went out and drowsily arranged two straws over the

brick again, and again I felt what I call a distracted wish to lift that oblong object up and peer under it. If I had not given that promise I'm not sure but I should have made an examination there every five minutes of the twenty-four hours. Finally I went up stairs. My head had hardly touched my pillow before I was asleep. And it seemed as if I had not slept an hour when in my dreams I thought I heard 'Nezer shouting shrilly: "Miss Jane Ann! Miss Jane Ann! Come quick!" And the last shout sounded smothered. Sandy was barking in his most furious way.

I struggled up to a sitting position. I opened my eyes to shut them again immediately, they were so dazzled by a light held close in front of me. The light was in Jim's hand. His other hand was grasping my arm so that he hurt me. He was in his shirt and trousers, and his face was as white as his shirt.

"Jane Ann," he whispered, "something has happened."

CHAPTER IV.

"IT'S GONE!"

My eyes flew open now in spite of the dazzle of the light.

"The money!" I cried in a whisper. "Oh, Jim, what shall we do?"

"Dress yourself," he answered, in his practical way. "It's the first thing for you to do."

I knew he was trying to speak calmly before me.

"But the money?" I insisted.

"I don't know anything about that yet. But I've no doubt it's all right. I've been down. I guess it's a false alarm. Who's coming taking up hearths in an old place like this, I'd like to know? But I've been awfully startled, and that's a fact."

Jim had pulled himself together by this time. He left the room, and I sprang out of bed and began to dress in frantic haste. As I did so I heard 'Nezer below cry again, "Miss Jane Ann!" and then Jim said, "She's coming right away." At last I flung on an old wrapper, and ran down the stairs. There was Jim on his knees at the hearth. At sight of him I forgot 'Nezer for the time. Jim was pulling up the old bricks in a furious way, and flinging them one side. The lamp stood on the floor. All at once a brick knocked it over. Then in the darkness Jim cried, "Jane Ann, bring another lamp, quick!" I thought my trembling fingers would never kindle the lamp I found; but I was really not long about it. I could not speak a word. Jim stopped working at the bricks, and rose to his feet. I don't think I shall forget his face as he turned to me and said, "It's gone!" I heard him in silence.

"Miss Jane Ann!" called 'Nezer again.

I turned and went into the bedroom. The boy was sitting up. His eyes were very wild. He flung out his hands at sight of me. "Oh, do come here!" he said. I sat down on the side of his bed—I was dazed. "Where is he now? Where is he now?" As the boy repeated this question his eyes grew yet more dilated—they seemed bursting from his head. I heard him, but I did not answer. I was thinking of my brother standing there in the kitchen. Now 'Nezer said in a kind of wail, "If you don't speak to me, Miss Jane Ann, I guess I shall have a fit." He did not seem in his right mind. The poor fellow's teeth began to chatter. I tried to rouse myself. I bent forward, and took the little cold trembling fingers in mine.

"Do you think he came after me?" asked 'Nezer, clutching my hand.

"Oh no," I said, trying to speak soothingly; "I don't believe he could have come for you."

I had but a faint idea of what I was saying.

"How do you suppose he got out?" asked the boy.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"And why didn't the cops git him?" He shuddered. "I guess Sandy must er bit him, don't you? I thought I heard him give a kind of screech."

"What's that you're saying?" I now asked, sharply, my wits coming back to me a little.

"I say I heard him give kind of a screech. I don't care if Sandy did bite him. I hope he did. What of it, I should like to know, if he is my father? Oh dear! oh dear!"

'Nezer began to whimper and shake. He seemed to be suffering, so that I almost forgot my own troubles.

"He said he jest come to see me," went on the child; "but who's goin' to swaller such talk's that, I say? He never cared nothing for me, not a brass pin, fur's I know. Mother 'n' I was always jest 's 'fraid 's death of him, we was. Oh dear!"

I never saw him so unstrung. He usually had a kind of precocious self-possession which was now all gone. But try as I would, I could not quite make out what he meant, for he contradicted himself somewhat. And my mind wandered too. Afterwards I thought myself very dull.

"Jane Ann!" called Jim.

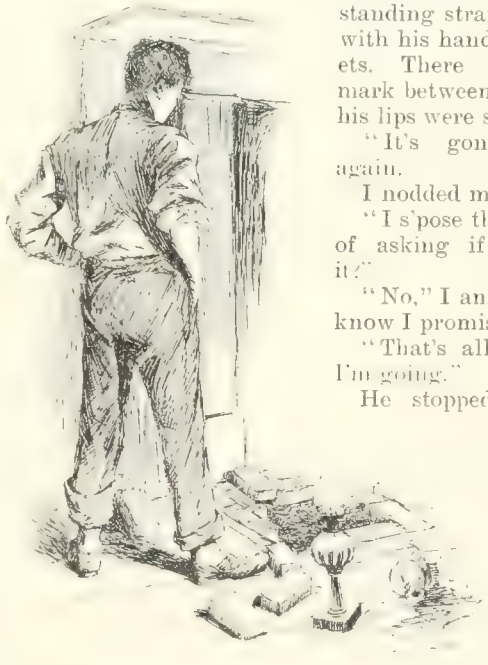
I arose from the bed. The cripple held on to my hand, and whined something indistinguishable.

"I'll come right back," I said.

"Promise," he sobbed.

"I certainly will."

I hurried out to Jim. He had brought the lamp from the back room, and it stood lighted on the floor near the hearth. Jim was standing straight and tall, with his hands in his pockets. There was a deep mark between his eyes, and his lips were shut tight.



JIM WAS STANDING WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS.

"It's gone," he said again.

I nodded my head.

"I s'pose there's no need of asking if you moved it?"

"No," I answered; "you know I promised."

"That's all, then. Now I'm going."

He stopped and picked up a lantern. I hurriedly caught his arm. I was afraid to have him leave the house.

"Where?—where are you going?"

"To the Selectmen, I suppose. To somebody, anyway. Do you think I can fold my hands when some scamp has got that money?"

"Oh, what 'll Uncle Gil do?" I cried, weakly.

"He'll hold me responsible, that's what he'll do," said Jim.

I turned away. This seemed almost more than I could bear. Then I said, suddenly,

"Come and see 'Nezer before you go."

"What's the use of that?"

"I can't tell; but he may say something."

I took hold of Jim, and half dragged him along. As we passed the outer door, which was not closed, my

"Yes, indeed," I answered, earnestly.

"And not cry — he went on.

I said, "Yes"

"But you can't do you reckon they'd cry?"

"I'm sure they would."

'Nezer gave a slight, contented laugh. He was holding my hand in both of his.

"You ain't sorry you took me, even though I 'ain't got no legs to speak of"

"No, no."

"I wanted to ask you, 'cause I heard Mrs. Ford tell the fishman that if you wa'n't sorry she'd missed her guess. I was out doors, and I shied a big chip at her. Hard wood 'n' knotty the chip was."

"Nezer!"

"Oh, you needn't worry. It didn't hit her. 'N' the kids wa'n't 'round. So they didn't have no bad example set to um that time. She told the man that I should ruin the twins with my example. But I ain't going to; you needn't worry one grain about that, Miss Jane Ann. I'm awful ca'ful; I see the kids wa'n't 'round 'fore I hove that chip. But s'pos'n' Mrs. Ford gits hold of my father's bein' a jail-bird, 'n' breakin' in here? I couldn't bear that, nohow."

The child's face grew white with this thought.

"She won't get hold of it unless you tell," I said, positively.

"Oh," with a long-drawn breath, "I'm ever so much obliged to you."

I asked if he didn't think he could get to sleep now. He said he didn't think he should ever go to sleep again. He asked where Mr. Jim had gone, and when I told him, he remarked that he guessed there couldn't no Selectmen ketch his father; he was too much of a 'coon. "But I'll try to go to sleep if you say so, Miss Jane Ann."

"I think you'd better."

"All right."

He screwed his eyes tightly together. In a moment he asked, still with his eyes shut, "But if father didn't get the spoons, what's Mr. Jim gone after him for?"

"We're sure he did get something," I answered. "Now go to sleep."

"All right."

He lay silent and quiet, but I was sure he wasn't asleep. I sat there leaning against his bed. The light in the next room made it dusky where I sat. I had plenty of time to think, and my thoughts were gloomy enough. By the time the clock struck three I was stiff and chilled, and 'Nezer was asleep. I crept out into the kitchen and closed the door behind me.

Soon I heard the sound of horse's feet coming along the road, and I knew it was Jim. I ran out to the barn. He had left a lantern hanging there, and he was taking the saddle from the horse. He unbuckled the bridle and let the animal pull his head out and go into his stall alone. Then he turned to me, but he could not seem to speak.

"Well," I said at last, "what have you done?"

"It's of no use, I'm sure," he answered; "they'll set the officers in pursuit. But even if they catch him, what good will it do us? There's hardly a chance in ten thousand that we could get the money back, you know that."

Yes, I knew it very well. My heart was heavy enough.

"What shall we say to Uncle Gil?" I cried out.

Jim turned almost fiercely. "Say!" he exclaimed. "We shall tell him the truth, that's what we shall say. And I shall offer him a mortgage on all I own here, and I hope you'll do the same. We won't touch the twins' share; then perhaps we can pay him off before we die. I hope so."

I never heard Jim speak in such a voice, and he looked a great deal older.

"But we ain't to blame," I said.

"The money was in our care," said Jim, sternly. "I

never should feel easy not to make it up to Uncle Gilman. He's a hard man, and he'd keep throwing it at us. I guess we can pay him; anyway, we'll try."

I went to my brother and put my hand on his shoulder. "I shall help you, Jim," I said. "We'll share and share alike. And if we set out we can live on mighty little, and put by so much a week. You and I can go without butter and meat. The twins and 'Nezer will need some, but—oh, Jim, how I will work and save!"

Jim's eyes grew mild; then they hardened again.

"'Nezer!" he exclaimed, in a bitter voice.

"What's the matter?" I asked, sharply.

"Don't you know?"

"I can't guess what you mean. I hope," thinking of Mrs. Ford, "that you haven't hinted to anybody that the man was the boy's father?"

"No; what was the use of that? Now, look here, Jane Ann." It was Jim who took hold of my arm now and drew me to the meal chest, where we both sat down. "Haven't you asked yourself how on earth a person should think of going to that hearth and taking up the right brick for that money?"

"No, I haven't," I answered. "I suppose he hunted for it."

"Hunted for it! I thought girls were brighter than boys. Who'd guess that poor folks like us had $500 under a brick? Tell me that!"

"I can't," I answered again, blankly.

"Well, then, I can. A person might guess because he'd been told."

"But who told?"

"Don't you know? 'Nezer told."

"No! no!" I cried out. "He would not. Besides," more calmly, "he didn't know. Only you and I knew."

"Don't be too sure of that. I tell you I thought it all out as I was riding home, and I can tell you exactly how it is. We thought 'Nezer didn't overhear us when we talked about hiding the money, but he did. When his father came, the boy told. Perhaps he was frightened into telling. I don't mean to be hard on him, but that's the way of it. Isn't that the only reasonable way to think? 'Nezer comes of poor stock. What do we know about him? That wretch of a father may have come to see his son without knowing about the money; but he found out afterwards, then. Isn't this reasonable?" repeated Jim.

"Yes, it is," I answered, after a pause.

"Of course it is," said Jim.

"But," I said, fervently, "'Nezer never told—never! Even if he knew, he wouldn't tell."

Jim made an impatient movement. "If that isn't just like a girl!" he cried.

"I can't help it. That's the way I feel. You haven't been with 'Nezer as much as I have. He's honorable. He's got lots of faults, but he's got a notion of honor."

"Do have common sense," said Jim. "I tell you I don't mean to be hard on him. He may have been awfully frightened."

"I'm not going to have common-sense," I answered.

"Just as you please. It doesn't make the least difference; the money's gone."

We went back to the house and I looked in at 'Nezer's room. He was sleeping uneasily. He tossed his arms and muttered, but he did not awaken.

We did not go to bed again, for very soon the daylight would begin to come. It was a dreary time before the morning began.

I laid myself down on the lounge in the sitting-room, but could not rest. My mind was too active in making plans as to how we could save money to pay Uncle Gilman. I agreed with my brother. It must be paid.

If Uncle Gil had been a different kind of a man! But it was no use thinking of that. He would blame us for its loss. He would never take into consideration that he ought to have had the care of the money himself.

When it was at last time to get breakfast, I was glad to be able to go to work.

'Nezer said he wanted another nap, and he did not get up. He seemed stupid. I shut his door and told the twins to be quiet.

It was while we were at the breakfast table, though neither Jim nor I could eat, that we heard the sound of wheels in the yard, then Uncle Gilman's voice saying, "Whoa!" We braced ourselves. Presently uncle opened the outer door and entered.

"Well, Jim," he said, "I'm in a hurry to git back. I'll take the money right away, 'n' be goin'."

CHAPTER V.

THAT MONEY.

JIM rose from his seat. I saw his hands shut tight as they hung by his side. He looked at me and said roughly, "Send the twins out of the room."

I got up and almost pushed the children out for fear they would not go quickly enough. They stared and tried to ask questions; but they were frightened.



"I KNOW! THE MONEY! THE PATCH IN THE BED-TICK!"

"Won't you have a cup of coffee, Uncle Gilman?" I asked this because I had a cowardly wish to put off matters.

"No," was the reply. "I had some grub long 'fore light in the city. I want to be goin' right along. Jest git me the money, Jim."

"I haven't got it."

Jim turned even whiter as he spoke. He placed one hand on the back of his chair and held it hard.

As for Uncle Gilman, he grew so red he was almost purple, and I was afraid he would have a fit then and there. He put his hand to his throat. He stuttered as he asked, "You—you—you 'ain't used that money, have you—you young se—"

"Stop!" cried Jim in such a way that I almost jumped as I heard him. And I was proud of him. "Do you think I'd use money that wasn't mine? It's been stolen."

"Stolen! I don't believe it."

"What?" said Jim.

"I don't believe a word of it," repeated uncle.

"What do you believe?"

As Jim put this question I wanted to go round the table and hug him. But I kept still where I was, though my eyes began to sting. I hoped I shouldn't cry now. That would be too humiliating. I wondered what Uncle Gilman would do. I had a wild notion that he might put us both in jail. Then what would become of the twins, and 'Nezer, and the housework, and the butter? I

[illegible] a great deal in those few minutes. Uncle did not speak directly. Perhaps he began to think it would be wicked to go to accuse Jim of lying and stealing.

"I can't pretend to say what has become of the money," he went on at last, "but I'm mighty sure of one thing, and that is that I can't afford to lose it just because you've been ca'less and 'ain't took care of it. I consider you responsible."

"Very well," said Jim in his most dignified manner. "I sha'n't shirk my responsibility. Jane Ann and I are agreed to pay you. It may take us a long time. It probably will, but we'll do it if we live."

Uncle seemed to hesitate as he heard this. Jim went on: "You know very well it was your own idea leaving the money with me. I ought not to have allowed you to leave it. But it's no use talking now. The house was broken into last night, and the money taken."

"Broken into! You don't say so! I declare! Where did you keep it? You'd ought to have been tremendous particular where you kept it."

"We thought we were," said Jim.

"Where did you have it?"

"There," he pointed to the hearth; "it was under the third brick from the end."

"And 'twas found?"

"Yes."

"Then somebody told."

"But we thought no one knew but Jane Ann and myself."

"Can't help it. Somebody did. I don't believe burglars come to houses 'n' go right to hearths without knowing — No, I don't!"

Uncle Gil walked to the hearth, and began poking over the upturned bricks with the butt of his whip. He said "I declare," again. Jim and I remained standing.

"I s'pose 'tain't entirely your fault," said uncle, as if to himself. No one spoke. "Still, 'twas in your care," he went on.

The speaker loved money above everything, and it must have been extremely hard for him to say: "I guess we shall have to go shares, Jim. You may pay one-half when you can. I shall have to lose t'other two hundred and fifty."

"Very well," said Jim again.

"I guess that's about the fair thing," remarked the rich man. "It 'll cripple me a lot to pay that just now. But I shall have to stan' it, I expect. You might pay me something every month, you know. It 'll do you good; make you both form habits of saving."

Still we said nothing. Uncle Gil went towards the door, muttering about its being so hard for him just now. As he reached the door a voice in the bedroom began to sing in a high key and in a piercingly sweet tone:

"Old Mother Tabbyskins
Very old! Very old!
Crumpets and buns"

There was something in the voice which made my heart jump into my throat, for, sweet as it was, and true as it sang, it did not sound as if the owner of it was in his "right mind." I ran out of the kitchen.

'Nezer was sitting up in bed. He had one pillow at his back and one in front of him. On the front one he was beating time with his hands.

He smiled at me as I came in, and said: "Hullo! here's the matron; she'll send me to the horspittle. But I ain't sick — see if I am."

Then he began to sing again.

It seemed to me I only gave him one look, then I flew back, and said to Jim: "I wish you'd go right for the doctor, 'Nezer's out of his head. I'm afraid he has a fever."

Jim did not linger. He went and saddled the horse again. Uncle Gilman walked down the path and climbed slowly into his wagon. He drove away, leaving us in debt $250.

The twins now came hustling in and sat down at the table. There wasn't much but oatmeal for them. They asked eagerly what made 'Nezer sing like that, and why didn't he get up? I left them to eat all the molasses they wanted on their mush. But there seemed nothing for me to do for 'Nezer.

When I went back to him, he said again: "Hullo! here's the matron; she'll send me to the horspittle. But I ain't sick."

And he went on singing.

I tried to stop his song, it made my heart ache so to hear it, but he would keep it up, with only short intervals of silence. I bathed his head, hoping to soothe him. He would be quiet for a moment, then he would begin again.

The doctor finally came. He said he thought the child must have received a severe shock to his nerves, and being delicate and sensitive, the shock had thrown him into a fever and delirium. But there appeared to be no reason why he should not soon recover.

The doctor gave some simple directions, and I was going out of the room to procure something he had ordered, when he suddenly called me back, asking sharply, "What's this?"

I leaned over the bed. The doctor turned back the night-gown at the neck, and on each side of the throat were some black and blue bruises.

"I don't know," I said, faintly.

What instantly came into my mind was the thought that 'Nezer's father might have done this. But why? I did not tell my suspicions, for I had promised the boy I would not speak of his father, save to Jim. I actually was obliged to catch hold of the bedpost to keep myself steady. Finally I asked, "Could he have hurt himself in any way?"

I knew it was a foolish question.

"Shouldn't think so," was the answer. "I suppose he was frightened by the burglars last night. That may account for all but the bruises."

I had thought it right to tell the doctor about the breaking in.

"I'll call again this evening," he continued. "He'll come out of it all right, I think; then he can tell how he got hurt there."

After Jim had gone back to the meadows, where he was ditching, Mrs. Ford came in and said she hoped "that cripple hadn't got anything that was ketching."

Having made this remark, she began to talk of the burglary. It had got out now that we had had some money of Uncle Gilman's. She condoled with me. She was just as sorry's she could be; and would Mr. Ridley make us pay it back, and would— Here from the bedroom came the sound of some one singing,

"Old Mother Tabbyskins!
Very old! Very old!"

Mrs. Ford held up her hands. "He's crazy, ain't he? Mercy! I shouldn't dare to stay with him alone like this, no more'n nothing. Why don't you send him right back to the Home? That's the place for him, I say."

Having spoken thus, Mrs. Ford left me to see that her bread didn't rise too much.

I softly opened the door of 'Nezer's room. He had stopped singing. He seemed to be up on his hands and knees in the bed, as if he were looking for something.

The moment he saw me he lay down quickly, gazing hard. "You ain't the matron, be you?" he asked, hurriedly. "But mebby you'll send me to the horspittle. I jest as lives go. Only you'll let me take it with me, won't you?"

"Take what with you?" I asked, putting my hand on his forehead.

"Why," petulantly, "don't you know? It! If I don't take it, you see no mortal knows what'll become of it. It might fly away. It's jest like a dandelion when it's gone to seed. Puff! Away it goes. And that's the end of it. Only mebby 'twould grow next year. But who cares for next year? Next year ain't nothing. We might all be dead 'n' buried then. Hope we shall. But 'fore I die I'll shy a chip at Mrs. Ford. Hard wood with a knot in it. Hit her in the eye-ball, bim!"

He talked so fast that his words ran into each other, but still they were curiously distinct. I don't wish to live that time over again. For all the doctor had been so hopeful, it seemed to me that the boy was fast getting worse. It was terrible to me. He had times of saying that if "he went to heaven, he'd ruther have legs than a harp within his hand—a great deal ruther."

The doctor looked sober when he came the next morning. But he still said he thought "the little fellow would get out of it." "He seems to have something on his mind. Probably it's the effects of the fright," he said.

On the third day Jim told me the burglar had been caught. But his capture would not do us any good, for he had made away with the money; probably given it to a confederate. He was an old offender, and had escaped from prison less than a fortnight ago.

"And is it his father?" I asked, nodding toward the bedroom where 'Nezer was now sleeping under the influence of an opiate.

But Jim could not tell. He was inclined to think the cripple was mistaken, and that the criminal was not his father, though there was no particular reason for that conclusion.

The sick boy said not a word now about that man. He grew weaker, and his mind was still wandering. Twice he knew me when I gave him his milk.

"Miss Jane Ann," he said. And once, as I sat by him, he suddenly opened his eyes and asked: "'Tain't ketchin', is it?" But before I could answer, he shut his eyes and seemed to be asleep. It was strange how my love for him strengthened in the days of that week.

Jim at last used to come in from his work two or three times an hour, stand a moment at the foot of the bed, and look at the face on the pillow.

And still the doctor had hope. "Small chance, though. We've got to fight," he said.

Mr. Chipman, from the Home, came to see him, having received my letter about 'Nezer. When he went away, he kissed the boy's forehead, and said, "Good-by, 'Nezer." His voice was husky.

I think it was the seventh night when, in the evening, I said to my brother, "I wish you'd lie on the lounge in the sitting-room to-night."

"I ought to have thought of that before," he answered.

That day the doctor had not said anything hopeful, and I could not ask him a question. "I'll come again the first thing in the morning," he told me when he went away. And he cautioned me to watch closely all night.

I needed no such advice. I thought I had grown very old within the last few days. It also appeared to be months ago that we had been robbed. I sat down in an arm-chair close to the bed, with the little stand with medicine and milk and ice-water within my reach. I wished that whippoorwill back of the house would stop making his cry; although it was after the middle of September, it was a very warm night, and that bird evidently thought it was still summer. I have heard the whippoorwills even later. How loud the clock ticked, too! I thought of going out and stopping the pendulum, but I would not move. I might disturb my patient.

A little after twelve he opened his eyes. I gave him some milk. I saw he was not in the least crazy.

"I s'pose I'm going to die," he said, just above a whisper.

"No, no," I answered almost roughly. I tried to believe what I said.

"Yes, I guess I be." Then, after a pause, "You've been awful good to me. I shall tell God about it. I've 'most always remembered 'bout my example to the kids, you know. I knew how you felt."

Though he paused between the sentences, he had more strength than I would have expected. I would not tell him not to talk, for I saw how earnest he was. And what was the use of stopping him? I gave him another spoonful of milk with a few drops of brandy in it. I heard some one breathe heavily behind me. It was Jim, who had come into the room, and was standing behind my chair. 'Nezer looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "I shall tell God about it. There was something—something —" He hesitated. "I wanted to tell you something." A look of deep distress came to his worn little face; he gazed at me intently. "I was awful 'fraid I would die without telling. My mind wa'n't straight, somehow."

"Don't try to talk," said Jim, gently.

"I've got to. Oh, what was it?" The distressed look deepened; I could not bear it; I bent over him.

"Don't, 'Nezer, don't!" I cried.

Suddenly his face lightened. It was wonderful to see it.

"I know! The money! The patch in the bed-tick. All right—all right."

His head turned on the pillow. I gave him still more milk and brandy; but his eyelids had fallen as I did so. Jim was close to me. I put out my hand and took hold of my brother's, which closed fast on mine. We were silent and motionless for a long time. At last Jim drew a deep, tremulous breath.

"Is he gone?" he asked.

But the boy was still breathing, and when at daylight the doctor came, even I knew that 'Nezer was in a profound natural sleep. He improved steadily from that time. He became better than ever before. But of course he cannot walk.

There was a large patch I had sewed on the striped ticking of his under bed of straw. At one end of the patch the stitches had given out, so that the flat parcel of money could be slipped under; then the end was pinned down.

'Nezer had heard us when we had decided to put the money under a brick. What was worse, the boy was sure his father had heard also, for he had been lurking about the house that day to see his son. But no word about the money had passed between them in their brief interview then.

'Nezer felt that he could make things safe, and not say anything about his father, if he put the money in a new place, and told us when it was called for. Only he had been "out of his head" at that time.

"You see, I hated to tell on my father," he said, when he was able to explain matters. "But he thought I knew, 'n' he choked me horrid trying to make me tell. I tried to bear it. Father was up a tree when he found nothing under the brick, I tell you. I d' know how long I could have held out, though; but Sandy he pitched in; 'n' Mr. Jim he come down; 'n' dad he had to run, or be caught. I guess I was frightened 'most to death, wa'n't I? But the money's all right, ain't it?"

It was all right, and already in Uncle Gilman's hands. Mrs. Ford always says that "if we hadn't took that boy from the Home we shouldn't have had no burglary." She has not discovered that the burglar was that boy's father, however.

When Mrs. Ford makes the above remark, Jim or I always say that "'Nezer suits us, and other folks haven't got to have him."

THE END.

[illegible]

A [illegible] boy [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] pleasant, [illegible] could [illegible] to be [illegible] inflicted.

"[illegible] a good [illegible] mother," [illegible] would ask, [illegible] on the [illegible]

"[illegible]"

"What [illegible] brother," [illegible]

"I should have [illegible] four years."

Who upon the good old [illegible] would [illegible] the present [illegible]: "If some of my [illegible] give you a [illegible] and severe form of [illegible], as I should have done at first to myself, I have corrected my learned brothers, and shall [illegible] them advance [illegible] years."

LOST AND FOUND

UNCLE BEN (*to Charley*). "I see you are losing your first teeth, Charley."

CHARLEY. "Yes, Uncle Ben, I am losing my first teeth, but I am finding my second ones."



NOT A POPULAR SONG

[illegible] (*to* [illegible]). "Do you want to hear the new bow-wow song I got?" [illegible]. "Sure." "Is it as good as the last one I sang you?" "Don't you know that a bow-wow is the worst thing on earth?"

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD ON THE TENNIS COURT

"I'm going to run away," said the Tennis court.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," returned the Ball. "You're sure to be sorry."

"Are you going to the Ball?" asked a Blade of Grass of the Net.

"No," said the Net; "the Ball is coming to me."

"You don't look very strong," said the Racket to the Court-line.

"I'm not: I'm feeling very faint," replied the Court-line.

"What was that noise I heard down here last night?" asked the Roller of the Guy-rope.

"We were kicking up a Racket," said the Guy-rope.

"Come down and take tea with me to-night, won't you?" said the Roller to the Ball.

"May be I will," said the Ball. "What shall we have to eat?"

"We can have a couple of rolls," said the Roller.

"I don't think that's a very good Whitewash Brush there's got here," said the Net to the Racket.

"Oh, I don't know about that; I watched him at work the other day, and I think he's making his mark," returned the Racket.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked the Ball of the Court.

"I feel [illegible]."

"What?"

"A colander. There was a girl playing on me to-day with high-heeled shoes, and I'm full of holes."



DRAWN BETTER

WHAT HE WOULD DO

MALCOLM. "I think it very cruel to let that poor fish pant so on the beach."

MAMMA. "What would you do with him, Malcolm?"

MALCOLM. "I would throw him into the deep sea and let him get his breath."

WHAT HE WANTED

"I AM going to the World's Fair next week," said Mr. Weston to his son; "what shall I buy you?"

"Well," replied Warren, after a moment's thought, "you can buy me a ticket and take me with you."



A SPRING PIG.

[illegible] ARE SPRING CHICKENS AND SPRING LAMBS? BUT HERE'S A SPRING PIG AND A REAL BOUNCING FELLOW HE IS!

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHARK POISED OVER HIS PREY.

IT looked for a moment as though the end had come for the schooner *Boca Grande* and all on board. None of her passengers or crew expected anything else, but for fully a minute while struggling in the torrent the boys scarcely knew whether they were on board or in the sea.

The schooner could not have had a narrower escape. The water-spout was, as they always are, much larger at the base than in the real column of water, and it was this



THE NEXT SECOND HE WAS HEAD FIRST IN THE WATER.

but in an instant the buoyant bow rose to the surface again, and a torrent of water rushed aft, engulfing all who were in its way. Larry had a strong grip upon the ratlines with one hand and upon Ferd with the other, extended base that had struck the schooner on the port quarter and sent her stern flying into the air. The bow had to go down when the stern went up, and several of the sailors escaped only by jumping into the rigging.

The stroke broke the enormous column, but the water fell overboard into the sea without striking the deck.

Uncle Ben was beside the half-strangled boys as soon as the resulting water let him move.

"A miss is as good as a mile," he said, "and it's all over now; but it was about as close a shave as I ever had. I suppose we lost our bowsprit, but beyond that we seem to be all right."

"I don't quite understand yet what the danger was," Larry said, wiping the water from his face.

"Don't you?" said Uncle Ben. "The water in that column weighed, we'll say at a venture, a thousand tons. That weight falling upon our deck, no matter whether it was water or pig-iron, would have left no piece of us bigger than a match. We'd have joined the noble fleet of vessels never heard from."

When the boys went below for dry clothes they heard the pumps going. The pump is the ship's pulse, that a prudent captain always feels after an accident. Be it grounding, straining, colliding, or what not, the first order is "Sound the wells!" and they show whether the ship is leaking. The *Boca Grande* had stood the strain without opening her seams, and the only serious damage was the breaking short off of her bowsprit.

But the cabin was in a terrible state. The water had poured in through the open companionway and several port-holes, and everything was afloat. Fauqua, the mulatto boy whom Uncle Ben had brought along, was trying to rescue satchels and all sorts of light articles from the flood.

"Confound you, you've ruined all my clothes!" Ferd shouted at him. "I've not a dry stitch to put on. And I've told you so often to keep the port-hole of my room shut. The more I tell you, the more you don't do anything. I've a notion to give you a good cuffing."

Larry's clothes were in the same predicament, but he leaned against the cabin table, with his feet in ten inches of water on the floor, and laughed.

"Ferd, you're such a funny old cousin I can't help it. Here we've come within about four feet of being knocked into smithereens, and instead of being glad about it you scold because your clothes are wet."

Ferd had to laugh too, for his anger was always short-lived. "Well, that's so," he said; "but I like to have dry clothes. Let's go on deck and dry in the sun."

Fauqua kept on about his work without saying a word, for he knew that one of the promises his young master was very likely to keep was a promise to give him a cuffing, and he was too busy at the moment to indulge in such a luxury, for Ferd's cuffings he considered rather in that light, followed as they always were by deep regrets on Ferd's part, and the bestowal of small silver coins to heal his wounded feelings. The boys returned to the deck, which was much dryer now and more comfortable than the cabin, and joined Uncle Ben in a sunny corner.

"This is a taste of what you may expect in the West Indies, Larry," Uncle Ben said; "a thousand tons of water coming at you one minute, and next minute the sun shining hot enough to blister your face. This is our first dose of hot sun for a month, and it comes just in time to give us a good drying. Don't mind the water-spout; that is only the first of a thousand adventures you boys will have. This is no milk-and-water country we're getting into, and when a danger is once past, that's an end of it. If we sight Bermuda to-day, as I hope, you shall be ashore by noon to-morrow. But you mustn't call it Bermuda, as I did; give it the true native twang, Ber *moo* da."

That day of the water-spout was Larry's first experience of summer in midwinter. The sun was not only warm, it was hot; and he and Ferd lay in it and laid plans for their life on shore.

"We've got to go it alone, father says," Ferd explained, "and keep away from the hotels and the Americans staying in them. He is going to live on the schooner, because he knows Bermuda very well, but we're to have a week on shore, and do what we like, and make our own friends."

"That's it, exactly," interrupted Uncle Ben, who had overheard the last sentence. "You shall have money to pay your way, but beyond that you must paddle your own canoes. Get acquainted with the natives, and see how they live. Get some native family to take you in to board. Walk, drive, row, swim, do what you like, fight your own battles, and come on board at the end of a week and tell me what you've learned and what strange things you have seen. I want you to learn to take care of yourselves, both of you."

"There's one more thing," Uncle Ben went on. "In all these islands we go to, I want you to keep your eyes open for a colored man I'm anxious to find. He's a fellow who has been in Trinidad, but he has come back to some of these islands, though I don't know which one. He is a light mulatto, and he must be between thirty-five and forty years old. That is the only description I can give you of him, but his name is so unusual that it may help you to find him. His name is Abel Forefinger. Wherever you go, inquire for Abel Forefinger. It will be a lot of money in my pocket if I find him, and if you boys bring him to the schooner you shall have a reward of $500 apiece."

"Hurrah for Abel Forefinger!" Ferd shouted. "We'll find him, if we have to ask every darky we meet."

"He may be in Bermuda," Uncle Ben continued, "or in Nassau, or Jamaica, or in any island of the whole group. But he is almost certainly in the West Indies somewhere. Five hundred dollars apiece, mind, if you find him."

This gave the boys more to talk about, and they were still making plans under the stars that evening when the Bermuda light was sighted. After a few hours of sleep they were rounding the point of St. George's, with a native pilot on board to take the schooner through the dangerous channel into Hamilton Harbor.

After running up close by the shore, it was a whole morning's sail before the schooner reached her wharf in the harbor. Between green little islands she went, and almost grazed yellow coral reefs, in here and out there, east and then west, but always with the shore so close they might have thrown a stone upon it.

Larry was the one who found the greatest delight in the strange scenes. All the others on board were familiar with southern trees and southern houses and scenery, but they were new to Larry. The clear water astonished him. It was so transparent that every shell and stone on the bottom, sometimes fifty or sixty feet below, was plainly visible. He saw great fish darting about, sometimes of odd shapes. And the white stone houses, generally standing on little hill-tops, delighted him.

"It must be a very rich island, Uncle Ben," he said, still keeping his eyes on the shore. "Everybody seems to live in a marble house."

"Far from it," Uncle Ben answered. "The whole island is a soft coral rock, and they saw out square blocks and build houses of them. When these are whitewashed, as they always are, they look very much like marble."

Around the last turn—with the white city of Hamilton lying before them, and the harbor with steamers at anchor, and the health-officer come aboard to see that they brought no fevers with them, and rows of the most bewitching palm-trees on shore, such as Larry had read of but had never seen before—and the first stage of their voyage was ended. Here was Bermuda, famed in song and story; and Larry felt that he was about to step into a new world.

"Don't stay in Hamilton," Uncle Ben told them, as he said good-by to the boys on the wharf, and hurried Fauqua ashore with their satchels. "It's full of Americans in winter, and you might as well be in New York for all you'd learn. Get out into the country, and a week from to-day be on board the schooner. Remember that you're steering your own ship now, and don't run on the rocks. Good-by, Larry; good-by, Ferd, my boy. Fauqua, you scoundrel, see you mind what the boys tell you."

Uncle Ben went back to the schooner, and the boys were alone in a strange country, a little surprised at the way they had been hurried off. The sun beat down upon their heads, and warned them to seek shelter. Before them was a long open shed with a corrugated iron roof, and thousands of barrels and bales piled under it. While they were walking toward it a colored man very scantily clad approached them.

"You gemmen wish to go to de hotel?" he asked, "de Hamilton, de Princess? I show you de way. Come right along wid me, gemmen; I take you dere for one big copper."

"You go 'long, you brack man; leave de 'Mericans alone. Dey knows w'at dey wants." This was a stout negress with her head bound up in a turban and a big basket on her arm, who came up to them out of the shed. "I got de nice t'ings here, honeys, in de basket; de sugar-cane, de loquots, de pawpaws, de sugar-apple—you buys, honeys; only one penny."

Before the boys could escape, more colored people gathered around them. The main street of the town lay along the wharf, and big darkies and little, dark ones and light, male and female, began to crowd about them.

"We must get out of this, Ferd," Larry said. "We'll have a mob around us in a minute. You know more about these countries. What shall we do?"

"*I* don't know anything about this country," Ferd retorted. "It's all as new to me as to you. We don't have any such gang as this in Trinidad. You'd better boss the job here in Bermuda, and I'll manage the next island, and so we can take turn about."

"Very well, I'll do the business if you like," Larry answered very courageously, but wishing that Uncle Ben had staid with them ten minutes longer. "There's a carriage out in the street. We'll take that, and escape from this crowd first thing."

They were soon seated in the carriage, with Fauqua beside the driver, their satchels under the seat, and the rapidly increasing crowd of negroes swarming around them, shutting the coach doors, pretending to hold the horses, doing everything that could give them a possible excuse to beg a penny. The crowd of strange blacks was rather alarming to Larry, for he was not used to anything of the kind, and he congratulated himself upon getting away from them.

"To de Hamilton Hotel, gemmen?" the driver asked. "To de Debbil's Hole? To St. George's? To Harrington Sound, de Flatts, Somerset?"

"Go that way," Larry answered, pointing to the right toward a long row of beautiful royal palms across the end of the bay.

That proved to be the road to Somerset, near one end of the island, and to Somerset the lads determined to go.

"You're a first-rate manager, Larry," Ferd said, as they drove through the main street of Hamilton. "I should never have thought of taking the carriage. We don't see many strange faces on a banana plantation, you know, and I don't think I'm a very good hand at getting acquainted with strangers. I think you'll do better at that."

"Just look at these white roads," was Larry's reply. They were out of the town now, out in the open country. "They're as white as chalk and as hard as rock. And so many strange trees and flowers. I'm not quite sure that I'm awake, Ferd, everything looks so strange. And do you notice that when we meet another carriage the driver turns to the left instead of to the right?"

At every foot of the way they met something that was new to Larry, though Ferd was familiar with the tropical trees and flowers. Such beautiful views of land and water from the hill-tops! Such soft breezes! Such polite people, with everybody they met bowing to them! Was it a real country they were in, Larry wondered, or were they in fairyland?

At length the driver announced that they were in Somerset, and almost as far as they could go without crossing the ferry; and they would have turned about in a minute more if Larry had not spied the most beautiful little place he ever set eyes upon. With a cry of delight he told the driver to stop.

It was a low stone house, with perfectly white walls. Across the front and one end was trained a bougainvillea vine, so full of bright crimson flowers that only here and there a spot of the white wall could be seen. The grounds stretched a long distance down to a bay, and large and small pleasure-boats lay at a little wharf. On one side was a smooth lawn, and on the other a plantation of bananas and oranges, with gardens and flowers. Two great alligator-pear trees shaded the house and part of the lawn.

"I never in my life expected to see anything as handsome as that!" Larry exclaimed. "That's the place for us to spend our week in Bermuda, Ferd. Let's go in and see what we can do."

"I don't think we'd better, Larry," Ferd objected. "You see, it's a very handsome place, though it's small, and I don't believe they'd take us to board there. I shouldn't want to ask them."

"You needn't," Larry replied, as he climbed out of the carriage; "I'll do the asking. Come on."

The boys entered the yard, Ferd with a good deal of hesitation and Larry urging him on. They had stepped upon the vine-covered veranda, and were about to ring the bell, when an elderly gentleman they had not seen in the shade arose from his rocking-chair and spoke to them. He was a very tall man, with his trousers tucked into his boots, but well dressed otherwise, with gray hair and beard, and a distinguished manner.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he said; "are you looking for me?"

"We are looking for the owner of the house, sir," Larry answered, upon which the old gentleman invited them inside and asked them to be seated.

Larry explained their unusual errand in as few words as he could, apologizing for the liberty they had taken, and telling all about their schooner in the harbor, and why they could not go to the hotels like the other visitors.

"Well, well, well!" said the old gentleman when Larry concluded. "Things have come to a pretty pass in old Barmooda if accommodations are not to be found for strangers outside the hotels. I can hardly say whether we shall be able to keep you here until my wife returns from a drive, but some of our neighbors can if we cannot; and, at all events, I can show you one of the sights of our island while you are waiting. You must see the sea-gardens by all means, and you may not have another such calm day in the whole week. My boat and boatmen are quite at your service for the sail before dinner, and it will be safe to dismiss your carriage."

In a few minutes the boys' satchels were on the veranda, and Fauqua was helping the boatmen make ready. The boys had reason to think afterwards that this sudden trip to the sea-gardens was the old Bermudan's polite

[illegible] cross the harbor to Hamilton to [illegible] That [illegible] respect [illegible] the old [illegible] colored [illegible]

[illegible] Feet and [illegible] We have [illegible] and I know there are some in Nassau; but I have often [illegible] these Bermudian gardens are the most of all [illegible] Of course they are not real gardens, you know; just a [illegible] great stretch of corals, sea-fans, all sorts of aquatic curiosities, growing wild on the bottom in shallow water."

Ferdinand's description of a tropical sea-garden was very slight, but it would take many picturesque words to [illegible] In some places the water was ten feet [illegible] in others fifty, but everywhere the bottom was in plain sight. And such a bottom! A miniature forest of coral stems, with goldfish and angel-fish dodging among them. In other places jungles of sea-fans, sea-rods, and salt-water ferns. In others, again, rocky beds of brain-stones, sea-urchins, and sea-eggs.

"Oh, to be down there once, and walk about in that beautiful garden!" Larry shouted, when the boat was anchored. "There's a sea-fan I must have, Ferd. The water is not very deep here; I'm going to dive for it. I'm a first-rate swimmer."

"Nonsense!" Ferd replied. "Let one of the boatmen get it for you; they're used to such work."

"Dey's sharks sometimes in dese waters, boss," one of the boatmen said, grinning.

But Larry had already taken off his coat and vest. "It wouldn't be any fun," he said, "to let somebody else get it. I want to get it myself, right off the coral reef."

Before Ferd could offer more objections Larry had thrown off the remainder of his clothes, and was poised for a dive. He went down beautifully, and through the crystal water they saw him reach the bottom and seize hold of the sea-fan he had pointed out.

He had not been under water thirty seconds, though it seemed much longer, when one of the boatmen gave a terrible shriek, and reached for a boat-hook that lay on the boat's bottom.

But quick as the boatman was, Ferd was quicker yet. Looking over the boat's side, as they all had been, he had seen a great man-eating shark, eight or nine feet long, glide in directly over the spot where Larry stood on the bottom, and stop there, waiting for his prey.

They had only to remain inactive for ten seconds and they had seen the last of Larry Kirkwood. Before the man could pick up the boat-hook Ferd was balanced on the gunwale, with the clasp-knife that Larry's sister had taken from him open in his hand. The next second he was head first in the water, clothes and all.

[TO BE CONTINUED

A LUCKY BOY.

SOME boys have a great deal of luck. Probably the luckiest boy the world ever knew was the little Maidstone (England) boy, who had a very narrow escape while flying his kite some five or six years ago. Not looking where he was going, he stepped backwards and fell into a quarry forty feet deep, to the horror of some persons walking near. The string of the kite, however, being fastened round his wrist, the boy was lowered gently into the pit, the kite acting as a parachute, and instead of being dashed to pieces, he escaped unhurt. Perhaps this means that he is destined to make his mark in the world. The great Lord Clive, when a youth, tried three times to shoot himself, but the pistol missed fire each time.

SOME FAMOUS GIANTS.

BY [illegible] SAGE.

WHAT fairy story ever delighted boys and girls more than the [illegible] story of a western folk-lore legend the [illegible] tale of Jack the Giant-killer, which from generation to generation nurses told to their young charges at the witching hour of twilight, when the fire-shine cast fantastic, awe-inspiring shadows upon the wall, many and many a year before the adventures of that doughty youth first appeared in print about 1711.

Jack's hasty-pudding victim was a hero of romance, and very different from the handsome, real flesh-and-blood giant that some of us can remember in our childish days standing at the portal of Barnum's Museum, resplendent in tall helmet and waving plumes, while with a cordial shake of his huge hand he welcomed each tiny visitor to that enchanting paradise of wonders. What a marvel of bigness he seemed! and ever after made more real the stories of abnormally large men and women who once lived upon the earth; though we may well take with a goodly "grain of salt" the statement gravely made by a French Academician that Adam was 123 feet and 9 inches in height, and Eve less than five inches shorter. We read, however, of Saul that "from his shoulders and upwards he was higher than any of the people; while Goliath, who was slain by David, must have been at the very least 9 feet and 9 inches, which is considerably taller than any monstrosity exhibited to-day.

One of the most interesting legendary big men was Fingall, an Irishman, who was converted to Christianity by St. Patrick. This overgrown fellow in his youth had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a giant who forced him to be his servant for seven years, during which period the master spent much of his time in fishing for a salmon that possessed the curious property of giving to the person who ate the first piece of it the gift of prophecy. He sat day by day patiently watching his line, and at length, just as the seven years drew to a close, was rewarded with success. Handing the fish then to his man, the giant bade him roast it, but threatened him with instant destruction should he allow any accident to happen to the treasure.

Accordingly, Fingall hung the salmon before the fire by a string, but forgetting to turn it, presently a large blister appeared upon one side. Frightened at this, the careless cook attempted to press down the rising with his thumb, thereby burning himself severely. Dancing with pain he quickly popped the injured member into his mouth, when, lo and behold! a morsel of fish having adhered to his thumb, he suddenly received the remarkable knowledge of futurity for which his master had toiled so long in vain.

Knowing his life was not worth a shamrock were this discovered, Fingall took to his heels and made off, while he was soon pursued by the giant, breathing dire vengeance. The chase proved a lengthy one, but whenever the serving-man was in danger of being caught, by sucking his thumb he immediately found a means of escape, and in the end succeeded in killing his enemy after putting out his eyes; while it was not many years before he married a clever wife named Oonagh, and settled down to enjoy his domestic bliss.

The fame of his strength and prowess, however, went far abroad, and reached the ears of a very celebrated Scotch giant, who made up his mind to go and see the brawny Celt, and test which was the stronger. Of this visit Fingall was informed by his prophetic thumb, and was greatly troubled thereat. We can imagine him exclaiming like the witches in *Macbeth*,

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes!"

For he seems to have feared to encounter the big man of Old Gaul, and it was the bright wits of Oonagh which saved him by a bit of strategy. Thus we see even giants sometimes tremble. The woman began her preparations by baking some huge flat cakes of bread, putting into the largest the griddle on which they were cooked. Next, she boiled several gallons of milk, and making whey of it, collected the curd into a mass; and, lastly, she dressed her husband as a baby, and laid him in a big cradle. Before long the giant from Scotland arrived and asked for Fingall.

"He is out," replied the wife, but hospitably bade the stranger enter and await his return, while for his refreshment she fetched the cake containing the griddle and an enormous bowl of whey. The Scot attempted to eat, but finding he could make no impression on the loaf, said he was not hungry. He then inquired what was Fingall's favorite feat of strength.

"Squeezing water out of yonder bit of rock," replied Oonagh, pointing to a stone beside the door. Thereupon the giant took it up and pressed it until the blood started from his fingers.

"Faith, then, a child could do that!" laughed his hostess, contemptuously, and apparently handing her husband the stone, but substituting a lump of curds, he squeezed it, and drops of whey fell upon the ground.

At that the sly woman kissed her pseudo baby, and breaking off a piece of cake, gave it to him to eat. Amazed, the giant asked if the boy could chew such hard bread. "To be sure," cried Oonagh, "just feel his teeth," and as the stranger did so, Fingall bit off one of his fingers.

This was enough for the giant. Concluding that if Fingall's child was so strong, he did not care to meet the father, he decamped at once never to return.

A far more authentic and, let us hope, more truthful giant was Antony Payne, the big brave Cornishman who was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, his father being a plain yeoman of ordinary size. As great of mind as of body was Tony, and so good-natured that when a lad his schoolmates used to borrow his broad back to write out their lessons on. He often amused himself, however, by tucking two of the stoutest under his arms, and carrying them, kicking and struggling, up a neighboring sea-cliff, declaring he "meant to show his 'kittens' the world."

Payne attained the height of seven feet nine inches, and became a retainer of Sir Bevelle Granville, of Stowe, whom he faithfully served as a leader of sports in time of peace, and as body-guard in time of war. It took the hides of three deer to make him a jerkin, and many a tale is told of his feats of strength: how one Christmas eve a boy was sent with a donkey to the wood for logs, and, loitering long by the way, Antony went after him, and returned bearing the loaded animal upon his back; and how he walked from Kilkhampton to Stowe carrying a hog of three hundred weight upon his shoulders, just because a taunting butcher doubted his ability to do so.

When Sir Bevelle was killed at the battle of Lansdowne big Antony was at his side, and seeing his master fall, at once mounted young John Granville, a youth of sixteen, upon his father's horse and led the Granville troop into the fight; while, after the Restoration he was held in very high favor by Charles II. He lived to a good old age, and many years after his huge frame had been lowered with a rope and pulley (neither door nor stairs affording egress for his corpse), and laid in Stratton Church-yard, Gilbert the historian found in an old manor-house in Cornwall what the farmer's wife described as "a carpet with the effigy of a large man upon it," but which proved to be a portrait of the Cornish giant painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

When I was a little girl living on the shore of great Lake Ontario there stood at the gate of my home two extremely tall poplar-trees that were playfully dubbed "Gog and Magog."

These names conveyed very little idea to me then, but those who have read the Romance of the Tower of London will remember that the arched Gothic doorway of that historic building is said to have been once guarded by three brothers, who, from their enormous stature, were nicknamed Og, Gog, and Magog, the last being rather the tallest of the trio; while, as amusing contrast, beside them often appeared a scrap of a page not two feet high.

Xit, the dwarf, is described as being "malicious and ill-favored of countenance, with a shock head of yellow hair," but he was a source of endless diversion to the giants, and was an especial pet of Og's, who discovered the mite, when a mere infant not much bigger than his thumb, lying one morning at his door wrapped in a bit of blanket. The manikin was probably left there in ridicule as a practical joke, but the good-natured eight-footer adopted the foundling, who became the constant attendant of himself and his brothers.

The two great carved wooden figures which grace London's Guildhall are also commonly called Gog and Magog, but these are misnomers, the older one only having a right to those names, he being intended to represent Gogmagog, the monster who, according to a fabulous account, gave fierce battle to the Trojans when they landed on the coast of Britain; while the other is Corinæus, to whom Cornwall was given by Brutus

> "For his service done,
> And for because from giants he it won."

These gigantic effigies are fourteen feet high, and have glowered upon the old Guildhall ever since 1708, while there was formerly a popular saying always told to children and country visitors, "When the giants hear the clock strike twelve they come down to dinner."



THE YOUNG STAMP-COLLECTOR.—Drawn by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

A LUCKY ADVENTURE.

[illegible]

It [illegible] the summer that the Barlow family [illegible] their cottage on Blackfish Harbor. Jack's [illegible] was a treasure. For years before, Jack had owned a canoe, but one fall day the canoe was wrecked, and went off on a cruise of its own, while Jack had to [illegible] and stay there until rescued by the [illegible]. The canoe was never heard of [illegible] as Jack had proved himself an expert swimmer, and the possessor of a cool head in time of danger, Mr. Barlow thought him capable of managing a larger boat. So Jack's [illegible] was realized when he became the owner of a sixteen-foot "cat." He insisted upon being addressed as "skipper" while on the water, and when off sailing by himself would have an imaginary crew aboard of [illegible] numbers to man a big four-master.

The *Dawn*, as the boat was called, was not particularly fast, but, to quote Mr. Barlow, she heralded many a [illegible] day for Jack. The "skipper" had only one [illegible] in connection with her, and that was she had no small boat to tow astern. All large yachts possessed a "dingey" or "yawl," and though it retarded their speed, it lent an air of elegance to them.

"Goodness me!" cried Mr. Barlow, when Jack mentioned his regrets. "You ought to be an admiral and have an entire fleet at your command. What in the world does the *Dawn* want with a small boat? You can bring her up to any float with ease, and a dingey would be always in the way.

But Jack's ambition had been satisfied only in a degree in the possession of a large boat. He now transferred all his active hopes to a little yawl that he might tow astern. He was not a selfish boy by any means, and never referred to the subject after the first mention of it, but he still kept wishing, and meanwhile had a very jolly time of it.

On a breezy afternoon in July, Jack started out in the *Dawn* for a run across the sound. Two reefs in the sail were necessary, and even then the rail was under water nearly all the time. Captain Jack squatted up on one side of the boat, tiller in hand, and the main sheet conveniently near. He was alone, and, according to his custom, pictured himself as the commander of a great vessel. That afternoon he was the Captain of an American privateer on the lookout for English merchantmen. The United States flag that fluttered from the peak Jack called the flag of the original colonies, and once or twice gave orders to an unseen mate, supposed to be forward, that under no circumstances must that flag be struck. "No! not if Nelson himself with all the King's ships comes in sight," he shouted.

Suddenly, when about half-way across the sound, Jack espied a speck before him on the water, and announced it to himself in regular fashion.

"Sail on the starboard bow."

"Aye, aye," he answered.

"Man the guns and prepare to repel boarders."

Then he gave more orders, and meanwhile bore down upon the pretended enemy, which was not a sail at all, but a little row-boat. As the *Dawn* drew nearer the lookout announced that there were two people in the boat, "and both girls," added the skipper.

The girls in the boat who were rowing had their backs to the *Dawn*, and Jack saw at a glance when near enough that the waves were too high and the girls too weak and exhausted to accomplish their desire.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted Jack, as soon as he could be heard; "ahoy there!"

The girl in the bow turned her head, while the other one kept on rowing as though afraid to stop for a moment.

Want [illegible] Jack, bringing the *Dawn* nearer.

Yes. Oh, [illegible] screamed the two in chorus, as the larger boat flew on past the helpless little shell. From their agonized cries the girls evidently thought that the *Dawn* was leaving them, but in a second Jack had brought her about and was slowly returning. Then he threw the "cat" up in the wind and flung a rope to the little boat, which was wildly seized by the nearest girl.

"Ship your oars—bring them in!" Jack shouted, now thoroughly excited. "Don't pull! hitch the rope to the [illegible] Steady, now steady!" He stood up, with his body thrown against the tiller to steady the *Dawn*, while he hauled in slowly. In a second the little boat was alongside. "Hold on, now," cried Jack. "Climb in quick! There, now, steady!" And the two occupants of the row-boat were aboard the *Dawn*, while the little boat floated off by itself. "Why didn't you hold the sheet?" cried Jack, jamming down his tiller. "You may lose the boat."

The girls had not thought of securing it, but before it had drifted far, the *Dawn* was up with it, and Jack caught the rope coiled in the bow with his boat-hook and made it fast astern. Then he turned to look at his passengers, who were very wet and very frightened. They were not young girls, but, to Jack's mind, grown women, and he recognized one as having been the belle of the hop given at a hotel near his house a few nights previous. He knew that one of them lived in a cottage across the harbor from his own home. As soon as they were safe Jack's feeling of bashfulness toward "big girls" asserted itself.

"I—I didn't mean to be cross or—or rude," he said, in an apologetic tone; "but—but—"

One of his passengers looked up and smiled. "Oh, we are so grateful to you!" she cried. "We don't know what we should have done. We started out for a little row, and the wind and tide carried us out and out, and we couldn't do a thing. It was awfully brave in you. Wasn't it, May?"

"Y-yes," tearfully assented the other. "Thank you ever so much, Mr.—Mr."

"Jack Barlow," returned the proud boy at the tiller.

"Oh, I know your mother," cried the first girl. "I am Miss Lacy, and this is Miss Harlow."

Jack bowed, and then bent down and produced some coats from the locker.

"You had better put these on," he suggested; "it's rather cold." And indeed it was, for the two rescued ones were shivering in the stiff wind.

All went merrily after that. Jack's "passengers" were very much excited, and chattered away without intermission, while Jack attended to the sailing. Every now and again he would cast a look astern, and think how well that little cedar boat looked bobbing about in the wake of the *Dawn*. If he could only have one like that!

"I'll have to take you to my house," announced Jack, as the *Dawn* passed the memorable bell-buoy, near the entrance to Blackfish Harbor; "there is no float at your side of the bay where I can land, but I'll drive you home in the wagon, and send your boat over."

"I never want to see that horrid little thing again," cried Miss Lacy. "All I want is dry land, and there I'll stay."

"Oh," put in Jack, with true sailor gallantry, "I hope you'll come out in the *Dawn* some time."

"Maybe we will," returned Miss Lacy; "it seems as large as a house after having been in *that* thing," pointing astern.

Jack turned again to look at "that thing," and really could find no fault with it. It was just the right size for the *Dawn*, he thought.

Finally the *Dawn* drew up to the float, and the young ladies gave a sigh of relief as they stepped on land. Jack escorted them to the house, where they were attended to by Mrs. Barlow, and then driven to their home, full of gratitude for Jack's rescue. Mr. Barlow was also very proud of his son's feat, and congratulated Jack highly. In fact, the boy was so overwhelmed that he did not dare to face his fair passengers again, and hired a fisherman to take the boat across the harbor to the Lacys' place. Mr. Lacy, the young woman's father, sent a very kind note to Jack, which Jack appreciated highly, because the writer did not call in person.

Three days later as Jack went down to the float he found the trim little cedar boat swinging astern of his own craft, and on either side of the bow was a silver plate bearing the name *Dawn*. It took him fully five minutes to realize his good fortune, and he was so much pleased that he immediately sailed out to the light-house and defeated an entire fleet of pirates, after which he was sufficiently calm to call upon Miss Lacy and thank her.

"Don't say a word," cried that jovial young person, as the blushing Jack advanced up the walk toward the cottage, "the boat belongs to you, anyway, according to maritime law, papa says. 'Salvage,' I think he calls it. I never want to see it again, except astern of the *Dawn*, and I hope you don't mind accepting it."

This last remark so tickled Jack by its very absurdity that he laughed aloud, and almost forgot to add his thanks for the long-hoped-for tender.

NALEGAKSOAK THE KING, AND MY NOBLE TEAM OF ESQUIMAU DOGS.

BY ROBERT E. PEARY, LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY.

ON the south side of Whale Sound, not many miles to the eastward of the black promontory of Cape Parry, a little bay interrupts the bold coast-line and reaches in among the wild mountains to the southeast.

On the south side of the bay the crystalline blue face of the Tyndal Glacier glistens above its own mirrored double in summer, and in winter, with resistless force, crumples the six-feet-thick icy covering of the bay as if it were tissue-paper. On the east side of the entrance, on a grassy flower-strewn little level less than a hundred feet above the shore, a few rude stone and turf burrows, half in and half above the earth, indicate the existence of a village of the arctic highlands. Steep sun-facing bluffs rise back of the village to an elevated table-land—the haunt of the reindeer and hare. Northward across the sound loom the bold black headlands and steep red bluffs of Northumberland and Herbert islands, and through the narrow channel between them floats, far northward, the dim blue outline of Cape Alexander.

Here, one April, while the ground was still covered deep with snow, and the arctic ice out in the sound showed no sign of breaking up, though the great yellow sun was rolling constantly round the horizon, never hiding his face for a moment in the twenty-four hours, a dark little dog with white paws was born. The little dog had numbers of brothers and sisters, and after a little while, when it was pleasant, they played with each other and their mother in the snow, and when the storms came and the wind blew fiercely they crowded close to each other and against their mother's thick warm fur in a little snow-house that their Esquimau master had made for them. From the first our little dog was stronger than the others, and in their puppy play less clumsy. Later, when they began to eat meat, he was always able to get his share—and sometimes a little more, and so kept his strength and grew larger than the rest. Before the snow had disappeared and the ice had broken up, leaving the dancing blue water in its place, two or three of the little dog's brothers died; but he and the others lived and played in the warm sunshine in and out among the stone huts all through the long summer, with plenty to eat in the way of seal and walrus meat, and when the dark winter night came they were all quite good-sized little dogs. Fortunately all through that winter, at this Esquimau village, there was enough to eat, and although at times our little dogs had to go hungry, still neither they nor their master nor his family ever were in danger of starving to death.



NALEGAKSOAK.

Terrible as it may seem, such things did happen in that country, and years before every person in this same little village had starved to death, their food having given out, and they unable to get to another village. When spring came, Nalegah, as we will now call him, with his brothers and sisters, were trained to drag a sledge, and a year later Nalegah was the most powerful dog in the village, ruling his comrades like a savage king, and his master took him far out to the westward over the icy sea hunting the great white polar-bear. Young as he was, Nalegah held his own in the death struggle with the savage bear; and there never was a prouder dog than he, as he came bounding home at the head of his master's team, dragging his master and the body of the bear upon the sledge behind. After this Nalegah had numerous battles with the bears, always coming off victorious, and every year growing stronger and more experienced, until the fame of Nalegaksoak the King spread through all the tribe. When just in his prime his master brought him on a visit to the Kapitansoak, or great white man, who had come for a year to that country to make long journeys across the ice and to give the natives wonderful presents.

At his first sight of the Kapitansoak, Nalegah came bounding up to him, rubbing his great shaggy head and shoulders against him, and showing his friendliness in every possible way. This so pleased the Kapitansoak that he immediately offered Nalegah's master a glistening hatchet and a bright new knife and saw for him. And so Nalegaksoak, the king, became mine.

Tall, long-limbed, steel-muscled, with sharp gleaming teeth, and movements like a flash of lightning, Nalegah was the most affectionate of all my dogs. Scarcely had I fed him two or three times before my approach was always greeted by a deep bass growl of satisfaction, and the great head and shoulders would come crowding against my legs, while an encouraging word or touch of the hand was sufficient to bring the great paws upon my shoulders, and the fierce yet intelligent face on a level with my own.

Poor Nalegaksoak! I mourned the loss of a friend and noble dog when, in the great white journey to the far north, a bite in the leg received in one of his hourly

battles, lamed him, and after limping along two or three [illegible] behind and astern coming up, I [illegible] But I had many other dogs [illegible] Nalegaksoak, and if I tell you more about him I shall have no room for anything about the rest. The noble brutes, I love them every one, and many a time a feeling of sadness comes to me as I think of those that [illegible] great white journey.

I well remember my sensations of pleasure when the [illegible] that came to me after the return of the sun



LION.

came whirling up to Redcliffe with a team of eight dogs, five of which were magnificent brutes, great long-tailed, bushy-maned, white-wooled, and the other three equal to the average South Greenland dog. They had been brought expressly to trade, and in a very short time they were mine. A few days later came another team of four, from which I purchased two. Then from far to the south came a team of three, all of which I bought, but lost them almost immediately, as they were already tainted with disease. With these I began my spring sledge trip, adding to them at Keate (the settlement on the south side of Northumberland Island) three fine brutes, one white and two gray, which I had had my eyes upon ever since one December night, when they had bounded into the village of Redcliffe with their traces dragging behind them, to be followed an hour later by their master, from whom they had escaped.

From that night on these three dogs had been our ideals of magnificent brutes, and fine dogs they were, though I afterwards owned others beside which they suffered in comparison. More than twenty miles to the southward of Keate, as flies the raven, is the village of Netuilume, and here I added to my turn-out the two biggest and best dogs of the famous team belonging to Merktoshar, the one-eyed bear hunter of Netuilume. These savage brutes were the terror of even the Esquimaux themselves, and no one but their master could harness or handle them without paying dearly for his temerity. They immediately took their position to the right of my team, and pulled and fought as one dog, and it was not until Lion, the powerful white king of my original team, aided by his companions and Kyo's whip, had thrashed them into subjection, that they were amenable to the least discipline. Thirty miles up the gulf three more young beauties were added to my team. It was now probably the finest that ever sent sledge dashing and bumping over the ice.

Pau, Nalegaksoak's coal-black companion, was also an affectionate dog, a little smaller than Nalegaksoak, but, like him, a born fighter. He stood to Nalegaksoak as a son or younger brother, and in all his combats the latter stood by, and if (as rarely happened) the odds were against Pau, one shake of Nalegah's massive jaws would turn the tables in his favor. Pau was an expert at slipping his harness, and more than once I have seen him, when he thought no one was watching, go through the operation as methodically as one would take off a coat. Then for a forage for something to eat. Never would Pau get more [illegible] however, before Nalegaksoak's powerful deep voice would give notice of the fact, and with two or three great efforts he would break some portion of his harness, and would be at the side of his younger comrade. I nearly lost Pau also from sickness, but the reviving effect of fresh musk-ox meat, raw, warm, and bloody, such food as he had not tasted for many a weary day, brought back to his keen eyes their former brilliancy and to his limbs their old strength and agility.

Another favorite was Miss Tahwahnah, my canine mascot. Early in the winter I had purchased her of a good-natured pigeon-toed "Huskie" who lived far up the gulf for a jack-knife, and when, after he had gone, I went to examine my purchase with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern, I found she had but one good eye. At first she was as wild as a hunted fox, and whenever I went near her would disappear in the burrow in the snow which formed her shelter from the biting winds. After a time she became less timid, would take food from my hand, and when, early in the spring, she gave birth to a family of nine puppies, and was brought with her little ones into the enclosure about the house, where they would be better sheltered, she became as tractable as any household pet. Her affection for me in particular seemed unbounded. Day after day upon the inland ice no motion of mine escaped that one eye of hers, and when, after a little rest, I picked up the little guidon and started forward again, her sharp yelp and vigorous struggles to follow me were the signal that brought every other dog into his harness and down to his work. Poor Tahwahnah! It was one of the bluest days of the white journey when, after eating one of the harnesses, she sickened, and the bright eye no longer recognized me, and her tongue no longer had strength to reach my hand.

Lion, the long-maned leader of the Cape York team, was my favorite until Nalegaksoak came on the scene, and he was always the veteran sledge-dog and team leader when at work. He was, I think, the toughest of all my dogs. Never did he get tangled in his traces; never did I know him to attempt to eat his harness; never but once did I know him to be out of his harness, and that single instance was over the body of a musk-ox; but,



ARNGODOBLAHO.

as my companion Astrup said, "Lion was no enthusiast, and his bump of affection was not largely developed."

Another favorite was Panikpa, or "the good little boy," as we called him, from the bright, expectant, good-little-boy's and just-had-his-face-washed attitude in which he used to sit up and wait for his lump of pemmican.

Among the others was Arngodoblaho, "the shirk," the "fool" Panikpa, and the "little flirt."

THE VEILED PROPHETS.

BY LONNON YORK

WE were up in Algie Bent's room—Tom Marvin, Bob Evarts, Algie, and I. The fall term at Dr. Benedict's school had begun, and we boys were just back for our second year. Bob had called the last term slow (though I think he was as glad to be back with the fellows as were the rest of us), and thought we ought to have more fun this year. We talked over various ways of bringing about Bob's wish, and at last Algie suggested that we get up a club or society of some sort.

"There are enough here to start it, and then we can have some fun initiating the others."

Algie reminded me always of a young Indian. He was a brown-faced fellow, slender and straight, with jet-black hair, and bright quick eyes that glistened and snapped when he grew a little excited in talking, as he usually did. When Algie took a plan in hand it was sure to be adopted in a whirl of enthusiasm, and in ten minutes he had us thoroughly warmed up over the new society.

"I'll tell you what," he said; "we'll have the initiation at night, over in Indian Glen, and get up something queer or mysterious."

The name bothered us for a time, but Algie, who lived in St. Louis, and had seen the great fall pageant there, suggested the Veiled Prophets.

By the time the lights went out the whole scheme was arranged. We put in a week of hard work getting ready for the eventful night. The Knapp boys and one or two others were asked to help, so that in all we had a band of ten Prophets. We had chosen Jack Barclay and Bob Dwight to be initiated. All our preparations were surrounded with the most elaborate secrecy; and when rumors got abroad that a mysterious something was about to take place, and, out of school hours, groups of boys could be seen consulting in low tones, trying to discover what was in the wind, Algie's delight was unbounded.

"Why, it's going to be the biggest fun we ever had," he said.

Any of us could have asked Jack and Bob to join the society, or an anonymous note could have been slipped into their desks, if necessary; but so simple a notification was not at all to Algie's mind. Jack was called to his door one evening by a thumping knock, and opened to find a birch-bark message, plentifully adorned with red ink and bearing the impress of Algie's hand printed in burnt cork. The note read:

As the clock strikes eight to-morrow night, stretch your hand into the blasted oak on Picket's Hill. By order of

THE BLACK HAND, Chief of the Veiled Prophets.



THE INITIATION.

We were hidden among the bushes the next night to see Jack draw from the tree a roll of foolscap tied with a small dried snake that we had found by the way. It was fun to see him jump when, just as he reached into the hollow, there came from the tree a prolonged clatter that made him snatch his hand back in double-quick time. We could see Jack peering into the tree trying to make out where the racket came from. The effect which pleased us so much was a simple one, produced by Algie's clock concealed in the hollow, with the muffled alarm set for eight.

Bob found a similar notice at the red bridge, notifying him to take the lake road Saturday night, and be at the birches at the entrance to the glen at eight o'clock, on peril of receiving the curse of the Black Hand. I be-

the ravine, trailing behind it a tail of flame and smoke. It was not simply falling, but descended swiftly in a slanting direction, aiming directly at the spot where we were standing. It appeared to grow bigger every instant, until the great blazing thing shot between the Chief Prophet and the astonished Jack, fanning their cheeks with its heat, and splashed hissing into the spring.

A mixture of burnt cork and lard was brought, and Algie quickly smeared Jack's cheek with the mystic hand.

Bob had been blindfolded during the flight of the comet, and the handkerchief was not taken off until the remains of the fiery messenger were hauled dripping from the water, and looking suspiciously like the tin pail that Mr. Benson had rigged up to run on a wire cable inclined from the top of the glen to the spring. It was a pet invention that he never tired of showing to visitors. The pail disappeared up the wire to the faint rumble of the windlass above.

But Bob was to see a more surprising manifestation. Algie had called three times to the stars without result, when we were startled by a cry from the top of the glen. In a second a black figure dangling from the wire came swaying and plunging down through the darkness. It was little Ned Lewis. We had left him up there to manage the descent of the pail with a bonfire of cotton and alcohol in it. He had lighted the second comet, and in reaching out for the hook that hung from the little iron wheel running on the wire, had lost his footing, still keeping his hold on the hook.

We stood there in a panic of fear watching him rushing down upon us at frightful speed, clinging desperately to the hook. On he came, faster and faster, the thin cable vibrating violently under the strain. It was more than seventy-five feet to the bottom of the glen, and looking up at the height and at the steep angle at which the wire was inclined, it seemed as if nothing could prevent him from being dashed against the rocks and killed.

As he came into the light of our lanterns I had one glimpse of a white face flashing by me. I saw Algie run forward, holding out his arms in an attempt to catch Ned; then Ned's feet struck the edge of the rocky floor surrounding the spring, at the same time his body came against Algie with terrible force, and the two went headlong into the water.

Tom Marvin was the first to recover his senses. "Come on, boys! Quick, or they'll drown!" Before the rest of us fully realized the danger to the two boys, lying stunned in the spring, he was in the water tugging at Ned. They were still unconscious when we dragged them out.

While we were working over them we heard old Benson running down the path, shouting at the top of his voice. He was armed with a pitchfork, with his dog at his heels, and was swearing at us with no end of energy. But the plight of the trespassers cooled his wrath. He seemed to take in what had happened at a glance. He didn't stop to ask questions. He walked straight to where Algie was lying face down on the rock, took him in his arms as gently as if he had been a little child, and told us to follow up to his house with Ned.

Stingy Benson proved an angel in disguise. His nursing was no less energetic than his swearing had been. He gave his orders like a commander in battle. Bob was sent at a gallop on one of the farm horses for the village doctor, and the rest were set to heating blankets, filling hot-water bottles, and helping our leader as best we could. You may be sure that after that night no boy from the Benedict School ever spoke of the owner of the glen as Stingy Benson.

The doctor found two of Algie's ribs broken, Ned had a broken ankle, while there were cuts and bruises without number; but thanks to Algie's bravery there was nothing worse.

It was Dr. Benedict himself who opened the school

door for the sorry array of Prophets that straggled in at four the next morning. Many of us would have felt more at ease if we had been veiled indeed. I remember how conspicuous the greasy black hand looked on Jack's cheek as we filed past Dr. Benedict, and two of the boys still wore their bedraggled night-shirts. Evidently the doctor knew the whole story, at least he simply told us we were to get some hot broth in the kitchen, and then go to bed and sleep until called.

There was one more meeting of the Prophets. It was five weeks later when Algie was with us again, looking rather pale, and Ned hobbling about on crutches. We met in the school-room instead of in the glen, and in place of the Black Hand, Dr. Benedict addressed us. After a long talk, in which he went over the history of our famous initiation, he said that he was opposed to burdening a school with rules, and intended to make none about secret societies; and now that we understood just how he felt about our society, he should leave the whole matter in our hands.

"Well," said Algie, when we were left alone, "he's certainly acted like a brick about the whole thing. I move that the Veiled Prophets disband *sine die*." And the motion was unanimously carried.

FRIENDS AT COURT.

BY PAULINE WESLEY.

ELIZABETH WEAVER'S mother had been hanging row after row of clean damp clothes upon lines stretched across the little garden behind her house.

All kinds of small-sized apparel floated in the May breezes, but eight or nine pink and blue and polka-dotted little shirts and a still greater variety of short substantial-looking gingham dresses were the most conspicuous, by way of quantity.

Mrs. Weaver stood and surveyed them with a degree of satisfaction that was somewhat breathless from recent exertions. "If a wind like this keeps on blowin'," she said aloud, "I'll get 'em ironed before night. But there's no tellin' what 'll turn up such weather; it's worse than April."

"Fiddlesticks!" observed a woman's voice from behind a lower window-shutter. "There ain't goin' to be any more rain before another sundown."

"Well," replied Mrs. Weaver, without turning her head, "if you hadn't said that I might have thought so, but now I guess 'twill pour."

After a few moments an elderly woman, wearing spectacles, appeared at the kitchen doorway, and said, in the same voice, raised to a higher pitch, "Maria, *where* is Elizabeth?"

"Oh, mercy! don't ask *me!*" answered Elizabeth's mother, as she picked up an empty basket and prepared to enter the house. "She's probably somewhere. It's gettin' to be a great comfort to me nowadays to think she's somewhere. If I allowed myself to fret about Elizabeth Weaver's comin's and goin's I should be thin enough to blow away."

The woman in the doorway was Elizabeth Weaver's aunt, and she had determined to put a more severe face upon the subject than her sister seemed inclined to do, so she frowned at the speaker's smiling face.

"If I was a mother," she said, "I wouldn't have my children galvanutin' around as yours do. I'd give Elizabeth somethin' to do, an' make her do it. She's gettin such big ideas in her pate that she'll never amount to nothin'. Do you know how perfectly bewitched she is about those Stillwells?"

Mrs. Weaver continued to smile as she approached the doorstep. "I don't see as it 'll do her much good, or harm, either," she said. "I don't think she'll ever get acquainted with the Stillwells. Do you, Ellen?"

Miss Fenton was compelled to smile. She did not wish to smile, but the absurdity of her sister's question relaxed the muscles of her stern face to a wide grin. "Goodness no!" she said. "They're about as far from Elizabeth Weaver as the planets are. But I kind o' hate to see her so impressed by grandeur," she added, resuming the frown.

"Well, I'm half-way interested in the house bein' opened again myself," Mrs. Weaver confessed, "it's been vacant so long. Mrs. Stillwell's engaged Hannah Billings to be a sort of housekeeper, an' Hannah's closed her cottage in Millboro, an' she an' Sarah Jane have gone up there to live. I expect it's a pretty fine thing for the Billingses."

"I don't know whether 'tis or not," remarked the other woman. "Those Stillwells have a sight of company; they're flyin' past every minute in queer yellow carts, with pug-dogs an' everything. I shouldn't want to cook for them. I guess they eat an awful lot; such people generally do."

"Well, I s'pose they've got a right to eat," Mrs. Weaver said, generously, following her sister into the kitchen, which was savory with preparations for their own noon dinner.



"WHERE'S SARAH JANE?" SHE MANAGED TO ASK.

she felt doubtful about the best way to renew a friendly relationship. She promenaded to and fro before the flour barrel, scraping her feet slightly to attract attention.

But Sarah Jane was engrossed with a list of purchases. At last Elizabeth placed her feet so close beside another pair of feet, that Sarah Jane's vision could not fail to run across a dimpled countenance when she finally turned to walk away. After the first surprise had worn off, a flash of recognition illuminated the freckles, and at the same moment Elizabeth said, smiling broadly, "I guess you must be livin' 'round here, somewhere."

In this manner, enveloped by the very unromantic surroundings of Meigs's store, an intimacy was established between the Stillwell residence and Mr. Weaver's eldest daughter. It progressed rapidly too.

The following day Elizabeth marched in triumph through a stone gateway and up a shell-bordered road that curved beside the terraced lawn of the great house. With Sarah Jane for a pilot she explored all the outer circles of Stillwell magnificence. Her investigations began in the kitchen, as a matter of fact, but they extended to a brighter and more remote limit, where a live peacock was spreading his gorgeous plumage in the sun of a flower-bedecked lawn; here a fountain tossed silver balls on its spray, and in the pool beneath swans floated about. Elizabeth stared at them breathlessly; any number of geese had drifted into her little world, but swans hitherto had been excluded.

Sarah Jane introduced her to the gardener, who was paving a little path with shells, and when she took her departure she carried away many of the frail pink and white things in large apron pockets where her friend had thrust them.

On her way home Elizabeth was obliged to pass a small gray house set in a diminutive field of daisies. Its front fence was divided by a low gate hung between wooden posts, and on the top of this gate, braced between the posts in order to keep her balance, reclined a little girl. She was waiting for Elizabeth.

"Where have you been?" she inquired, as the other girl reached the gate.

Elizabeth was thinking about a terraced lawn and some swans, and about a porch—not unlike the porch of a palace—upheld by fluted columns, before which a peacock was accustomed to display his variegated tail. She hardly saw the small gray house, or its familiar daisy field, or the little girl sitting upon the gate; her chief desire was to arrive at home, where she might impress her aunt by glowing descriptions.

"To the Stillwells'," she answered, hurrying on without a pause.

Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Isaac Fenton, Miss Fenton, and the little Weavers proved an interested audience throughout the afternoon and evening, and they really were impressed by what Elizabeth said.

"They're going to have a fête," she declared, joyously; "an' I'm invited!"

"A what?" questioned her grandmother.

"F-a-t-e," Elizabeth explained; "a sort of party—all over—in-doors an' out, next week Wednesday. Sarah Jane was tellin' me about it as I came away, an' Mrs. Billings was standin' on the kitchen door-step, an' she said, 'It'll be a great sight; you'd better come over Wednesday, if your mother'll let you.'"

The invitation created a decided sensation among the Weavers. In the evening, when the work was finished, Miss Fenton brought out her best dress—a blue and black striped silk.

"'Tain't likely I'll ever wear it again," she said. "I never expected to have a chance to wear it more than once. If you like, Maria, you can make it over for Elizabeth."

A battery of admiring eyes encircled the gown as Miss

Fenton displayed its ample folds in the lamplight. Elizabeth's eyes were larger than the others, and solemn like an owl's; a great longing rose in her breast, but Mrs. Weaver crushed it with a single sentence.

"Mercy sakes, Ellen!" she exclaimed; "you're as good as you can be, but the child will wear her dotted lawn. It 'll be a long time before Elizabeth Weaver owns a silk dress."

Although Miss Fenton's gown was once more consigned to darkness, Elizabeth did rejoice in a new pair of shoes. Mrs. Weaver took her to Mr. Meigs's store, and tried to buy bronzed kid boots. Unfortunately, Mr. Meigs's stock was limited, and the only shoes of the right size happened to be a pair of red slippers. These were high-heeled, and had such a festive look when on the feet that Elizabeth submitted to them without a protest. Thus shod, she felt almost as though she were a member of the Stillwell family, and soared in imagination far above "Meigs's store," while her mother chatted with its owner about his wife's health, and said she understood there was chicken-pox in the minister's family.



SHE WALKED DOWN THE DRIVEWAY WITH A HIGHHELD HEAD

During the morning of the eventful Wednesday the "queer yellow carts and pug-dogs" flew past the Weavers' house oftener than ever, and brought people from the station almost constantly. Miss Fenton and the smallest Weavers sat at a front window, and reported the sights to Mrs. Weaver, who was fluting Elizabeth's dotted lawn ruffles with a fluting-iron. And the small person who somehow linked the Weavers to all this flashing retinue wandered rather aimlessly from room to room, obliged to remain within on account of her head, which presented a peculiarly unattractive appearance, dotted with wads of newspaper.

As the party was to be an afternoon one, Elizabeth decided to go soon after dinner, and was freshly arrayed at two o'clock. She was the centre of observation; even Seth lingered about the house in order to see her "start off." He paid much attention to the slippers, and—the distance not being long—accompanied her part of the way, saying the whole affair somehow reminded him of the ten little pigs that went to market. Anticipation is a peculiar pleasure, and Elizabeth had enjoyed it for more than seven days.

She never forgot the view that met her eyes as she turned in at the stone gateway. The park that surrounded the house was enlivened by striped tents and streamers of bunting; the trees were gay with paper lanterns, and scattered about the lawns were ladies dressed in bright-colored gowns. For the first time she heard a brass band, and, better still, one that was played by men wearing scarlet coats.

The people who happened to notice her saw only a little girl going up to call upon the housekeeper, but Elizabeth saw fairy-land, and felt herself to be a portion of it.

She searched everywhere for Sarah Jane. The girl was not in the kitchen, for this spot Elizabeth examined first, nor was she among a crowd eating ices near a tennis-net. To tell the truth, Sarah Jane Billings's smiling freckled face seemed to be blotted out by the brilliant scene.

The kitchen was filled with pompous colored waiters; but Elizabeth sat down on the door-step—because she felt more at home in that locality—and waited anxiously for the appearance of Mrs. Billings. She sat there two hours, her red slippers thrust forth conspicuously. At last she took a walk around the outer edges of the "fate," for her limbs had begun to feel stiff. The music of the band sounded discordantly loud. There were many ladies passing to and fro; one of them seemed to be enjoying herself tremendously well; she wore a large hat covered with pink plumes, and laughed a great deal. Noisy children swarmed everywhere, and played with battledores and shuttlecocks, or ran hither and thither in a horribly independent manner. After another hour she returned to the kitchen entrance, and stood irresolute; whether to return home, covered with inglorious dust, like some defeated runner of a race, or stay and battle with the hot tears that were clamoring to be shed, was an undecided question. Its immediate solution was dispelled by a note of Mrs. Billings's voice, which floated from some inner region behind the kitchen.

Elizabeth listened hopefully, and pressed nearer the door just in time to see Sarah Jane's mother enter the room. Mrs. Billings, whose face seemed as red as a certain pair of slippers, was burdened by a huge loaf of frosted cake.

"How d' y' do," cried Elizabeth, in a strange little voice shrill from weariness.

The woman set the cake down, and rubbed her moist face with an apron, trying to look animated. "Oh, it's

quite forgot that she had asked Elizabeth to

"Where's Sarah Jane?" the child managed to ask.

"She's in the parlor, where you ought to be, instead of standin' out here talkin' to Miss Billings," was the reply; "but she's goin' to have a fine time this evenin'." She stepped to the door as she spoke, and looked over Elizabeth's head. It was a pleasant scene, and she remained.

Every portion of Elizabeth's being rebelled against the cheerful question. She longed to scream "No, ma'am," so loudly that all the people could hear it above the music of the brass band, yet what she did say was, "I guess I'd better be goin'," and this was whispered.

She walked away from the house down the driveway with a dignified tread. A peacock strutted across her path and disappeared among the trees; there were beautiful shadows lying across the grass, and she knew that it would soon be late enough to light the paper lanterns.

Once past the gateway in the road she ploughed through the sand heavily like an aged pilgrim. Halfway home she came suddenly upon a gray cottage encircled by a little field of daisies. On the front gate sat a little girl who now and then looked up the road expectantly. She was waiting for Elizabeth. The same beautiful shadows that had wavered on the Stillwells' lawn lay across the daisy field, and touched the small gray house.

Elizabeth thought the bitterest moment of her day had come; she felt ashamed to pass the fence of Celia Dingle's home, and her heart was like a great weight.

"Been to the party?" Celia inquired, gently, devouring the dusty red slippers with admiring eyes.

"Yes," murmured Elizabeth, stopping before the gate. Afterward she always remembered how large and soft Celia's eyes had seemed as they looked down upon her.

"You'd better come in to supper," the little girl said. "We've got turnovers and orange marmalade." The particulars were given as inducements that had never been known to fail, and Elizabeth was pervaded by a swift thankful happiness. Beneath it ran an undercurrent of remorse and tender pride that coaxed her to refuse, but she had begun to be very hungry, having purposely eaten a slender dinner.

"I guess I oughtn't to," came the reluctant answer, and at the same moment she joined Celia on the other side of the gate. From here they waded arm in arm through the daisies to the little gray house.

When Elizabeth walked home in the still evening air, the tears that had long asked for release burst forth in torrents. She wept copiously, not because the "fate" was no longer a pleasant dream, nor from grief over the afternoon's disappointments, but because Celia Dingle had invited her to tea.

The smallest Weavers were asleep, but the medium-sized ones had been allowed to sit up with the "grown folks" to wait for Elizabeth. She went through the back yard to the kitchen door, and loitered a moment wondering what she would better say to the curious ones within. But there was little time to meditate, for Mrs. Weaver heard her footsteps, and hurried to the door, followed by the family group.

"Well, Elizabeth," she said.

Elizabeth did not speak.

"Was it a good 'fate'?" Miss Fenton asked.

"Mercy sakes, Elizabeth, what ails you?" queried Mrs. Weaver. "Wasn't Sarah Jane agreeable?"

"I don't know—I didn't see her," stammered Elizabeth. "She was in the house. Her—her mother said she would have a fine time this evenin'."

"My land alive!" was Mrs. Weaver's astonished comment. "Elizabeth *Weaver*, look at me. You saw Mrs. Billings. Didn't you go inside?"

Eight spectators jostled one another in their eagerness to get a better view of Elizabeth, where she stood motionless in the sweet spring dusk. All the pent emotions of hours were crowded into her next answer.

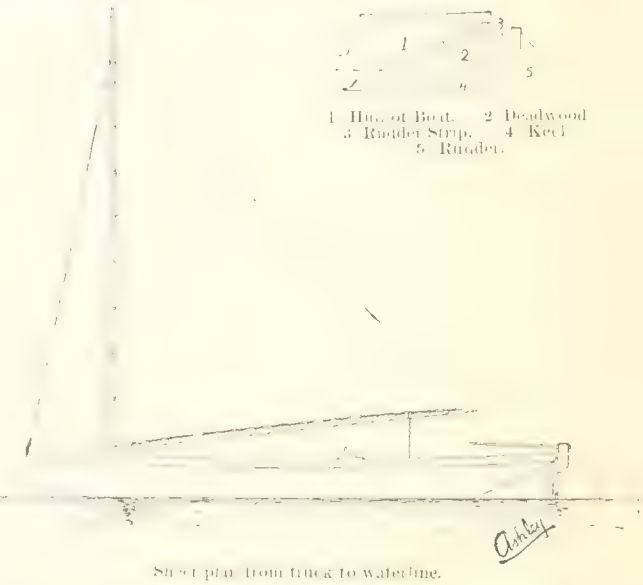
"No," she said, "I didn't. She never even asked me to."

Before Elizabeth was tucked into her bed an hour later, she climbed on a chair, and took a quantity of shells from a closet shelf. They were pink and white—frail, pretty things; and when she had gathered them together she flung them all out of the window.

A BOAT FOR AN AMATEUR BUILDER.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

THE very first thing to take into consideration is a careful study of the accompanying plans. A good yacht designer is always very accurate in his measurements and calculations. The plans are made for spruce lumber 13 inches wide, ¾ thick,

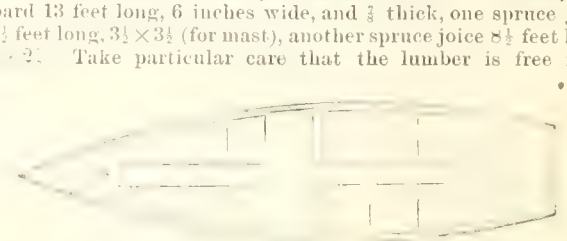


1 Hull of Boat. 2 Deadwood. 3 Rudder Strip. 4 Keel. 5 Rudder.

Sheer plan from stem to waterline.

for planking, seats, etc.; 3 inches wide, ¾ thick, for keel, wearing strips, cleats, etc.

At the bottom of the boat, on the inside, is nailed and riveted a strip of spruce 6 inches wide, ¾ thick, which runs the full length fore and aft. After getting the design fixed in your mind, go to the lumber yard and look at spruce boards 13 inches wide and ¾ thick, spruce strips 3 inches wide, ¾ thick, one spruce board 13 feet long, 6 inches wide, and ⅞ thick, one spruce joice 10½ feet long, 3½×3½ (for mast), another spruce joice 8½ feet long, 2×2. Take particular care that the lumber is free from



Inside of Boat.



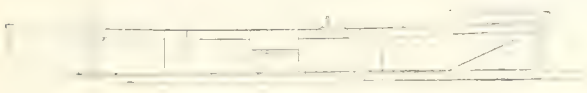
Bottom of Boat

knots, and if any, they must be very small ones, and free from checks. No board with a check or crack can be used for boat building.

Use only galvanized wrought-iron nails, and clinch every nail

that protrudes through the wood. In fact, always clinch every nail you get half a chance at, and you will be sure to make it stay in place.

When you get your lumber at the place of building, we will say, for instance, in a barn or any covered out-building (never



Showing inside Construction.



Bow View.



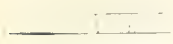
Rudder.

Stern View.

build in the open air if it can be avoided), select two of your very best planks that are 13 inches wide, and set them on one edge with a dip of 3½ inches to centre. This will give you the sheer. With a draw-knife take off the wood (to the pencil mark previously put on), and finish with a plane. Nail the two bow ends together, and in the centre of your boat place a 3½-foot plank perpendicular, and twist the stern part of the board with a rope (same principle as old-fashioned wood saw). Nail on your bottom planks, commencing at the largest first and ending with smallest. (This will save your lumber.) Put in the fore and aft strip 6 inches wide, then come the seats and side braces, as is shown in plans. Do not forget to always smear each edge with white-lead, and drive closely together. If care is used you will find the boat requires very little calking when finished.



Top Elevation.

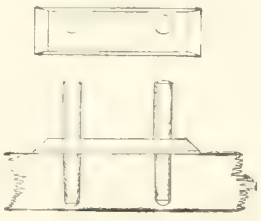


Side Elevation.

Strip for Mast.

Bore your mast hole and put in the mast step; last of all, make the rudder, and put on outside wearing strips. You can make a good tiller from the handle of a mop, provided it is hard wood.

An enlarged detail plan is shown how to make the thole-pins or oar-locks. Buy a cheap pair of ash oars, and only get those you can handle with ease; it is waste of time and material for an amateur to make oars, as the cheaper grade is made by machinery.



Thole Pins.

Turn your boat upside down, and put on the keel of 3-inch strip on edge, add the dead-wood, etc. After the white-lead in the cracks is thoroughly dry, give the whole boat a coat of lead-colored paint, and let it stand for two days.

When thoroughly dry, hoist the boat on two saw-horses, and fill it three-quarters full of water. Look on the outside, and if there are any leaks mark the spots with a pencil on the outside. When the boat is dry, at the places it leaks stuff in cotton saturated with white-lead. Give the inside of the boat a second coat of lead-colored paint, and one coat of dark red paint on the outside. See that a little spar varnish is mixed with the second coat of paint, as it will give your craft a nice gloss and finish.



Jaws of Boom.
1. Boom.
2. Jaws.
3. Mast.

Before you start to build, see that you have the following tools: A crossent saw, jackplane, several bits and a brace, two hammers, a hatchet, draw-knife, and a flat (kitchen) iron to clinch the nails with; see that your tools are all sharp and in good condition. You can always tell a first-class boat-builder by the condition in which he keeps his tools.

Always bore a hole before you drive in your nails; take particular note that your wood is well seasoned and as free from knots as possible. Shellac daubed on a knot will prevent it, to a great extent, from working loose.

First-class yachtsmen are very particular to see that their sails, etc., are kept in a clean condition, and a boat needs a bath and sponging down every day as much as a human being.

TO MAKE THE SAILS.

Take three strings, and measure one 8 feet, another 9 feet, and another 11 feet, which placed together and stretched by a tack on each end in the form of a triange will give you the sail area. Buy unbleached muslin, one of heaviest weight, which is a yard wide, and turn over the edges 1¼ inches on outside, make eyelet holes on the (boom) edge 6 inches apart, and on the hoist or mast part 1 foot. You can buy your mast-hoops or make them of telegraph wire with the ends bound together. A small galvanized pulley goes at the top of the mast. Bring the mast above the pulley down to a point, and buy a small red wooden ball for a few cents at the toy store to surmount the mast. A stay made of galvanized clothesline is led forward to the bow.



Leg-of-mutton Sail.



How to rig the Halyard

Go and look carefully and closely at some boat sails, and it will give you a better idea of how to make one than pages of description.

The leg-of-mutton sail is the safest one known, as it does not tend to upset a boat as much as those with a gaff or sprit. Give your spars a coat of spar varnish. If you follow the plans with care, you will have a cheap and serviceable boat that will sail to windward as well as with a free wind, and can be used as a sail-boat, row-boat, or fishing-boat.

THE ANDAMAN DWARFS.

THERE probably never was a boy or girl who did not dream of possessing for his or her own pleasure a band of pygmies who should do what they were bidden like so many animated dolls. Dwarfs have been found in Africa, but the natives of the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet five inches, and few weigh over seventy-six pounds. They are marvellously swift of foot, and as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red ochre, present a very strange appearance. Few travellers care to encounter any of the warlike little people, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equalled by their readiness to attack strangers.

Altogether their traits are not such as to make them desirable additions to the play-rooms of children, since they have been said to eat men alive. They are as black as coals, and seem to find it desirable to tattoo themselves. This artistic venture they usually begin when they are eight years of age, using bottle-glass for the purpose of getting their flesh into a condition to receive the color and retain it. They eat fish, turtles, and wild honey, and are rarely satisfied with a luncheon that does not provide them with six pounds of eatables. They live in huts made of leaves, and in spite of their freedom, which amounts to wildness, are exceedingly irritable.

A WISE LAD.

"If fishes knew enough to live in the ground instead of water," remarked Frank, "they could get all the worms they wanted without hooks in them."



"My sister doesn't love me! my sister doesn't love me! I

The boy was interested, and dried his tears. "I mean a kind,

His countenance was cheerful, there was not a trace of sorrow in his tone,

GEORGIE-LIE-A-BED.







"Come, come, get up," cried nurse to George,
"The sun was overhead;
He answered about to clothes he was;
"Where can my coat and trousers be?"
"Nurse," said he, he cried, "what's to do Clothes?"
"Why, no, said nurse," you will not find
Your clothes hosiery, I bear.

"Some other child has now your suit,
Because I thought indeed
If you were going to lie in bed,
Your clothes you would not need.
But if you really wish to dress
And go to school, see there,
The little dress a year ago
Your sister used to wear."







I'll try to be a better boy

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1893.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

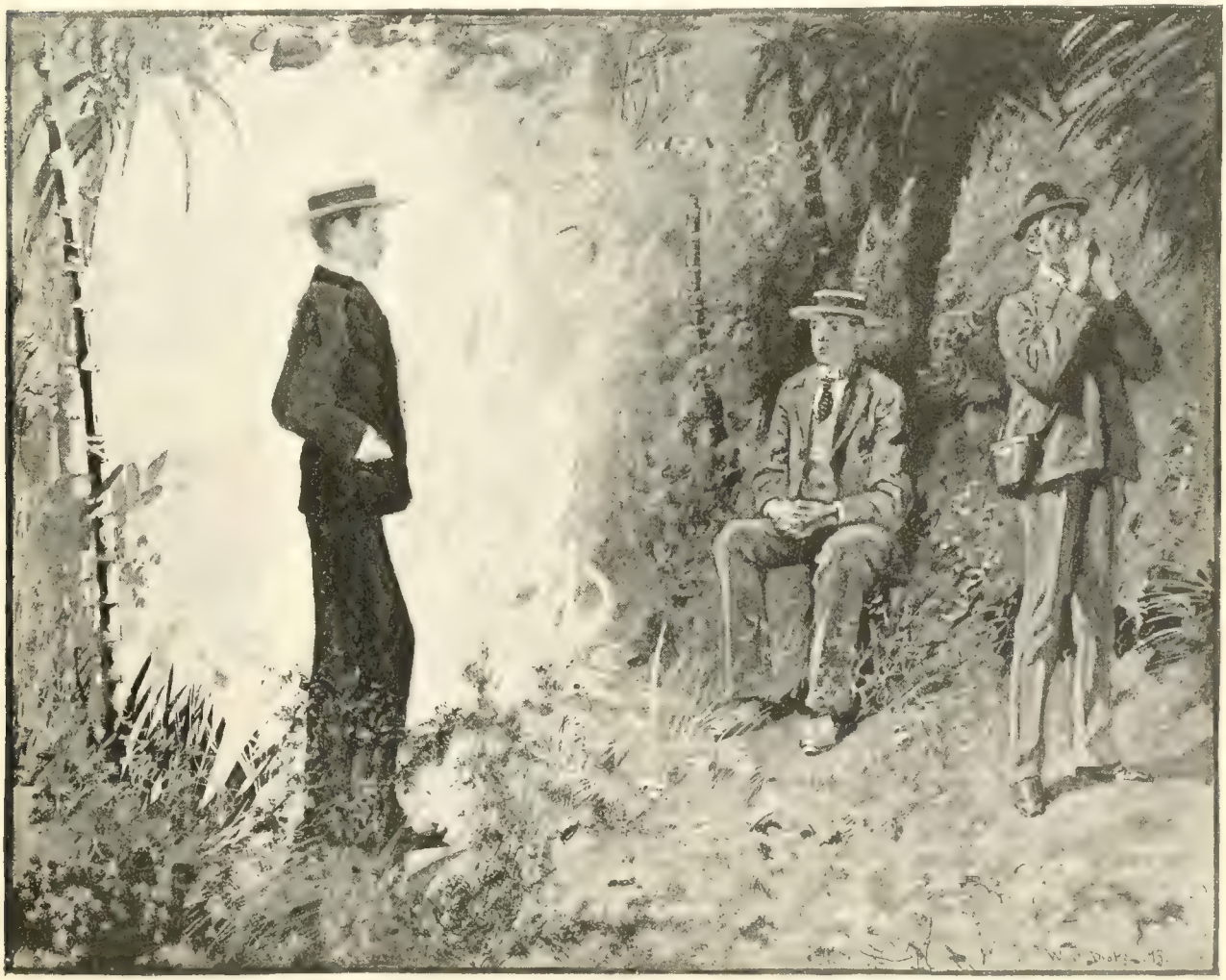
BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER III.

LOST IN THE NASSAU JUNGLE.

FAUQUA and the two Bermuda boatmen did not stop to watch Ferd's movements after he struck the water. They had all had experiences with sharks, and they knew that the only chance was to frighten the brute and drive him away. To this end they began to rock the boat violently, and to beat the water with their hands and the boat-hook.

Larry was entirely helpless, but Ferd had several things in his favor. He was thoroughly at home in the water,



FAUQUA PUT BOTH HANDS TO HIS MOUTH AND GAVE A LONG-DRAWN-OUT "HALLOO."

as familiar with sharks and knife, and in h

his immense size and prodigious strength, weakness. His dive took him and the boat, and when deep enough he turned flash and drove his knife blade into the shark's belly, his most vulnerable part. Instantly the knife was jerked out of his hand, and the shark was gone.

In a few seconds both Larry and Ferd were holding on to the boat's gunwales, and the colored boys were dragging them on board. It seemed like half an hour that it had taken for this to happen, but it was all done in less than a minute.

It was soon seen that Larry was safe and sound by the quick movements he made to get his legs out of the water while they were dragging him in, and Ferd was none the worse for his adventure, but the hero of the moment seemed in immediate danger of being killed by kindness. Dripping as he was, Fauqua had Ferd in his arms in an instant, and actually shed tears as he told the party that his young mars was the bravest and the best mars that ever was. The Bermudians were equally delighted, and gave Ferd no rest till they had pulled off most of his wet clothes and wrung them out.

"Dat beat all I ebber see!" one of the boatmen exclaimed. "I done had some scraps wid sharks my own self, but I nebber see nobody do de business so slick as dat. Dis young gemman he see sharks nefo', he hab."

The darkies made such a powwow over their hero that the two boys who had really been in danger hardly had time to exchange a word. Larry felt like throwing his arms around Ferd and blessing his preserver, but he controlled himself, and only said, putting out his hand

"Thanks, old fellow; I owe you one. This is a lively part of the world, sure—first a water spout, then a shark. I wonder what the next will be?"

"Raw shoulders if you don't get a shirt on pretty soon," Ferd laughingly answered. "You're not used to this hot sun, you know."

"I'm going to have that sea-fan first," Larry replied; and despite all their remonstrances he started again for the side of the boat.

"Here you' sea-fan is, Mars Larry," Fauqua shouted, reaching it up. "You have 'um in you hand w'en you come up, an' drop it in de boat. You bring 'um up, sar."

It was true enough. Larry had clung to his prize without knowing it through all the danger.

On the way back to the house Fauqua was for telling of the wonderful battles he and his "young mars" had had with sharks in Trinidad, and Ferd tried in vain to keep him quiet; but one of the boatmen was more successful when he suggested that Fauqua did not show any great anxiety to attack the shark this time.

Ferd was more disposed to worry over his wet clothes than to exult over his conquest of the shark. "Suppose our friend says he can't keep us," he said, "I'll be in pretty condition to go to some other house, won't I?" But he need not have feared, for when they reached the vine-covered house they found their host waiting for them with the announcement that he had visited the schooner and met Uncle Ben, and that it was all arranged that they were to stay with him while they were in Bermuda.

"I have learned your names, my boys, which you

convenient
erbridge; and now
ou to your room before din-
have gone on and said
Majesty's Legislative Coun
cil of Bermuda and one of the principal residents of the

Ferd exclaimed,
dinner. "And it's all
at we found it. I never should
rance to come in and ask."

"You can go on and tell me all your bad points as
retorted; "you see, I'm finding
Bermuda is a darling place,
isn't it? I've read of such houses, but never saw one be-
see what a heavy mahogany bedstead! All the
ture is heavy old-fashioned mahogany. It's the
sort of thing you read about in old English houses. I
suppose this furniture all came from England, of course.
And such heavy old silverware on the sideboard."

When the boys turned in early that night to their snowy bed, Larry had something more to say about the adventure with the shark.

"Ferd, old chap, I don't forget that if it were not for you I should be sleeping in a cold bed to-night. And there's one thing that's been bothering me. I've been priding myself on doing things very deliberately—always thinking first and acting afterwards. But suppose you had done that this afternoon—had stopped to consider first and stuck the shark afterwards. There'd have been a sudden end to my voyage to the West Indies, wouldn't there?"

"Nonsense!" Ferd retorted; "we're both all right—that's the main point—and ready for something new to-morrow."

Mr. Outerbridge was the best host they could possibly have had in Bermuda. He knew all the places and all the people, and often went with them himself. When he did not, he told them where and how to go, and sent them in his own boats. He explained to them how the islands, which lay nearly in the shape of a horseshoe, although about twenty-four miles long, were nowhere more than a mile and a half wide, so that by travelling in a boat they could nowhere have far to walk to reach any point they desired. He told them about the old town of St. George's, the ancient capital, where the blockade-runners used to land, loaded with cotton, in 1863; he told them how to go to Walsingham, the house that the poet Thomas Moore once lived in; and the Caves; and the Gibbs Hill lighthouse; and all the places that were worth seeing, not forgetting the place with the singular name of the "Devil's Hole."

When they visited the Devil's Hole, Fauqua gave the boys a great fright. Odd as the name is it is very appropriate, for the place is a great hole in the side of a small hill, and deep in the ground, partly overhung by rocks, and full of fresh sea-water, in which hundreds of voracious groupers and other large fish are kept. The tide rises and falls in the hole, for there is a subterranean passage connecting it with the sea. A high stone wall keeps people out, but when the boys summoned the owner he unlocked the gate and took them in. It was a dark, slippery, ghostly place, the water said to be thirty or forty feet deep; and when the guide clapped his hands scores of the red-mouthed groupers, some of them three and four feet long, with gaping mouths and sharp teeth, came up to the edge to be fed. Some of them were so tame that the guide took them up in his hands and stroked their backs.

"They look hungry," Ferd said.

"They're always hungry," the guide replied, "and they'll eat anything. If a man should fall in there, they'd tear him to pieces in a minute. We threw a dead



VIEW OF HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

dog in one day, and he was eaten up before you could count ten."

The words were hardly out of the guide's mouth before the boys heard a shout from Fauqua, and saw him plunge head first into the pool, dashing the big fish right and left. An instant later he emerged on the opposite side, and clambered unhurt upon the rocks.

"What was that for?" Ferd shouted, as Fauqua rejoined them, wringing the water out of his thin clothes. "You deserve to have your head broken for taking such a risk for nothing."

"Didn' Mars Ferd jump in arfter de shark?" Fauqua retorted. "Dem Bermudy niggahs dey t'ink Fauqua was afraid. I show 'em Fauqua not afraid of de shark nor de big fish neither. I'd 'a' gone in wid mars arfter de shark, on'y I know'd I'd jest be in de way. Dey mustn't t'ink Fauqua 'fraid."

"It's a good thing the sun is hot in these countries or some of us would be wet half the time," Larry said, to prevent Ferd from scolding Fauqua any further.

From the Devil's Hole they sailed around to Walsingham, and went all over the old stone house in which Moore wrote many of his poems. They sat under the poet's favorite calabash-tree, and Larry picked one of the gourds to take home to his sister. From a colored man who lived on the premises they made their first inquiry for Abel Forefinger, for they had been so busy that they had almost forgotten him.

"Foahfingah?" the old darky answered, taking off his hat to scratch his head. "I don' t'ink I ever heard de name, sah. Dey's a gemman lives over St. George way named Peter Knuckle; reckon he wouldn't answah, sah?"

Wherever they inquired they met with similar answers. Families of Thumbs were unearthed, and Wristts, and a Moses Mitten, but nowhere in Bermuda could they learn of any one bearing the romantic name of Forefinger.

"Well, I don't think Uncle Ben can be disappointed with what we've learned in Bermuda, even if we haven't found Abel Forefinger," Larry said, when their last night arrived. "I'm sure it's opened up a new world to me. We've found out how raising onions and potatoes and Easter lilies are the great industries, and how many crates they ship every year. We've been all around the islands and all over them. We know that it's an English island with an English Governor, and that it has a little parliament and laws of its own. We've seen how the natives live and lived with them, and we know they're first-rate good-hearted people."

"And I don't think we've even spoken to an American since we came here," said Ferd.

"Not one," Larry laughed. "We've no use for Americans just now—at least I haven't; I see enough of them at home. Oh, do you know, Ferd, I've discovered that there's a telegraph cable here, and that we could telegraph to our friends in New York if we wanted to?"

"Why, of course," Ferd replied. "Do you think we're all wild savages down this way? There's a cable to almost every island we're going to. But you have to pay well when you use it. From Trinidad to New York you have to pay $3 29 a word. When we lived in Guatemala the rate was $7 a word to New York."

The last farewells were said to their kind hosts, all except Mr. Outerbridge, who promised to eat dinner with them on the schooner before they sailed. All the servants were liberally feed, for this was the only way in which they were allowed to pay for their hospitable entertainment. The curiosities they had collected were put in the dingey and they were off. It seemed almost like leaving home to say good-by to the kind people in the shady cottage; and yet when they were settled in their little room on the schooner again, that seemed like home too.

"Oh, you don't know anything about the delights of winter sailing in these waters yet," Ferd said to Larry. "Of course you were sick at first, and the voyage to Bermuda was cold and rough. But now you'll see what it means: smooth water generally, bright nights, beautiful weather nearly every day, always something new to see. It's prime, I tell you."

"Yes, so it is," Uncle Ben put in. "You'll find the schooner a good home, and like it the better the further you go. I shall feel more comfortable, too, now I know that you are able to take care of yourselves. You have done well in Bermuda, boys; uncommon well. I expect you to have adventures and run some risks, but don't be foolhardy. The schooner has a new bowsprit, you see, and we'll hope for a good run to Nassau. I'll tell you a little secret, too. We have two tons of ice on board. You'll find that that means a great deal of comfort before we've gone much further south."

The voyage to Nassau was a very different matter from sailing down from New York in December. They were on deck most of the time, and Larry and Ferd slept under the stars every night, with nothing but a piece of sail for covering. The first break in the voyage was sighting the Island of Abaco, where there is a light-house, and twenty-four hours later the *Boca Grande* was lying inside Hog Island, in Nassau Harbor.

"That is one of the beauties of a voyage among these islands. Unlike the rest of [illegible] West Indies in their appearance or their people. I am glad we've got you on to-day again because you are not liable to get lost in Bermuda. The white people here are [illegible] like the Bermudians and the negroes are different. They are not so far advanced in civilization, and most of them live without any of the things that we consider necessaries, and for that reason I want you to make your headquarters in some negro's house in the country. I want you to see how a man who is put in the world with absolutely nothing can live and live comfortably too.

The schooner's boat landed the boys near the heart of the town in Rawson Square. Fauqua was with them again, of course carrying their satchels, and they were soon surrounded by a far greater crowd of darkies than they had in Bermuda. But they were not to be ordered this time by the harmless blacks.

"No carriage here," Larry laughed. "Come along, Fauqua, till we find a store to leave our baggage in till we want it. Mosey right along about your business, boys" to the grinning crowd that followed them. "We don't want anything at all; no hotel, no baggage carried, no guides."

But he could not drive away one little half naked chap, black as a coal, who insisted upon dancing and prancing before them, rolling the whites of his eyes very effectively.

"You done miss' see me dive, maws boss," this comical shaver cried. "Jes' t'row a big copper off n de w'arf, an' see me fetch 'im back."

Fauqua chased this youngster away, and the boys soon found an accommodating storekeeper who was willing to keep their satchels.

"Now for a fresh world to conquer!" Ferd exclaimed when they came out of the store. "Do you know, Larry, I think you'd better be master of ceremonies here too, because you see our next place is Havana, where they speak Spanish. Of course I'll have to do all the business there and in Mexico, so it's only fair that you should do it in Nassau as well as in Bermuda."

"Very well," Larry assented, "that seems fair enough. Then the royal command is that we walk about the place first, to get our bearings. I don't believe in wasting our money on carriages while we have good legs. There's a fine-looking hotel on the hill that I shouldn't mind visiting, but we're on our parole to avoid the Americans. Let us try this main street first."

It did not take them long to walk through the principal streets, hot as the afternoon was. But when they came to an avenue one block back from the water, shaded on both sides by gorgeous pride-of-India trees, it looked so cool and inviting that they could not resist the temptation to follow it. This was Shirley Street, as they saw by the signs, and it led them out of the close-built city, past the hospital, past an open common, then past a cemetery, and so into the country, where there were still houses, but far apart, with fields between.

All of these fields were shut in with high stone walls, but some of the walls were broken. Through one of the breaks a well-trodden path led; and the boys determined to follow it, for they could see that after crossing the field it led out again into a cool and shady thicket.

"I don' know 'bout goin' in dere," Fauqua objected holding back as they were about to enter the thicket. "I don' like dem little roads in de woods. Dey's [illegible] dey's no end, an' dey winds, an' turns, an' twises, an' [illegible] one another, till you don' know whar yo' los' in seeh places, Mars Larry."

Larry and Ferd laughed at the idea of being lost on such a little bit of an island, and among such small trees.

"We can almost see over them!" Larry exclaimed. "None of them are more than ten or twelve feet high. [illegible] could walk across the entire island before dark. You're afraid of ghosts in the dark woods, Fauqua. But come along, they shan't hurt you."

It was a delightful path through the thick chaparral. There were wild-flowers growing in the shade, and red berries on many of the bushes, and strange birds sang for the visitors. The path itself was of red clay, packed as hard and smooth as a floor. But, after all, Fauqua was right. Those by-paths in Nassau and some of the other islands are dangerous for people who do not know them well. The boys were walking into a trap, cool and pleasant as the way seemed.

They could tell some strange stories if they could only talk, those hard red paths. They were made by slaves, more's the pity. In old times the slaves stole from one plantation to another at night, making visits, buying and selling among themselves, sometimes doing less-honest things. They had secret dens of their own in the chaparral, and paths led to them. They crossed and swerved, these hidden roads, and sometimes ended suddenly in the most bewildering way, and few white men ever trod them, or do now. The negroes still use them for short-cuts to their homes, and occasionally a criminal running away from the officers, and so they are kept still hard and smooth.

The boys went on and on, deeper and deeper into the little forest. It was so cool and pleasant, after the hot sun. They sat down to rest, and suddenly discovered that twilight was coming on. This hurried them back, for they had still to find a place to pass the night. They reached a point where the path divided unexpectedly into two paths. Which should they take? They chose one and followed it, and it brought them against a ruinous stone wall, and ended there. They retraced their steps, but it was too dark now to find the other path. Darkness came suddenly, intense darkness, and it did not need Fauqua's exclamation to tell them that they were lost in the bush.

"You see, Fauqua he know; he done see sech places befo'. Don' try to go on; you jes hurt you'selves an' get lost worser."

Indeed Ferd had already tripped and cut his hands and face on the rocks.

"Let Fauqua try him way." The mulatto boy put both hands up to his mouth and gave a long-drawn-out "Ha I-o-o—o—o—o!"

Repeating this at short intervals, while they all stood huddled together in the darkness, at length they heard an answering shout; then another. But the voices were a long way off, and after a little the answers could hardly be heard at all.

"I think we're in for a night of it in the woods, Larry," Ferd said. "We never can find our way out of it in the dark."

"Leave it to me," Larry answered. "When you West-Indians are done trying your ways, I think I can take us all out of here in about half an hour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOTHER'S WAY.

"Do you ever find it too hot to play out-of-doors, Harry?"

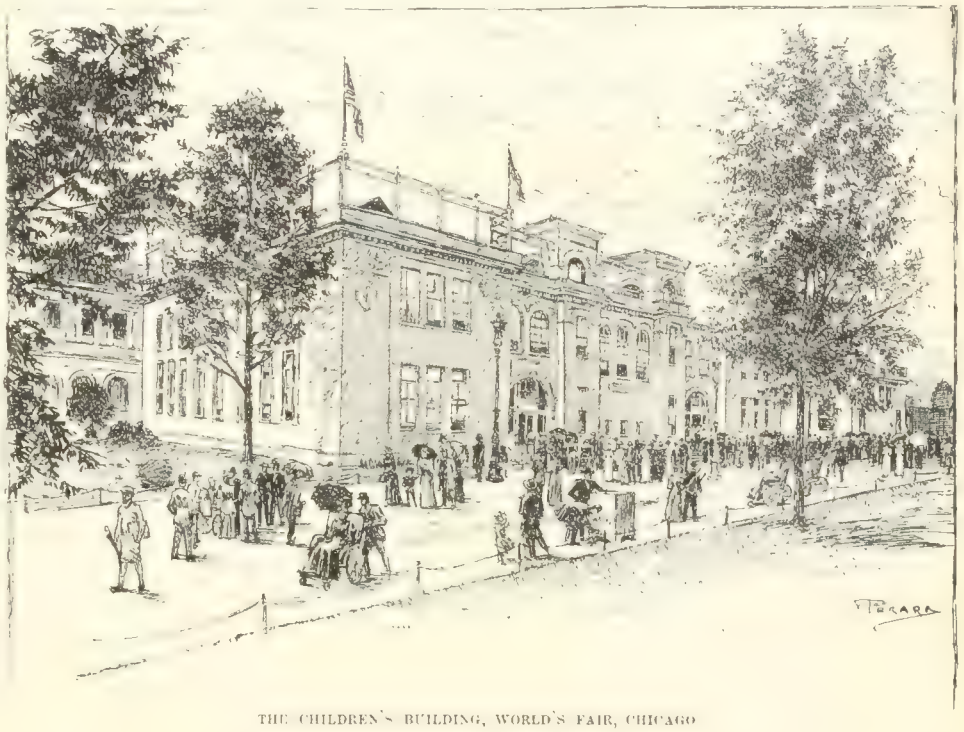
"No, I don't, but mamma does. I guess she feels it for both

THE CHILDREN'S HOME AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

THE great World's Fair at Chicago is not altogether for grown folks. The children have their own especial corner, close to the Woman's Building, a sort of House Beautiful, wherein is gathered from all parts of the earth everything that can amuse, interest, or instruct the children and their mothers. In short, the Children's Building is a combination of play-house, school-room, and nursery.

Everything which goes into this building is, however, in the nature of an exhibit, a model of its kind, and even while the children are playing they will be learning something all the time. The Kindergarten system forms the keynote of the whole, and a select corps of experienced Kindergartners, under the direction and control of the International Kindergarten Association, supervises the amusements of the little ones. For the older children there are daily lectures suited to their understanding—talks, in fact, illustrated with stereopticon views, about some foreign land, after which the children are taken to see the exhibit made by that country at the exposition. After a talk about China, for example, the audience go to see the Chinese and their exhibit; after Japan has been the subject they pay a visit to the Japs, and so on through the list. It may take more than one day to tell the children about some of the countries—Japan, for instance—but care is taken that they shall enjoy these novel lessons in geography. Moreover, there are a number of dolls made to look as much as possible like the babies of different nations, each with the costume of its own country, the small garments made to take on and off; and these dolls are dressed and undressed, so that the children and their mothers may see how people dress their babies in other parts of the world.



THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO

Miss Emily Huntington, of New York, who has done so much to perfect the system, has charge of the kitchen-garden section. All the things in use here are of children's size—tables, chairs, beds, brooms, cooking utensils, etc., large toys, in fact, with which the children may do their merry housekeeping in the pleasantest fashion. Mrs. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, has a class in sloyd, the Norwegian manual training, and shows the mothers that boys and girls with a passion for whittling can just as easily cut useful articles from wood as shavings, if they are encouraged to do so.

There are two play-grounds, one a roof garden, where on the flat surface of the roof, which is only two stories high, there are growing plants, flowers, and vines, enclosed and covered in at a height of fifteen feet with strong wire netting, so that the little ones cannot lose their toys, and are in no danger of falling. Real live birds and butterflies circle above the heads of the children in this great cage, which is a wonderful place for games of hoop and ball, and for the flying of balloons and kites.

The other play-ground is on the ground-floor of the building. Here no grown person is allowed to enter, except the attendants, although visitors are permitted to watch the little ones at play from a concealed gallery overlooking the court from the second story. This gallery also serves as a screen for musicians. Around this square are gayly trimmed booths, where toys of all nations may be obtained for the amusement of the children, and in addition to these there is a wonderful collection of mechanical toys—steam-engines, telegraphic instruments, electrical machines, photographic cameras, etc.

One of the features of the building is a crèche where young children can be left in the care of experienced nurses, who will provide for all their wants while their mothers are visiting the different departments of the exposition. This is a minor feature of the building, and the children thus cared for will be limited to a certain number each day. As one of the Lady Managers expressed it, "We have no idea of making the Children's Building a stand at which to check babies till called for." The chief object of the crèche is the instruction of the mothers, and lectures are given on all that pertains to the care of infants—diet, clothing, sanitation, physical training, and amusements for young children. Attached to the crèche are receiving-rooms for the little ones, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, a play-room, and a dormitory.

A LUCKY GAME OF CHESS.

SMALL things are sometimes very important factors in the lives of men and of nations. A chance word spoken unintentionally has often resulted in differences between rulers that have led to the overthrow of kingdoms. A mere act of ordinary kindness has been known to change what appeared to be the destiny of a man from a wretched and ignominious death to life with opportunity to make life glorious, and all within the short space of an hour. The story is that of the Moorish Prince, Abul Hejex, who was thrown into prison for sedition by his brother Muhammed, King of Granada. There he remained

permission to finish his game. He was in no hurry about the

A CURIOUS BIT OF HISTORY.

IN the reign of Louis XV. a little French girl, who was tending a cow by the road-side, and who, in spite of her humble dress and occupation, had a pretty face and an aristocratic air, attracted the attention of a great lady, the Marchioness Boulainvilliers, who was passing in her carriage. Calling the child up to her, she spoke very kindly and offered her a piece of money; but the haughty little peasant Princess drew herself up in great dudgeon, and informed the lady that her name was Jeanne de Valois, and that she was a lineal descendant of King Henry II.

The kind Marchioness questioned her on the subject of her genealogy, and found that she had it all at her tongue's end; and it ended in her taking the little cow-girl into her coach and carrying her off to Paris. There she was placed under the tuition of the best masters until she had grown to be an accomplished and beautiful young lady, when she was presented at court and her story told to the King. He settled a pension upon her, and she was married to the Count de la Motte.

Better far, however, for little Jeanne de Valois had she remained a peasant instead of encountering the temptations of court life. When Louis XVI. came to the throne, Queen Marie Antoinette was particularly kind to the young Countess, and gave her an important position near herself; but it was repaid with base ingratitude. To obtain money for her extravagance she forged the Queen's name, and got possession of a diamond necklace, which she pretended to buy for her royal benefactress. She was publicly whipped and branded on the shoulders, and then sentenced to imprisonment for life. In less than a year, however, she managed to escape from prison, and made her way to England, where she died.

An uncle of this same Jeanne de Valois was a very different character. He lived at Troyes under the shadow of the cathedral clock; and although knowing all about his family, and that he had a right to call the King "cousin," he worked merrily all day long in a little wooden dwelling, over which there was a board with a black boot painted on it, and the words, "Henry, shoe-mender to the human race."

This member of the house of Valois cared not a straw for his rights; and a detachment of the royal guards who had, through his niece, while she was in favor at court, received orders to pay him a visit with a kindly message from the King, found him surprisingly indifferent to the advantages offered him and his sons. He did not think, he said, that the boys would reflect very much honor on the family, but as that was their affair, he would accept the King's generosity for them. "I think," he added, quaintly, "that his Majesty is about doing what I do daily — to patch an old boot, which never lasts long."

Almost before the brilliant retinue had disappeared the shoe-mender was singing again, apparently without a thought for the flattering visit he had just received.

Very soon after curious "Henry" received a pension and the title of Count from his "cousin" and sovereign, with the accompanying misfortune of being obliged to resign his fascinating occupation of "shoe-mender to the human race."

His sons went into the army, and also received titles and benefits; but as the cobbler had prophesied, none of them added much to the honor of the family. Their relationship to the unprincipled Jeanne was also greatly against them, and at her downfall they sank again into obscurity. The great-grandson of the old cobbler, whose branch of the Valois family had begun in a royal cradle, was buried in the pauper cemetery of Paris.

MAARTJE AND JAAPJE.

I.

MAARTJE [illegible] girl ten years old. It would be really very difficult to tell [illegible] place whether she lived on land or water. There were a few sand mounds built upon by tiny fishing-villages; one or two gardens scattered with sunflowers; there was a chicken-coop or two; a few windmills with flapping arms; and there were some small swing bridges connecting the villages. All the rest was water, small salt ditches among the sand mounds and the wide restless sea beyond. When it rained, or when the watery bog crept over the island, one would think that the people would need a few adjustable mermaids' fins for safety.

All the inhabitants, from the pastor and burgomaster down to the smallest fisherman's son, were so well satisfied with their island that they would not have changed it for any other part of the world. They liked to live just like their remote great grandfathers. Those respectable worthies wore baggy breeches and silver button ornaments; and their wives and children wore gay caps, flowered bodices with striped sleeves to the elbows, and plaid-topped aprons.

Maartje and all her friends dressed in this quaint fashion; and even the young brides wore their great-grandmothers' wedding-gowns, and then laid the garments carefully away in chests, to be worn by brides of coming years.

Living on this far-away island, where change was so much dreaded, it is no wonder that Maartje was a quiet and staid little girl, and that one day she said to her grandmother, "I shall live here until I am one hundred years old, and nothing will ever happen."

But it is not safe to be too positive about the future, even on an island in the Zuyder Zee.

"It's nigh upon time for the boats to come in," said the old grandmother. She sat beside a large basket of shrimps in the middle of the best room of Maartje's mother's house, and as she spoke she took out a pretty pink shrimp and baited a hook which hung upon its line with many other hooks and lines of an upright frame. "How long can it be since the boats went out last?"

"Just three months, grandmother," said little Maartje from her place at the open door.

"Yes, yes, yes; just three months," and the grandmother shook her head till the blue woollen nightcap threatened to tumble off the neat white cap that was worn underneath. "It's good luck if I'll have by that time a basket of shrimps all baited on the hooks for the fisher-boys. How much shall I get for that?"

"Four cents a basket, grandmother," prompted Maartje, in reply.

"Quite right; quite right," and the blue nightcap again nodded vigorously. "The poor wives who bait their husbands' hooks don't get anything for their trouble; but I used to do that and more too for my man — may his soul rest in peace! It's the way of the world. Oh, it was fine, when I was young, to see the boats come in! Strong and strapping the men were in those days, and they made great catches of fish. You don't see such in these times, nor men nor fish. Now, there's that boy Jaapje —"

Maartje looked up quickly. "My brother Jaapje is coming home with the boats," she said, with a little note of pride and joy in her voice.

Her grandmother said nothing, but left her hooks to stir the soup in the iron pot which hung by a crane in the large tiled fireplace. On the mantel-piece stood a row of beautiful blue and white plates of old Delft ware,

and there were more plates, with cups and saucers, on the carved oaken dresser. Both the china and the rich piece of furniture were priceless heirlooms, and no one could buy them at whatever price from their place in the little low cottage.

The grandmother resumed her work and her talk at the same time. "That boy Jaapje is not like his poor dead father nor his grandfather. He has learned too much from the English who come here in these times with their curious looks and queer ways. Mark me! This learning is not good for Jaapje. Did you see how he went about with his head down and his mouth closed? There's no true Hollander that won't look you straight in the eyes; and where were Jaapje's eyes before he went out with the boats? Down, down, as if he were always shrimp-catching."

"Mother!" said a warning voice. "Maartje, go feed your chickens." And the little girl's young mother came into the room like a fresh breeze from the Zuyder Zee.

If there was one thing that Maartje enjoyed more than anything else it was feeding her chickens. "Chick! chick! chick!" she called, as she went out with a plate in her hand in glad obedience to her mother. "Come, father hen! Come, mother hen! Come, babies!" she said. And in response a handsome cock with a hen and three downy chickens came in dignified procession to their little mistress. Maartje scattered a few crumbs on the ground, and then sat in thoughtful silence. Her lips began to quiver. "Grandmother says," she began, in telling her woes to the chickens, "that Jaapje is not a good boy. Grandmother isn't kind. Grandmother says—"

How funny the chickens looked when they held up their heads and opened their mouths, as if to catch rain-water! Maartje forgot her troubles in seeing a little one ride on its mother's back, chick-a-back. What fun it would be to take one in her hand and run away to play with it! As no one said "No" to her thought, she quietly placed the plate on a bench, softly came close to the brood, and, with a sudden dart into their midst, seized the downiest chicken of all. Then what a clamor arose from the hen family! Maartje ran on without looking back, although she had not felt so excited since the last visit to the island of English visitors from Amsterdam. The little chicken wrapped in her apron was almost as soft as the English lady's fur cape which she had stroked.

"Ho, Maartje, where are you going?" called a voice behind. And looking back, she saw a boy of about her own age running to speak to her.

The wind was blowing furiously, sweeping across the sandy island as if it were running a race over all the flat fields of Holland. Maartje thought of the wind for the first time when she saw something very large and very attractive under the boy's arm. Almost every day the wind blew, but it was not every day that one could see such a beautiful kite covered with colored paper and adorned with a long string of fliers.

"Oh!" exclaimed Maartje, in a burst of admiration. And well she might be pleased, for there are no handsomer kites in the world than those made by the boys in Holland, and no better country for flying than that flat land, which has not even a fence to bar the progress of the wind.

"Where are you going, Maartje?" repeated the boy, struggling up with his kite.

"Look here," said Maartje, carefully taking the peeping chicken from the folds of her apron.

"Oh!" said the boy, in his turn surprised and pleased. "Look here, Maartje; I'll let you fly my kite for half an hour if you will let me take the chicken."

"No," said Maartje, with determination; and the two walked along in silence and perfect understanding.

"The other children are sitting on the harbor dike," said the boy, turning off towards the beach. "Good-day."

"Good-day," said Maartje.

She was not in the least surprised to hear that the children were seated on the harbor dike. It was their favorite custom to sit for hours on the dikes above the sea, gossiping together in sedate contentment. There was a particularly long row this afternoon, and their eyes were fixed so intently on the sea that they hardly noticed Maartje when she joined them.

"Hoe vaar you?" said Maartje, saying "How do you do?" in her usual dignified manner.

"Hoe vaar you?" replied the children, with equal politeness.

Maartje took a seat next to a little figure in baggy breeches; that was a girl, as a round knob at the crown of her cap indicated. On the girl's left was a boy dressed in a skirt and bodice; the next was a girl in a similar costume. It was quite impossible to tell at first glance the girls and boys in the queer row on the harbor dike, because their dress had no distinction, and all looked much alike, with light banged hair reaching the eyebrows and one long curl on each side of the face.

"We are watching for the boats," said the children.

"Have you seen them yet?" asked Maartje.

"Not yet."

Maartje produced her chicken, and for a time even the boats were forgotten in the excitement of the novel plaything. When the novelty was over, and the chicken closed its eyes and went to sleep, the talk turned upon other matters.

"I have a new pair of kloompers," said one of the little gossips, showing proudly a pair of clean wooden shoes almost heavy and solid enough to serve as small boats in the numerous ditches of the island.

"I have a new baby sister," said a little girl who was crocheting through a wooden spool.

"I wish I had a sister," was the complaint of one of the girls. "I have only two big brothers, and one bigger."

"Yes; and they tease you; and when they call you 'little sister,' you cry," said one of the larger boys, who was whittling a piece of wood into a mast for a boat.

The girl blushed and said nothing.

"I have two sisters and two brothers," was the announcement of a girl who was knitting a long woollen stocking.

"I don't think much of girls," said a little boy in petticoats. "They are always telling you not to do what you want to."

"I have only my Jaapje," said Maartje, mournfully; and then, brightening a little, "but I have five cousins, and two in Amsterdam."

"That makes seven," corrected an older girl.

"No," maintained Maartje, positively; "I have my Jaapje, and five cousins, and two in Amsterdam."

The children became silent, and looked again intently over the Zuyder Zee. It was not a deep sea nor a large one, but it could rise into dangerous waves with storms as furious as those on the great North Sea itself. Its yellow-gray waves were being lashed now into an angry blue with a line of black at the horizon.

"It is time for the boats," said one of the older girls.

At the edge of the harbor two boys were flying kites, and one boy was sailing a wooden shoe as a boat, with a small mast stuck in the toe. The children on the dike did not look on the beach. Their thoughts were with their fathers and brothers on the boats at sea.

Suddenly a boy jumped up and began to run down the dike. "The boats! the boats!" he cried.

A little girl followed quickly, calling back the joyful news, "The boats have come in!"

Soon all the line except Maartje had left the dike. Her attention had been so absorbed in her chicken that at first she was surprised to find herself alone; but with one glance at the sea she too was convinced, and jumping



"CHICK! CHICK! CHICK!" SHE CALLED. "COME, FATHER HEN! COME, MOTHER HEN! COME, BABIES!"

up, ran down the dike. "The boats are in, and Jaapje is coming home!" was the glad song in her heart.

From all parts of the island women, children, and old men were hurrying to the harbor. It was wonderful that all had heard the good news so soon.

Slowly and gracefully the fishing-boats with their orange and brown sails glided over the waters to the low sandy shore. The joyful crowd on the beach watched the lowering of the sails and the steady movement of the oars as the sturdy sailors, familiar figures in brown breeches and blouses fastened with silver buttons, easily propelled the heavy fleet into safety.

Oh, it was a great catch of fish! The women were sure of that, and with strong arms they pulled at the ropes which would make the boats fast and sure at last. Holland hearts beat warmly, though it is the custom for wives and sisters to greet their husbands and brothers only with dignified hand-shaking.

All were at home. Are any missing?

Why does Maartje wander restlessly to and fro from one group to the other?

"Where is my Jaapje?" she asked over and over with trembling voice.

There were eager questions and answers, followed by low murmuring, in a group of which Maartje's mother was the centre. Every one seemed to have forgotten the little girl, but she could hear such chance phrases as "Jaapje," "Ran away when we lay at anchor," "Heard afterwards that he was safe," "Gone off." And then Maartje saw her mother put her apron over her head, waive off all interference, and run like a wild bird to her home.

Maartje trembled. "Where is my Jaapje?" she wailed; and the chicken fell out of her hand, unheeded.

"Don't you see he isn't here?" answered a sailor; and then, with the kind impulse which all Hollanders feel towards children: "Don't cry, little one. He isn't dead. He ran away."

"He is coming back again," said Maartje, with stern indignation.

"Oh, you know that, do you?" said the sailor.

"Of course he is coming back," sobbed Maartje, and she held her head proudly. "Jaapje is a good boy, and if he ran away, it was because he thought it was right. But he didn't think — I know that he didn't think how hard — how hard —" And here Maartje broke down.

The sailor felt something in his eyes that was not the moisture of the sea, and hurriedly put his hand into his pocket to find something amusing — a button or a sea-shell — for Maartje; but she turned away without waiting for sympathy, and stooped over the fluttering chicken.

"Poor little thing," she said. "Did you run away from home, and is your mother crying?"

Taking up the chicken tenderly, she ran towards home, repeating over and over, "Jaapje will come back. I know that he will come back."

When she reached her home she went directly to her chickens. "Mother hen, here's the runaway," she said, carefully putting down the chicken and then going home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW DICK GOT HIS DEER.

BY SUSAN MORRELL.

DICK thought Tom perfection, and tried to be another Tom in miniature. This was not so hard as it might seem, considering that the hero was twenty-one and the hero-worshipper twelve, for they both had pert noses, blue eyes, and yellow hair. Dick walked with Tom's college swagger and used Tom's college slang—this latter at the risk of getting some rather stinging lectures from his father, and, worse yet, being sent away from the table in the very midst of dessert. He talked about pretty girls with manly superiority, and wore his hair parted in the middle and long in the football season because Tom did. He longed for the honor of breaking his leg in a hurdle-race, even after he was told "it hurt like thunder." He made himself ill smoking Tom's strong pipes, and had to be deprived of his allowance for a month.

But, above all—the swagger, the slang, and the strong pipes—Dick admired Tom's prowess as a hunter. During the three or four summers the Bertrams had spent in their Adirondack camp no partridges had the delicious flavor of the partridges Tom shot, no venison tasted so good as the venison they owed to him.

In the dining-room in their city home hung a deer's beautiful head. Tom had shot the animal the summer before, and the head, with its graceful antlers, had been mounted and hung up there against the dark wall, its slender neck curving proudly, and the large glass eyes seeming to follow one reproachfully. Dick used to stand and look at it, and wonder how he would feel if he could tell every one he had shot it. Tom said "shooting deer was too easy sport." He had a lofty ambition, and wanted to kill tigers; but Dick thought if he could bring down a deer he would be perfectly happy. His mother told him once he should be sorry the pretty creature had been deprived of its life, and after a moment Dick had replied, thoughtfully, "I ain't."

With the long vacation Tom came home from college. Dick told him his ambition, and the elder brother delighted his heart by saying:

"All right, kid. We'll see if you can spot one."

How the month of July dragged, even in that delightful Adirondack camp! Dick fished, but his fishing was so tame, and his flies always insisted upon catching upon all the neighboring trees and bushes. He shot at a target a good deal to get his hand in, but after he had killed most of the chickens and lamed a cow for life, his father told him they could get along without any more funerals that summer, and he had better stop. It hurt Dick's feelings to be spoken to in that manner, but Tom soothed him, stroked his hair the wrong way with a kind hand, and told him he was getting a "rattling muscle."

August came at last, and the "law on deer" was "off." During June and July they had been protected by the fine imposed upon those who shot them. But now any one—the guests at the high-priced hotels, the guides, the berry-picker—any one who was an inhabitant or visitor of these regions and possessed fire-arms could at least have his chance at shooting the pretty creatures. The poor animals could no longer come down to drink from the streams flowing into the lake or feed on the lily-pads with safety. Numberless hunters were lying in wait for them at their favorite feeding-grounds. Tom's friends—two or three college men who had accepted Mrs. Bertram's invitation for August—spent most of their nights on the water "jacking," and tried to be cheerful and wide awake in the daytime.



"NOW," SHOUTED TOM

"I'll take you out jacking to-night, kid, if you want to go," said Tom, as he came in late to breakfast one morning.

Dick choked over his glass of milk, and when he stopped coughing, gave a yell which would not have disgraced a

"Shoot myself!" returned Dick, with indignant scorn. "I guess you don't know [illegible]"

"We [illegible] do my boy. Every one of them that has occurred for the last month has been full of your [illegible]"

"I couldn't help it if they got in the way," protested the young hunter.

"Don't let him take cold, Tom, or get wet, and *do* be careful with the gun," came anxiously from behind the coffee-urn.

"Oh, he's tough! Dick's no muff! Are you, Dick? He won't take cold. He will only get awfully uncomfortable with [illegible]" Billie, Tom's roommate at college, looked up with a pitying smile.

"Oh, now he will wish he was in bed by the time he has been there an hour!" said he. "You won't be so anxious to go another time, my young friend."

Dick replied briefly but decisively, "Betcher!"

And his father then remarked, "Richard, if you cannot use more refined language, I think you had better go to your room."

"All right, sir," was the meek answer, and he smiled boldly at Tom's grin and disrespectful wink.

As soon as breakfast was finished, Dick took his rifle out behind the house and blazed away at an impromptu target. He was going to use Tom's shot-gun that night; he had never been allowed to touch it before; he believed it kicked. When his hunting expedition was a thing of the past he would write to all the fellows and tell them how he shot the "finest buck of the season."

He scarcely dared go to luncheon for fear his mother would weaken, and tell him she could not let him go that night. His heart jumped into his throat when Billie began to reminisce, in a gloomy manner, about *his* jacking experiences. He always thought Billie a very fine fellow, but it was shabby to talk about the cold, the darkness, and a dozen discomforts and dangers. Dick slighted his favorite dishes, that he might leave the table sooner. There was a worried expression about his mother's face which he did not like, so he went and hid in the stables, and felt that for the present, at least, he was safe.

At dinner he felt more confident, and when Tom came in huddled up in his "sweater" and two or three extra coats, his joy knew no bounds.

"It is a fine night for them," said Tom—"dark and mild."

Dick thought he was not very enthusiastic. Of course Tom was perfection, but he might drawl a little less on this particular occasion.

"Oh, my dear little boy, how cold you will get!" lamented Mrs. Bertram. "To think my boy is old enough to— Shall I get you my thick shawl?"

"No, mother. He must have his arms free to shoot. Here's your sweater, kid. Now, then, look sharp. We must hurry to get up to the Outlet."

"Oh, you are not going 'way up there?"

"Yes, 'um. No chance any nearer the hotels or camps Here is your overcoat. Got your hat? Come on."

The quiet, somewhat stern father, with sympathy shining in his eyes, and the tender mother followed them down to the landing. A guide had pulled the boat (long, narrow, and pointed at both bow and stern) down from its rack in the boat-house, and was sitting across the bow to steady it.

Dick jumped in gleefully, and stumbled over the jack; then seating himself, lifted it tenderly. It was to help him find his deer. It felt heavy in his hands. He did not realize how heavy it would feel on his head. It was a queer thing—a crown of tin, lined with a band [illegible] th an unwieldy structure [illegible] When this is lighted and placed on the head of the hunter, a deer seeing the light, startled [illegible] to see the enemy behind its brilliance, stands motionless, staring, until too often it is brought down by a bullet.

Tom lazily took his place in the bow, and they were off, their mother's parting directions following them for a time over the water. The paddle splashed softly, and Dick, lying back in the stern, felt that he had indeed started to climb the highest peak of his ambition.

One of the [illegible] at least take a "dime" book once. It was *Diamond Dan, or The Bloody Butchers of Dead Men's Gulch.* He envied Dan at the time; he was so brave, killed so many desperadoes, and managed to grow rich in such an incredibly short time. Now Dick envied him not at all; he felt quite as important with Tom's shot-gun across his knees and the jack at his feet. Tom asked him if he felt "shaky," and he answered "No," and further begged to know what Tom "took him for," anyway.

"Well, I don't know; older fellows than you get the buck-fever sometimes," said the careless older brother, bringing his paddle out of the water with a jerk which sent the narrow boat quivering forward.

"Buck-fever! What's that?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"Stage-fright, youngster. You shake; you can't see the sights; you can hear your teeth rattle, and the gun is about as steady as if you had the shaking palsy."

Dick was silent for a moment, struck dumb by the fear that he would be afflicted by this awful disease. Then he ventured, "Did you ever have it, Tom?"

"*Did* I? Well!" was the encouraging reply. "You'll have it, kid. But never mind; just shut your eyes and shoot, and you may get him."

The boat ran up the soft beach at the mouth of the outlet soon after, and Dick's meditation was brought to a close. Tom ceased paddling and held the boat, while the young aspirant for fame picked his way gingerly to the bow, and seated himself with his face over the water, and his legs tucked away in the smallest compass possible. The jack was lighted, and he placed it firmly on his head, over his soft cap. Then taking the shot-gun, and holding it across his knees, his fears of buck-fever and doubts of his prowess vanished, and he felt a great deal larger than Tom, with his six feet of height.

In the mean time the big brother had taken his place in the stern, and the boat was gliding along under the quiet strength of his paddle as silently as if it belonged to the spirit world. Into the narrow outlet they turned, the dark trees on either side seeming to advance and retreat weirdly as the light from the lantern fell upon them. There were numberless rustling of leaves and cracking of boughs back in the woods, and now and then the cry of some night-bird, sounding very loud and very near, made Dick's heart leap into his throat. He rather wished he could turn around to look at Tom, but he had been warned not to move. Of course he knew Tom was there, he could hear the water drip from his paddle as it was lifted and carried back; but still, it would be so much pleasanter to watch the paddler's face, rather than these dreadful woods, from which some awful unheard-of animal might appear at any moment. The fallen trees, too, which had stretched their branches out into the water, assumed all kinds of ghostly shapes, merely to frighten him, of course.

Splash! Splash! There was a dreadful commotion in the water near the boat. It broke the silence with an unwarning sharpness which was startling.

"Waugh!" cried the brave hunter.

"Only a musk-rat," whispered Tom.

"Only a what?" asked Dick, quite overjoyed to hear

his own voice and his brother's, and hoping to prolong the conversation.

"Musk-rat! Shut up!" came back, briefly and savagely.

Dick sighed. After all, jacking wasn't much fun. His head drooped wearily under the heavy jack; he ached from head to foot in his cramped position, and, moving uneasily, brought up against the confining sides of the boat. The damp chill rising in mists from the water penetrated his clothing. He thought of his room and his bed—oh, how his mind lingered on that bed! He might be tucked in, kissed, and sound asleep now, instead of holding his gun across his knees, dividing his time between a panic at the thought of seeing a ghost and the fear that he would fall asleep.

Harry Dermott said he saw a ghost once. It had gory locks and gibbered. Harry is a terrible fibber, though, was the more comforting thought which came next. "He always says he hasn't whispered in school, when he does it more than any other fellow in the class. He says he doesn't whisper, he talks."

Dick jumped and grew colder. What was that white thing perched on the dead branch overhanging the water, its head between its shoulders, its solemn dazed eyes full upon him. As he looked, it flapped a pair of wings and flew away, making a good deal of noise for a minute.

"What is it?" quavered Dick.

"Owl," whispered the uncommunicative paddler.

"A white owl, wasn't it?" asked Dick.

"No. Shut up!"

But the sound of his own voice was too musical to be resisted, and Dick continued. "It looked white, I'm sure."

"*Shut up!*" came with some emphasis from the stern, and they went on their way in silence.

After a little the jack dropped still more, and Dick's eyes almost closed. He braced up bravely, and battled sturdily with sleep, the cold and his aching bones helping him. He was growing so weary that he felt he must soon lay down his pride, and beg Tom to let him stretch and go home, when he felt the boat swerve to one side, and from the stern came the whisper,

"To the right."

They crept on stealthily and silently. Dick could see nothing yet, but heard the splash of hoofs in shallow water, and the crunching of the lily-pads on which some animal was feeding. Then they rounded another curve, passed a clump of high bushes, and were in a little cove within a few rods of a dark form, its side turned towards them. Up went Dick's gun.

"Hold on!" whispered Tom, sharply, and they crept up cautiously nearer and nearer to the deer. It raised its small head, and the eyes turned upon the dazzling light resembled the lighted ends of two cigars more than anything else Dick could think of. He began to shake, and his collar grew tight. Oh, horror! was he going to have buck-fever? He thought of Tom—how disappointed he would be if he (Dick) missed now! He thought how his father and mother would pity him. Then he took the other view. If he did get it, how all the fellows would envy him! How big he would feel as he showed the head to them hanging in the dining-room at home by the side of the head of Tom's deer. These thoughts recalled his courage. Dick's arms grew steady, his head cool, and he glared back defiantly into those red coals of eyes. After a moment the deer, in a sudden panic, turned, gave a shrill whistle, and splashed back towards the woods.

"Now!" shouted Tom. At the same moment a loud report awakened a thousand echoes, and Dick, feeling as if some one had punched him very hard in the shoulder, tumbled over on his back in the bottom of the boat, with the gun on top of him, and his feet in the air. The jack had fallen off and gone out, so it was in pitch darkness that he heard the labored breathing and staggering steps of his poor victim, as it dragged its way up the bank and into the woods. For a moment the underbrush snapped and rustled under its tread, then there was a heavy crash, and all was still.

"Good! Why, kid, you're a daisy! You got him! Bigger than mine, I bet a hat! You'll be President of the United States yet if you keep on like this."

"Did I really get him? Is he dead?" asked Dick, not endeavoring to regain his feet, while Tom was frantically shoving the boat to the shore.

"Get him? Of course you got him. Gave it him slam under the shoulder. Couldn't have done it better if you had been at it all your life. He ought to be proud to be brought down like that by such a kid. Here, give me the jack."

The boat had run ashore, and Tom, jumping out, relighted the lantern, and crashed into the woods, peering about for traces of blood. Dick picked himself up and followed, grinning broadly, into the darkness. A few steps further on Tom knelt, and Dick, joining him, looked down on his deer. A feeling of pity mingled with his delight, keeping him from indulging in any extravagant demonstrations of glee. It was a fine buck. A little bloody spot in its soft fur marked the place where the charge from the gun had entered. Its glazing eyes seemed to gaze reproachfully into Dick's as Tom raised its limp head, and the boy shrank back. Its tongue lolled from between the closed jaws, to which still clung shreds of the lily-pads upon which it had been feeding.

"I'm awful sorry," quavered Dick.

Tom patted his shoulder. "Nonsense," said he; "the next man who came along would have killed him. It is larger than mine, too, kid. Just see his antlers; aren't they beauties?"

They were indeed, though still in the "velvet"—that is, covered with a short soft fur, which, though harder to preserve, is more beautiful than the hard, winter form.

"Poor thing!" sighed Dick, in a very unsportsmanlike mood.

"He didn't know what struck him. It didn't hurt him. Think of Billie. Won't he be wild! I'm proud of you; indeed I am. Think of the fellows at home. You'll be cock of the walk," said Tom, cheeringly.

Together they dragged the heavy body down to the shore, and managed, after shipping a great deal of water, to get it into the boat. Dick took his old place in the stern, wrapped up in Tom's sweater, and stretching his cramped legs, leaned back luxuriously. Watching the glow of Tom's pipe, and lulled by the monotonous splash of the paddle, he dreamily imagined himself telling his story to the "fellows," with lordly indifference, as if he thought nothing of it. Then his thoughts grew disconnected. Tom's pipe fades slowly, the motion of the boat rocks him gently, the water rippling away from its bow is the lullaby his mother used to sing when he was a baby—a sense of utter comfort, both mental and bodily, steals over him, and the successful sportsman falls asleep.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A LITTLE English boy, according to a newspaper published in London, went some years ago to the dentist's to have some of his "first" teeth extracted. After they were out the little fellow felt very unhappy about his loss, when the dentist, to comfort him, said, "Oh, never mind about that; they'll come in again."

"In time for dinner?" asked the little boy, his face clearing.

DOROTHY DUDLEY'S BIRTHDAY

DOROTHY DUDLEY was to have a birthday the next day, and she was very glad, for she had had so few birthdays that each one was a great novelty. The last one she could remember was when she was a very little girl. She was quite grown up then, and her papa and mamma had given her some beautiful presents; but now she was at Long Lake, Michigan, where she had come with her father and mother and her brother and sisters to spend the summer in a log cabin, in a little settlement of log cabins, where some of their friends were living. The cabin was just on the border of Long Lake, but in every other direction there was a forest of pine-trees around it. It did not look much like a place where one could get birthday presents. Dorothy had thought of this, and yesterday when her mamma said, "My dear, we are so far from the shops that we can't give you any presents this year," the little girl felt very sorry.

"It won't seem much like a birthday, mamma, without any presents," she said, in a subdued voice. "Will it be very different from other days?"

"Yes, for you can go to walk in the woods with papa and Katherine, and Helen and Prescott, and Mr. Grey and Ruby and Herbert."

"I wish that the trees were fairy-trees, and that birthday presents grew on them," Dorothy said.

"I wish we could see some fairies," said her sister Helen, who was even smaller than she was.

"I wonder if perhaps there aren't a few fairies left in the forest?" said Katherine, who was a year and a half older than Dorothy. "The woods are so dark, and the pine-trees are so tall and thick, that it seems as if far back in the woods where there aren't any log houses there might be some fairies."

The next morning when Dorothy awoke she remembered with joy that it was her birthday, but this glad feeling was quickly followed by a pang of disappointment when she recollected that she was not to have any presents. Just then she felt something hard under her pillow, and she pulled out a long shiny yellow thing.

"It is a trumpet! A golden trumpet!" she exclaimed to Katherine in excitement. "And here are some verses all written on birch bark. Read them, Katherine; you can read faster than I can."

And Katherine read:

> Dear little Dorothy, while you are sleeping
> Out of the forest the fairies are creeping,
> To bring you a trumpet all gold with gold,
> All gold with gold, behold! behold!
>
> We come from the King and his beautiful daughter
> Who live in a tree-tent on the edge of the water
> To bring you a trumpet all gold with gold,
> All gold with gold, behold! behold!
>
> From dangers that threaten the King will defend you,
> If lost in the forest he bids us find you,
> If cold and a-hungry, he bids us feed you
> Your trumpet of gold sound! sound!

"There *are* fairies in this wood, I knew there were," Katherine said in triumph.

"They must have heard what I said yesterday," said Dorothy, "and so they brought me this lovely birthday present. I am going to blow on it right straight off now."

But her mamma, who came in just then, said that she must only use the trumpet when she was lost in the woods or in danger.

"Oh, mamma, can't we go to walk in the woods and get lost directly after breakfast, please?" she asked.

"You can go to walk very soon after breakfast, dear," her mamma said.

About ten o'clock they started on their expedition. First came Dorothy's papa with Ruby's papa, and after them followed all the children. Dorothy ran on ahead proudly, with her golden trumpet fast in her papa's hand. She held her golden trumpet fast in her other hand, and she kept saying to herself, "I hope we'll get lost in the wood, I hope we'll get lost in the wood."

They soon came to a path that led into the dark, sombre forest. The pines were so tall that their tops seemed far, far away, and the wind sighed. Dorothy wondered if the fairies lived like the birds in the high tree-tops, but when she looked up she could see nothing but green boughs making a pattern against the sky, which was very blue, except in one direction, where there were a few soft white clouds. There was no sound in the forest save the sighing of the wind through the pines, the chirping of the insects, and the twittering of the birds. Dorothy thought that the fairies must be quiet folk who seldom talked.

The children and their fathers went on for a long way, picking berries and ferns, and going farther and farther into the depths of the woods. At last Dorothy's papa said, "It is about time to go home."

"Yes," said Ruby's father, as he turned down a path to the left.

"That is not the right way," said Dorothy's father. "We take the other path."

They disputed a little, and then tried first one path and then the other, but neither was the right one.

"Oh," cried Dorothy, joyously, "we are lost! we are lost! May I blow my trumpet now?"

"Not yet," said her papa; "we don't want to trouble the fairies unless it is necessary."

"If we are really, truly lost forever," said little Helen, "we shall get very hungry."

"We can live on blueberries and raspberries," Katherine suggested.

"Unless the bears should eat us," Ruby said.

"I should like to see a bear," Dorothy said. "Bears are almost as interesting as fairies."

They wandered about for some time longer, but were only more and more hopelessly bewildered. At last the children were so tired that they sat down on a log to rest. Dorothy still held her trumpet firmly clasped in her hand. "Now may I blow it, papa?" she asked again.

"Not yet; I am going to try once more, and see if I can discover the way out." Presently he came back. "I can't find any road," he reported.

"Hush! what is that noise?" asked Katherine.

As she spoke, the sound of low music came from a distance through the trees.

"It sounds like a flute," said her father. "It must be the King's flute. He must be near us in the forest, and they say he never plays when he comes alone. The beautiful Princess must be with him."

Dorothy sprang up in her excitement, and clapped her hands.

One tune followed another, and the music sounded so wild and mysterious coming from the depths of the woods that little Prescott began to cry.

When Dorothy saw his tears, she took up her trumpet, and said: "Papa, please let me blow my trumpet now. Please, *please*."

"You may blow it now."

She blew a long shrill blast which echoed through the forest. Scarcely had the sound ceased when there appeared at a little distance two graceful fairies, who stepped so lightly that they hardly seemed to touch the ground. One was dressed in fluffy pink and the other in fluffy white. They held gold wands in their hands, and they wore golden slippers on their feet. They had flaxen hair, which was so long that it came to the hems of their short skirts. They wore white veils, which hid their features somewhat, but one could see that they were very beautiful.

"Oh," said Dorothy, catching her breath, "how lovely they are! But I want to see their faces. Won't you take off your veils, dear fairies?"

They shook their heads.

"Can't you speak?"

Once more they shook their heads, and the nearer Dorothy ran to them the farther they glided away, stepping backward gently but swiftly.

"Are you good fairies?" asked Dorothy's papa.

They nodded.

"Have you come to show us the way out of the forest?"

Again they said yes in their mute fashion.

"Will you show us how to get to the King and the beautiful Princess?"

"They will! they will!" cried Dorothy, joyously.

Then her papa said, "Beautiful fairies, lead the way."

They waved their wands and walked backward slowly, while the children followed. There was a hill in front of them, and Dorothy was eager to see what was on the other side of it; but, alas! when she reached the top there was nothing to be seen but a green valley, with another hill beyond. Surely the King and the beautiful Princess must be on the other side of that other hill! Dorothy ran up swiftly and was the first to get to the top.

"They're here! they're here!" she called back.

The other children quickly scrambled up after her.



"IT IS A TRUMPET! A GOLDEN TRUMPET!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

"Oh, how beautiful! How splendid! They are just like Kings and Princesses in picture books," they said.

The royal personages had evidently come a long way, for the King was mounted on a coal-black horse, and the Princess rode on a white pony. The children had never seen anything so magnificent as the harnesses, for they were brilliant with golden stars, and the bits and bridles were also of gold. The King had a long flaxen beard and flaxen hair. He wore a red mantle trimmed with ermine, and there were a gold crown on his head and a great golden medal on his breast. He looked very martial and kingly as he quieted his prancing steed. The Princess was in royal purple, and her dress was thickly spangled with gold stars. Her hair was the same shade as her father's, and it was very long, and hung down nearly to the ground. She too had a gold crown on her fair locks; but it was smaller than his, because she was only a Princess. The King stopped playing his flute when Dorothy appeared, and he waited silently until all the children, even the smallest ones, had reached the hill-top. Then he spoke.

"I am glad to welcome you all," he said, and his manner was cordial and courteous. "I was grieved when I heard the sound of the horn in the forest, for I knew it must mean that some one was lost or affrighted, and I speedily sent my fairies to bring the stray waifs."

"Thank you so very, very much," said Dorothy.

"Some little girl has a birthday to-day," the King said, looking at her thoughtfully.

"Yes," Dorothy said, eagerly.

"What is her name?"

"Dorothy Dudley."

"Dorothy Dudley, come forward."

Dorothy stepped forward fearlessly, clasping the trumpet in her hand. She stood bravely in front of the coal-black charger, and looked up in the King's kind face, for she knew that he was a good King, and that he would not let his horse harm her.

"Should you like a birthday feast?" asked the King.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" Dorothy answered.

Then he told her that a repast had been spread for him and the Princess on the edge of the lake, but that they had just received news which would take them back to their palace many leagues away. "If you like, you can stay with your friends, Dorothy, and have the feast for your birthday feast," he said.

"How lovely; but I wish that you and the Princess could eat the feast with us."

Then the beautiful Princess leaned forward, and put a garland on Dorothy's head, and the King said that this was because it was her birthday.

"What a pretty wreath," said Dorothy. "And how nice it will be to have a birthday feast, only I wish my mamma and Baby Caroline, and Ruby's mamma and Mary, and Gerald and *everybody* could come to it and see the fairies."

"The fairies can bring them," said the King. "Beautiful fairies, wave your wands."

Then, as the fairies came slowly forward, the King and the Princess rode swiftly away into the depths of the dark sombre forest. The children watched them, until the last gleam of their golden crowns and the last flutter of the royal-purple habit and the red cloak were lost in the dense green of the distance. Then the children turned, to follow the fairies. They led the way to the edge of the lake. There in a summer-house were Dorothy's mamma, with Baby Caroline in her arms, Ruby's mamma, and several more papas and mammas, as well as all the older children. The feast was spread on a table covered with ferns, evergreens, and flowers.

d waving their wands.

before he could reach her. Gently they glided away, and in another moment they also saw the King and the Princess seated in the depths of the forest.

It was a delicious feast, and everybody was merry and happy. Dorothy felt very sorry when she saw the great red sun get ready to go into his bed of clouds that night, because she knew that it meant that she too must go to her little bed, and that her happy day was over.

She took her golden trumpet to bed with her that night, and she and Katherine staid awake a long time to talk about the happy day.

"It was curious that the King and Princess should have just the same things to eat that we have," Dorothy said, in a sleepy voice. "I didn't suppose that Kings and Princesses ate ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs."

"It only shows," said Katherine, "that Kings and Princesses are very like other people."

"The fluffy pink fairy was the prettiest," said Dorothy; "she looked ever so much like Herbert's sister."

"I liked the white one best," said Katherine, "because she looked so much like Mary, only that she had flaxen hair. I wish they had taken off their veils."

"Oh!" said Dorothy, with a long drawn sigh of delight, "I wish every little girl could have a birthday in the woods where there are fairies and Kings and Princesses; for a birthday in the woods is so much nicer than other birthdays."

SIGNALLING AT SEA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

YEARS ago when two ships sighted one another at sea they would run close enough to permit of conversation between the officers. In these days of hurry and record-breaking, ships do not stop to "speak" one another. They exchange signals and in a few minutes are out of sight. Thousands of persons who have crossed the ocean have never seen signalling at sea, and many who have seen it did not know what was going on. Very few, except mariners and yachtsmen, know what sea signals look like. The fact is, however, that the ordinary means of communication are by flags. These are made and used according to what is called the International Code of Signals. It was adopted in 1857, and was then called the Commercial Code. It is now in use by the leading maritime powers of the world, and ships whose officers and crews would not understand each other's language can communicate by it. There are eighteen of these flags, and each one represents a letter. Four of them are pennants (long flags, one is a burgee (swallow-tailed flag), and the others are square. There is also an answering pennant used to signify that the signals are understood.

The various flags are as follows: B, a red burgee; C, a white pennant bearing a red ball; D, a blue pennant bearing a white ball; F, a red pennant with a white ball; G, a pennant half yellow and half blue; H, a square flag half red and half white; J, a square flag having upper and lower stripes of blue and a middle one of white; K, [illegible] L, a square flag divided [illegible] and two blue; M, a blue [illegible] N, a blue and white checker



board flag; P, a blue flag with a white square in the centre; Q, solid yellow; R, red with a yellow cross; S, white with a blue square in the centre; T, red, white, and blue perpendicular stripes; V, white with a red cross; W, blue border enclosing a white square with a red square in its centre; answering pennant, red and white perpendicular stripes.

The letters represented by these flags are employed in a cipher to convey messages which are printed in the signal-book. For instance, D S K means, "Do you come from any port putting you in quarantine?" The signals are read from the top downward, and may consist of one, two, three, or four flags. The different combinations are classified as follows: Single-flag signals are the code pennant, the white pennant (C) meaning "Yes," and the blue pennant (D) meaning "No." Two-flag signals are of three kinds. Those with the burgee (B) uppermost are attention or demand signals; with a pennant uppermost, compass signals; with a square flag uppermost, urgent, danger, or distress signals. Three-flag signals are called "general," and include all ordinary topics, such as passengers, navigation, buoys, time, weather, latitude, etc. Four-flag signals are of four kinds. Those with the burgee uppermost are geographical; those with the pennant C, D, or F up are called spelling and vocabulary signals, and their meaning must be sought for under an alphabetical arrangement in the signal-book; those with the blue and yellow pennant G up are names of men of war; and those with a square flag at the top are names of merchant vessels and yachts. The number of combinations that can be made out of these eighteen flags is 78,642, so that almost every conceivable subject can be covered. Now let me give you some examples of the various combinations as classified:

Two-flag signal, with burgee up—attention or demand: B D—"What ship is that?"

Two-flag, pennant up—compass signal: G T—"North by west."

Two-flag, square flag up—urgent, danger, or distress: N M—"I am on fire." P C—"Want assistance; mutiny." (N C is the general signal of distress and need of help.)

Three-flag—general: P Q H—"Tell my owner ship answers remarkably well." G L C—"What was the last latitude you obtained?"

Four-flag, burgee up—geographical: B N C W—"Moreton Bay."

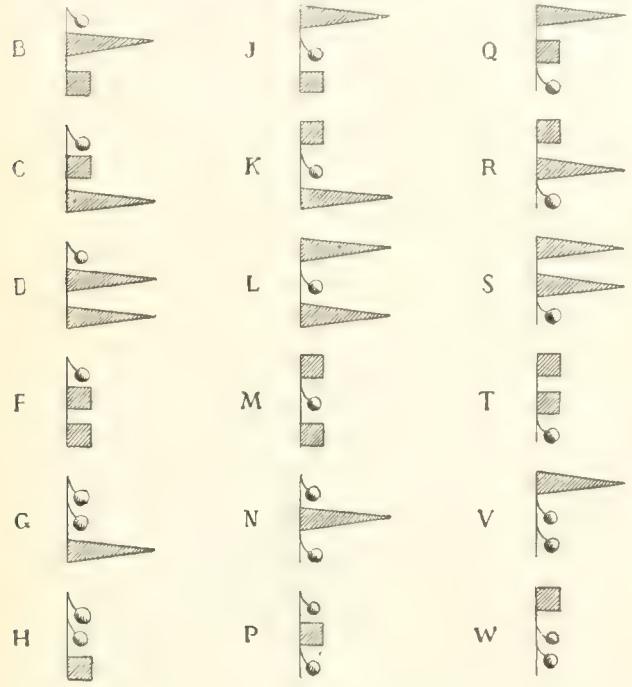
Four-flag, pennant G up—names of men-of-war: G T V R—"H M S *Sultan*."

Four-flag, square flag up—names of merchant vessels and yachts: H M J Q—"Schooner yacht *Dauntless*." K C M N—"Steam yacht *Electra*."

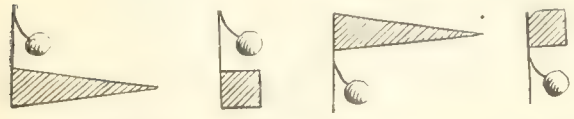
Four-flag, pennant C, D, or F up—spelling and vocabulary: D N R K—"What is the premium of insurance?"

In case the weather is hazy or the ships are so far apart

that colors cannot be distinguished, the distance code is used. These signals are made with balls (or anything that looks like a ball at a distance), square flags, and pennants. As the *shape* is what signifies, the flags may be of any color. The letters of this code are the same as those of the flag code—B, C, D, F, G, H, J, K, L, M, N, P, Q, R, S, T, V, W—but they are represented differently. Here they are:



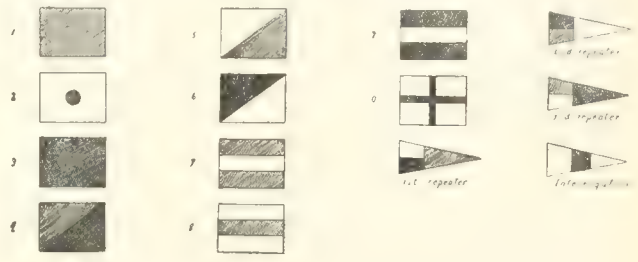
The reader will notice that every one of these letters contains at least one ball, so that the moment a ship hoists one of them the officers of another ship will see that she is using the distance code. The letter G of this code, however, means, "Cannot distinguish your flags; come nearer or make distance signals." In addition to the above letter combinations the distance code contains the following four special signals:



You are running into danger. Fire or leak. Want immediate assistance. Short of provisions. Starving. Aground. Want immediate assistance.

The signal-book contains the explanation of all the possible signals, and in its second part has the vocabulary and index by which the person making signals is guided. In other words, when you wish to receive a message, you use Part I.; to send a message, Part II. Those of the readers of this article who live near any port of entry will often see the four-flag signals with the square flag up, for vessels entering port usually fly them in order that they may be reported by telegraph. The two and three flag signals are seen only at sea. Passengers on ocean steamers sometimes see them, but of course without the signal-book cannot read them. They might, however, if they wished, know whether a distress signal had been shown. When the steamer *Umbria* was disabled at sea last winter, and the *Gallia* of the same line steamed away after exchanging signals with her, there was great indignation among the *Umbria's* passengers. For weeks after they reached port they were engaged in discussing the case and in writing letters to the papers; but there was no evidence that a single passenger aboard either ship knew whether the *Umbria* had asked assistance or not, for not one had noticed how many signal flags she hoisted. If any one could have said positively that she showed a two-flag signal with a square flag uppermost, the question would have been settled. Of course the officers of both vessels kept their counsel.

There is another set of signal flags of which something may as well be said, for in these days of public interest in the navy anything that pertains to war-vessels is worth describing. The set of flags to which I refer is the series used for naval fleet signals. They are wholly different from the international code, and instead of representing letters they stand for numbers. Here they are:



The numeral 1 is represented by solid red; 2, by yellow with a black ball in the centre; 3, by solid blue; 4, by a red and blue flag divided diagonally, the red uppermost; 5, white and red; 6, blue and white; 7, two red stripes and one white; 8, two white stripes and one red; 9, two blue stripes and one white; 0, a white flag with a blue cross. In case it is necessary to repeat a number, as in hoisting 141, one of the repeaters is used. They are distinguished by the color of the pointed part—first repeater, red; second, white; third, blue. The answering pennant is like that of the international code, and there is an interrogation pennant consisting of two white stripes with a blue one between them. The navy fleet signal-book contains the key to each hoist. Many thousands of combinations, of course, may be made, but it is always easy to read the flags. The reader will note that the system of coloring is an aid to the memory. The series—red, white, and blue—constantly recurs. Strictly speaking, No. 2 should be a plain white flag, but such a flag will not show at a distance, and so yellow is used with a black ball to accentuate it. But the leading color always gives the number. Thus the first three flags are (supposedly) solid red, white, and blue. The next three are divided diagonally, and the upper color decides the number thus: 4, red; 5, white; 6, blue. Then come three striped flags, and the prevailing color again tells the tale, thus: 7, red; 8, white; 9, blue. The hoists are read from the top down. Here are some examples from the special code used by the naval reserve in the Columbian naval parade in New York Harbor:

29 Squadron right turn.
12 Wings right and left front into line.
21 Gun salute.
23 Cease firing.

We had a fleet of sixteen vessels in addition to our flag-vessel, and our commander gave seventy-eight fleet signals in the course of the day. Every one was properly understood and obeyed. In the navy the evolutions of a fleet or squadron are always directed by this code, and so also the movements of a fleet of small boats are guided by signals of this kind from the ship. The method is simple. The signals are hoisted on the flag-ship. As soon as they are understood the other ships hoist the answering pennant. After that the hauling down of the signal on the flag-ship is the order of execution.

The Polar Bear's Idea

BY OLIVER HERFORD



ON the top of the world,
where there's
lots of snow,
As all the geogra
phies say,
A small Esquimau, just
to make the
time go,
Was building a Snow
Man one day.

Now it happened by
chance that two
Polar Bears
Came strolling along that way:
"Perhaps it is none of our affairs,
But what are you making?" said they.

"A Snow Man, of course," said the Esquimau:
The Bears gave a comical stare:



Said they, "If you *must* make a person of snow,
Why on earth don't you make a Snow Bear?"

He sat himself down for a moment to think
Of some suitable sort of reply,
When a Penguin, two Foxes, a Seal, and a Mink,
And a Walrus came wandering by.

They stopped just a casual look to take,
A casual word to say,
And each had a trifling suggestion to make
In a patronizing way.



The Penguin said, "Really, it isn't half bad,
And shows lots of promise, you know:
Yet I think, for my part, though perhaps it's a fad,
A Snow Penguin were more apropos."



The Foxes, the Seal, and the Mink were afraid;
They knew little of art, so they said,
But they thought he would show better taste if he made
A Fox, Seal, or Mink in its stead.

The Walrus said nothing, nor listened, but when
They'd finished, he ventured to say,
"It doesn't look *much* like a Walrus, but then
Perhaps when it's finished, it may."



They turned them to go: but the Esquimau
Alas! he was seen no more;
The heat of his anger and shame and chagrin
Had melted the snow where the crust was thin,
And he'd sunk, so to speak, through the floor.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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A WONDERFUL INDIAN THIEF.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



THAT honesty which we know to be the best policy and which makes us loathe a thief is one of the marks of our civilization and intelligence. Rude, uncivilized people do not love honesty as we do. Almost all such people have some tradition or story of very skilful thieving. The best-known story of the kind is among the fairy tales written and collected by the brothers Grimm. It is a tale of how a horse was stolen while a man was on its back, and how the rider was left in the saddle hanging in the air while the horse was led away. Our North American Indians have many such tales, and some of them are almost as wonderful as this one in the Grimm collection.

Our Indians have no such proverb as, "It is a sin to steal a pin." If they had they would add a line to it, and make it read like this:

> "It is a sin to steal a pin,
> But it matters naught if you don't get caught."

Their whole philosophy with regard to stealing is summed up in the idea that men may not steal from their own people, but that there is no harm in stealing from strangers or enemies provided you are not caught at it. Among the fierce fighting and hunting red men of the plains, which I know most about, the men in one camp or village did not steal from one another, but they did steal from everybody else whenever they got a chance. They gloried in stampeding and running off with the horses of other camps and tribes, and in plundering white men who were fewer in numbers than themselves. Cunning and courage were required in successful stealing, and cunning and courage are as much admired by the Indians as ever they were by the Spartans of old.

An interpreter among the Canadian Blackfeet Indians —who are of the same tribe as our Blackfeet—told me a story of how that tribe lost the most wonderful race-horse that it ever owned. The plains Indians are very fond of horses, and being addicted to gambling and betting (like some white men who think themselves much superior to the Indians), they have always raced their

Not very many years ago, in the [illegible] of Three Forks [illegible] the Blackfoot owned a remarkably fast horse. He was as black as a rainy night, [illegible] as a wild duck, as fiery as an angry chief, and so fleet-footed that it seemed as if no mortal could beat him in a race. No other horse the Blackfeet owned could [illegible] anywhere near him, and when the Crows and Bloods, and Sarcis, and Stonies, and Gros Ventres tried to beat him with their best horses, this coveted Blackfoot race-horse shot by the others as if it was no trouble at all to do so.

The Blackfeet were wonderfully proud of this noble horse. He brought them honor, and, better yet, he brought them riches, because they used to wager all that they had that he would win every race, and of course they won horses, and blankets, and guns, and skins, and everything that the other Indians put up against this astonishing horse. The neighboring tribes envied the Blackfeet this splendid horse, and more than one attempt to steal him was made by bold Indians of the other tribes before the Blackfeet took alarm and resolved to guard him to the very best of their ability. In order to do this they built an extra large tepee of buffalo hide in which to shut the valuable animal up at night. And every night two or three young braves of the warrior band slept in the tepee on either side of the race-horse, which was tethered to one of the stout side poles of the great tent. When these watchful, light-sleeping braves took the horse in the tent and secured him there, they laced up the slitlike door of the tepee tight and fast. It would have taken several minutes to undo this fastening from the outside.

When this plan was hit upon and carried out, the Blackfeet not only breathed easier, but they laughed to themselves. "If anybody wants to steal our black beauty," they thought, "we would like to see him try it." They fancied some dog of a Gros Ventre or coward of a Stony crawling in the grass among the common horses of the tribe, and expecting to find the champion of the plains among the lot. "Let the thieves come," they thought. "They will never dream that the great racer is kept like a warrior, in a tent the size of a chief's tepee, guarded by young men, armed and brave as lions."

But it is the unexpected that always happens, and as the old adage puts it, no one is in such danger as he who thinks himself secure. While the Blackfeet were flattering themselves that no one could rob them of their priceless horse, a young Crow Indian was planning to cover himself with savage glory by stealing the animal. He had, at the risk of his life, crawled close to the Blackfoot camp on more than one night to watch what was done with the wonderful beast. Flat on the ground among the tufts of bunch-grass he had wriggled nearer and nearer to the outer circle of tents, only to stop when it seemed to him that the light of some camp-fire must shine on his face if he crawled further. On one night he watched from one side of the Blackfoot village; on another he came at the village from another side. At last he discovered the secret. He saw the famous horse led in or out of the tepee.

That was glory half won for this archthief of the Crows. Now that he knew where the horse was, all that he had to do was to steal him. He was all courage and cunning, and he wanted all the other Crows to know it. They would know it, and they would honor him if he succeeded in his dangerous experiment. On the next night this thief (I wish I had asked for his name) rode boldly across the plains in the very dead of the night, until he was close to the Blackfoot camp. Then he dropped off his horse, and wriggled like a snake over the grass and into the enemy's village. He crawled past the outer tepees, and past the next inner circle of tepees, and past the [illegible]. By that time that was dangerous work to be at. Dogs are as plentiful in an Indian village as branches in an orchard, and if one dog saw or heard or smelled [illegible] that it would have been lucky if he got away alive.

He came to the stable-tepee—the great tent where the beautiful horse was tied and guarded. By means of a travois, a sort of frame that Indians drag loads upon in place of wagons, he climbed noiselessly up the side of the tepee. Such caution and such stealthiness as he must have used to climb up the side of a rickety tent of skins and poles can better be imagined than described. His nerves and his muscles were of steel, and he managed to accomplish this task. Reaching the top of the tepee, where all the poles branch out in a circle, like the sides of a willow basket, he steadied himself and peered down into the tent. He could not see the sleeping braves, each with gun at hand and knife in belt, but he could faintly distinguish the bulky outline of the swift horse that he was after. Lifting his body over the opening that serves as a chimney for a tepee, and steadying himself and measuring the distance, he let himself fall. He landed a-straddle on the horse's back.

All the rest that he did was like lightning. With his skinning-knife bare in his hand he swept the blade past the horse's nose till he felt the halter and severed it. Then he urged the animal forward, and with a mighty thrust and sweep he gashed an opening in the side of the tepee from top to bottom. Still prodding the racer with his heels he rode him through the opening and into the outer air. The feat was done. Indianlike he yelled the war-cry of the Crows, and thundered away from the Blackfeet village out on the plains faster than any other Indian between Mexico and Canada could ride. And as he rode he heard the pandemonium in the startled camp behind him. Then he laughed. He had proved himself the cleverest red thief on the plains.

Such a whooping and howling and hubbub, such a barking of dogs and screaming of squaws, such a yelling and firing of guns, and, in short, such a riot of noises as was aroused by the Crow thief's war-whoop only those who have lived in an Indian camp can imagine. But all the noise was useless. From that minute the Crows owned the fastest Indian horse on the plains, and the Blackfeet plotted revenge.

DISTANCE OF OBJECTS AT SEA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

MANY a time, when I have been standing on the shore of the sea with some friends, some one has suddenly said, "How far away do you suppose that ship is?" Indeed I do not know any question which is asked oftener at the sea-side, except, perhaps, questions about the weather. Now an old fisherman—a "beach-comber," as he is sometimes called—will look very wise, squint gravely at the ship, and say, "Waal, I reckon she's about seven mile out from the beach." You, of course, suppose that in some mysterious way the fisherman's experience has enabled him to judge distances at sea by the eye alone. The fact is, that while the ancient fisherman is a fairly good guesser, he cannot make a very accurate shot at the distance of a ship; and if she is much below the horizon, so that only her upper spars show, he cannot make a guess that will come anywhere near the truth unless he knows the height of the vessel's masts, and even then his work would be pretty rough.

The reason why the fisherman guesses is that he does not know anything about the philosophy of the matter. The distance at which a person's line of sight strikes the point at which the sea and sky seem to meet, the horizon,

depends upon two things—the curvature of the earth's surface and the height of the person's eye above that surface. It so happens that this distance comes pretty near being the number of miles expressed by the square root of the height of the eye. It is just a little more than that. In other words, to get almost the exact distance, you must multiply the square root of the height of the eye by 1.06. So, you see, the first thing that is necessary to know is the height of the eye. For instance, suppose that you are standing on the bridge of a great ocean steamer, 31 feet above the water-line. The height of your eye would be about 36 feet. The square root of that is 6, which, multiplied by 1.06, gives 6.36. The horizon, then, would be 6.36 miles distant, or a little over $6\frac{1}{3}$ miles.

Now suppose you saw a ship whose water-line appeared to be a part of the horizon line. In other words, she would appear to sit right on the edge where the sea met the sky. You would know that she was a little over $6\frac{1}{3}$ miles away from you. If her water-line was between you and the horizon, you would decide that she was not so far; and if the horizon was between her water-line and you, then you would declare that she was further away; but you could not tell how far. By ascending or descending a known number of feet, however, till the water-line again coincided with the horizon, you could once more arrive at the distance.

You cannot go any further with this computation unless you know the height of the vessel's masts. But you know that if you saw only the tops of the masts on the horizon you could not tell what vessel it was, and therefore would not know the height. But suppose you were a sailor and were coming in from the sea on your ship. You are steering for a certain light-house which is marked on the chart, together with a description of the light and its elevation above the sea. While you are standing on the bridge of the steamer, 25 feet above the water, the light suddenly pops into view on the horizon ahead of you. The chart says that the light is 144 feet above the level of the sea. What do you do? You know that the square root of 25 is 5, and that of 144 is 12. Multiply both by 1.06, and you get 5.30 and 12.72. You add these together, and find that the light is about 18.02 miles away. At the moment when you saw the light you looked at the compass, and found that the light bore northeast. You are therefore a little over 18 miles southwest of it. You now measure off 18 miles southwest of it on the chart, and put down a dot to mark the position of the ship at 9 P.M.; for of course you looked at your watch the moment you saw the light. Your steamer is making 12 knots an hour, so you know that you will pass the light at 10.30 P.M. Of course I take it for granted that this is a light strong enough to show to the full extent of its geographical range. You know you could not see a candle 18 miles away, even if it was 144 feet and you 25 feet above the water.

It is by an application of this process that sea-captains can tell approximately the hour when land is going to be sighted. You know, if you have ever crossed the ocean, how the passengers on the last day of the voyage continually run to the captain, who has enough to think of without answering questions, and say, "Captain, what time do you think we'll see land?" and he always answers, without hesitation, "About five o'clock this afternoon," or something of that sort. Well, he knows it thus: the course the vessel is steering will cause her to pass close to some elevation off or on the coast—say, for instance, the Great Skellig, a rock 900 feet high, rising out of the sea off the coast of Ireland. The captain calculates that this rock should pop up above the horizon at a distance of about 37 miles, his deck being 25 feet from the water. He rules a line on his chart marking the course the ship is sailing. Then he measures off 37 miles from the rock on a straight line to the point at which this line intersects that of the ship's course. Now he knows by the average speed of his ship about what time he will reach that intersection, and thus he can tell what time the rock should be sighted.

A WITTY ANSWER.

THOSE whose mission in life it is to entertain the public are always pestered by friends and acquaintances for free seats at their entertainments. There probably never was a singer or an actor or a pianist who was not bored nearly to death by these people, many of whom had not the slightest claim to ask the courtesy they demanded.

A pianist who was pre-eminently successful in his day, and that day was not so far back either, was Rubinstein, who travelled nearly the whole world over delighting people with his genius. He, like all others, was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure even though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall, and thus addressed:

"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to, if you think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes; and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply.

"At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.

THE THIEVING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MINK.

PROBABLY the most cunning of all animals is the mink. Its propensity for thieving is marvellous, and the methods of stealing and the manner of hiding the proceeds of its robberies are unique in the history of the lower species. I do not refer here to the depredations of the mink among poultry; for they only resort to the henneries when the waters are frozen, or a supply of fish is unobtainable. I allude only to the instinctive love of thieving which is a prime characteristic of this valuable little animal, and I shall illustrate this feature by giving two examples of the skill of the mink when engaged in a robbery.

Two gentlemen were fishing on one of the rivers of Maine. The fish were quite plenty, and as fast as one was caught it was thrown behind on the grass. After some time one of the gentlemen thought he would take a rest, and at the same time examine his capture. But he could not find a single fish. He charged his friend with having played him a trick; but the friend was as surprised as was he. They now determined to watch their next fish, and their astonishment was unbounded when they saw a mink run out from a hole near by, snatch up the fish, and carry it off to the hole, where they afterwards found their entire capture cunningly hidden under some dead leaves.

In the same manner the mink steals the game which sportsmen shoot. On one occasion a gentleman shot a wild-duck, but before the dogs could get to it a mink had stolen it, and carried it off to a hole in the frozen snow, which one mink had prepared while the other was watching for the opportunity to steal the sportsman's game.

Notwithstanding this peculiar characteristic, the mink is a brave as well as ferocious little fellow, and is only excelled in these two qualities by the ermine. He seems to have a particular aversion for the musk-rat, and although the latter is generally more than double his size, the mink attacks him fearlessly, and always wins the battle, after which he drags his dead enemy to some hiding-place, as in the cases of the fish and wild-duck. They are found in almost every State of the Union, but most frequently in Maine and in the States bordering the great lakes. They are easily domesticated, and Mr. Resseque, of Verona, Oneida County, New York, has nearly a hundred of these interesting little animals, which he has trained as ratters—after the same fashion that ferrets are trained in England. They are also bred and reared in captivity for their fur, which is very valuable, and forms an important part in the furs of commerce.

MAARTJE AND JAAPJE

THE [illegible] passed [illegible] and still [illegible] There was no news from [illegible] in the same letter Mynheer [illegible] reading it [illegible] her hand and [illegible] that [illegible] something unusual [illegible] to happen.

"Dear Jaapje," she said [illegible]

Now [illegible] mother, softly [illegible] with a brighter look, "for you, Maartje, an invitation from Cousin Jacoba to visit her in Amsterdam

In Amsterdam! Maartje was a courageous little girl. She would not be afraid to go [illegible] But a great city full of people and buildings, yes, perhaps houses [illegible] she had never seen on her island. The thought made her tremble. She was [illegible] of the little girls she knew had been to Amsterdam.

"Mynheer Van Loos will meet you at the boat-landing," said her mother, reassuringly.

And Maartje remembered that Cousin Jacoba had married a Mynheer Van Loos who had become very rich. Amsterdam, she thought, was a great city full of people. Who knows? who knows if Jaapje might not be among them.

"I shall go" she said, sedately, and then added "perhaps I shall find Jaapje."

"You, dear child!" said her mother, stooping to kiss her.

The voyage to Amsterdam was like a dream journey, though Mynheer Van Loos was substantial enough to give pressure reality to the most romantic undertaking. All the way he smoked a long thin cigar, and puffed and puffed in silence.

A carriage took them so rapidly from the boat to the house that Maartje had time only for a glimpse of broad streets and straight canals filled with shipping. If Jaapje was in a boat she would not have had an opportunity to pick him out from other sailors. Finally they arrived at one of the largest of the black brick houses with white trimmings. Wonderfully fine it seemed to the little islander, who laughed when she saw herself reflected in a bright mirror hung outside of a window so that those within could spy the passers-by. Cousin Jacoba and the children and six servants greeted Maartje with the kindest attentions.

"You must make yourself at home," said Cousin Jacoba, taking Maartje about the house and showing her its treasures—old books from the antiquarian's, old pictures with rich dark colors, rare china. Everything seemed beautiful and wonderful

As Maartje became used to the change, she dared to wander about the house alone; and the result of her courage was a discovery of such perfect beauty, that she forgot everything else in her breathless delight

Mynheer Van Loos had inherited a strong and fervid love of the gay spring flowers, tulips and hyacinths. One of his great-grandfathers, some time in the century of sixteen hundred, had had such a liking for these flowers that he had sold his house and land and made his children and grandchildren poor for a bulb of rare species. As many of his neighbors were equally fond of flowers, his grandchildren respected his memory and as soon as Mynheer Van Loos was rich again, the first thing that he did was to go to Haarlem to buy all the tulips and hyacinths that he wanted.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed Maartje, as she opened a glass door and stood in the midst of an array of [illegible] blossoms. She had never seen such flowers on her sandy island, but she would not have been a Holland girl if she had not had some [illegible] an overpowering fancy for this [illegible] of bright colors

[illegible] d yellow tulips, pink and [illegible] and then another row of [illegible] ated tulips, and then a [illegible] A delicious fragrance more sweet [illegible] affected air Little Cousin [illegible] at Maartje's rapt expression, and quietly ran to her mother. Soon Maartje [illegible] the whole family Mynheer Van Loos, Cousin Jacoba, and children, all smiling at her unspeakable delight.

"Well, Maartje," said Mynheer Van Loos, who was a kind man and fond of children, "this is the first time that you ever saw a hyacinth or tulip, eh?"

"They are beautiful" said Maartje, catching her breath and not taking her blue eyes from the flowers.

"That's what we all think," he said. "Did you ever see any flowers more beautiful?"

"No," said Maartje, fervently.

"That's what we all think," said Mynheer Van Loos. "Now, Maartje, what would you say to one of those bulbs for your own?"

Maartje opened her blue eyes wider. She did not know what to say.

"Take your pick, little one," said Mynheer Van Loos, kindly.

If she had been suddenly offered a pair of angel's wings Maartje would not have been more surprised. She looked long and steadily at the flowers.

"Don't you want one?" said their owner, encouragingly.

"Yes if you would like to give it to me," and then at new assent she picked out a beautiful blue hyacinth, and held it up before the whole company. There was a long silence, a chilling silence.

"Donder and blitzen!" exclaimed Mynheer Van Loos, exactly as his seventeenth-century grandfather would have done. "The child has picked out my very best hyacinth, my rarest species. There is only one like it in all Holland. Well, well, little girl," he added, as he saw a cloud on Maartje's face, "put on another dress, and we'll take a walk about the city. We'll see about the hyacinth later."

No more welcome invitation could have come to Maartje, for in the midst of all the beautiful new objects at Cousin Jacoba's home, in spite of the excitement of new events, of so many strange happenings that the world seemed no longer the same, the little girl had not forgotten for a moment her determination to find her brother. She felt sure that Jaapje was in Amsterdam, and she meant to look until she found him.

"We shall go first to the playground," said the good Mynheer, taking Maartje by one hand and little Christina by the other.

There is a playground for children in Amsterdam in the midst of paved streets and brick houses. When one thinks how precious land is in that city, where most of the ground is made from wooden piles and stones placed on the surface of mud and water, it seems as if the city fathers were especially kind to children. Probably they have not forgotten that they were boys themselves once upon a time.

Maartje saw the happiest throng of children that bright spring day. The boys were playing on one side of the ground and the girls were just as gay on their side. Many were swinging in wooden swings, some were riding on merry-go-rounds. The boys were rolling hoops, but the girls were not permitted to roll hoops. It wasn't the custom. The girls could jump rope, though, just as well as the boys. They could jump not only one rope but two ropes, and they jumped so fast that Maartje really could hardly tell what was girl and what was rope. It was very amusing.

[illegible] looking intently at the children for about a

quarter of an hour, Maartje pulled the hand of Mynheer Van Loos impatiently. She was satisfied that Jaapje was not on the playground. "Let us go farther," she said.

"Don't you want to play, little one?" he said, much surprised; "but let us go on if you choose. There's the Zoological Garden, and the galleries, and the palace —more sights than a little girl can see one day."

As they went through the city in a tram-car Maartje kept an anxious look fixed upon the canals and the boats, at the cheese and butter shops, at the toy shops, at all the places where a sailor boy might possibly go. But she saw no Jaapje.

They passed the Oud Kerk. Jaapje was not there. They went through the intricate maze of the Dam, though the large square was filled with a bustling crowd of Hollanders and of American tourists, of merchants, of sightseers, and of pleasure-makers. Jaapje was not there. They went by palaces and shops, and finally entered the gate of the grand Zoological Garden.

The elephants looked very intelligent, as if they knew, Maartje thought. "Can't you tell me where Jaapje is, Mynheer Elephant?" whispered the little girl, confidentially, to one of the great creatures; but he waved his trunk in the air and made no response. The giraffe held his head high. He was certainly tall enough to see Jaapje, wherever the boy might be, but he said nothing to Maartje. The monkeys seemed to be laughing at her. The tiger frightened her, so that she did not come near enough to question him, and the hippopotamus looked so sleepy that she was sure he knew nothing.



SHE PICKED OUT A BEAUTIFUL BLUE HYACINTH.

"We'll take a look at the shops in the Kalverstraat," said Mynheer Van Loos, "and then we'll go home."

It was a tired little girl who walked upon the narrow sidewalk of the Kalverstraat, so tired with all the new wonders she had seen that she could not help lagging behind her companions. She stopped now and then to look into the shops. There was a window full of photographs and colored pictures which interested her greatly.

A boy stood beside her gazing at a photograph. He was in sailor's clothes, and he looked like Jaapje, only a little taller and older. She came closer.

"Jaapje!"

"Maartje!"

The brother and sister looked at each other in frightened excitement.

"Hoe vaar you, Jaapje?" said the girl, as gently as possible.

"Hoe vaar you, Maartje?" said the boy. He made a movement as if he wanted to run away, but she quickly slipped her hand in his and held it tightly. "I am going to America to get rich," he announced, doggedly.

"To America?" questioned Maartje, vaguely. She had never heard of the country before.

"Yes; to get rich."

"Do they—do they speak English?" she faltered; and then looked him straight in the eyes. "What have you been doing this winter?"

"Earning money for my passage. I shall get rich in America, and make you all rich," said the boy; but he looked troubled.

"I knew that you were a good boy, Jaapje, and I said so."

"That was good, Maartje," and a soft expression came on the boy's face.

"And I told them that you would come back again."

The boy shook his head.

"My hen has laid an egg every day," said Maartje, changing the subject abruptly, and tightening her hold upon his hand, as if she were afraid that he might take a sudden flight. "My hen has laid an egg each day, and Naartje has a baby sister, and David has a new boat, and grandmother baits shrimps more than ever before."

The boy did not move.

"The mother has looked for you every day."

Jaapje's lip trembled. "How is my mother?" he cried out. Then all restraint fell away.

"Oh, Jaapje!" said Maartje, with tears running down her cheeks. "The mother has gone on the dike every day and looked out on the sea; and she has cried and cried and said that she loved you, though you had forgotten her. She loves you, and we all love you, and, oh, Jaapje! if you would only come home, just to tell the mother that you had not forgotten her—"

"Stop," said the boy, "I will go home first, before I go to America."

The sunshine of a smile cleared away Maartje's tears, and she looked as if she would kiss her brother warmly, if there were not such a crowd of strangers in the Kalverstraat. "Oh, Jaapje dear!" she said, "we must tell Mynheer Van Loos and Cousin Jacoba and the children immediately."

When the two children appeared hand in hand before Cousin Jacoba and her family they found all in a state of

Maartje. They thought When they heard the story, "Donder Mynheer Van Loos fast as he smallest and best [illegible] Maartje, accompanied to the land Mynheer Van Loos [illegible] he polite! The blue hyacinth waved in his hand. "Juffrouw Maartje," he said, "the flower is yours the finest in Holland. Take good care of it, and don't let that boy run away again. Ah, but it's wonderful!"

Maartje held hold of Jaapje's hand all the way, winding her little finger about his little finger, and hand in hand they went over the sandy road to their mother's cottage, while the blue hyacinth was held firmly in her unoccupied hand.

Who can tell of the joy at the return of that foolish boy? The whole island seemed to know the good news, and in a few minutes mothers and children and men and maidens gathered about the children in delight.

"I found Jaapje looking in a window in the Kalverstraat," said Maartje.

"Marie," said her mother. And then Maartje knew that something extraordinary had happened, because it was the first time in her life that she had heard the name of her baptism.

"I am going to America to get rich," maintained Jaapje, stubbornly.

"Well, you may," said the old grandmother, giving him a keen glance, "when you are older."

The boy looked satisfied, and the grandmother continued

"Little Maartje has found that much may happen even in her quiet life; but she has taught us all never to lose hope and trust." Tears were in the grandmother's eyes.

But Maartje was becoming tired of all this excitement, and pulled impatiently at her brother's hand.

"Come, Jaapje," she said; "let's go out to the harbor dike and see the boats come in."

HOW I FACED AND CAPTURED THE COBRAS.

BY G. R. O'REILLY.



THE life history of serpents has been my special study for more than seventeen years. For the purpose of watching them in their haunts amongst the woods and mountains, and of afterwards catching them to take home to live with me, that I might know them better, I have travelled in many wild parts of Europe, Africa, and America.

It was during the time that I was in South Africa that I first made the acquaintance of the cobra, of which there are many species in that continent, as well as in Asia. They are called hooded snakes, not because they have a head-covering, but on account of the manner in which they flatten out their necks and stand vertically upright when angry or alarmed.

Cobra hunting is very dangerous work, for some species are able to eject their poison into your eyes, and so blind you for a time, and perhaps permanently. One of the first that I caught satisfied me of this danger by landing some drops on my cheek. After this experience it remained for me to find some way of protecting my sight, or else leave cobras alone for the future. Accordingly, as a shield for my eyes I took a sheet of common window-glass seven inches long and four inches broad, and made a kind of safety spectacles by cutting in it a notch [illegible] fastening on wires to the ends of it, [illegible] ears and keep it in place when next I went cobra hunting.

One morning at ten o'clock I prepared to give the new invention a trial. The sun was blazing vigorously, as it always does in Africa, and the wind was blowing hot as from the mouth of an oven, drying up every trace of moisture, until one's very eyelids felt parched and irritable. Even the leaves of the trees began to droop, and the birds were silent and hidden away in the shadiest retreats. This was the day for the snakes, for it is at such times that you find them wandering about in search of water or lying coiled on the sides of bush-covered gullies or rocky ravines.

Just as I had pocketed my new spectacles, taken my hat and long six-foot snake hunting stick, and was stepping from the door, two Caffres ran up and halted, panting, before me, blurting out excitedly, "Spungh slang, baas!" (spitting snake, sir!)

"All right," said I. "Where is he?"

"At Palmer's kraal. Come. We'll show you."

Off we set together at a swinging trot, and in half an hour, streaming with perspiration, arrived on the sun-dried hill-side, where there was a native grass-covered hut of the usual beehive shape. The ground about the little door was bare and clayey, but elsewhere brown withered grass sparsely covered the stony soil, and struggled for existence in the intervals between the protruding rocks. Away on one side some tall dry-looking euphorbias pointed their ever-leafless branches skywards, like so many uplifted hands with extended fingers, as if imploring in distress the brassy heavens for rain that never came; and on a sun-heated bowlder at their feet sat a group of dusky women and children.

Putting on my safety spectacles, and leaving the little crowd of natives standing where they were, I went over cautiously to look in at the low doorway. The entrance to these Caffre houses being usually only four or five feet high, it was necessary to stoop to see in; and as I did so there was a hooded cobra about four feet long raising himself up on the floor just inside and close to my face. Drawing back with a start, I at the same time reached my stick towards him, so as to draw his attention *to* it and *from* myself. Had I not done so quickly, he would probably have struck me; for he flew at the stick, leaving the poison from his fangs trickling over it to the ground. It was necessary to attract him from the house, as the second one also might be inside, and attack me from the rear if I entered to capture this fellow. Standing without at a safe distance, a little teasing with the long stick kept him busy striking at it, and as after each dash he would advance a little, the keeping up of this manœuvre for a few minutes soon had him outside in the sunlight. The lower part of the stick was now wet with venom for fully twelve inches. Rage and proud defiance kept him there standing upright at bay, while I moved a couple of yards back to admire his attitude. For some moments I staid perfectly still to see if he would try to glide away. But no; there he remained permanently reared erect, standing as steady as if he were a carving of black and white marble, and not a vigorous and active death-dealing cobra.

"Take care, sir, the other one is behind you!" sung out the Caffres by the euphorbias. As I heard this, I knew better than to start. I stood still, turning my head as slowly as it is possible to do it, in order that I might see the one behind without alarming either of them.

There he was, true enough, and coming on leisurely, too, about three yards from me. He was not at all excited; on the contrary, he showed every sign of being

unconscious of my presence, for his neck was not flattened out (always the sign of alarm or excitement in a cobra), and he was crawling slowly, prone on the ground, right towards me. Without moving a muscle, I staid exactly as I was, half turned towards him, and on he came as calmly as if I were an old tree stump bleaching in the sun. I knew there was nothing to fear as long as I remained motionless, even though he should pass between my legs. I bent down my head very slightly and very quietly to watch him. As he progressed the black forked tongue was shooting out busily, feeling everything in his way. At last its hairlike points touched my boot, and as they did he raised his head and passed over my instep, going on with the same slowness to his partner on the other side of me, who was remaining there still, standing up, waiting for battle. The latter seeing that I remained so quiet, either forgetting that I was any longer an object of fear or perhaps having his attention distracted by his companion's approach, quietly lowered himself to the ground, where he lay flat, but with his hood still extended. The new-comer also as he approached him spread his hood but did not rise, and instead of going up to No. 1 direct, went aside a little, and then drawing near to him, began pushing him with his nose in the ribs. At this No. 1 was indignant, and raised himself proudly erect. No. 2 seeing his advances received thus rudely also raised himself quickly, and for a few seconds both snakes stood upright facing each other, while their hissing was plainly audible at twelve feet off, where I stood. It was a dramatic picture, and at first it seemed as if it would end in a battle; but after this exchange of compliments both cobras dropped flat to the ground, and, drawing in their hoods till they were hardly noticeable, commenced to glide off in opposite directions. No. 1, which I had first seen, took to the right, and went towards the door of the hut from which he had come.

Fearing he would enter and get lost, I rushed towards him, stick in hand, to catch him; but he saw me coming, and faced around, standing up at bay erect as before. Getting the stick across his neck close to the head, and pressing him to the ground with it to keep him from biting, I grasped him close behind the jaws quickly and safely with my hand, and placed him immediately tail first into a bag brought with me for the purpose. Having tied up the mouth, I dropped him on the spot, and took up the stick to go after No. 2, which had disappeared in a hole up the hillside.

On trying it with my stick, I found I could reach the end of it, though it was so dark far in that I couldn't see the cobra. Yet I believed that he was there, and determined to drag him from his retreat by force, using for the purpose a stiff blunt hook made of strong wire twisted around the end of the six-foot stick. As there were no trees growing near, it was clear there wouldn't be any roots to catch the hook, and therefore that if it did get hold of anything, it would be the coiled cobra himself. Kneeling down, therefore, and pushing in the stick, with the hook foremost, to the end, and working it about a little, it was possible to both feel and hear the twisted wire grating on the walls of hard pebbly clay. Presently it caught in something softlike which gave easily to a pull. I knew this must be the cobra; so, with a sudden jerk towards me, I landed him head foremost within view, jumping to my feet at the same time, so as to be ready to avoid him if he should make a dash at me. Another quick tug just as he was turning to go back again threw him right out on the grass in the sunlight, but to my astonishment there he lay motionless on his back; he was dead, or so at least it appeared, and not only dead, but actually stiffened up and contorted rigidly. I rolled him over with the stick, but he kept the same curves; he was as unbending as a sun-dried branch. His mouth was fixed half open, and as the tongue didn't come out any more, I imagined it was my violent treatment that had killed him. I turned him over again on his back to see if life were really so suddenly extinguished; but, alas, there he lay so pitiable a sight that I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself for my hurry in taking him so rudely from his hiding-place.

"Poor fellow, I was too rough with you," said I, as lifting him up by the tail tip I gave him a shake to straighten him out. This loosened the contorted muscles, and stretched his spinal column; and I noticed that while still holding him up by the tail his mouth closed and the tongue came out tremulously; but as this seemed to be only a last little manifestation of departing life, I dropped him on the ground at my feet. But assuredly never did a cat jump off a hot stove quicker than I jumped away from that cobra, as at the same instant that he touched the ground he shot up, standing straight as a man fully two feet high, with expanded hood, ready to make a vicious dash at my legs. Like lightning, indeed, I jumped backwards, in time to escape all danger, except the charge of venom, which came in two tiny streams from his perforated poison-fangs, as he struck towards me, baptizing my new spectacles, down which the deadly fluid trickled like rain on a window-pane, and spraying my breast with glistening drops.

Heedless of this futile attempt of his, I pushed his head sideways to the ground with the long stick, and pressed his neck slightly with it. At first he turned, open-mouthed, to bite the offending wood, but finding it too close to his head to allow of this, he dropped off into the same fit of temporary lockjaw as before, giving exactly the same appearance of death. On seeing this I released his neck, and let him lie there stiff and open-mouthed, and about half turned over on his back. As before, the lower jaw was drawn slightly to one side. Unbending he was, and contorted, as if he had been really killed some hours previously. Not a sign of breathing was there, not a movement of that ever-restless tongue to give evidence of the still potent life within him.

Just for experiment's sake I took off my broad-leafed felt hat, and placed the edge of the brim doubled within his gaping mouth. Ah, woe to me if I had put my finger there instead, for on the instant it touched, the venom-bearing jaws closed on it like a terrible trap, and held on viciously, the muscles about the sides of the head twitching violently, especially over the region of the poison glands, while all the rest of the body remained as stiff and motionless as before. Putting the end of the stick into the hat, I lifted it up on high, and held it out at arm's-length; but he hung from it like a bull-dog all the time. For about two minutes I held him raised thus, but as he showed not the slightest sign of letting go, and my arm beginning to feel tired, I laid him again on the ground. However, after a short time more a limpness began to appear, commencing at the tail, and advancing gradually up the body to within a few inches of the head. On pushing him about with the stick's end, all except this six inches was now as pliable as a rope; but around the head the last resources of muscular power seemed to be concentrated. Finally the slight stiff curve that had up to now remained in the neck straightened out, and with an effort he opened his jaws off the hat, on which he had expended a terrific quantity of venom as well as all his strength, for now he lay limp and exhausted flat on the ground, putting out the double-pointed tongue frequently, and breathing hard two or three times, but never raising his head or otherwise moving in the least.

As I moved to take him he stood up again for fight, but I soon caught him by the neck in the same manner as I had done his companion, and putting him into a separate bag, took both captures home to add to my collection, so that I might study their spitting, fainting, and other peculiarities at my leisure.



THE FERRIS WHEEL.

BY ENO GILMEL SPEED

THE Eiffel Tower was the popular wonder at the Paris Exhibition, and in the same way the great Ferris Wheel in the Midway Plaisance promises to be the wonder-provoker at the World's Fair in Chicago. There was nothing very original about the tower in Paris except that it was taller than any tower previously built, and this Ferris Wheel perhaps is mainly noteworthy because it is so surprisingly large. The wheel indeed is so large that it is the landmark of the fair, and each new comer to the exhibition when he catches sight of it from afar exclaims, "What on earth is that?"

The wheel was in process of building for twelve months, and was not finished till the middle of June. It was opened to the public on the 21st of June, the longest day in the year. This wheel is a kind of gigantic merry go-round, swinging vertically instead of horizontally. The wheel is 250 feet in diameter, 825 feet in circumference, and 30 feet in width. As it is elevated fifteen feet above the ground, the passenger at the top gets a view at an elevation of 265 feet. It is composed of two wheels of the same size connected and held together with rods and struts, which, however, do not approach closer than twenty feet to the periphery or outer surface. Each wheel has for its outline a curved, hollow, square iron beam $25\frac{1}{2} \times 19$ inches. At a distance of forty feet within this circle is another circle of a lighter beam. These beams are called crowns, and are connected together by an elaborate truss-work.

The wheel has thirty-six cars for passengers hung on its periphery at equal intervals. Each car is 27 feet long, 13 feet wide, and 9 feet high. It has a heavy frame of iron, but is covered externally with wood. It has a door and five broad plate-glass windows on each side. It has forty revolving chairs made of wire and screwed to the floor. It weighs thirteen tons, and when loaded with passengers three tons more. Each car is suspended to the periphery of the wheel by an iron axle six and one half inches in diameter and running through the roof. There is a conductor to each car to open doors and give information

accidents from panics, and also to deter insane [illegible] the cars are covered with iron [illegible]. As the wheel, with its cars and passengers, weighs about 1200 tons, it needs something substantial to rest upon. It therefore is supported on two skeleton iron towers, pyramidal in form, one at each end of it. They are 40×50 feet at the bottom, 6 feet square at the top, and about 140 feet high. Each tower has four great feet, and each foot rests in a concrete foundation 20 × 20 × 20 feet, all of these foundation piers being bound together by connecting rods of steel.

The wheel is moved and controlled by a 1000 horse-power steam-engine, while the periphery is cogged with cogs 6 inches deep and 18 inches apart. Underneath the wheel, in line with the crown on each side, are two sprocket-wheels 9 feet in diameter, with their centres 16 feet apart. These sprocket-wheels are operated by the engine at the will of the engineer, who can turn the wheel either way, fast or slow, as he may wish. Near the north and south ends are two ten-foot wheels, with smooth faces, and girdled with steel bands. These bands terminate a little to one side in a large Westinghouse air-brake. If, therefore, anything should break, or the engine refuse to work, the air could be turned into the air-brake, and the steel band tightened until not a wheel in the whole machine could turn.

On the opening day the Iowa State band was in the first car, and played the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Dixie" as the wheel revolved with its first load of passengers. The cars moved up so slowly that their motion was almost imperceptible and quite noiseless. It seemed as if the earth were sinking away out of sight slowly and quietly—and it sunk to an astonishing distance too. Going up the passengers had the whole of Chicago and the prairies for miles beyond laid before them unobscured. Going down there was a clear view of the World's Fair—the White City being seen at a single glance, while the sail-dotted lake was beyond, and the swarming Midway Plaisance right beneath. It is when the car gets right at the top of the wheel, and the passenger pokes his head out and looks down to see how far away and how insignificant is the big axle in the centre of the tangle of steel rods, that he best realizes how tall the Ferris Wheel is, and how far the passenger is from the firm earth.

The sensations made by a ride on the wheel were different in each passenger. Some of them were undoubtedly frightened, just as a timid countryman is frightened when first riding in one of the quickly moving elevator cars of a tall building; but the fright was a pleasurable one, even if it did for a moment take the breath away. The poets and fine writers are already beginning to get in their work on this great engineering achievement. Mr. Eugene Field, the Chicago poet, in singing the delights of the Midway Plaisance, has said:

"The Ferris Wheel, arms of steel,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] would n't you up"



THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCITEMENT IN THE CABIN.

"THIS is a cheerful introduction to Nassau," Larry laughed, "to be lost in the woods the first night; but I think we'll come out all right. You keep on halloo ing, Fauqua, while I get a few sticks together to make a fire."

"Oh, a fire!" Ferd exclaimed; "to be sure; why didn't we think of it before? If we have to stay here all night, we may as well keep warm. It's grown chilly since the sun went down."

"I don't want the fire for warmth, but for a signal," Larry answered. "There are people in these woods, for we hear them answer when we shout. But they don't know where to look for us. We'll make a good big blaze to guide them to us, and they'll show us the way out. We can't be a mile away from some house or road, if we only knew which way to go."

They all fell to breaking off twigs, and in a few minutes had a fire going, Fauqua hallooing while he worked. There was no lack of fuel, for the chaparral was so thick it would have been impossible to break a way through it; the path was the only open place big enough to build a fire in, but they soon had the flames blazing above the tops of the little trees.

"Now keep your lungs at work, Fauqua; let the natives know we're here," Larry directed. "Doesn't this make your blood run cold, Ferd, this hallooing in the dark, and hearing the answering shouts somewhere in the wilderness? There! hear that? There's a halloo coming nearer."

"It's dismal enough, sure," Ferd answered. "I shouldn't care to be lost in here alone. But the shouts are coming nearer; I think your plan is going to work, Larry."

"It *has* worked!" Larry cried. "Hark!"

"Hallo-o-o!" There were more voices than one, and they were surprisingly close. The boys cried out all together, and in a minute, coming with a rush down the path, two colored men burst upon them.

"Well, fer de land sakes, w'at's you w'ite boys a-doin' yer at dis time o' night?" one of the new-comers asked, breathless.

"We came in here before dark," Larry replied, "and got lost, and couldn't find our way out. We're looking for Abel Forefinger; can you show us the way to his house?"

"Abel Forefinger!" the other man exclaimed; "never heard of no such man in Nassau, boss. Don't think there ain't no such man lives here. Did you expect to find him in de bush?"

"We didn't know," Larry answered. The other boys were looking at him with such a queer expression that it

"We takes keer ob de Weech place, boss, 'bout harf a mile from yer," the first of the new-comers answered, taking off his straw hat and rubbing one bare foot against the other bare shin. "It's a good house, a fust rate house; but we 'ain't got much in de way of beds—not for w'ite gemmen. Dey's a good flo'—a rale good flo', an' if you wouldn't mind sleepin' on dat, we can keep up a good fire, an' you're welcome to w'at we has."

"That's just the thing!" Larry exclaimed. "What do you say, Ferd? We'll spend the night on the floor of the Weech place, wherever that is; it may be just the place we want to find."

"I think that's a go," Ferd replied. "Now, boys, it's a shilling apiece for you"—turning to the colored men "to take us to the Weech house; and whatever we have there, we'll pay you for besides. Understand?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; we take you right dere, sah."

With two guides in front who were familiar with the way, the boys had no difficulty in following the path. It was hardly ten minutes before they were out of the bush and in a more open growth of larger trees, and in a minute more a big stone house loomed up before them.

"Why, we couldn't have been three blocks away from this house all the time," Larry exclaimed. "What a stupid lot we must be, to get lost almost in somebody's back yard!"

"Dat's easy 'nuff!" one of the darkies retorted. "I's been los' myself in dat bush; de on'y wonder is you ebber got in so fur."

The boys were surprised at the size of the house they were taken into. They had seen numbers of negro cabins in their walk, some of them neat and snug, but none larger than a good-sized room; but this house was an old mansion, with plastered walls, good floors, and other evidences of former comfort, though it was unfurnished and bare. The men took them into the kitchen, because that was the only room in the house with a chimney, and soon had a fire going and a very small lamp lighted.

With the excitement of being in a new country and only recently rescued from the bush, the young explorers were rather pleased than otherwise that the colored men seemed inclined to stay and talk with them. They had to tell the story of their voyage, and explain how they happened to be lost in the Nassau woods, without any friends on the island. Two colored women, the wives of the men who had rescued them, and a colored boy and girl, all residents of the house, came in to see them; and the men, in turn, explained that the Weech place was an old estate belonging to one of the white families of the island, which they took care of in lieu of paying rent, raising what they could on the wild land.

"This will be a new experience for you, Larry," Ferd said, when at length they were left to themselves, "this sleeping on a bare floor. I'm an old hand at it, for my part; and as for Fauqua, it's as natural for him as stealing bananas."

"I think I'm tired enough to sleep anywhere," Larry answered; "but what bothers me is how these people live. If this is the kitchen, they can't do much cooking, for there's nothing here but a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, and a few old dishes."

"Oh, they're rich to have as much as that," Ferd laughed. "You'll see in the morning."

Larry kept his eyes open a few minutes to watch Fauqua. The Trinidad boy took off his coat and wrapped it so closely about his head that not a breath of fresh air could reach his lungs, then curled comfortably up on the floor, and was asleep in a minute.

About five o'clock, an hour or more before daylight, Larry heard some one moving about the house; but he dropped off to sleep again, and it was after seven when they all turned out.

"There's a good outlook for breakfast," Ferd exclaimed, as he threw open the shutter—for there was no glass in any of the windows. Larry looked out and saw one of the colored men sitting on a rock back of the house cleaning a big fish.

"Going to have some fish for breakfast, are we?" Larry asked, stepping out beside the man.

"Yes, sah!" he replied. "Me an' Mr. Sims we turned out airly an' done ketch dis fellow an' two mo' befo' de sun he come up. We'll make out some brexfas' by'm-by, 'bout nine o'clock, I reckon."

Nine o'clock! They must be preparing a banquet, Larry thought, if it was to take them nearly two hours. He asked where he could find a drink of fresh water.

"'Fraid dere ain't no sech thing 'bout de place jest now," the man answered, grinning. "De tide 'bout flood now, an' when de tide high de water in all de wells be salt. Pretty soon de tide turn, an' den de water fresh ag'in."

"You don't mean to say that the tide rises and falls in the wells!" Larry exclaimed.

"Suah, boss! Allers does."

Ferd called Larry up to the top of a little elevation behind the house, from which there was an unobstructed view of the sea, and the beautiful sight almost made Larry dance with delight. In the foreground was an old stone fort, and beyond it miles and miles of smooth water glistening in the sun, dotted with tiny green islets.

"I just wanted to caution you to keep your eyes open, Larry," Ferd said. "You remember what father told us about seeing how people live who have nothing, absolutely nothing in the world. That was for your sake, not mine, because I've seen lots of such people. But I think we've found just the right place to see it. These people have nothing but a borrowed house with no furniture. I looked into one of their bedrooms a few minutes ago, and their beds are little heaps of moss, with an old coat or blanket thrown over it. There is not a chair in the house, nor a table. Just watch them, now, and see how they get breakfast."

Both boys returned to the house, and Larry, to test the state of the larder, asked for a banana, an orange, even a sweet-potato—anything, in fact, to stay his stomach till breakfast-time. But both men protested that there was not a bite of anything eatable in the house, and the women, who had meanwhile appeared, corroborated their statement.

While the one man, whose name proved to be Mr. Pritchard, cleaned the fish, the other, Mr. Sims, appeared with a basket-tray heaped up with ears of dry yellow corn, and sat down on the door-step and began to shell the corn into the basket.

"Reckon dis ain't de way you does make bread in yo' country," he said, seeing Larry watching him. "Dis my country way." The basket-tray was not more than three inches deep, closely woven of young palmetto leaves. When the corn was all shelled, Mr. Sims carried it to a contrivance that was fastened to the top of a post in the yard, and that looked very much like a big iron coffee-mill, with a handle on each side. Pouring the corn into the hopper, he turned the handles, and ground corn looking like hominy ran out of the spout into the basket-tray. As often as he had a quart or so ground he held

the tray out at arm's-length and tossed the corn into the air, catching it as it came down.

"So we do make flour in my country," Mr. Sims said. "I flops it in de air, an' de wind blows away all de husks —so. Den I pours off all de coa'se co'n into dis banana leaf, an' dat hominy—so. Den I strikes de basket bottom up agin' dis odder banana leaf, an' de fine powder w'at stick in de corners, dat flour."

In a short time Mr. Sims had two or three quarts of flour and quite a heap of hominy. Meanwhile one of the women had brought out a very small paper bag holding a handful of coffee berries, and poured them into a hollow that had been made in a big stone. With a smaller rounded stone that lay alongside she beat the coffee into a fine powder, and scraped it into the coffee-pot. She then busied herself with making a fire of sticks between three big stones that formed a sort of fireplace near the kitchen door. Mr. Pritchard, having cleaned his fish, lowered an old tin can into the well, and finding the water fresh, brought a canful up to the fire.

"I shouldn't be much surprised if they proposed to cook us for breakfast!" Larry whispered to Ferd. "It's like being in the South Sea islands, isn't it? I should think we were seeing how some people live!"

"It's a little different from our fine quarters in Bermuda, isn't it?" Ferd laughed.

All the materials for the breakfast having thus been prepared, the cooking began. One of the women, having lighted her pipe, boiled the coffee in the coffee-pot, and fried the fish in the frying-pan. She mixed the flour with water and patted out little cakes, which she wrapped in banana leaves and baked in the hot ashes. When the fish was done she boiled the hominy in the frying-pan, and all was ready. There were not plates or forks enough to go around, but cocoanut shells sawed in halves answered equally well. In the absence of chairs and tables, the whole company seated themselves upon stones, steps, old boxes, whatever they could find, and made a very comfortable and jolly meal.

"And this is the gypsy way you folks always live, is it?" Larry asked of Mr. Sims, while they were eating.

"Well, we does sometimes take less trouble when we's alone, boss!" Mr. Sims laughed. "A jelly cocoanut makes a werry good meal when we does feel too tired to cook."

Whether to spend the week in the romantic quarters they had found, or to hunt up a more civilized place, was a question the boys had to decide after breakfast. Ferd was in for anything, he said, but he preferred to leave all the management in Larry's hands.

"You're doing famously, and I'll agree to whatever you say. Next week we'll be in Havana, and that will be different. I'll look after things then, for you wouldn't be any use at all where the people all speak Spanish. If we do stay here with the darkies, though, we'll save money, and that's a good point. We didn't spend much in Bermuda, and we'll have all the more left for Cuba. That's where we'll need it."

"Then I decide in favor of living with Messrs. Pritchard and Sims," Larry declared. "We can walk into the town presently and buy some things to make ourselves comfortable with, and a little more grub, for they can't go and catch a fish before each meal. I'll tell you what, though, I think we ought to be making more effort to find Abel Forefinger. Your father wants him, and it wouldn't come in bad for us to have that $500 apiece. I think it would be a good plan to offer these fellows a small reward if they find him for us."

Ferd thought so too, and the arrangements for spending a week with Mr. Sims and Mr. Pritchard were soon made, and a little silver was paid over to bind the bargain.

"We're very anxious to find Abel Forefinger, if he's on the island," Larry told the two men. "He might be here without you knowing it, I suppose; and if you can make inquiries among your friends and find him for us, we wouldn't mind paying you £2 apiece."

"We'll try it, boss, fer suah!" Mr. Sims replied. "W'at sort o' lookin' man is he, sah?"

"We've never seen him," Larry answered, whereupon he might have noticed Mr. Sims and Mr. Pritchard exchange knowing looks; "but he is a light mulatto, somewhere between thirty-five and forty years old, and he has been down in Trinidad, off the coast of South America."

"We'll do de best we can, boss," Mr. Pritchard asserted. "If he's on dis yer island, we's de gemmen as can fin' him."

Following the directions given by their hosts, the boys easily found their way back into the town, which was only about two miles away. The sun was much hotter than in Bermuda, but Larry was growing used to that. There were good stores in the main street, and they visited one after another, buying three cots here, a water-pail there, dishes, knives, a stock of canned goods, and even going to the baker's and the ice-house, and ordering a supply of bread and ice to be left daily at the Weech Mansion. Then what next, Larry wondered.

"We might as well have a little lark, Larry," Ferd suggested; "let's go and call on the Governor."

"What!" Larry shouted. "You must be losing your senses, Ferd."

"Not a bit of it," Ferd answered; "it's quite the thing for respectable strangers to call upon the Governor, and if we're not respectable strangers, I'd like to know what we are! Come on!"

After a little argument they went, and a very pleasant visit they had in the Government House. They wrote their names upon the blank cards the servant handed them, not forgetting to add their widely separated addresses, and in a minute Sir Ambrose Shea, the Governor, was shaking their hands. He made them tell him all about their adventure in the bush, and laughed heartily with them and at them when they told him with whom they were living. He asked Ferd a great many questions about Trinidad, sent a servant for cakes and lemonade, and sent the boys away feeling that a colonial Governor is a very pleasant sort of person.

When they reached home that evening, going by the white road this time, not by the red paths through the bush, two surprises were in store for them. They noticed as soon as they entered the house that their hosts treated them with much greater respect than before. They could hardly bow low enough, or say "sah" or "boss" often enough. It must be on account of the dishes and the canned goods, they thought; but Mr. Sims immediately brought forward something that he had carefully wrapped in a banana leaf.

"A lettah for de gemmen, sahs," he said, using the leaf for a tray. "Brung heah dis evenin', sahs, by de Gov'ner's aide-de-kong, sahs! all in uniform, sahs, and a-horseback!"

Seeing that the letter was addressed to Lawrence H. Kirkwood, Esq., and Ferdinand Kirkwood, Esq., Larry tore it open, and found inside a large engraved card, bearing these few words:

"Sir Ambrose and Lady Shea. At home, Tuesday afternoon, December 22d, from 3 till 6 o'clock."

"It's just a reception," said Ferd, who was looking over Larry's shoulder; "all the strangers who call upon the Governor get cards for them. We'll have to send a regret, considering the kind of style we're living in. Besides, the people there will be nearly all Americans, and we have promised to keep away from the Americans. But calling on the Governor didn't do any harm, you see," and he looked about on the astonished darkies and smiled.

odder side ob de islan'; an' next day Mr.

nd in two or three days Mr. Forefinger would

who answered to the name of Abel Forefinger. As far as description went, this yellow gentleman answered it exactly. He was a light mulatto and he was about thirty-five or forty years old. He was sure that he must be the man who was wanted and he had lived, oh yes, boss, he had lived in Trinidad, and he rek'lected Mars Kingwood very well, yes, sah!

The boys returned to the schooner in great glee next morning, having kept Abel Forefinger in the Weech house with them all night. Abel of course went along, and Mr. Sims and Mr. Pritchard; and Ferd pushed on ahead to tell his father how they had offered a small reward for Abel Forefinger on their own account, and how they had found him, and how he would be on board in just about one minute.

Uncle Ben was quite excited over it, too. He wrung Ferd's hand, and said complimentary things about Larry, and declared that the boys had done the best kind of a man's work. But when Abel Forefinger and his companions came on board, Uncle Ben's manner somehow changed. He invited the whole party into the cabin and gave them seats, but his treatment of Forefinger was very brusque. He either was or pretended to be working himself into a violent temper.

He asked Abel a great many questions about himself, where he had lived, and what he knew of Trinidad, and of people who lived there; and while Abel was trying to stammer through an answer to the last question, Uncle Ben suddenly turned upon him, shaking his forefinger almost under the mulatto's nose.

"Oh, you yellow scoundrel!" Uncle Ben shouted. "So I've got you at last, have I? I haven't hunted you all these years for nothing! What I want with you is to get some good lead on you. Hand me the pistol out of that second drawer, Ferd, till I blow this yellow rascal full of holes!"

AMUSEMENTS AND MANNERS IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

BY ZELIA COOKE.

THE hard-working inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, as the Chinese please to name their immense territory, are not unlike other nations in their love of amusements. Indeed, they claim to be the originators and inventors of amusements which have constituted the diversion of Europeans for centuries. Cards, for example, which the French claim as their invention to amuse an unhappy King whose mind was yielding to despondency, are their special property, say the Celestials, and entered among their amusements before a French King ever occupied the throne. Chess is admitted to be the invention of the Chinese. The first Emperor of the [illegible] Wu Wang, who lived in the year 1120 B.C., was the originator of this remarkable game. The [illegible] dissimilarities in the games [illegible] are the same, [illegible] the Chinese, as the [illegible] er played the game. It is a mimic [illegible]re, and this idea of war is more apparent in the [illegible] ed by the Chinese.

As on the English board, there are sixty-four squares [illegible] sixteen pieces on each side, but there is a spirit and [illegible] about the Chinese game which we do not see elsewhere. Through the middle of the Chinese board a river is running, and the two fighting armies stand on each side of this river, arranged in military line and position. As difficult as is the English game, that of the Chinese is perhaps a little more so. The general, his two secretaries, elephants, horses, chariots, and soldiers are the names of the pieces; nor are the pieces carved so as to represent what they stand for, but are recognized only by the name which is cut into the wood. The carved ivory chessmen which are made by Chinese ivory-workers are designed for the foreign market alone, as the expert chess-player in China disdains to use them. They have a game which they call "blockade chess," and still another called "three-handed chess." No queen ever appears on a Chinese chess-board, as that would be giving a dignity to woman which the Chinaman could not endure.

Numerous other games are played, and perhaps no nation is more fond of gambling, or pursues it more persistently. The young men of high social position amuse themselves by writing verses, and making pen-and-ink sketches on fans or scrolls, which they present to friends. They are not addicted to out-door sports. Archery is practised for military use. Shuttlecock is played, but no battledoor is ever used; and the shuttlecock is kept in the air by the dexterous use of the white felt sole of the Chinese shoe, and experts show a wonderful proficiency in keeping the shuttlecock always in the air by a forward and backward movement of the foot. All classes, old and young, fly kites. Old men may be seen seated on the streets flying a kite for hours together. The shapes of these kites are often so beautiful and so ingenious that one could almost believe that a bird or a ship or a beast was sailing through the air.

The Full-moon Festival makes every city in China bright and joyous. The moon-cakes are for sale everywhere, innumerable lamps shine from streets and gardens and rivers; singing girls go about the streets, and story-tellers gather crowds around them to listen to their interesting tales of dead emperors and heroes; Punch and Judy meet you at every street corner, and acrobats and gymnasts perform to admiring beholders.

But the grand festival held on the fifth day of the fifth moon—the Dragon Boat Festival—is the great gala day of China, for the reason that the dragon is pre-eminently the Chinese symbol. It is embalmed in everything which belongs to the nation. Its literature, its art, its classics, painting, and porcelain, are full of it, and architecture presents it everywhere. They have volumes full of stories relating to this wonderful creature. It is the imperial emblem of China, so that the Emperor's person is always spoken of as the "Dragon's person"; his throne is the "Dragon's seat"; his bed is the "Dragon's bed"; his countenance, the "Dragon's face"; his eye, the "Dragon's eye"; and when he is dead they say he has ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high, and even his tomb is called the "Dragon's tablet." We need not then be surprised when we see this Dragon in every size and position upon the beautiful pottery and expensive porcelain and various tableware and mantel ornaments which come from Canton.

The little children of China come in for a fair share of

holiday fun. They have plenty of toys and confections, and the New-year day seems to be the special time for children, very much what our Christmas is to American children. On that day the little boys—the little girls are not allowed such privileges—go about the streets with their fathers paying New-year's calls, and carrying a lighted joss-stick and perhaps a handful of fire-crackers. On this day the little sons of wealthy fathers are sure to be dressed in the most gorgeous and expensive finery. Their silk and satin are superb, and sometimes handsome jewels ornament their little fingers and are worn around their necks; and as fashions in China change only once in a quarter of a century, and very often only in half a century, a little boy's finery is always available until he outgrows it; and as a general thing Chinese children have very good manners, and even holiday fun does not lead them into disrespectful actions toward grown people. Little Americans might profit from their example.

The code of manners for grown people is very exacting as regards deference to the aged. An old laborer or servant is treated with consideration by those who are of higher social position than himself. If persons meet him on the street bearing a burden, he is given the right of way at once, and even distinguished officials will step out of the path into the street or road and allow him to pass with ease. Some years ago a great disturbance occurred at one of the Treaty ports through the failure of a party of young Englishmen to recognize this custom. The Englishmen, ignorant of Chinese etiquette, were walking in a narrow path which crossed a field. They met an old man carrying a heavy load, who insisted upon keeping the path. They pushed him out of the way, and, unfortunately, struck him with their canes for what they considered his insolence. The villagers were infuriated by their behavior, construed it into gross disrespect to the Chinese nation, and seizing the young Englishmen, threw them into prison, and after some days put them to death. Truly a tragic end to a morning walk.



THE CHINESE IDEA OF LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

The Chinese are as fond of sending presents as we are, but not in the same manner. They send a number of articles, but the receiver is expected to take only one, and if an ignoramus should happen to keep the whole collection, the donor would be greatly disgusted with his want of good breeding.

With them the left hand and not the right is the place of honor. The host must never sit down before his guest is seated, which, of course, is etiquette all over the world, but the Chinaman must get up every time his guests do, if it amounts to a dozen times a minute. Nor must he sit while any one who is his equal is standing. Inquiries concerning a stranger's personal affairs, a thing we consider the height of vulgarity, is with them the very essence of courtesy. To ask your age, and your business, and how much money you have, and how much you make, and what you intend to do with it, and how much you paid for an article of dress, is the polite thing among the Celestials; but it is shockingly impolite to wear spectacles in the presence of a guest or a superior, and the most near-sighted man would never violate this law of etiquette. An English traveller gives a very amusing account of a lawyer in Canton who apologized to the court for daring to put on his spectacles in order to read an official document. Both hands must be used in passing even the smallest article, and both hands must receive it, even a cup of tea.

The Chinaman does not shake your hand, but clasps his own hands together, and moves them up and down several times. If he wishes to do you great reverence, he raises his clasped hands to his forehead, bowing at the same time very reverently. The ladies, however, have quite another fashion. They catch hold of the left sleeve with the right hand, and make the motion of up and down as they bow.

Very queer men and manners, we say, and no doubt the Celestials think they have the finest manners in the world, and wonder that all the world does not follow their fashions. It is at least true that in no country in the world is the code of manners more complete than in China. For thousands of years the people have been following the example of their fathers, and so customs have come to have the authority of laws. Even in Japan, where the people drink different kinds of tea in token of different grades of respect, and where tea-making has become more of a fine art than dinner-giving is in America, not more attention is paid to etiquette than in China.

CURRANT JELLY.

HATTIE JAMES [illegible] on the morning of the fourth [illegible], with bright [illegible] pleasant [illegible] of [illegible] especially a bright soft summer day [illegible] either beginning nor end [illegible] help it.

Friday before there had been a great [illegible] and a great terror in the James household. Mrs. James [illegible] sweetness and light," as Hattie called her darling mother, had slipped on the cellar stairs, as she was reaching over for the milk and butter which were kept so cool and fresh on that treacherous shelf which came down in her hands when the startled woman clung to it, and away she went to the cemented pavement with the shelf and its contents on her. "One cry of 'Hattie' daughter!" and then Mrs. James was quite still and white.

Almost in a bound Hattie was beside her, and a dash of cold water brought the sufferer to a gasping sense of pain. Fortunately, Ned and Jim, dear little fellows of ten and twelve years, had just come in for something to eat; and their sister despatched them forthwith for Doctor Miles.

Mrs. James was a very quiet woman and made no outcry over anything; when she found, therefore, that, although severely bruised, she had not broken any bones, she managed with Hattie's help to get up to the sitting-room lounge, where she sank exhausted.

The doctor looked serious enough when he found how badly she was bruised, and that she had also sprained her ankle. Perfect rest and quiet, he said, she *must* have; and this, with cold water bandages might bring her around again in a few weeks.

"It's such an inconvenient time, doctor, for being laid up," said Mrs. James, ruefully. "What will become of Hattie and the boys? And there's my currant-jelly!"

"How old is Hattie?" asked the doctor, who knew pretty well without asking.

"Fifteen to-morrow," was the reply, "but she is such a child yet."

When the bruised and aching bones had been skilfully bandaged, and Mrs. James said that she felt almost comfortable, Doctor Miles assured his patient that, with such an "ugly" fall as that, she might be thankful she had fared no worse. Hattie accompanied him to the door, and placing his hand on her shoulder, he said, "My child, see that you celebrate your fifteenth birthday properly, to-morrow," and was gone.

"I have been thinking, dear," said her mother, when Hattie, with tearful eyes, returned to the sitting-room, "that you had better go for Miss Hannah and ask her if she can come to us for a week or two. She is a pleasant person to have around, and will take hold of everything. But first give the boys their dinner and take your own."

The dinner consisted of fried eggs, and pease, and brown-bread with fresh butter. The boys having shelled the pease, while Mrs. James put them on to boil, before the accident happened; and fried eggs were easy for Hattie to cook. The boys were quite satisfied with this repast, and a liberal block of ginger-bread answered for dessert. They went back to school while their sister washed and put away the dishes as usual.

Hattie felt very badly about her mother, who was suffering more than she would acknowledge; and her sensible little head got rather wild over the problem of ways and means. How would they ever pay the doctor and Miss Hannah, and for all the other things which her mother's helpless state rendered necessary? It had been hard enough before to live on their small income, and only her mother's good management could have made it possible. Hattie did so want two more years of school to fit herself for a teacher, but now this seemed more impossible than ever.

"I feel so disappointed about my currant-jelly," said Mrs. James again. "Next week, the first week in July, is the very best time to make it, and currants will be over by the time I am well for anything."

"Don't worry, dear," was the loving reply; "perhaps something will turn up yet about that jelly. You wait and see."

An affectionate smile was the only response; and after putting everything she would be likely to want within her mother's reach, and wetting the bandage on her wrist, Hattie put on a pink cambric dress, in which she looked as fresh as a rose, and her little sailor hat trimmed with pink to match, and betook herself to Miss Hannah Brice's.

She did a great deal of thinking as she went, principally on the subject of currant-jelly, so much indeed that she quite forgot to be shy and nervous as she passed Mrs. Loader's large boarding-house, where the city ladies who sat on the piazza with novels and fancy-work seemed so formidable, and the girls of her own age were even worse. She was really wondering now if she could not make the currant-jelly herself—she almost thought she could, and Miss Hannah would help her. This particular jelly, though, was a serious matter, for most of it—and there were always a great many tumblers—was sent to some ladies in the city who knew how very nicely Mrs. James made it; and the money paid for it was used for the family clothes, which always needed so much replenishing in the autumn. Indeed, as Hattie declared, they depended on currant-jelly for anything to wear.

"Now why," she asked herself, with her eyes on the ground as though she expected to find the answer there, "could she not put up the jelly without mother's knowing anything about it until it was successfully finished? And if it *wasn't* successfully finished, but spoiled instead, why, she'd do without things to pay for it. She was usually at school when her mother made the jelly, so that she really knew very little about it; but this term she had been kept at home, quite fortunately it seemed to her now.

Hattie had just turned the corner of Mrs. Loader's piazza into the little street where Miss Hannah lived, when a very pleasant voice called out, "Stop a moment, please," and a lady got up from a low rocker, with her apron full of embroidery silks, and came to the railing. She had such a sweet face that the young girl fell in love with her at once; she did not look like a city boarder. Another good thing, there was no one else on the piazza; so Hattie, looking more like a rose than ever, stood quite still to hear what the lady had to say.

"Aren't you Hattie James?" she asked. "And can I get some currant-jelly made at your house? Doctor Miles thought I could, and I should like to take a quantity of it home with me."

To the first question Hattie replied promptly, but the other was more confusing. Finally she said, with great embarrassment, that "she *thought* so; and if she could not, she would let the lady know at once."

Mrs. Francis smiled pleasantly, and said that she hoped it would be yes instead of no; and thinking in her excitement that it seemed to be fairly *raining* currant-jelly, Hattie walked on to the neat little house where Miss Hannah Brice lived when she was not in other people's houses. She could do so many useful things that she was welcome everywhere, and she was a very comfortable person to be with, as she was sure to be interested in what interested others.

She listened now to Hattie's account of her mother's accident with exclamations of horror, for she always declared that Mrs. James was "one of the salt of the earth." "*Of course* she'd come," she said, "as soon as she'd

wound up the cat," which meant taking it next door, "and a few other things."

Hattie was almost breathless with the expeditious movements by which she found herself out on the street again and walking home with Miss Brice beside her. The currant-jelly plan met with instant approval.

"No reason in the world why you shouldn't," was the brisk response, "and plenty of reasons why you should. Get ready to-morrow, and go right at it next day; I'll help you all I can."

Mrs. James looked relieved as the experienced helper settled into her place and made every one around her comfortable; and it seemed a good thing that Miss Hannah existed, and that she lived in Woodfield.

Hattie need not have sighed so mournfully on the morning of her birthday, for her mother had quite a comfortable night, and the red currants for the jelly grew profusely in their own large vegetable garden, while a neighbor had offered all the white ones they could carry away. So, presently, the world grew brighter, and she took up her burden cheerfully.

"Now, Hattie James," said Miss Brice, when the invalid had taken a cup of tea and a slice of toast, "'twould save me a peck of trouble, and mebbe a bushel, if I just went to work and made that jell from beginning to end, but 'twould not do *you* the same good, and I've got a conscience. You say that your ma got the tumblers and sugar ready last week, so *they're* on hand. Set 'em out, and every other earthly thing you'll need, so's to lay your hand on 'em. Then send the boys around to Mis' Sims' to pick a peck or so of white currants: and when they're through, it won't hurt"—the boys might not have agreed with her—"to pick three pecks of red ones. Mixing the two makes the jell prettier. Do all you can to-day, for you'll have your hands full enough to-morrow. No danger of your ma's coming out to the kitchen."

Hattie ran into the sitting-room to kiss the pale face, with a feeling almost of remorse that she was keeping anything from her even for so short a time.

Fortunately for the conspirators, the important day was clear and not overhot. The boys were as good as gold, and obeyed orders like soldiers, being greatly encouraged by the promise of "leavings" on their bread-and-butter at night.

"First thing," said Miss Hannah, energetically, when their forces were all in array, "we'll weigh the currants, and give each pound just half a pound of sugar."

"They haven't been picked off the stems yet," replied Hattie; "the boys and I will go at it now."

"Life's too short to pick currants off the stems, 'specially when there's no call for it. My currant-jell's tolerable good, if it *don't* take all day to make."

So, under the direction of her commanding officer, Hattie weighed the currants, stems and all, and added a liberal half-pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. A small portion was then put into the bottom of the large porcelain-lined kettle and mashed with a wooden spoon, to get the necessary liquid for boiling in place of water. Then as many pounds of currants as the kettle would accommodate, to allow for boiling and stirring, were added and kept boiling for twenty minutes. Next, the fruit was strained through a thick cotton bag, and the liquid returned to the kettle. The sugar was then added, after the juice had boiled for a minute or two, and when this was entirely dissolved a spoonful was dropped in a saucer.



"DID I NOT TELL YOU THAT SOMETHING WOULD TURN UP?"

"Oh!" cried Hattie, in great delight, "it's really *jellying*, Miss Hannah—look! look!"

"Why, what did you expect it to do, child?" was the reply. The good woman lifted off the kettle with an expression that seemed to say she'd like to see it dare *not* to "jell," after all this work.

Hattie filled the tumblers, in which hot water had been standing to keep them from cracking, with the bright-colored and fast-jellying syrup, and then she hastened to prepare another kettle of fruit. This was repeated several times, and before the currants were exhausted Hattie had succeeded in making the jelly without the slightest help, except that of the boys in squeezing the bag. It turned out beautifully, and proud enough was the young preserver when she placed some specimen glasses of firm, glowing jelly on a tray and carried them in for her mother's inspection.

"Our winter clothes, mammie dear," she said, laughingly; "did not I tell you that something would turn up?"

Mrs. James looked from the jelly to Hattie in such amazement that the latter sat down beside her and told her the whole story. Her mother's loving kiss, as she drew the bright, eager face close to her own, was praise enough, and Hattie felt as if she were walking on air.

The currant-jelly was so much admired that there was plenty to do, and when currants disappeared other fruit was tried with equal success. When Mrs. James was able to be about again, she found her little daughter immersed in a flourishing business, and Miss Hannah said, "It did beat all, the luck Hattie James had with preserving." But there was no luck about it; only patience and perseverance and a resolve to do her best.

Hattie went to school again, too, after the winter term began, and got her two years after all.

GETTING EVEN.

"PAPA," said Johnny, "flies bite us, and fish eat flies, don't they?"

"Yes," answered papa.

"Then we get even by eating fish, I suppose," said Johnny, proudly.



A STORM IMPENDING.

[illegible] PLANTS ANY MORE."

THE HAPPY SWALLOWS.

See the swallows blithely fly
Round the chimney in the sky,
Build wild circles on the wing
In an airy circus ring.

O'er the roof they swiftly pass,
Then they skim along the grass,
Round the pump, and then away
Out of sight on wanglets gay.

What a life the swallows know
Wildly darting high and low
While their playmates never lag
In the blue sky playing tag.

R. K. M.

[illegible] ON THE LAKE

[illegible] and the Lake to the Pine-tree.

"You are always casting reflections on me," returned the [illegible]

[illegible] the Breeze, "I could ruffle up this lake [illegible]"

[illegible] Water; "what a blower you are!"

[illegible] the Island, "that the farmer who [illegible] ought to sow it."

"I can't think [illegible] the Lake. "He has a mowing-machine, but he hasn't any sewing-machine."

"I'll lend him a needle," said the Pine-tree.

"Why are you trembling so?" queried the Lake of the Pine-tree on the Fourth of July.

"I'm afraid those boys with the fire-crackers will set fire to me," replied the Tree.

"Hoh! what a coward!" laughed the Lake. "You never see me getting scared to death by fire."

"That was an awful heavy rain we had yesterday," said the Boat-house.

"Rain?" said the Lake. "That wasn't rain; that was another Lake that came to visit me."

"I'm smarter than you," said the Tree.

"How?" asked the Water.

"Well, I can stand up and you can't."

"Ah, but you can't boil an egg, and I can," said the Water.

"True; but you couldn't boil the egg unless I was made into a fire to heat you up."

"And you couldn't be made into a fire to heat me up if somebody didn't strike a match to light you with."

"That may be so, but you couldn't strike the match."

"No; but I could put it out before it lit you — so there."

"Then you couldn't boil the egg," retorted the Tree, and there the discussion ceased.

Somebody had put a salt-water fish in the lake.

"How do you like it here?" asked the Sun-fish.

"Not much," said the Cod-fish; "the water isn't properly seasoned."

"I'm just dripping after that rain," said the Maple-tree.

"Oh, nonsense; you only think you are. I was out in the rain just as much as you were, and I'm no wetter than I was before," said the Lake.

"You don't look as large as you did yesterday," said the Log to the Lake.

"No, I'm not," said the Lake; "a small boy just took a pail of water out of me."

A SUGGESTION.

Peter. "I don't think fire-flies are very sensible."

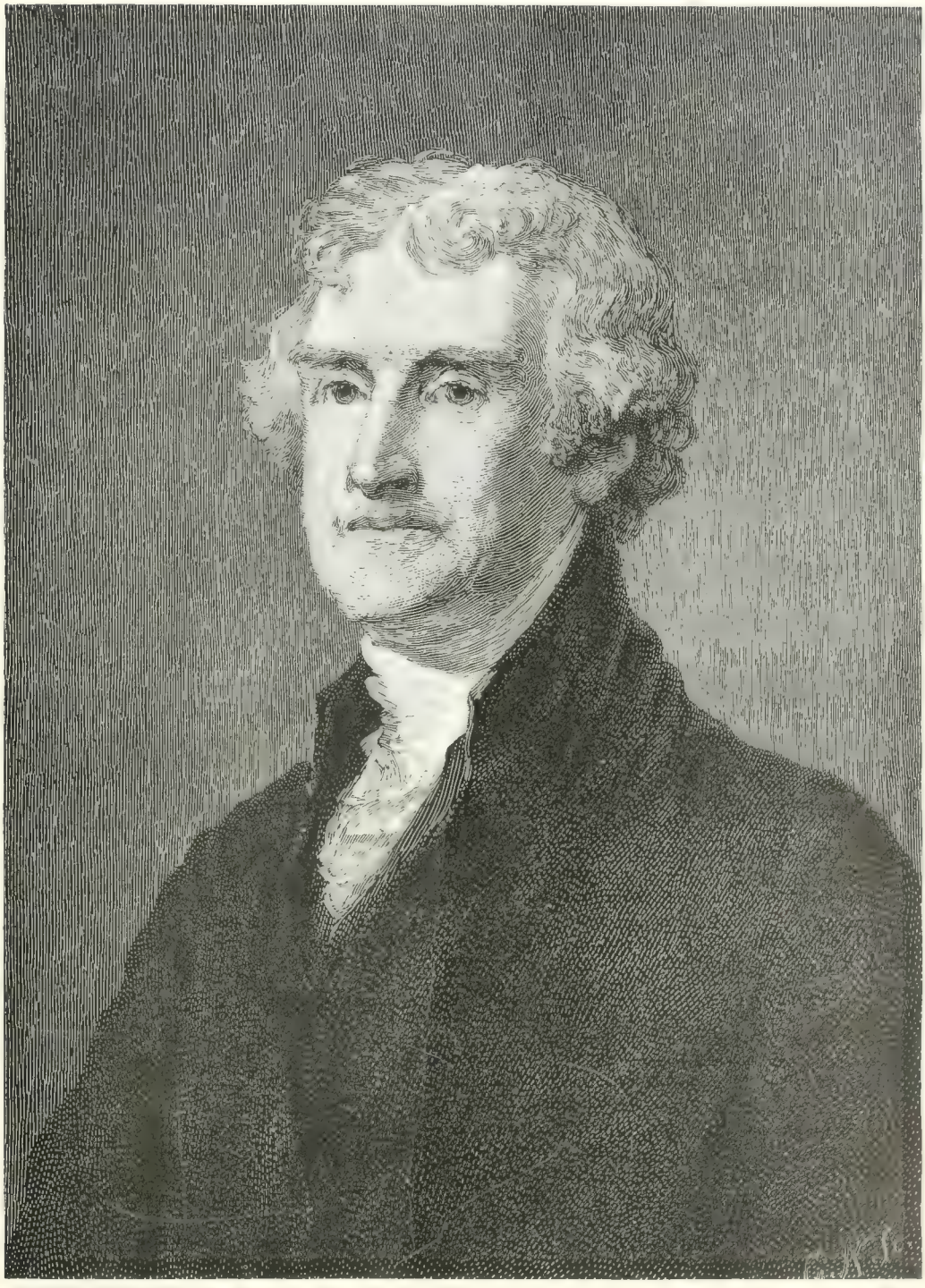
Warren. "Why not?"

Peter. "Because if they only knew enough to come out in the daytime they wouldn't have to worry about seeing their way around with lanterns."





WAR!



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THE CHRONOTHERMAL SPRING.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

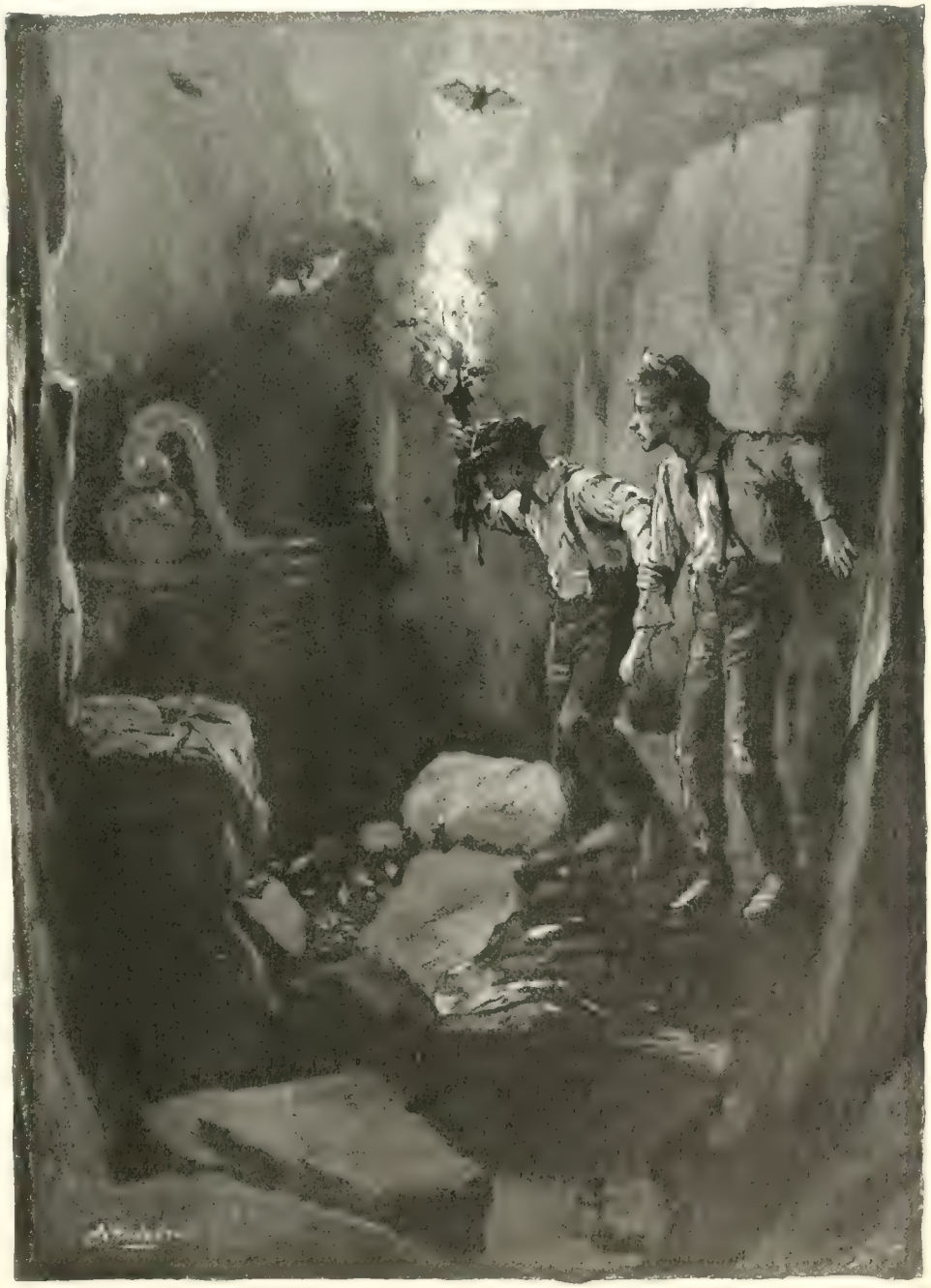
CHAPTER I.

THE CREVICE CAVE.

IT was yet early in the evening. For dwellers within wide horizons there were still two hours of sun, but his last rays had already overshot the little village of Cove Spring, nestling in a valley in the eastern shoulder of Sand Mountain, whose broad shadows were rising like a transparent sea of hazy blue up the opposite slopes of Lookout Mountain, steadily submerging forest, field, and meadow. The forge fire in Hiram Upton's blacksmith shop glowed cheerily in the half-light.

"Blow up a leetle mite more now, Dickie," he said to the boy at the bellows lever, "an' you, Carey, jest get 'round here so 't ye can get a good holt o' them tongs. When I say ready, jest yerk it out an' hit it 'crost th' horn o' the anvil t' knock off the slag, an' then hold it bevel side up jest about here," indicating a point on the anvil face with his hammer.

It wasn't often that the careful artisan trusted any boy but his own to help him in making a weld, and Carey Masterson's eyes brightened as he grasped the tongs and stood waiting for the word. Cautiously the smith made an aperture in the coals and peered intently into the depths of the fire. "Now, then, *ready!*" he shouted.



[illegible] blows of

[illegible]

[illegible] Yes, sir, I am.

Mr. Upton reckon Dick can go up the mountain [illegible] to-morrow?"

"I guess so," said the stalwart young fellow, looking at his employer. "Dick 'pears to be a stickin' pretty close to the store, an' a holiday won't hurt him. I'd like to get out myself, 'f I c'd get a good breath of Vermont air." Upton was a migrant, and all things Southern suffered by comparison with New England standards.

"I love you all, I'll come by for me," said Carey, as Dick [illegible] the door with him.

"Sure. Where 'bouts do you want to go?"

"Oh, we'll go up yonder to the big spring on paw's place, an' projeck 'round under the cliff. They 's lots o' places to go."

Up the path leading to this spring the two boys trudged on the following day, beginning their ramble, and when they reached the spring they sat down on the short grass at its brink, and watched the water gushing up among the loose rocks at the bottom.

"Father can say what he likes about Vermont," said the elder; "but we don't have any finer springs 'n that up our way."

"I low at England o' that seem like no thinks at we all got a no count sort o' country down yere," replied Carey.

"Oh, he don't more 'n half mean all he says. Don't believe you c'd drive him back to Vermont. Then it's only natural," continued this young philosopher. "You see he was born an' raised up there, an' a feller kind o' forgets 'bout the uncomfortable things when he's moved away from a place."

"I reckon we all think a heap o' the place where we was borned," replied Carey. "Seem like no place is jess the same to me 's this yere cove. Our ol' house set right over yonder on that there level place, an' we lived yere till I was 'bout seven or three year ago."

"I never knowed that," said Dick. "I s'pose that's how your father come to own the spring;" and he bent down over the glassy surface, and took a long drink of the cool water.

"Say!" he exclaimed, as he straightened up; "did you ever notice what a cold wind there is right down close to the water?"

"That's 'cause hit's a blowin' spring," replied Carey. "They's a plenty of 'em all along the mountain. Jess hol' your hand down close an' you can feel it."

"That's so; feels 's if a wind was blowin' right out o' the cliff. What makes it?"

"I 'low nobody cain't tell."

Dick Upton was thoughtful for a few moments. Here was something puzzling. He got up and walked all around the spring, carefully scrutinizing its borders and the [illegible] sandstone cliff which sprang abruptly from the [illegible] of the little cove to the top of the plateau.

"Ain't there a cave somewheres 'round here?" he asked, coming back to where Carey was standing.

"[illegible] reckon on the far side o' that big rock yonder."

"[illegible] d wind."

"All right," [illegible] leading the way along the [illegible] "I don't reckon hit has anything to do [illegible] or anyway."

"[illegible]," said Dick.

"[illegible] choked up with broken rocks after [illegible]."

Presently they reached the mouth of the cavern, a low-browed opening in a cleft of the rock. The obstruction mentioned by Carey was in plain view from the entrance, and Dick went in and examined it. Then he began to remove some of the smaller stones, and in a few minutes he had a hole large enough to admit his shoulders.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, backing out of the narrow passage. "The cave goes right on into the hill, an' it's as big as a house! Let's get a light an' explore it."

A few branches twisted from a fallen pine near by furnished the material for a torch. Dick wriggled through the opening he had made, and Carey followed, after handing in the fuel. Then the torch was lighted, and the boys looked around them.

"Hits a crevice," said Carey, staring up into the profound darkness overhead, and trying to make out the height of the passage.

"What's that?" asked the inquisitive Yankee boy.

"Why, I 'low I cain't tell thess how hit comes. Mr. Alcorn says that pieces o' the cliff get split off a little ways, and then the crack gets covered over at the top."

"I'll just bet a nickel that this 'n' comes out 'round by the spring, an' that's where the cold wind comes from," said Dick. "Let's foller it up an' see."

The passage led diagonally into the mountain, bearing a little toward the spring, and preserving its width of four or five feet pretty uniformly. In only two places the walls approached each other so that the boys had to squeeze through sidewise, and on passing the last of these they came into a wider chamber, in which the light of the torch paled visibly. A glance into the depths above gave the reason—the top of the crevice was open, and the daylight streamed in, making a dim twilight in the cavern. A swarm of bats, disturbed by the light and smoke of the torch, flew tumultuously out through the opening, sending a shower of sand and pebbles rattling down upon the explorers. It was a little grewsome for the boys at first, but Carey was a born mountaineer, and Dick was hard-headed and practical. "Wa'n't raised in the woods to be skeered by an owl," he would say. Curiously they looked around in the dusky shadows of the chamber, following the dim outlines of its boundaries. Suddenly Dick, who was carrying the torch, grasped Carey's arm, and peered into the deeper gloom of a recess on the farther side of the cave. "What's that?" he exclaimed, pointing with the torch toward something that looked like the coils of a mighty serpent.

Carey did not answer, but both boys stood their ground bravely, and stared hard at the strange-looking object. Then Dick stooped and tossed a pebble into the dark corner; the familiar ring of metal came back, and with it the mysterious object resolved itself into a coil of copper pipe, ending in a huge kettlelike bulb.

"Great Je-*ru*-sha, but I thought it was a snake!" exclaimed Dick, drawing a long breath of relief.

"I sort o' reckoned so too, an' I 'low I'd a run if you all hadn't gripped me," replied Carey.

They went over and examined the thing. "Looks like a boiler," said Dick. "It is a biler o' some kind, here's where the fire's been. What 'd you s'pose it's for?"

"Why, hit's a still—a thing 'at they make whiskey in," replied Carey, mildly. "I reckon hit's ol' Bill Hicks's still 'at I've hearn paw tell about. Bill, he usen to make moonshine whiskey up yere some place, an' nobody ever did fin' out where."

"Who wanted to find out?"

"The revenuers. I can ric'lect when I was a little

tad, they-all usen to come 'round an' try to get paw to tell 'em; he always 'lowed he didn' know."

"But how d' you s'pose they got that thing in here?" queried Dick. "It's too big to go through them places where we squeezed through, an' it wouldn't come through that crack up yonder," indicating the opening above.

"I 'low I cain't tell, lessen they's another opening to the cave," replied Carey.

"That's it!" exclaimed Dick, jumping up. "an' when we find it, you just see if it don't come out by the spring."

"Listen!" said Carey, kneeling and putting his ear to the ground. "I 'low I can hear the water a-tricklin'."

"So can I," said Dick, gathering up the torch and blowing it into a flame.

Carey peered out through a convenient cranny, and said: "You-all was right about hit. The spring's right yere."

"Oh, I knew it. Couldn't be no other way. That cold wind's bound to have some place 'r other to come from. Now let's go back a piece, and see if we can't find out where the water runs through."

A little search revealed a basin near the old still where the water ran in from the side next the wall and out again through a hole in the bottom.

"This yere's the real spring," said Carey. "That 'n' out yonder ain't nothin' but a catch-basin, don't ye reckon?"

"We can prove it easy enough," was the answer "Just you go an' watch that pool outside, an' I'll put a piece o' bark down through this hole."

The test proved Dick's theory.

"Hit thess popped up in a minute," Carey said, as he rejoined Dick in the chamber.

Then the boys sat down again, and speculated over their find; and the question of ownership, started by Dick, being settled by Carey's affirming that it "undoubtedly b'longed to ol' Bill Hicks, an' he's done been dead more'n eight year," the other lad began to figure on the possibility of turning it to some practical account.

"It's got a lot o' good copper in it, but it seems a pity to cut it up for scraps," he said.

"We-all couldn't cut it up, nohow."

"Huh! Couldn't, eh? Just give me a good cold chisel an' a hammer, an' I'll scrap it in less 'n no time," said Dick. "But, 's I say, it seems too bad to smash it up for old copper."

They discussed the question for some time, but could come to no conclusion further than to keep the discovery to themselves for the present; and to make this sure, they removed some of the stones from the old opening behind the spring, which came out under a thick mat of bushes, and climbing out through this aperture they carefully closed the one through which they had entered. Then they went down to the village and separated, agreeing to meet again the next day.

That evening, after supper, when Pent Masterson was sitting in the chimney-corner, smoking, Carey approached him cautiously on the subject of old Bill Hicks.

"I reckon I *do* ric'lect him. Th' ol' coon had er still 'round yere some place, an' th' revenuers thess nev' could ketch up 'ith hit. I don't 'low 'at three men on ther mounting knowed whar it war, 'sides ol' Bill hisself."

"D' you-all reckon hit was close by?" asked Carey.

"Hit must a-ben. Ol' Bill 'd thess light out up ther mounting, an' be back 'ith a jug a-fore ye could walk two sights."

This conversation settled two points in Carey's mind: Bill Hicks had evidently owned the still in the cave, and his father had not been in the secret, though just how he could have escaped the knowledge, with the opening so close to the old Masterson homestead, was a little puzzling. From thinking and talking of the old still, Carey's thoughts glided easily and naturally to Dick Upton.

The opening of the coal mines at Spring Cove had brought in many strangers, and among the new-comers were plenty of boys and girls of Carey's age, who put the mountain lad to shame on the score of education. Enthusiasm Carey Masterson had never known—it tinctures sparingly the mountain blood—but he soon reasoned out in a way where the difference lay between himself and, say, Dick Upton, who, though careless of speech and seemingly as uncultivated as the native boys, could, nevertheless, read and write and cipher, and through these avenues could go on to indefinite heights of knowledge. In his slow, patient way Carey had come at length to the conclusion that he must, in some way, learn to read and write.

Pent Masterson had puffed away in silence for some minutes, when Carey spoke again. "Does you-all reckon I could go to school this yere winter?" he asked.

"I'm 'feard ye cain't, Buddy. I'm 'bleeged ter have ye in th' mine 'ith me, an' you-all gittin' ter be right smart 'f a boy now," said the man.

"I wisht you-all could fix hit somehow. I want to go pow'ful bad."

"I know ye does, honey, an' I 'low I'd admire fer ye ter go thess kase ye want ter; but I thess nachelly don' see how ye kin go. We-all's too pore."

Carey sat staring into the fire for a little while, and then went up to his bed in the loft of the tumble-down shack which he called home, feeling sore at heart and troubled because of this last failure to move his father.

The bench-work held out for some days in Hiram Upton's shop, and meanwhile the boys made several excursions to the crevice cave. On one of these, when they were sitting in the cool twilight of the old still-room, Carey spoke of his trouble.

"I'd learn anyway," was Dick's comment.

"I reckon you would, but I'm someways pow'ful slow; I 'low I don't know which-a-way to begin."

"Just get a spellin'-book, an' go at it head-fo'most. You've got plenty o' grit, an' that's all anybody wants."

"I—I tried that a way," replied Carey, hanging his head as if it were a shame to confess defeat. "I thess couldn't make nothin' out o' hit. I reckon hit would be a heap easier at school. Wouldn't hit?"

"Why don't you get your father 'r your mother to start you in?" suggested Dick.

"They-all cain't," said Carey, dropping his head still lower.

And Dick grew red and embarrassed between his consternation at the discovery and a regretful shame for his lack of consideration. "I wish we'd found a coal vein 'stead of this old copper," he said; "then your father c'd a-sold it an' had plenty o' money." Then thinking it was high time for some kind of a diversion, he began piling up the wood they had brought in for torches in the fireplace of the old still.

Carey did not look around until he heard the splutter of the match as Dick lighted the pile. "Is you-all gwine to make whiskey?" he asked.

"I guess not; but I'm goin' to see if this old kettle 'll boil water."

In a short time the fire was burning briskly, and its heat and light made the cavern seem cheerful and cozy. Before long a thin stream of vapor began to pour out of the end of the worm, and the boys watched it curl away into the smoky depths above. Dick sat with his knees drawn up to his chin, staring steadily at the column of vapor, and apparently thinking with all his might. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and executed an impromptu war-dance around Carey and the fire. "I've got it! I've got it!" he shouted. "The biggest thing you ever heard of. Oh, won't it be fun!" And he rolled on the cavern floor, hugging himself in an ecstasy of joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIENTALS AT THE FAIR

A MONG the many interesting features of the Columbian Exposition there is none more delightful than the baby show. Here are babies of from two to six years, a pickaninny from Dahomey, a dancing Soudanese baby, a little Bedouin baby, babies in the Arab encampment, papooses in the Indian village, and a half dozen Egyptian boys who handle the real gray donkeys in the Cairo Street. As the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE have already guessed, these boys and girls did not visit the fair to see the curious things in the wonderful white buildings, but to be a part of the show. They are there to be looked at, not to look, and they are among the most interesting of all the exhibits.

The black baby lives in the Dahomey village, which is supposed to look as if it had been picked up in Africa and set down in Chicago.



A LITTLE SOUDANESE DANCER.

In some respects it certainly does resemble the hot country about which Mr. Stanley has written so much. The ground is sandy enough and the sunshine hot enough for Sahara, and the reed-thatched huts within the high board fence surrounding the village are uncomfortable enough in appearance to satisfy the most enthusiastic explorer. In the middle of the village is a larger hut, open at the sides and covered with thatch, and in this hut the dwellers of the Dahomey village dance the war dance of their native country every hour or two for the entertainment of the white people who stroll in to see them. All of these men and women are hideous in their gay calico clothing, with strings of teeth and strange-looking bits of stone and metal hanging about their necks and dangling from their arms and ears. But the pickaninny is as cunning as most other babies are. When I saw him he was sitting in a puddle of dirty water with no clothing on to get soiled, watching his mother and an older brother scouring two or three brass and silver rings with a bit of rag and a handful of sand. The little fellow wanted the rings to play with, and when he found that he could not have them, he set up a howl that sounded very much like a white boy of two years crying because he could not have a porcelain clock or a circus wagon to play with.

The almond-eyed Chinese children are among the prettiest at the fair, dressed exactly like their fathers, in trousers and blouses of gay colors. The Chinese youngster evidently does not know anything about the proud day when it is for the first time proper to wear "long pants." Of course the Chinese boy's trousers grow longer as he grows older, but knickerbockers and sailor suits are unknown joys to him. A Chinese father with three boys wandered into the Chinese theatre in the Midway Plaisance one evening when I was there, and throughout the [illegible] tomtoms, the squeaking of [illegible] and the singsong recitations of [illegible] fellows were as grave and as well behaved as if they had been over sixty years old instead of under six. Even the funny man on the stage, who jumped about as if he were worked by a string, and who painted his face like a clown in an American circus, could not bring a smile to the sober little Celestial countenances. Only once, when a stranger tried to be friendly and pull one of the Chinese boys into his lap, did the waxlike face alter its expression and the tight little mouth open to cry.

The Javanese baby looks exactly like a rubber doll in the arms of its mother, who is not much larger than an American girl of twelve. Her hair is black and straight, and her nose is so small and flat that if she were a rubber doll you would strongly suspect that somebody had stepped on her face. But the Javanese seem to be among the best-natured people in the world, and the baby, who lives in a little house of woven rushes and bamboo poles set in a gravelled garden, seems to be passing a very pleasant summer in Chicago.

The Cairo Street is one of the most interesting parts of the great exposition, and persons who have seen the real Cairo say that this is a very good imitation. In the broad daylight the walls look more or less like the curtain at the back of the stage in comic opera, but in the evening the effect is very pretty, with the slender towers from which the muezzin is supposed to call the faithful Mohammedans to prayers at sunset, and the beautifully carved, overhanging, latticed windows behind which beautiful women are supposed to be hidden. Women in Eastern countries see little of the outside world except through these latticed windows or the veils which cover all their faces except their eyes. There are no ladies watching behind the windows in the Cairo Street at Chicago, but the few Egyptian women at the fair are seated in the booths which line the street, and in which are displayed for sale Eastern cloths and trinkets. There is an Egyptian barber shop in this street, and the man who submits to being shaved is seated upright in a chair instead of being tilted back with his head resting in a curved support. Under his chin the barber thrusts a broad shallow basin of brass, with a big notch in the side next his neck, and proceeds to lather his cheeks after the fashion of the Saracens of a thousand years ago. It was one of these basins that the celebrated Don Quixote wore for a helmet when he started out on his tour of chivalrous adventure, as described in one of the most amusing books ever written. There is a theatre, too, in this street, where dancing is the feature of the performance; not dancing as it is

understood in America, but queer swaying movements of the body and the arms, in which the feet have little share. The little girl from Soudan who appears in the illustration, standing in front of the thatched hut in which her parents live, dances after this fashion. Around her waist is a belt from which hang a large number of sheeps' feet. Queer ornaments, you may think, but still much nicer than the human teeth from which African warriors make necklaces. When this little girl dances, the sheep hoofs rattle and flop to the shrill sound of fifes played by her relatives, without much regard to anything we should call a tune. In this street is also an Arab school, where a troop of boys who are every bit as noisy and as bright as if they had been born in New York or Chicago or Kalamazoo recite passages from the Koran for the benefit of callers, who will present them with a small coin.



ANIMAL TRAINER IN THE CAIRO STREET.

All day long the Cairo Street is thronged with sight-seers, and the imagination must be a strong one which leads the visitor to forget that he is at a fair; but in the evening, when most of the visitors have gone back to Chicago, and the venders in the booths, the barbers, the magicians, and the donkey-boys and camel-drivers gather in little groups to chat, then it is easy to think of this flimsy street of boards and paint and plaster as a bit out of an Oriental city thousands of years old and thousands of miles away. As likely as not the man who figures in the illustration as the trainer of monkeys, goats, and donkeys is drinking syrup and water with a camel-driver, and laughing at the ridiculous Americans who ask such amusing questions, while the barefoot boys in their single long garments of dull blue or green, or their baggy trousers and gay jackets, wander about, having turned their donkeys into the stable for the night, and with no other occupation than to amuse themselves. Some of these donkey-boys from Cairo are very handsome little fellows, with their smooth dark skins, fine black eyes, and regular features.

One of the most attractive children at the fair is a Bedouin Arab girl of twelve, whose name is pronounced as if it were spelled Shefeeyah. When she is at home she lives in a brown camel's hair tent in the desert beyond Damascus, in Syria. Her father and mother and baby brother as well as several other relatives are spending the summer at the fair. They brought their tents with them, and are living as nearly as they can the out-door life they enjoy so much at home, that they despise people who live under roofs and in cities. There is very little furniture in these tents except some rugs, which are perhaps hundreds of years old, and are beautiful enough for any house. There is also a pestle and wooden mortar for grinding coffee very fine, and a coffee-pot for steeping the beverage in a heap of charcoal burning in a hole in the ground. The coffee is not clear, and is not intended to be, but it is very good, indeed, as an old Bedouin makes it for people who wish to drink it, and nobody could be more hospitable than these Arabs. Other pieces of furniture in their tents are a shallow iron bowl inverted over a slow fire of sticks, and a metallic pan for mixing bread. The grandmother of the party is very skilful in this operation; she makes the dough of flour and water and salt, flattens it out in the pan, and tosses the piece of dough in her hands and over her arms until it has stretched into a round sheet as thin as a wafer. Then she carefully flops it over the rounded bottom of the hot metal bowl and bakes it, turning it two or three times until it is crisp and cooked. Many hundreds of visitors taste the Bedouin bread, which is the principal food of the Arabs when they are travelling by caravan, and drink the delicious muddy coffee just as the Arabs have been making it for centuries.

Shefeeyah's part in the entertainment consists in dancing and beating time with her hands for her mother to dance. In all these Bedouin dances, which are far more graceful and pretty than most other Oriental dances at the fair, two or three men play a weird sort of music on reed instruments, the others chant a wild song, and all whose hands are not engaged in something else clap their palms loudly. Shefeeyah evidently enjoyed the dancing and the singing and the beating time equally. Her black eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, and her lips smiled, and the best part of her behavior was the fact that she was entirely unconscious of her charms. Most children would have seemed embarrassed or else over-bold, but Shefeeyah was neither, and this barefooted little Arabian in her old blue calico dress was apparently a great deal happier than many of the well-dressed young Americans who called on her.

In the Bedouin village where Shefeeyah lives at the fair is a house of a single room brought over from Damascus, one of the oldest cities in the world, to show the people of the youngest of the great cities of the world how rich people live in Syria. The room is long and lofty and cool. Its walls are covered with Eastern tiles and carving painted in rich dull colors. Lamps of brass and porcelain hang from the panelled ceiling, and at either end of the room are raised platforms covered with costly rugs, and bordered with divans and cushions. In the centre of the room is a mosaic fountain. Shefeeyah uses it to wash her face in, and occasionally a stray chicken hops up and drinks there; but the room must seem a very magnificent apartment to a little Arab girl who has lived all her life in a tent.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

THERE [illegible] the cabin of the *Boca Grande*. The "yellow rascal" did not stop to answer any more questions, but made one [illegible] Mr [illegible] Mr Pritchard. Ferd turned to get the pistol, but Larry seized hold of his arm.

Uncle Ben made some show of following the colored [illegible] up the steps, but the moment he was gone, and he heard them running down the dock, he threw himself into a chair and burst into a fit of laughter.

"They'll not try that again, the thieving scoundrels," he exclaimed. "On my word, what a limited express time they made to the consignee's!"

"What does it all mean, father?" Ferd asked in amaze[illegible]. "What has Abel Forefinger done that you want to [illegible] him?"

"Abel Forefinger!" Uncle Ben shouted. "That was [illegible] Abel Forefinger than you are."

"Not Abel Forefinger?" Larry exclaimed. "Then that fellow was trying to swindle us."

"Of course he was," Uncle Ben replied. "They were all in the game, the whole three of them. You offered the two blacks $2 apiece to find Abel Forefinger, and you told them, I suppose, that you'd never seen him?"

"Yes, sir," the boys both answered.

"And they didn't know there was anybody aboard the schooner who had seen him," Uncle Ben went on. "So they hatched up a little game to find a mulatto who answered your description, and called him Abel Forefinger. Of course they'd have divided the reward among the three of them if their plan had worked; but, you see, it didn't work very well. By-the-way, I hope you hadn't paid those fellows the reward?"

"No, sir, we couldn't," Ferd answered, "till we got the money from you."

Larry and Ferd were still congratulating themselves over their escape from being swindled out of $20, when the *Boca Grande* sailed smoothly over the Nassau bar bound for Havana. The light-house on Hog Island dwindled into a needlelike point and disappeared, and Nassau was soon only a dark spot upon the water.

For five days and nights the boys and Uncle Ben lived and slept on deck, with awnings over them by day and old sails for covering by night. The cabin was too warm for comfort now, even at night, and the boys had reason to bless Uncle Ben's forethought in laying in a good supply of ice.

On the last of the five nights, when they expected to see Morro Castle and Havana in the morning, Ferd unfolded his shore plans.

"I don't suppose I'll make as good a manager as you did in Bermuda and Nassau, Larry," he said, "but I'll take a try at it. We've got to be a little more civilized in Havana, you know. No living in negro huts here. There must be plenty of good hotels, and there can't be Americans enough to keep us out of them. We'll put on our good clothes, and do the swell a little for a change."

"Oh, you will, will you!" Uncle Ben laughed. His pipe had dropped out of his mouth, and the boys thought he was asleep. "Well, I don't know but you're right. You can't see much of the world out of a cabin window. But how would you like to have Uncle Ben's company on shore for a day or two, and go with him to visit one of the biggest sugar plantations in the world?"

"Oh, that would be jolly!" Larry cried; and Ferd was of the same opinion.

[illegible]

Then Uncle Ben explained. An old friend of his was [illegible] sugar estates in Cuba, on the [illegible] near Cienfuegos.

"You will have plenty of time to see Havana when we come back," he went on. "They tell me these Cuban planters live like princes, and it will be a good chance for you to see a big plantation."

Sitting in his room in the Pasaje Hotel in Havana the next night, Larry tried to write his sister Imogen of the wonders he had seen that day.

"You can't imagine anything like this beautiful harbor," he wrote. "It is hardly a block across at the mouth, but widens out inside. On one side is a rocky hill, with the old Morro Castle nearly covering it, and Spanish soldiers in queer uniforms marching about the ramparts. On the other side is another big fort, and we sailed in between the two, and tied up to a buoy in the harbor, for vessels don't go up to the wharf here. You ought to have seen the houses from the water, sis; some painted blue, some pink, some of every color you can imagine, but most of them yellow. About fifty church bells seemed to be ringing all the time, for you know it's a Catholic country. But the bells don't sound anything like our church bells at home; I think they're sweeter.

"You never could guess the name of this hotel from the way it's spelled. You see how they spell it, but they call it the 'Pa-sock-kee,' and the house is as queer as its name. My room has a brick floor, and a little iron bedstead without any springs. Down-stairs in the dining-room, which is the office, entrance, baggage-room all in one, there's a marble washstand near the centre, with soap and towels, and you're supposed to wash there in sight of all the people before sitting down to eat. It made me wonder why they didn't have a tooth-brush too.

"We looked in at the Tacon Theatre to-night, as big as any in New York, and very handsome. The streets are crowded with queer people, and bands play in the parks, and there are whole armies of soldiers. To tell the truth, sis, it's a livelier city than New York, though not a quarter as large."

It was rare sport riding nearly across the island of Cuba with Uncle Ben in the party—Uncle Ben, who knew everything, and was always ready to give information on any subject. They had almost two hundred miles to go in the cars, and every mile had some new pleasure. Larry was a little disappointed to find that the cars were just like American cars, and indeed were all imported from America, and drawn by American locomotives. But there was no disappointment in the scenery or the odd people they met. All the men in the cars were smoking, and even some of the women. At one station where Ferd and Larry stepped out for a little exercise they found the engineer standing beside his engine.

"How do you say good-morning in Spanish, Ferd?"

"Say it right out in good American if you say it to me!" the engineer interrupted. "I'm from Albany, so I can understand English reasonably well."

Larry felt safer in the cars with a good American engineer at the throttle; and about one o'clock in the afternoon the train landed them at a little station called La Flora, four miles from the plantation they were going to. There was nothing but a board platform, and only one house in sight, and that a small one.

"Here we are, safe and sound!" Uncle Ben exclaimed, as the train drew away. "Now, then, Ferd, if you're the manager, what are you going to do about it? How are you going to get us over to the plantation?"

"I think perhaps we can get horses at that farm-house and ride over," Ferd replied.

"Do you, indeed!" Uncle Ben laughed. "Well, I think I can teach the young manager something about even the etiquette of visiting these planter princes. There [illegible] hard if we moved hand or foot to get to [illegible] as We

must get word to them that we're here, and then see what will happen."

Ferd soon secured a mounted messenger at the farm house, and Uncle Ben wrote on the back of one of his cards, "I am at the La Flora station with two young Kirkwoods, on the way to Hormiguera," and despatched it to his friend.

"Hormiguera is the name of the plantation," he explained, "and unless my friend Pouvert has changed very much in a few years, I don't think we'll have to wait long here in the sun."

Uncle Ben was right. In considerably less than an hour a great dust down the road announced that something was coming, and presently there drew up at the little platform a cavalcade that made the boys open their eyes and surprised even Uncle Ben. First were two colored men on horseback, with swords dangling and pistols in their belts. Then two Cuban volantes—real volantes, such as Larry had read about and seen pictures of—each with its two horses a-tandem, and a rider on each front horse, and the great wheels reaching as high as the carriage top. And beside the volantes rode the planter's two sons, handsomely equipped and well-armed; and back of all, two more mounted colored men, armed like those in front.

"Is this the way you do it in Cuba?" Uncle Ben shouted, as the planter sprang out of one of the volantes and grasped his hand. "Wait till you visit me in Trinidad, and I'll take you out to my plantation in a donkey cart!"

After a cordial handshaking and the introductions that were necessary, Larry and Ferd and Fauqua were taken into one volante, and Uncle Ben into the other with the planter, and the cavalcade started in great state for the plantation—horses running, drivers shouting, and the boys in high glee.

"Look at the house, will you!" Larry exclaimed, as they approached it. "Uncle Ben was right when he said these planters live like princes!" It was a great stone building with a roof of red tiles, with broad piazzas around both stories, and the piazzas so shaded with vines that they were like long broad rooms, with rugs, and comfortable chairs, and tables; and these indeed were the best and most-used rooms in the house. There the ladies of the family sat, on the lower piazza, and received their guests.

But the planter did not let his visitors stay there long. "There's only one thing a man wants after a long railroad ride in Cuba, Kirkwood," he said. "Let me show you what it is." And he led Uncle Ben and the boys through the marble-tiled hall to a broad building at the rear, where they found a series of little dressing-rooms surrounding a great marble pool in the centre filled with pure cool water. The plunge that they soon had in this pool on that hot day after a dusty journey was one of the greatest luxuries their host could have provided.

"You have come just at the right time," the lady of the house said to the boys when they returned to the piazza, the planter and Uncle Ben having strolled away by themselves. "We began grinding last week."

"Grinding?" Larry repeated, inquiringly.

Ferd laughed. "My cousin doesn't know anything about a sugar plantation," he said. "He may think you're grinding coffee or flour."

"He'll soon see for himself," the lady said, pleasantly. "He can see the whole operation from here. There is the mill, just across the driveway, and you see the whole front is open so that we can oversee it. Ah, they'd be a lazy lot, those workmen, if we did not keep an eye upon them. We're grinding 64 this morning."

"What does that mean?" Larry had to ask.

"Sixty-four per cent.," the lady explained. "You see the cane going between those three iron rollers? They break it up and squeeze the juice out of it. If we feed a 100 pounds of cane to the rollers, and get 64 pounds of juice from it, that is 64 per cent., and we say that we're grinding 64. Sometimes it goes as low as 45, sometimes up to 80. I am so used to it that I can tell the exact percentage by the sound of the machinery."

While the lady was speaking a locomotive and a train of box-cars loaded with sugar-cane from the fields drew up in front of the mill.

"And do you have your own railroad?" Larry asked.

"Oh yes," the lady laughed; "there is no money in a sugar plantation without the very latest machinery. You will see the mill brilliant with electric lights to-night, for we work night and day in the grinding season. It almost breaks my heart buying so much machinery; this year we have added $150,000 worth."

"Phew!" Larry exclaimed; "and how much sugar do you make?"

"We average about 9000 tons a year," the lady replied; "sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. We are the third in size in the world, they tell us. There is one plantation making 12,000 tons a year and one making 15,000, both in Cuba."

No wonder, Larry thought, that the family lived in such royal style, and kept so many servants in livery. Nine thousand tons of sugar a year! Then if they cleared only $40 on a ton, which would be only two cents a pound, they must have an income of $360,000 a year.

"I think I should like to be a big sugar planter," Ferd said, when they sat by the windows of their own room at night, watching the machinery in motion. "This is a regular palace, isn't it? French cooks, servants in livery, nearly everything they eat imported from New York. You know the family only live here a few months in the year, Larry. They spend the summer in Saratoga in grand style, and part of the year in Paris. They have two daughters at school in Paris now, I believe."

Good use the boys made of the horses. The planter's sons galloped with them over the 7000 acres of rich land comprising the plantation, and showed them all the sights of the neighborhood. But the sons, who were young men, had their own departments to look after, and could not be with the boys always. One morning when the boys were riding alone, with Fauqua a little behind, Ferd stopped when they were well away from the house.

"Larry," said he, "I propose we do a little sight-seeing on our own account to-day. Do you see those mountains off to the southeast? And that old tower on the second hill from the right? I've been wondering ever since we came here what that tower is, and yesterday I found out. The mountains are about fifteen miles from here, and the tower belongs to an abandoned coffee plantation house. The mountains are full of abandoned coffee plantations and fine old houses, and they say that from the summit there's such a beautiful view of the Caribbean Sea that you can see the mountains of Jamaica on a clear day. I propose that we ride over to the old tower to-day; we can be back in time for dinner."

"Not without speaking to Uncle Ben about it," Larry answered, decidedly.

"Oh, that's all right," Ferd exclaimed; "I think we can take care of ourselves." And he held up two revolvers that he had borrowed from the planter's sons, and handed one to Larry. "You see we're prepared for bandits if we should meet any. Come on."

Larry took the pistol, but held back. "No," he said; "I don't think we ought to go without telling your father. We don't know anything about the country."

"Nonsense!" Ferd retorted. "Do you want to be tied to an apron-string all the time? I was to manage the business in Cuba, wasn't I? And didn't I do everything you wanted in Bermuda and Nassau? You don't seem to have much faith in my management."



"BANDITS"

"Yes, I have," said Larry; "but I don't think there's any sense in running into danger foolishly. They say the mountains are full of bandits and thieves and —"

"Oh, don't go if you're afraid," Ferd interrupted. And Larry saw a little of the white look his sister had described coming into his cousin's face. "I shouldn't go either if I was afraid. But I'm not afraid, and I'm going anyhow. Come on, Fauqua; we'll leave the New Yorker to talk to the ladies."

Before Larry could make any reply his cousin and Fauqua galloped off, leaving him alone and in a very uncomfortable frame of mind.

He was angry at being accused of cowardice, and angry that his cousin should treat him as such. Perhaps it was a stern sense of duty that held him back, but most likely he was firm because he was too proud to be taunted into doing anything against his will. However, there were Ferd and Fauqua going into danger without him. He could go back and tell Uncle Ben that he had let them go into the mountains alone. Getting the credit to this more noble reason, he put spurs to his horse and soon overtook them.

"I thought you'd come," Ferd laughed as Larry rode up to them. "I take it all back, Larry; I only said those things to induce you to come along."

Going up the mountain the boys kept well together, but they were not molested. There were ruins of fine old [illegible] on every hand, and some large houses still in good repair, though they had not been occupied since the coffee planters went out of business, years before.

The old tower they had come to see was a ruin; but beside it was a large house, empty like the others, but still in good order, with the remains of garden walks and terraces about it. Through this old place the boys wandered, leaving their horses fastened under a tree. What a beautiful place it must have been!

Ferd called Larry to one of the front windows in what must have been the dining-room.

"How blue those Jamaica hills look!" he cried. "We will have a nearer view of them before long, Larry."

"What dat?" Fauqua exclaimed. He was standing close by the boys, looking over their shoulders, and his sharp ears detected some strange sound.

Both boys looked around, but before they could cry out, they were in the hands of a dozen men who had sprung into the room as Fauqua spoke.

There was a little struggle, but it was no use against such desperate odds, and a minute later both the boys and Fauqua lay upon the floor, bound hand and foot with ropes, and the small but ferocious-looking men, most of them in bare feet and shabbily dressed, were rifling their pockets.

"Bandits!" Ferd said in English, without looking at [illegible]. "They'll be after a ransom, and I've got you into a pretty scrape."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOUISA HATHAWAY'S EARNINGS.

BY GRACE W. SOPER

THE afternoon shadows had set in so softly among the needles and pins, the patterns and stitches of the Girls' Sewing Club, that the members did not realize that the meeting would soon be over, and that it was already time to fold up the half-finished garments and to put away the thimbles which had been flying briskly for the last three hours in the service of the poor. The President, fortunately, was more observant of the lateness of the hour than the other members, and decided that it was time to turn the attention of the Club from sewing to "important business."

"Will the Club please come to order?" she asked, politely, knocking the table with a pair of scissors.

The Cutting Committee gave a few more slashes into a piece of brilliant red flannel, and looked up attentively.



"WILL THE CLUB PLEASE COME TO ORDER?"

The Picking-up Committee seized a large waste-basket, and made preparations to gather up the rags which had fallen to the floor. The other members began to fold their work in the midst of an animated conversation.

"Will the Club come to order!" demanded the President, knocking the table more imperatively. The members sat erect in attitudes of attention.

"I wish we could do something for the good of our object," said the President, in a sweet voice.

"Give a fair," spoke one member, decisively.

All the members laughed.

"There isn't a better means for making money. I know a woman who holds a fair every winter for her own benefit. She makes fancy-work, and invites her friends to buy."

"How funny! How clever! Where does she live?"

The members began a most interested discussion of fairs, which was interrupted by the voice of the President.

"We really ought to think of something as practicable but not so tiresome."

"Have a dramatic entertainment," was one suggestion.

"Give a concert," was another.

"These are all good," said the President. "Will any one volunteer to serve on a committee of entertainment?"

There was a long silence, and then the members laughed.

"Miss President," said a clear voice from a distant corner, "I have a plan to propose."

"We shall be happy to hear it, Miss Stanley," said the President, encouragingly, bending towards an energetic little figure with quick blue eyes and a high forehead, from which the hair was brushed back severely.

"Miss President, this Club was established to make and distribute clothes among the poor—chiefly among the children of the poor. We need money, but we have had so many concerts and tableaux and dramatic entertainments that we are tired of them, and do not feel like working in that way to increase our funds. Let us consider the new plan which some clubs have tried lately, of earning our contributions to charity. Then we shall feel as if we had given our own work without help from others. I make the motion that each member shall earn a dollar, and bring it to the Club next month at the annual meeting."

"I second the motion," said a member.

[illegible] posed? It is a [illegible]

[illegible] quickly to most unparlia[illegible] and talking young [illegible]

[illegible] Mabel Richmond

"I never earned a dollar in my life. I don't believe that I could," said Louisa Hathaway.

"Oh, Louisa, don't be discouraged," said Mabel. "Of course you can. I'm sure spending a dollar is easy enough, and earning one can't be very hard, for where could we get all our dollars if somebody didn't earn them?"

"Poor papa seems to think earning is harder than spending," said Louisa again, timidly.

"My father believes that girls ought not to earn unless they are obliged to. He says that there are so many poor girls that they should not be pushed back by the girls who have plenty of money," said Annie Bartlett. "I am expected to live in a handsome mansion on the Avenue in winter and in a lovely country house in summer. An expressive silence followed this remark, as if the girls felt that their vote had been something dangerous, to call forth such a serious statement.

"But we are not to earn this dollar for ourselves. We are to work for the poor who need help. That makes the difference," said Helen Stanley, stepping forward with her usual decision, to save her plan from general disapproval.

"My mother believes that all girls should be educated so that they can support themselves, if necessary," said Louisa's cousin, a visitor from Boston, who looked as if she would enjoy an argument upon a difficult modern problem. "We are all busy in my family. I embroider, my sister Mary paints on china, and Catherine is taking lessons on the violin."

"Then you can earn two dollars to help Louisa," was a mischievous suggestion of Annie Bartlett.

"Louisa will earn her own contribution. I know she will, and so shall we all of us," said sunny Mabel Richmond.

Hear! hear!" cried one of the Picking-up Committee, waving a basket over her head.

[illegible]

It was evident that most of the members of the Girls' Sewing Club thought that earning a dollar would be one of the greatest amusements in the world, and it was equally clear that they were not usually obliged to take part in such a common kind of recreation. Living in a prosperous New England city, they were girls sure of comfortable homes and many other pleasant advantages, which they thought were as firm as the rocky hills seen beyond the city. Knowing little about extravagance, they were even more ignorant of want, and their lives went as smoothly as the river which flowed with easy current through pleasant banks. The nearest chance of meeting the poor was in serving on the Visiting Committee of their favorite Club, and the chief result of this was a wonder why people could be so uncomfortable and wretched.

All the girls said that Louisa Hathaway was apt to be too serious. In trying to make a decision she would pucker her smooth forehead into five straight lines between her eyebrows, and would look for a brief period the very picture of the misery of extreme conscientiousness.

[illegible] d, after the meeting of the Girls' [illegible] each member should earn [illegible] annual meeting. Tell me what [illegible]

[illegible] sigh. "You must [illegible] dear," she said, and in her sigh she suddenly seemed to see a picture of shabby furniture, of many family wants unfulfilled, and of the pretty home in need of improvements. It was strange [illegible] had not noticed this before.

"You might go into business, Louisa," was one little [illegible] suggestion.

"I'll tell you what to do, Louisa," said another. "Just start an electric railroad. There's ever so much money in that, Uncle Tom says."

"Why don't you raise chickens?" asked her Boston cousin, reflectively. "I've heard that women find eggs and chickens quite remunerative."

"Oh, dear!" said Louisa, more discouraged than ever, "I can't do any of those things. I don't know anything about business or railroads or chickens."

"Hello! what's the trouble here?" called out a brisk voice in the air.

"That's Cousin John!" exclaimed the girls, eagerly. "He'll help you, Louisa."

"Oh, Cousin John, I want a dollar."

"Is that all? So do a good many people;" and a new dollar bill was put into Louisa's hand.

"No, thank you, Cousin John. You are very kind; but I must earn it." And in answer to her cousin's expression of surprise, Louisa told the story of the vote of the Girls' Sewing Club.

Cousin John, who was a young minister interested in the poor and the rich, in the problems which bring people together or keep them apart, leaned back in his chair and laughed. Then he became more serious, and said:

Your Club is wiser than it realizes. If the rich could know how hard it is for the poor to earn a dollar, they would understand better how to meet the poor to help them. But for you, little woman, keep your eyes open and look for your chance. Don't worry. There'll be an opening some day."

Louisa would have preferred more detailed directions upon making her dollar; but as Cousin John, as well as every one else, seemed to be determined to throw her upon her own resources, she was obliged to accept any advice that she might gain.

What could she do to earn that dollar? As she thought over the subject she seemed to belong to the great army of the unemployed, and in the midst of comfort and pleasant dependence she felt poor and wretched. She wondered why she was not hungry and why she was so well clothed. She felt that none of her possessions belonged to her, because she had not earned them. Sometimes she had a genuine dread of the future, just as if she had not a dollar in the world, and sometimes she dreamed of tremendous wealth, which would come as the result of all her earnings. But neither dread nor dreams produced the dollar.

"Out of a job yet, Louisa?" Cousin John would ask, occasionally, with a twinkle in his eye. But Louisa had decided that she would not trouble her family with her perplexity, and said very little upon the subject which was most upon her mind.

One day she thought that she would seek encouragement from some of the members of the Sewing Club.

"Have you earned your dollar?" she asked, almost in a whisper, as Mabel Richmond went dancing by at recess.

"What dollar?" was the surprised question of the light-hearted girl, whose happy disposition had undoubtedly an element of carelessness.

"Why, the dollar for the Girls' Sewing Club," said

Louisa, equally surprised, because she wondered that any body could forget the momentous situation.

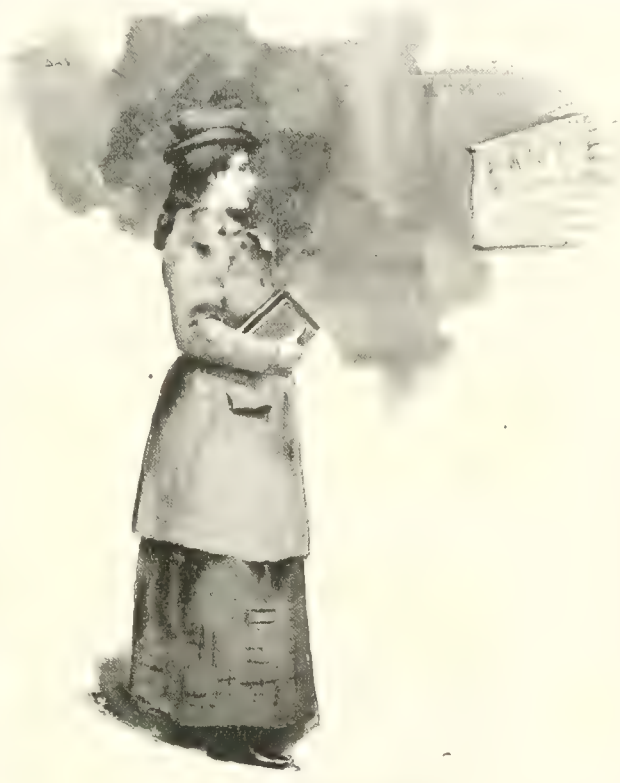
"Oh, that dollar!" laughed Mabel. "I haven't thought of it; but of course I will have it before the annual meeting. Are you going to Jacqueline's birthday party? Papa has given me the loveliest pink shoes, and mamma has bought me the sweetest wreath of pink rose-buds for my hair."

Mabel's gayety seemed to Louisa almost inexcusable frivolity. Her invitation had been barely glanced at, so absorbed was her mind with the importance of earning the contribution. Once her mother found her carefully studying the columns of "Wants" in the newspaper.

"Mamma," she said, "it seems to me that more situations are wanted than people."

Her mother looked puzzled.

"I mean," she continued, "that more people need situations than there are places open for them. Then there are so many more 'Wants' for nurses, second girls, waitresses, and governesses than there are for educated girls. I see only two or three beginning, 'A cultivated young lady wanted'; but a great many 'ladies of education and refinement' advertise that they would like to be housekeepers or readers or book-keepers."



ON THE WAY TO THE LIBRARY.

Her mother looked troubled, and was beginning to say that there was no necessity that she should be troubled by the advertisements, when Cousin John said:

"Don't interrupt Louisa's studies, Mary. She is beginning to learn the great law of supply and demand, and to wonder at the mysteries of competition. She will become a keen little political economist if she keeps on."

"I never thought of political economy," said Louisa, indignantly. "I looked in the paper just to see how people earned money."

Cousin John laughed; and even her mother, who seemed a little anxious over Louisa's seriousness of mind, smiled.

The next day there appeared in the hall a large white placard plainly printed with these words: "An educated and refined young lady wanted to assist in mending; must be patient and industrious; no objection made to a knowledge of mathematics, the modern languages, and music; although experience in hemming and basting is more essential. Good pay at ten cents an hour. Apply in the sewing-room after school."

"Oh, that's for me!" said Louisa, almost flying to the sewing-room. "Mamma, I've come to apply for a situation. May I do the mending? May I—can't I?"

"Dear me," said her mother, "I never saw such eagerness. Have you any references?"

"No," said the applicant rather dubiously, "but I'll do my best," and for this cheerful promise she was engaged at once.

For an hour her needle worked with the rents, the rips, and the holes in a pile of linen.

"Mamma, do you have as much mending every week?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother, smilingly.

"Oh, you poor little mamma, why didn't you tell me? Did you think I was too busy with my school, and my music, and my clubs to help you? I'll give up something, and we can mend together every week. I'm not to be turned off even if you don't pay wages."

At the end of the afternoon Louisa had earned twenty-five cents, the proudest money that she had ever possessed. But no more opportunities for increasing her contribution were presented.

"Are you discouraged, Louisa?" asked Cousin John.

"A little."

"Don't be down-hearted, little woman; that will never do. Just keep on helping people, and don't be afraid to work."

Louisa became quickly cheerful over the new thought which Cousin John had given her. "I'm not going to worry any more about that dollar," she said to herself. "I'm just going to keep on helping people and not be afraid to work." And in quick realization of her thoughts she took up a book which her mother had asked her to exchange at the public library, and was soon on her way to fulfil her errand.

The handsome library was a busy scene of book-borrowing and reading. Louisa thought that she had never seen a larger number of waiting people, and when she had waited a long time for her own book she discovered the cause.

"Oh dear," said little Miss Primrose, the librarian, "I hope you will excuse me for not handing you your book sooner; but the fact is, I'm almost driven to death. My assistant is ill, and I haven't had time to find any one to fill her place."

Louisa took her book with a few indifferent words of sympathy. Then Cousin John's words came to her mind in a flash. "Let me help you, Miss Primrose."

"You!" exclaimed the tired librarian in surprise. "Why, you are very kind, but I'm sure I don't know. I believe you can try, and I'm ever so much obliged."

Louisa stepped briskly behind the desk, took off her hat and cloak, and began to receive the books. At first she blushed at the strangeness of her position, and then, when she found that the public received her as a matter of course, and took no notice of her whatever, she forgot herself and quickly learned her duties. As each book was placed on the desk she took out the card and the slip containing the numbers, stamped the card with the date, placed the book with a pile of old books, and took the slip with numbers to the alcoves to find a new book. In an hour she had much increased in the quickness with which she found the desired number. As she registered the new book, she felt that she was having a very pleasant afternoon, and once she exclaimed to the librarian,

"I'm having a lovely time. This is the best kind of fun. May I come to-morrow afternoon?"

Louisa came not [illegible] I had

[illegible] girls' Sewing Club, I send the [illegible] nual meeting, but I cannot half [illegible] titude for your kindness in coming to my assistance when I needed help. Your readiness in offering your help, your cheerful perseverance in learning, [illegible] and my assistant had recovered, cannot be paid for in money. You may be sure of my warm appreciation and constant affection.

"PATIENCE PRIMROSE."

At the close of the letter the Club burst into enthusiastic applause, which the President motioned into si[illegible] another letter. A check for twenty-five dollars fluttered to the table:

To the President of the Girls' Sewing Club:

"DEAR MADAM, — Please find enclosed a check for twenty-five dollars earned by my cousin, Miss Louisa Hathaway, during the month. It may not be out of place to state that the money is due to Miss Hathaway's constant services cheerfully performed for many people. She has taken burdens from the old and given pleasure to the young, and has been unremitting in her anxiety to aid the poor. On account of the interest felt by my dear young cousin in your charitable object, I am glad to send the enclosed contribution. Yours,

"J. HATHAWAY."

There was silence for a moment, and then the girls cheered tumultuously in their excitement. They stood up; they cheered; they waved their handkerchiefs. "Louisa! Louisa!" they cried. But Louisa had not been able to endure her good fortune. She had left the room.

[illegible]

WHAT PEARLS ARE MADE OF, AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

VERY few people are aware that the pearl-oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and, as a matter of fact, the shells of the so-called pearl oyster are of far more value to those engaged in "pearl-fishing" than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from these waters. In 1881 one pearl, a black one, was sold for $10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the Californian Gulf valued at over $7,500 each. But such "finds" are very rare, and, as a rule, the pearls which are brought up are of very little value. The shells, however, are very valuable: most of them are shipped to Europe, where they are manufactured into ornaments, knife handles, buttons, and the hundreds of other articles for which "mother-of-pearl" is used.

Another fact concerning the pearl oyster and the pearl itself is very little understood. I have seen in books of instruction both in this country and in England the statement that "the formation of the pearl in the oyster-shell is caused by a disease of the oyster": and this statement is more or less generally believed, as is also the erroneous inference to be drawn from it, that the oyster referred to is the edible oyster. The mother-of-pearl is nothing more than a series of layers of nacreous matter deposited by the oyster upon the interior of the shell, and the pearl [illegible] perfectly accidental formation. It is caused by a similar deposit of nacre around some foreign object. This foreign substance may be a grain of sand, a parasite, or some similar object; but most authorities agree that it is more usually [illegible] egg of the oyster around which this natural deposit is thrown.

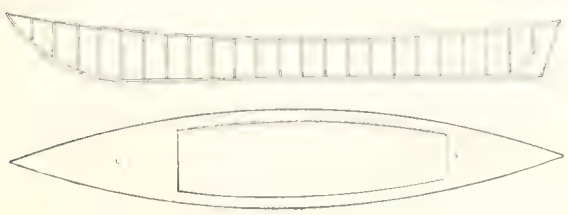
The largest pearl ever found measures two inches long, and weighs three ounces. This is of Eastern origin. The largest found in the Gulf of California did not exceed an inch and a quarter long, and was somewhat larger than the egg of a bluebird. Many of the Californian pearls are black and speckled. These are considered more valuable than the white pearls in Europe, but the most highly prized pearls of all are pink.

ROBERT F. WALSH.

HOW TO BUILD A CANVAS CANOE.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

SELECT some situation where, if the canoe is built in the open air, it can be removed to shelter in case of rain. Procure two strips of pine, 12¾ feet long and 2 inches by ¾ inch; a bunch of pine strips, 1¼ by ½ inch



DECK AND SIDE.

(which should be in length about 13 feet); and one piece of spruce, 12 feet long and 2 inches by 1⅛ inch, which is the keel proper. First saw your mid-section out of pine (see draught), and make your stem and stern post join the



THE STEM.

keel. Nail on the two sections at each end of the cockpit. Now put on the two sheer planks (the strips 2 inches by ¾ inch), and bend from the inside the ribs (barrel hoops). There should be six inches space between ribs; clinch on with galvanized wrought-iron nails the

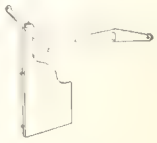


HINTS ABOUT RIGGING

lighter pine strips, which act as planking. The space between them should be four inches. This will bring all your planking on the outside of the ribs. Be sure to have the protruding lines (after the canvas is put on) run fore and aft, and do not forget that the planking is brought down to a fine point at the stem and stern-post and is securely clinched. Put in your deck beams being at each end of the cockpit—they are 1 inch square (spruce)—and on them lay the cockpit combing of 2-inch by ⅜-inch pine, putting in braces of triangular-shaped light pine, the same material as combing, having each touch the rib, and nail securely. Make from pine one board to receive the foremast, with mast-hole (it should be 7 inches wide by ¾ thick) fit flush with the gunwale strips. Aft of the cockpit fix a similar board, and make the mast-holes exactly alike, so that in case of a hard blow you can shift the smaller sail forward. The mast steps go underneath the mast-hole, and are fastened securely to the keel. After all the ribs are securely fastened, turn your boat bottom upward, and lay on the canvas. Buy only a medium-weight sail duck; second hand will do, provided it is firm; in fact, weather-beaten canvas is preferable, as it has a smoother and more pliable surface. To insure its setting firmly and smoothly, four gores should be made along the upper edge on each side, and firmly sewed from the inside (do not cut, but lap over the canvas). Sponge the canvas off on both sides with water, and in a damp state tack it on along the gunwale, letting the stem and stern-post protrude half an inch. Don't be afraid to put the galvanized tacks too near together, for if you do not use plenty of tacks there is considerable risk of a leak. Now turn your boat right side up, and when the canvas is perfectly dry it will tighten and set with a firm surface.



CROSS SECTIONS.



THE RUDDER.

It is a great help to have the canoe in the sun when drying. Before tacking on your deck canvas, give the inside and the outside of the hull and canvas a liberal coat of the following: Three-quarters boiled oil to one-quarter raw oil, with some patent drier. This compound



THE CANOE COMPLETE.

acts as a filler for the canvas, and insures it being watertight. When you are sure it is perfectly dry, apply two coats of brown ready-mixed paint for the inside and two of dark green for the outside. Add patent drier to the mixed paint, with a little spar varnish for the finishing coat. Before applying the last coat of paint, add a gunwale-waring strip of one-inch spruce, first rounding the outer surface, and a spruce keel of one inch by five-eighths. The keel and waring strips are put on after



HOW THE CANOE OUGHT TO LOOK.

...an be ... A good ... feet ... can be bought for $2. ... and ... feet ... sail ... 7½ feet; boom, 6 feet; and leach 6½. The ... foot; 5 feet; boom, 3¾ feet. The foremast is ... is supported by a pin of iron and surrounded by ... collar. An iron ring is lashed to the gaff, and is hooked *over the pin on the mast*. The *jaw* is lashed on the boom as is shown in the sketch. This is a handy sail, and the only drawback is that it cannot be reefed, but then you must consider there is no halyard to foul.

The smaller sail is the regulation leg-of-mutton shape, and can be shifted forward in case of a strong wind. When your boat has been completed, cork in the forward and aft ends two good-sized varnish cans with the corks squarely driven home. They are more than handy in case you have an upset, for they will sustain the weight of two people. They should receive several coats of paint to keep them from rusting. Get a plank nine feet ... by fourteen inches wide and half an inch thick, and shape for bottom board. This should receive two coats of the filling-in composition. Make and hang the ... and your canoe is complete.

FOUR-HANDED CORN THIEVES.

BY LIEUTENANT L. DE T. COOTE.

ELEVEN years ago when I was stationed in the West Indies, we once visited Surinam. The rivers along the north coast of South America are more or less shallow, and as our vessel drew over eighteen feet of water, we had to anchor quite a long distance from the shore. I had heard a good deal about the Dutch and also about Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana or Surinam, as it is also called, and naturally was anxious to see both. I therefore asked the very next day for permission to go on shore, and having obtained it started at once on my voyage. Paramaribo is situated twelve miles inland on a peninsula between the right bank of the river Surinam. It has about 2,000 inhabitants. The town has all the characteristics of a Dutch settlement. The houses are very neat, with little flower-gardens in front of them, and the small pathways ... with white sand.

I had not been more than half an hour in town when I met the good man to meet one of the missionaries who live half-way between the town and the gorgeous virgin forests. Sure enough, I wanted to find out something about the country, and especially the Indians, here was my man. I soon made his ... and to my great surprise found him to be possessed of a thorough knowledge of French.

"You had better come to the station with me," said he, "and stay over night. We often have strangers here, and as the captain could not stand on account of the hospitality of our visitor."

"Have you any Indians there?" I suggested.

"Indeed we have."

I then at once thankfully accepted ... and about an hour after I was traveling ... to the station recently opened by the mission.

My host had been to Paris, and did not seem to tire of asking me more questions than I could answer. I almost began to feel uncomfortable, because I feared that I would have to do all the talking, and not be able to see or learn anything of interest to me. At our arrival at the mission I was cordially received by the other missionaries, and treated as if I had been an old friend. I soon felt at home. After a hearty meal I was shown over the establishment and greatly enjoyed the observance of ... habits of these ... Indian boys, who never before had come in touch with ... They all wore a uniform. The boys were all fine-looking and strong lads who attended the school at the mission. They are not forced to stay there, but most of them prefer to do so. I asked several of them how they liked it, and they all seemed ... One or two even told me that when they had grown ... the woods and tell their people all ...

... in my conversation my eyes wandered ... forests. To my great surprise I ... corn-field not far from the buildings. ... away under the tropical sun of an equa- ...

... the missionary.

... the best strangely given answer; ... about. As a matter of ... of vegetables here, and want to ... but they do not seem to care for working the ground, and prefer to go back to their woods."

"But you said the monkeys would not let you raise corn; how ...

"Well, somehow or other, they have found out that the young ears make a most delicious change in their daily bill of fare, and if we don't watch the field every night we find a part of it plundered the next morning. You have no idea how cute they are, and the tricks they employ for getting at the corn. But let me tell you the story:

"Only a short time ago one of the missionaries discovered that a great number of corn plants had been destroyed overnight, and that the ears were broken off. We could not imagine who could have done it, but naturally suspected some of the Indians who live the nomadic life of hunters in the woods near by. This was all the more natural, as some of them had helped us in the cultivation of the corn-field. So we decided that two of us should watch one night, and if possible catch the fellows. That night, however, nobody came, and we began to feel safe. To us it seemed quite clear that the Indians fully realized the wrong they had done us, and that therefore would not dare to repeat it from fear of being detected and handed over to our civil authorities for punishment. How little we knew of the Indians! I can hardly describe to you our disappointment when we found another part of our corn-field trampled down and gone the next morning. Then it occurred to us that they must have detected us before we saw them, and that in order to lay our hands upon the evil-doers we had to hide ourselves carefully.

"The next night we decided upon a new plan of defence, and two of us hid ourselves in the corn-field armed with a gun. It was one of those majestic tropical nights which no pen can describe, and which with their serene silence so deeply impress the mind of a North-born child. Millions of stars sparkled like diamonds in the deep blue firmament. Thousands of glittering rays sent forth from a grave moon danced madly on the gauzy clouds of a white mist that, after being gayly tossed about by the light sea-breeze, slowly settled down on the humid ground. Every leaf, every flower bending under its caresses seemed to glow in the softer hues of all the magic colors of dewdrops trembling in the sun.

"We had been silently watching for what seemed only a short time, when from my hiding-place I saw the distinct form of a huge monkey cautiously moving over the ground towards us. He was followed by several hundred of his folk. Nearer and nearer they approached. We moved not. Now they stopped. The old monkey, looking round inquiringly, then raised himself to his full height as if listening. Our excitement grew with each moment. Then suddenly, before we had time to realize what had happened, there came a short sharp shriek, through the quiet night, followed by the most terrible yells I have ever heard in all my life. Then all we could see was monkeys flying in every direction towards the woods.

"Our ... was so great that we stood there as if nailed to the ground, and when we recovered all the animals had disappeared. One thing was made clear now, namely, that not the Indians but the monkeys were the corn thieves. We decided to return home and go to bed, as it was certain that the brutes had discovered our presence, and would not dream of coming back again that night, anyhow. So we left the field, and have often wished since that we had not, for the next morning revealed us the fact that the monkeys had come back and destroyed some more corn. We were terribly vexed at this, and at once began to ... the means which would enable us to save at least some of our harvest. Corn raising is not an easy matter in a tropical climate, where the heat is so great that it is impossible to work during the larger part of the day, and where, on the other hand, the ground is so rich that weeds of all kinds grow so rapidly that a field can be kept clean only with the greatest care.

"In the afternoon we went to the place and dug a big hole

in the ground in which two people could hide themselves easily. When the evening came we slipped into the holes and again waited for the monkeys. After midnight they arrived in the same order. When close to the corn the leader looked around, and then with a rush he and the whole army took the field by assault. As he made his first big jump we fired at him. The yells that followed the shot almost made the air tremble, and the consternation and confusion among the monkeys for a moment were beyond description, but very soon they seemed to understand what had taken place. It was here that I had, for the first time, an opportunity to see how four or five monkeys tried to carry off their wounded relative. They succeeded in doing so for quite a distance, but as we followed them, firing now and then a shot into the night, they finally found their burden too heavy, and dropped it on the ground. When we arrived at the scene the picture that presented itself was pitiful to behold. There lay, with his hands pressed on his wound, an old monkey, and the looks he gave me from his dying eyes I shall never forget."

"Have the monkeys come back?" I asked.

"No, not since the shooting; but I fear they will soon pay us another visit, and then the rest of the corn will be gone."

MOLLIE'S PROBLEMS.

THERE'S lots of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try.
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understood why birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums.
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little sums.

I cannot understand why doggies bark
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings like little flies;
But puzzlingest of all the things I know
Is why Grandma wears windows on her eyes.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A DERELICT.

THE recent loss of the steamship *Naronic*, with her crew of nearly one hundred men, is now pretty generally attributed by experienced seamen to collision with a derelict. Nothing is more menacing to vessels on the high seas than a derelict. Government and private charts may locate the exact position of reefs, rocks, and treacherous shoals, but a drifting derelict is at the mercy of winds and waves, and its whereabouts can seldom be ascertained. The term derelict is applied to vessels that have been abandoned at sea, and left to sink or swim. All wrecks thus deserted do not sink so soon as the frightened sailors imagine. Frequently a volume of air is confined in the hull which is sufficient to float the wreck with her decks just above or below the surface of the water. A portion of the cabin and hull is full of water, probably helping to confine the air in the lower depths.

Vessels loaded with light cargoes that will not sink are often abandoned after becoming waterlogged, and those make the most dangerous kind of derelict. They float around with their deck just awash, and form treacherous reefs for passing vessels to be wrecked on. The great raft of logs known as the Joggins timber raft, which broke loose on the Atlantic a few years ago, was practically a derelict of gigantic proportions. It was far more dangerous than all the reefs and rocks along our New England coast.

Our government a long time ago recognized the danger to which vessels were exposed from drifting derelicts, and every precaution has since then been taken to prevent any accidents from them. About the only thing that can be done is to sink them. All government ships are under strict orders to do this, no matter where or when the wreck is found. All that is necessary to send the craft to the bottom, if she is held up by the confined air alone, is to send a solid shot through her sides. Sometimes several shots are required before the right place can be reached. If she is a waterlogged lumber vessel, something more than an ordinary shot will be demanded. Torpedoes are then usually resorted to, and the abandoned craft is either blown out of the water or split in two below the surface. The lumber then floats away, and the dangerous wreck quickly finds its way to lower depths.

The courses which derelicts have taken in their aimless voyages over the ocean have been traced and published now and then by the Hydrographic Office. Passing vessels would meet the wrecks, and report their discovery on reaching port. Government vessels sent out to find the derelict and destroy it would search around vainly, making wide circuits around the point indicated. Storms and winds would, however, carry the wreck far away in the mean time, and when next reported from it would be thousands of miles away. A chase after a derelict is thus a blind one, and often an extremely lengthy race. It zigzags around before the blind forces of wind and current until thousands of miles are often covered.

In former times the number of derelicts floating about on our oceans was far greater than to-day. Wrecks that occurred along our coast then were allowed to drift out to sea before they could be secured. But to-day such abandoned ships are generally detected and destroyed before the wild forces of nature have swept them far beyond the ordinary cruising-ground. When once driven out into the remoter seas, however, they are as dangerous to-day as they ever were.

A few years ago a derelict was discovered in the South Pacific which gave cause for considerable amusement. It was during the time of the sea-serpent epidemic, when nearly every sailor returning to port had some story to tell about the monster. Several accurate and trustworthy reports came in along with the rest from the Pacific Ocean, where the monster had been seen floating quietly on the surface of the water. The captains of several vessels had surveyed him through their glasses on calm days, when there was no possible chance of being deceived. The serpent was apparently sleeping in every instance, for there was no motion about him excepting such as was made by the action of the waves. He was about three hundred feet long, with a tremendous head and a long tapering tail. It was finally discovered that these reports were not altogether erroneous. One captain was more daring than the rest, and on discovering the huge monster he directed his ship toward it, intending to learn more about it or die in the attempt. As he approached the monster the sailors became frightened, but the doughty captain would not turn back. He ran the ship up close to the side of the serpent, and got a good view of the terror of the ocean.

A little investigation had the effect of greatly relieving the frightened sailors. Instead of a sea-serpent the huge object was a derelict strangely dressed up with sea-weed. The wreck had evidently been floating round for a long time. The decks were completely covered with sea-weed, and trailing behind it for about a hundred feet were masses of this sea-grass, forming, as it were, a long tapering tail. At a little distance off it had very much the appearance of a huge sea-monster, and it did not seem so strange that the sailors had mistaken it for one.

Another curious incident about derelicts was told recently by a naval officer who had been stationed for many years in the South Atlantic. While cruising around on the ocean one day, the vigilant eye of one of the officers discovered a derelict in the distance. The steamer's course was immediately changed and her prow headed toward the wreck. A boat was soon put off, and a crew sent out to examine the abandoned ship before blowing it up. As the row-boat approached the side of the floating wreck dozens of birds rose from it with loud cries and screams; others were perched on the broken spars and masts, and refused to fly until the men began to climb up the sides of the ship; then they rose on heavy wings and joined the rest in circling around the heads of the men.

The officer could not understand the meaning of the strange actions of the birds until he finally stepped on the vessel's deck. Then everything was easily explained. The birds had not only taken possession of the abandoned wreck for a resting-place, but had also made it their breeding-place. In dry spots on the deck, and even in the cabin, were nests containing either eggs or young ones. The birds had collected sea-weed, hair, cotton, and old rags, with which to make their home comfortable. They had also been wise enough to construct their homes in such a way that the ordinary rolling of the vessel would not throw the eggs out. The derelict had really been the home of a colony of gulls, terns, and other oceanic breeding birds for some time. The officers sympathized with the poor birds, but their orders were to destroy all derelicts, and they were therefore forced to blow the wreck up, nests and all. A stranger breeding-place for birds was never before discovered.



A SPLENDID GAME.

MOLLIE. "SAY, DEAR, LET'S PRETEND I'M A WAX FIGURE, AND YOU'RE A BOY, AND YOU GET ME A DOLL, AND YOU GET ME A BOOK, AND YOU GET ME A [illegible]."

WHAT HE WAS AFRAID OF.

"I WANT to go home," whimpered Tommy at the seaside, when he saw how brown the sun was making him. "If I don't go soon, I'll turn into a little darky."

WHEN HE WOULD REPEAT IT.

HARRY, who is five years old, went in bathing in a mountain lake with his father the other day for the first time. He didn't seem to like it very much, but when his mother asked him if he had enjoyed it, he replied "Oh, ever so much. Maybe some day when I'm a man I'll go in again."

[illegible] SOLUTION.

"I [illegible] Mollie, firmly, "except myself [illegible]."

[illegible] IS BADLY OFF.

[illegible] and Bobbie were walking along [illegible] "I've got a hole in my shoe."

"Hoh!" said Bobbie, "I've got five in each of mine. One on [illegible]."

WHERE IT WAS.

"Now, Jimmie, let me hear you say your multiplication table," said the teacher.

"I've forgotten it," said Jimmie.

"Forgotten it?" Why, what have you done with your memory?"

"I must have left it at home," said Jimmie.

THE GREAT TROUBLE.

"My big brother says awfully funny things," said Wallie. "But the trouble about 'em is that nobody understands them, he speaks so queerly."

INNOCENT.

JOHNNY [illegible] the teacher, "where is Siam?"

"I don't [illegible] anything," said Johnny. "I haven't had it."

A SMALL [illegible] in the upper part of New York State having heard his father say that it was a poor rule that won't work both ways, baited a hook with a fish and went out to catch some worms.

JACK MAKES A REQUEST.

"PAPA," said little Jack, "I wish you'd buy me a dog, and when you do, get one with a birch bark, that I can make a canoe of."

A BRAVE LAD.

"I SUPPOSE you are a very brave boy, Jack, and are not afraid of dogs any more."

"No; I'm not a bit afraid of dogs any more," said Jack, "specially when they're tied up."

A LIKENESS.

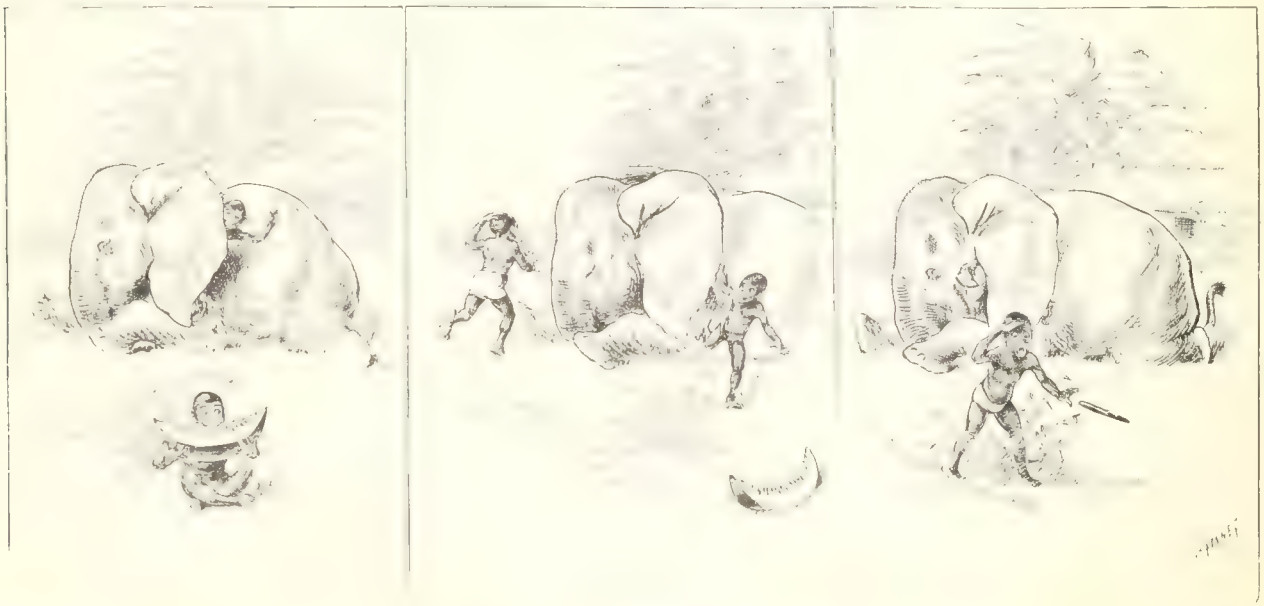
"THIS is not a very good picture of you, Harold."

"No, 'm; I guess it isn't good, 'cause mamma says I was bad that day."

PLEASANTRIES.

"HELLO!" cried the Bluebird, "I'm glad to see you out."

"Thanks," returned the Golden-rod, "I am quite blooming this morning."



SPORTS IN THE TROPICS.—HIDE AND SEEK.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SKY.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"AND you are the boy who is to be a soldier some day?" said Corporal Monk, scornfully; "crying like a two-year-old baby for a fire-balloon. Do you suppose them great generals you read about in your picture-book, Hannibal and Cæsar, and them, threw themselves down flat on the floor and grimed their cheeks all over with tears because they couldn't get *what* they wanted just *when* they wanted it?"

"I think they must have cried sometimes," replied Duncan, lifting his head and resting his chin on his hands, "when they felt very bad, like I do now. Don't you think so, Corporal Monk?"

Corporal Monk shook his head, and Duncan looked very grave. Ever since he could remember he had resolved to be a soldier. Not one like Corporal Monk; for the Corporal seemed poor, he dressed in shabby clothes, and wore a wooden leg. Duncan's kind of soldier would wear gold lace and plumes, and preserve both his own natural legs. He had listened to the old veteran's stories of battles and sieges with breathless interest; and he had read over and over again the histories of the great generals to be found in the thick book filled with pictures which his father had given him last Christmas. He frequently consulted Corporal Monk as to how a boy should act who had determined to be a general, and the old man had given him much good advice. The Corporal had seen many generals; he had even shaken hands with one the day his leg was shot off in the great fight at Gettysburg. He was therefore an authority on the subject.

"Well," added Duncan, getting up, "I won't cry any more, of course. But it's terrible all the same."

"Pooh!" said the old man, going on with the stick he was whittling.

"Corporal Monk," asked the boy, after a moment's thought, "do great soldiers ever break promises?"

"No indeed," replied the Corporal.

"Then," said Duncan, decidedly, "that is why you never grew to be a General, for *you* break promises, you know."

"I!" exclaimed the Corporal, looking up from his work.

"Yes. Didn't you promise to make me those fire-balloons yesterday? Then when you said you were too busy, didn't you promise *positively* you would make them early this morning? And now you say you can't make them until to-morrow. And I have got everything ready, the paper, the scissors, the paste, and—and everything."

The little fellow's face began to pucker suspiciously; but he remembered in time and crowded back the tears. Corporal Monk looked uncomfortable. It was true; he *had* broken his promise twice about those balloons. There had been so many things to do, and so much to worry about just then.



"SHAKE HANDS, YOUNG MAN!"

I'll make them now and done with it."

Corporal Monk and little curly-haired Duncan were playfellows and almost inseparable. [illegible] Monk.

Mr. Townsend, Duncan's father, owned a large ranch [illegible] bare loft as a play-room for the boy, and here he spent all his spare moments inventing new amusements for him. There were no windows in this loft, but the sunshine came through the open trap-door in the roof and fell on the rough walls on every side. It fell upon Duncan's sought head and Corporal Monk's grizzled locks, and upon a heap of tinted paper before them. With a pair of large scissors Corporal Monk cut a number of oblong pieces from the paper. These he pasted together so as to make a party colored pear-shaped bag, closed at the one top, with a small opening at the bottom, to which was fixed a wire ring. To this ring he attached a cross [illegible] in the middle of which was a sponge. He explained to Duncan that when this sponge was dipped in alcohol [illegible] and ignited the hot air from the flame would rise and expand the paper bag, which would then be very light, lighter than the air itself, and sail away before the wind a long distance—unless, he added, the paper caught fire, as it was very likely to do. For this reason the Corporal made three balloons, so that Duncan might have a chance of seeing one at least sail out of sight.

It took a long time to construct these fire-balloons, for the Corporal was constantly interrupted, either by Mr. Townsend or one of the house servants calling from the foot of the stairs, "Give a look, Corporal!" The old soldier would hitch himself slowly up the ladder with his field-glass under his arm, stay on the roof a few moments, and stamp back, growling, "All right."

After this performance had been repeated several times Duncan grew impatient. "These balloons will never be done to-night," he said.

"I don't know as they will," growled the old man under his breath.

"But the wind is blowing so nice and hard," said Duncan, respectfully. "They would sail as far as the mountains."

"No, they wouldn't," answered Monk, snappishly; "the wind is blowing t'other way."

"Toward Fort Crow?" cried Duncan, joyously. "Then the soldiers will see them."

"Like enough," said the Corporal. "But much *they'll* care for such rubbish."

The balloons were finished at last; even the sponges had been dipped in oil for immediate use.

"Now," said Corporal Monk, as he hung them upon a nail in a beam near the trap-door, "we'll wait until it's a bit darker. They'll show better."

So Duncan, seated on the floor, and the old man upon the ladder, watched the toys sway gently backward and forward. Just as the shadows in the loft began to deepen some one shouted up the stairs again, "Give another look, Monk."

When the Corporal mounted the ladder, Duncan followed. "Do you see any more Indians?" said Duncan, as Corporal Monk directed his glass toward the base of the mountains that lay just beyond the great grassy plain.

More repeated Monk impatiently—"who says I've seen any."

"Because the men have been driving in the cattle all day, and I heard you tell father this morning that fresh [illegible] Apaches had been reported in the neighborhood."

"You [illegible]," muttered Monk, without removing his eye from the glass.

"They say [illegible] talking about Apaches ever since I have been here," said Duncan. "But I don't believe they would dare touch us; we are so near Fort Crow."

"You are mighty smart for your age," said Corporal Monk, grimly. "Now you just take a peep at that great stone near Buck's Pass," and he placed the field-glass in Duncan's hand.

The pass—or cañon, as such places are called—appeared from where they stood like a cleft in the side of the mountain. By looking attentively, Duncan made out a number of figures on horseback moving to and fro or standing still.

"Indians," whispered Duncan, under his breath. "I can see them plainly. Their faces are painted yellow and red. They have rings in their ears and noses and feathers in their hair."

"Seeing is believing," said Corporal Monk. "Now," he added, "we will go down stairs and tell the others, my boy."

Duncan found the large room on the lower floor filled with ranchmen armed with rifles. They were standing in groups conversing together in low tones. One poor fellow with his arm bandaged sat with his head leaning against the wall.

The doors and windows were closed. The little light in the room came through the small oblong holes in the heavy wooden shutters and walls. Astonished and alarmed, Duncan sought out his father. "Why don't you send to Fort Crow for some soldiers to drive the Indians away?" he asked.

"Poor little chap!" answered Mr. Townsend, as he lifted Duncan on his knee. "It is too late." Turning to Corporal Monk, who stood near, he said, "If this lad were only in a place of safety I would give all I possess."

"The thought of him takes the strength out of my arm," muttered Monk, turning away.

One by one the ranchmen gathered around the boy and his father, and stood leaning upon their rifles and looking down upon them in pitying silence.

"Men," said Mr. Townsend, after a time, lifting his head, and turning his eyes slowly from face to face, "if anything happens to me, remember little Duncan."

A tall man with a red beard stepped forward. "If one of us comes out of this fix alive and free," he said, "he will take care of Duncan."

"Never fear, sir; we will look after the boy," repeated the rest, earnestly.

"Thank you all," said Mr. Townsend, shading his eyes with his hand.

Duncan now began to be really alarmed. He looked at the men's serious faces, their rifles, and the darkened room; then he asked, "Why is it too late to go to the fort, father?"

"Because we have tried," explained Mr. Townsend. "Walsh almost lost his life while attempting to get through," and he pointed to the man with a bandaged arm and white face resting against the wall. "Now, my boy," said his father, speaking in his ordinary tone, "you must go up stairs and amuse yourself as well as you can. It will come out all right in the end, I have no doubt."

"As if I could amuse myself at such a time!" exclaimed Duncan, indignantly. "You forget, father, I am to be a soldier, and if there is going to be any fighting, I want to help."

"Help?" growled Corporal Monk, as he pushed Duncan toward the stairs. "Grow a pair of goose wings,

and fly over to Fort Crow for us, if you want to help." Then he added, "Go up to the loft. You are in the way here. And, remember, stay in the loft. If you show that little yellow head out of the trap, you may hear something drop, and it will be Duncan Townsend." His grim smile gave way to a look of anxiety, as he said, more softly, "If you love old Monk, dear chap, do what he asks."

So Duncan went back to the loft, a good deal hurt at the contemptuous rejection of his services. He seated himself in his favorite place upon the lowest rung of the ladder, and watched the square of blue sky above grow dark. Now and then he looked regretfully at the balloons. Alas! when should he see them sailing gloriously away now? He listened to the murmuring voices in the room below, and wondered what his father and Corporal Monk were doing. Perhaps, after all, the savages would be frightened off. After a time he fell asleep.

When Duncan awoke, Corporal Monk was hanging a small lantern up in one corner of the loft.

"There, little sleepy-head," said he, as Duncan rubbed his eyes, "that will keep up your courage."

"Have they come?" asked Duncan, with a shudder.

"Oh, the Indians never make their attacks till dawn," replied the old soldier; "so don't you be scared." Then, as if talking to himself, "Even them black-hearted vagabonds couldn't hurt a little chap like him, I do believe."

"I would like to go down stairs and help," said Duncan, wistfully. "Don't you think I could help, even a little, Corporal Monk? I might be frightened, but I wouldn't run away."

"Bless your little heart!" muttered the Corporal, in a gentler tone than the boy had ever heard him use, while something bright sparkled in his honest eyes, "indeed you wouldn't; I'd trust you for that, lad. But just you try to go to sleep again. It 'll be all right." Nodding cheerfully to Duncan, he went down stairs again. The whole house was very still now. The wind had risen, and the balloons rustled and fluttered from the beam, casting great weird shadows in the dim light from the lantern.

With his head resting on his small hand Duncan watched these shadows come and go, thinking meanwhile of all the stories that had been told him of the Indians, their savage, unrelenting cruelty and barbarous deeds.

"If those balloons were only real," he whispered again and again, "I would go to Fort Crow and send all the soldiers to help father, Corporal Monk, and the rest. Then no one could say I was too small to be of any use."

Suddenly an idea came into Duncan's mind that made his heart beat fast with hope. "Yes," he said aloud, "why not? Corporal Monk thinks they will go as far as the fort. And if they don't take me, they can take a message. Some one would be sure to see them and find out what they are. Then they would read my message. But first I must write one—no, three; for one might fail. There," said Duncan, as he finished his laborious task, "that will bring them, sure." With considerable pride he read the following words, written in a childish hand:

> Help! help! help! Come and bring all your soldiers to Townsend's Ranch. The Indians are hiding in the bushes, waiting for daylight to scalp us by. If you don't hurry we will all be dead DUNCAN TOWNSEND.

When the three messages were finished, he enclosed each in a heavy piece of paper, and attached them to the wire at the lower end of the balloons.

One by one he guided his clumsy but frail burdens to the top of the ladder. He set fire to the sponge of the first. The great loose bag swelled and swayed till its inflated top arose above the scuttle. Then he let it go. It arose straight into the air, nodded to and fro for a moment, then burst into a sheet of flame. The other two arose like the first, but floated steadily off before the wind in the direction of the fort, and presently disappeared behind the trees.

"The soldiers will soon be here now," said Duncan, confidently, and he waited patiently.

Hour after hour went heavily by, and still no signs of help appeared. The boy's limbs were cramped, and his eyes were dim with watching; but he would not move from his seat upon the upper rung of the ladder. And now, with a sinking of the heart, he saw a faint misty gleam low down in the eastern sky. Minute by minute it spread and grew, little by little, until it became a pale blush-rose, in which the large golden stars twinkled awhile, then faded away. Morning had come, but no help from the fort. His balloons must have burnt up, or else no one had seen them. The tears filled his weary eyes as he gazed despairingly around.

There was a sound of heavy footsteps, muffled voices, and the click of arms downstairs. Over there among the bushes and rocks dusky forms were in motion, some on their swift small ponies, circling nearer and nearer, others on foot, slipping from tree to tree or shrub to shrub. A wild yell from scores of throats, a rush of many half-naked plumed figures, the crash of fire-arms, the spouts of crimson flame, the whiz and spat of bullets striking the timbers—all this made a scene that nearly maddened the poor little fellow.

A dozen Indians had reached the entrance. Duncan could hear the thunder of blows and the splintering of wood. In the confusion he could distinguish the shrill voice of Corporal Monk shouting, "Give it to them! Give it to them!" and his father's deep, calm order, "Steady, men, steady!"

But hark! What was that far-off regular tramp, tramp, tramp? Was help coming, after all? Yes, at the edge of the low-lying bank of mist appeared a dark moving line, with clang of arms and snorting of horses. Now the level gleam of morning flashes upon the tips of lifted sabres and upon the gold ornaments of cavalry hats and uniforms.

The Indians have discovered them, and away they scamper as fast as their ponies or their own feet will take them. The fight is over.

"Duncan! Duncan!" called Corporal Monk, in a loud joyous voice, while his wooden leg beat a hasty rat-tat-tat upon the stairs. "We are saved! The soldiers have come from the fort to our help."

"All right," replied Duncan, running down to meet him. Mounted upon the old man's shoulder, he is taken to the gate, where his father is shaking hands with the leader of the detachment.

"But, Captain," said Mr. Townsend at this moment, "I don't understand how you heard of our danger in time to help us. We could get no message through to the fort."

The Captain handed a folded paper to Mr. Townsend.

"I am as much in the dark as you are. That appeal dropped from the sky apparently. At any rate, it fell at my feet last night as I was going the rounds."

"Why, that is Duncan's writing," interrupted the Corporal, making his military salute.

"How what?"

"Oh," said Duncan, composedly, "I sent it by the balloons you made me. One burnt up; the other two went off all right. You must make me some more, Corporal; this time to play with, you know."

"Shake hands, young man." The Captain extends his leather gauntlet and squeezes the boy's small fingers. "I am proud to know you, Duncan. You are a brave fellow, and a clever one too."

"Yes," said Duncan, gravely, "a general must be both brave and clever, and I am studying to be a general, you know."

KYOAHPADU THE ESQUIMAU

[illegible] December [illegible] reindeer [illegible] Washington [illegible] Northern [illegible] iron-bound [illegible] Esquimaux [illegible] Cape [illegible] native whom he presented as his brother, Kyoahpadu.

[illegible] Redcliffe [illegible] flash-light, and afterward the presentation to the [illegible] file, a box of matches, and a tin can full of [illegible]. To our surprise Kyoahpadu [illegible] preliminary hospital [illegible] to this performance, but [illegible] to enter Redcliffe [illegible]. Dr. Cook went out and insisted upon it. Once in the house, he seemed to regard the preparations for having his picture taken



AS I SAW THE FUR-CLAD FIGURES CAME WALKING INTO SIGHT

that is, placing the screen and the chair and the bringing out of the cameras—much as a condemned man would witness the erection of the scaffold; and when he was finally seated in the chair before the strange instruments, and was told to fix his eyes on me as I removed the caps from the cameras, his teeth chattered in spite of his best efforts to assume an air of braggadocio. The word "tima," which told him that the operation was over, seemed to relieve him of a great weight of fear. Yet the great [illegible] medicine-man), as we afterward knew him to be, never lost the impression that those strange machines which had glared at him for an instant in the dazzling blaze of the flash-light had placed him soul and body forever in my power.

After this, "Father Tom," as I at once nicknamed him, became a constant visitor at Redcliffe, and worked himself resistlessly and yet almost insensibly into our good graces. Active, willing, plausible, deprecatory, if one of the boys had anything to be done, Kyo stood ready to help; did any of the other natives fail to understand what I wished him to do, Kyo was there to explain matters to him. He insisted upon presenting to Mrs. Peary an old clasp-knife, his greatest earthly possession, and a really wonderful little ivory needle case, which he said had been his wife's. He also took upon himself the care of the boys' apartment, jumping up a dozen times a day to seize the broom and sweep up any little litter of shavings or fur that might have gathered, and he also instructed the other natives as to the care they should [illegible] keeping dirt out of the palace of the "Great White Man." [illegible] for Ikwa's hut was uncom[illegible]e for him; it was too small, and his brother had [illegible] a tongue, which he allowed to run beyond the [illegible]e, Kyo, had to sleep on the stone [illegible], where it was cold; but the floor of the white man's igloo was peudiaksoah (very good), and couldn't he sinniper[illegible] there? And, sure enough, he got the permis[illegible] and with it a pair of blankets, which he used to care[illegible] every morning and carry outside, depositing them in one of the empty boxes in the wall.

Father Tom was extremely fond of the koblunah, or white men. Years before he had visited an oomiaksoak (ship) off Cape York, and would I take him in my oomiaksoak to the far south when I went away? Father Tom had also [illegible] off Omanuit tooktoo ameer (deer-skins), anishuah (many), and three fine kahlilowah tuas (narwhal horns), all of which he would pilatay (give) to the kapitansoak (myself). And so Kyo contentedly slept upon the floor at Redcliffe, until one day there came from a little village to the north of us a widow with three children, the husband and father having but recently been dragged under the ice and drowned by a walrus. The same day two dashing youths in brand-new winter costumes, and with a powerful team of six dogs, dashed over the ice-foot in front of Redcliffe from their far-away home at Cape York. By a strange coincidence one of these dudes was a nephew of the newly made widow, and it was immediately arranged that when the dudes started home again the widow and her children should go with them to her parents. But in the few days of their stay at Redcliffe, Kyo became enamored of the widow, and when she and the young men turned their faces southward one starlit December noon, Kyo announced his intention of leaving me, in order, as he said, to bring the deer-skins and the tuas back to me, and that he should return after ten simnipahs (sleeps).

As they vanished in the darkness, Kyo was walking lovingly beside the widow behind the sledge. Nearly ten times ten simnipahs had passed before I saw his oily face again. Then, one bright but blustering March day, two heavily fur clad figures came walking into sight down the shore, and soon Kyo and the nephew, Kishu, were once more within the walls of Redcliffe. Kyo seemed ill at ease, and apparently uncertain as to the manner of his reception, and both he and the nephew seemed uncommunicative; but I learned enough to satisfy me that there were more of them, with several dogs, but a few miles from Redcliffe. After stopping but a few hours they went again, and I immediately gave orders to Gibson and Astrup to get themselves in readiness to start at once on a reconnoissance to see what was the game.

The next day they returned with the entire party. In the party were the widow, now the wife of Kyo, and her daughters. Kyo and his wife immediately settled down near Redcliffe, and remained with us until the *Kite* finally left McCormick Bay; but he never seemed the same again as he did on his first visit.

I had learned much of him from the natives who had visited Redcliffe during his absence, and though some of them spoke well of him, most of the reports were the reverse, and I could see that, with one or two exceptions, he was both hated and feared. There were dark hints of the murder of a man, and also that two wives had been killed by his hand, and that he was an angakok, or medicine-man, of great power. Whether Kyo knew that I had heard these reports, or whether he felt that he had lost my confidence by remaining away so long, I never could tell. But certain it was that he was not the same man, and at times I even felt slightly suspicious of him, especially in regard to tampering with my dogs, and even made up my mind on one occasion that if, in disregard

of my explicit command not to harness up one of my finest teams of dogs for a journey to the south, he should attempt to tamper with them, I should shoot him. The matter never came to this crisis, however, and we soon found that Kyo was subject to fits of uncontrollable anger, closely allied to insanity, and on one or two occasions had severely cut his wife while in these paroxysms. Yet as my driver on the sledge trip around Inglefield Gulf he was most obedient and attentive to the wants of both Mrs. Peary and myself, and was the proudest of the proud in having to manage the finest team of powerful dogs that ever galloped through that frozen region.

During the absence of Astrup and myself on the inland ice, Kyo, as became a mighty angakok, indulged in frequent seances or trances, during which he came upon the inland ice. He saw stretching before him all the white expanse of the great frozen desert, and then, recovering from his trance, would tell Mrs. Peary that far away to the north he had seen a single innuit (man) staggering weakly homeward, and that the man was not the kapitansoak. Just before my return, in one of his paroxysms he had threatened to kill his wife and her nearly grown daughter, and these threats had so completely terrified the poor woman that, seizing the opportunity when Kyo was out in his kyak on a seal-hunt, they slipped away from the village and disappeared.

Kyo searched the shores in every direction, but it was not until two weeks later that they reached a distant settlement, having traversed mountains and glaciers for that time, and living entirely upon such little auks as they were able to catch.

Kyo was absent searching for them when I returned from the inland ice, and when I next saw him he had regained his wife and daughter. But this good fortune was, perhaps, more than balanced by the fact that my return (in spite of his predictions to the contrary) had destroyed forever his prestige as an angakok. The trouble which had resulted in the flight of his wife and daughter seemed to have been entirely smoothed over, but there were some among us who felt that this appearance was deceitful, and that Kyo was only biding his time. It is quite possible that by this time he is again a widower.



OOTOONIAH.

Kyo was one of the few natives in the tribe who had seen the tattooed people of the West, and as a result of this he had seen perhaps more of human blood shed than any other member of his tribe. As a boy, accompanying his father upon a bear-hunt which led them to the distant western shore of Smith Sound, he saw his father killed in a struggle with a party of the tattooed men. Years after, as a young man, he had the pleasure of killing his father's murderer, and then, by some chance which I never could get quite clear, the wife of this murdered man, with her young son, became a resident of the Whale Sound region. That son, now grown to be a stalwart young man, is the only one in the tribe whom the great angakok fears, and now that his superstitious prestige is gone, it is quite possible that he may have already paid the debt of the bloody feud at the hand of the young Ootooniah



KYOAHPADŪ, THE ANGAKOK.

THE CHRONOTHERMAL SPRING.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOILING FOUNTAIN.

"WHAT is hit you-all done got?" asked Carey, gazing in mild wonder at the antics of his companion.

"Oh, just the best thing you ever did see!" said Dick. "That spring outside has always been chock-full o' cold water, hasn't it?"

"Why, I reckon so. Couldn't be nare 'n other way, could hit?"

"But it shall, my son, it shall. We're goin' to have a boilin' spring that 'll set the whole country to talkin'. That's what we're goin' to have."

"Thess tell me how you-all gwine do that," said Carey, whose perfect confidence in Dick's mechanical ability

[illegible] and always declared to be a sure alleviation for [illegible] store, empty bucket in hand, his eyes rolling [illegible] comical expression of dismay not unmixed with terror [illegible] matter. Uncle Billy [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] big spring, that [illegible] matter, but it's [illegible] gone to the bad, after a [illegible] an' nuts ain't [illegible] an' you [illegible]

A [illegible] neighbor greeted Uncle Billy's explanation, and some one ventured the opinion that the old negro [illegible]

"Don't [illegible] do dat. Mars Scruggs do hannts dat [illegible] after sundown. It's des a hell [illegible] dat of spring's des a-b'ilin' an' a-boi[illegible] de bottom was red hot." "Yes sah, dis go up de air, see fo' yo' own self," and Uncle Billy sat down upon a cracker box and carefully extracted a rabbit's foot from his pocket, just to make sure, apparently, that he had it.

A committee of three, of which Pent Masterson was [illegible] dubious as to the truth of Uncle Billy's story, and mildly curious as to its motive, volunteered to accompany him back to the cove. When they reached the spring, the erstwhile placid pool was indeed bubbling and spluttering in a most astonishing manner. One of the committee thrust his hand into the water, withdrew it with a jerk and a yell.

Pent Masterson gazed long and earnestly into the hissing pool before he spoke. "Hit 'pears like hit's a-bilin' hot, sho'. I've done knowed that thar spring, man an' boy, sence I was knee-high ter a toad frog, an' I 'low hit's a-bilin' hot ever sence I kin recollect."

"Well, hit's hot ernough t' scal' a shoat in now," said the committeeman. Some little investigation was attempted, such as feeling the ground in the vicinity, cooling a little of the water and tasting it, and one even went so far as to test the temperature of the cliff back of the spring, as if it might prove to be the chimney to this remarkable subterranean furnace.

Such news travels fast and far. Inside of an hour little knots of people had gathered at the usual focussing-points to discuss the new marvel.

Hiram Upton's blacksmith shop was one of these. The smith stood with folded arms, leaning against his anvil, a half incredulous smile playing over his shrewd features as the little group of loiterers, stirred for once out of the reticence which is the mountaineer's birthright, talked excitedly about the strange phenomenon.

"Then it's a sure fact?" asked a miner who had just come up the valley, and who had not seen for himself.

"You-all better 'low hit air," replied a gaunt mountaineer. "Jeff Scruggs, he thess shoved his hand in, an' hit scalt him pow'ful bad."

"Reckon I'll go 'long up that a-way afte' dinner," said the miner. "I'd walk a mile any time to see a col' spring what tuck to b'ilin' in one night."

"I'll go 'long with you, neighbor," said Upton. "I'd just like to see for myself; not as I misdoubts you, Mr. Crosby, only it's a mighty curious, an' it now

Dick and Carey were in the shop, listening to the talk. At this appointment for an afternoon visit to the spring Dick beckoned to Carey and vanished out of the back door.

"What do you think about it?" he asked.

[illegible] "That [illegible] you' up the cove after [illegible] cool for 'em."

[illegible] by 'bat time?"

[illegible]

"I'm 'feared they might be trouble, 'cause they 's a lot [illegible] you-all cayn't seen hit when hit's b'ilin', an' they-all wouldn't nev' believe hit had b'iled."

"That's a fact," responded Dick, "an' we don't want [illegible]

And so the afternoon visitors to the spring were able to verify the accounts of their predecessors. It was hot, undeniably so. Moreover, as if in honor of the attention it was attracting, the afternoon display was even more remarkable than that of the morning. It roared and gurgled joyously, sending up clouds of steam like a small geyser, and Dr. Barrie, who brought a thermometer, found the water quite up to the boiling-point.

"What do you think of it, doctor?" asked Mr. Alcorn.

"It's very curious and quite beyond me. There are no apparent reasons for volcanic action anywhere in this region, and, on the other hand, there seems to be no other way of accounting for the heat."

"Might it not be attributed to chemical action in this instance?" asked the other. "I have seen the thing on a small scale in a mine where a lime 'horse' was encountered."

"That would be a more probable explanation if this were a limestone region. As it is, you know there is nothing but sandstone and conglomerate around here."

"That's so. It's the same formation as that at the mine, and there is no limestone there."

"I have been asking questions of some of the older inhabitants," continued the doctor. "They all affirm that the spring has always been famous not only for its coldness, but for certain curative properties of the water. Old Mrs. Bledso says that in her youth the mountaineers used to come long distances to obtain it."

Mr. Alcorn was silent for a moment; then he said, "Doctor, can this be a trick?"

"That was my first thought," replied the physician; "but," with a sweep of his arm around the cove, "your eyes are better than mine. Do you see any chance for such a thing?"

"I must confess that I don't, and yet these cliffs are full of crevices and caves."

"That's very true; so they are; but a cave won't account for the phenomenon unless you throw in a steam-boiler or two, and some other very improbable conditions."

"You are right. I guess we'll have to fall back upon the volcanic theory, the which I am naturally anxious to disprove. The mine is only a mile above this, and we'll be having manifestations there before long if the crust here is thin enough to boil water."

"I wonder if the water really has any medicinal properties," said the doctor, reflectively.

"Possibly it has. Have you the means for making an analysis?"

"Not properly; the necessary chemicals couldn't be obtained short of some of the large cities."

"What a magnificent site this plateau would be for a hotel sanitarium—a good climate, a magnificent view, fine trees, the cliff for a background; and if the water should really prove to be beneficial— Doctor, I believe I'll have it analyzed. I know a few men in the East who would furnish the capital for an enterprise of this kind. Some of our own stockholders in the mining company would go into it."

As a result of this conversation a bottle of water from the spring, carefully sealed and packed in a box of sawdust, started that same evening on a long journey to a noted chemist in Boston. Mr. Alcorn, part owner and

resident manager of the Cove Springs mine, never did things by halves; a proof of this was an immediate inquiry as to the ownership of the cove, followed by a ride to the county seat at Scottsboro the next day to examine the title to the property. As he rode through the village Hiram Upton called to him from the door of his shop.

"Heard about the spring?" he asked, as the manager checked his horse.

"No. What about it?"

"Oh, nothin', only it's cold 's ice-water ag'in. Stopped boilin' just 's sudden 's it began."

The total unreliability of this remarkable fountain became in the course of the next two weeks as much of a wonder as its first metamorphosis from a cold to a boiling spring. For two or three days at a time its water would bubble up clear and limpid, with a temperature that made one think of buried glaciers and hidden ice moraines as its source; then would come an interval of a few hours, when it would be hot enough to boil vegetables. It had no regular periods, and after much patient investigation, Dr. Barrie and Mr. Alcorn could settle but three definite conditions which never varied: it was always cold at night, it grew hot very gradually and cooled very quickly, and, strangest of all, the flow of waste water, which filled a considerable rivulet when the spring was cold, diminished to a mere thread when the water was hot. All of which data was carefully entered, compared, and verified in the doctor's note-book, without in the least contributing to an answer of the main question of why a spring which has always been a pattern of steadiness and decorum should suddenly take on habits so unaccountable and erratic.

At last there came a period of several days, during which the water was clear and cold. Dick Upton was helping his father pretty continuously during these days, and Carey spent much of his time around the blacksmith shop. As a matter of strict truth, neither of the boys was quite satisfied with the outcome of their huge joke, partly because they had long since extracted all the fun there was in it, and partly for the reason that the necessity of keeping the secret of the cave made it impossible to share the fun with any one else.

Moreover, they were beginning to see the serious side of the affair. Ignorant people were frightened, and the negroes were beginning to shun the cove, and to talk about "harnts" and hobgoblins; even sensible people were perplexed, and now the shadow of a still more serious outcome was impending. Dick told Carey about it while the blacksmith was shoeing a horse in front of the shop.

"I heard this morning that Mr. Alcorn was tryin' to buy the cove from your father," he said.

"What all do he want 'ith hit?" asked Carey.

"I dunno; but somebody said it was to build a big hotel up there."

Further private talk was stopped by the entrance of Hiram Upton with a customer, and Carey went home with a queer medley of thoughts jostling in his mind. If his father could sell the cove, there would be money to spare, and out of this thought there sprang up, like Aladdin's night-growing palaces, visions of what he could do and become with the education which the money would perhaps put within his reach. And as against this, could he allow Mr. Alcorn to be swindled by the sham hot spring? Could he ever hold up his head again if he permitted the sale to go on? Would it be honest?

This poor unlettered mountain lad knew nothing of the specious arguments with which an unprincipled man of business would gloze over the points which so distressed him. To Carey it was a clear-cut question of right or wrong, honesty or dishonesty.

In the mean time the sawdust-packed bottle had safely made the journey to Boston, and its contents had formed the basis of a series of experiments in the chemist's laboratory. In due season Mr. Alcorn received something like this, as a result:

DEAR SIR,—The following is an analysis of the water referred to in your letter of the 15th ultimo

One pint contains:	grains
Ferrous Carbonate	0.506
Calcium Carbonate	1.657
Sodium Chloride	0.245
Sodium Sulphate	0.564
Magnesium Sulphate	1.500
Calcium Sulphate	9.276
Alumnia	9.962
Total	23.504

There is also a trace of free carbonate of copper, for the presence of which in a chalybeate water it is difficult to account, unless there be some extraneous cause, such as the presence of copper pipes leading into or out of the spring. The proportion of copper is, however, so slight as not to affect the valuable medicinal properties of the water in the least. You will note on attached sheets comparisons of the above analysis with those made of the waters of noted mineral springs in Europe and America; these exhibits will sufficiently demonstrate the importance of your discovery. Yours truly,

J. H. CAMERON, Analytical Chemist.

This information brought the question of the purchase down to the possibility of driving a bargain with Pent Masterson, and with this end in view the manager called at the cottage of the mountaineer in the evening of the day when Carey had learned from Dick that the purchase was a probability.

Carey was present at the interview, a silent figure, but every trivial circumstance of the conference photographed itself upon his memory. The lank, sinewy form of his father, clad in rough homespun, sitting in the old split-bottomed chair, the lines of reticence and secretiveness deeply graven in the thin face, the smoke curling up from the blackened cob pipe in his hand. And on the other side of the fire the manager, a curt, decisive man of business, inured, as even Carey could see, to making his bargains on his own terms, and yet tinged with a kindliness that made him defer to the simpler man where the question involved the sale of the only foothold of the family. He was trying to get Masterson to set a price upon the land.

"Oh, I 'low hit ain't wuth much; they's on'y a little patch 'at b'longs ter me."

"I know," interrupted the manager. "I presume I'm more familiar with the exact boundaries than you are. I had my engineer run the lines the other day."

"'Pears like you-all mighty anxious ter buy that thar patch, Cap'n Alcorn." The little gray eyes of the mountaineer peered sharply at the man of business.

"I am, Masterson; and to show you that I am quite as anxious to be fair with you, I'll tell you what I think you do not know. You have a valuable spring on the land."

"Hit *ain't*, hit *ain't*," Carey kept repeating to himself, while his father answered: "Yes, hit's a mighty fine spring, leastwise hit war 'for' hit tuck ter b'ilin'. They warn't no likelier on this yere mounting."

"I agree with you, and I want to buy it. What will you take for the land?"

"I dunno, Cap'n. 'Tain't the vally o' the land, n'r yit the spring. Hit air thess the on'y patch 'at I ever did own, an' I 'low I sorter hate ter quit hit. What 'd hit be wuth ter you-all?"

The manager hesitated. The knowledge of the real worth of the spring was his, and he was bound by no law of trade to give the seller the advantage of the information contained in the analysis. And yet Robert Alcorn was a man of high principles, one who squared his ac-



"I'LL GIVE YOU EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE LAND."

tions by a higher law than that of buying and selling. "I'll give you eight thousand dollars for the land," he said, quietly, resolutely setting his face against the temptation to consider the matter from a business point of view.

The room spun in dizzy circles around Carey when he heard the price named. With returning presence of mind came some realization of all that this money would do for his father and mother and himself, the comforts it would provide, the education it would make possible; and drawn like a bar sinister of shadow across these brilliant pictures was the thought of the terrible price he would have to pay, of the shame that he would endure when the manager learned that the boiling spring was a fraud.

Masterson smoked in silence for a few moments, and then said, "Hit are a heap o' money, Cap'n, but I low you all knows what yer a doin'. Hit are a trade, an' yere's my hand on hit," and he extended that member to the manager, who took it in a hearty grasp, and rose to go.

Carey's mind was made up in an instant. He slipped unnoticed out of the door, and ran up the sidewalk to the porch of the company's store, which he knew Mr. Alcorn would pass on his way home. The light from within streamed out across the walk, and the boy stood waiting in the shadow of one of the awning posts, fighting his battle over and over again as the minutes slipped by.

It was no easy thing which he was about to do; he had had no training in the higher motives of life to fit him for so sharp a struggle with temptation. He could only repeat over and over: "Hit ain't right. Hit's a swin'le. I cain't 'low hit to go on."

Fortunately he had not long to wait. He saw the door of his father's cottage open and then close behind the manager. As Mr. Alcorn stepped to the lighted space Carey plucked his sleeve.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said, turning quickly.

Carey tried to speak, but a lump came in his throat.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the manager.

"Hit's—hit's the spring, Cap'n Alcorn. You all thess mus'n't buy hit. Hit ain't a sare enough b'iler. Me an' Dick Upton thess stuck a piece o' hose on the ol' still in the cave, an' made it bile that a way."

"What old still in what cave? Sit down here," said the manager, seating himself on an empty box."

Then Carey told the whole story of the discovery of the cave and its contents; of Dick's happy thought, and how they ran an old piece of hose down through the hole in the cliff, burying one end among the loose stones in the bottom of the spring and attaching the other to the worm of the still, and so led the steam into the water. "Oho!" said Mr Alcorn interrupting. "That's where the copper came from!"—how they found it impossible to heat the spring while the natural flow was unchecked, and how they diverted this into another channel in the cave; how they only intended it as a joke, and had no thoughts of serious results; and then, almost in a whisper, he told of his ambitions and the dreadful temptation to keep silent. "I reckoned you-all ought to know 'bout the spring," he said, at the end of his story, "an' I 'lowed hit was owin' to tell you-all 'bout the other too."

The manager gazed steadily at the hanging lamp in the store for a few minutes, after the story was ended, and Carey thought he was angry. When he finally spoke it was not to the point, for he arose and said that the lamp was uncommonly bright; didn't Carey think so? Whereupon Carey got down from the box, and "allowed" he'd go home and tell his father.

"That's right, my boy; that's right. Always tell your father everything; but just a word before you go. It may seem queer to you, but I'd rather have a cold spring than a hot one. I didn't buy it because it boiled, but because it's a mineral spring, and its water will make a great many sick people well again. And about your going to school—I'll talk to your father about that, and we'll see what can be done. Now you may run home and tell your father all about your joke. Good-night, my lad. There's no harm done."

THE END.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER VI.

A RUNAWAY CAR ON A MEXICAN MOUNTAIN.

THE ropes with which the boys were bound chafed their wrists and ankles, but they hardly gave them a thought. Lying upon the hard floor was uncomfortable, but that did not trouble them either. They had more important things to think about.

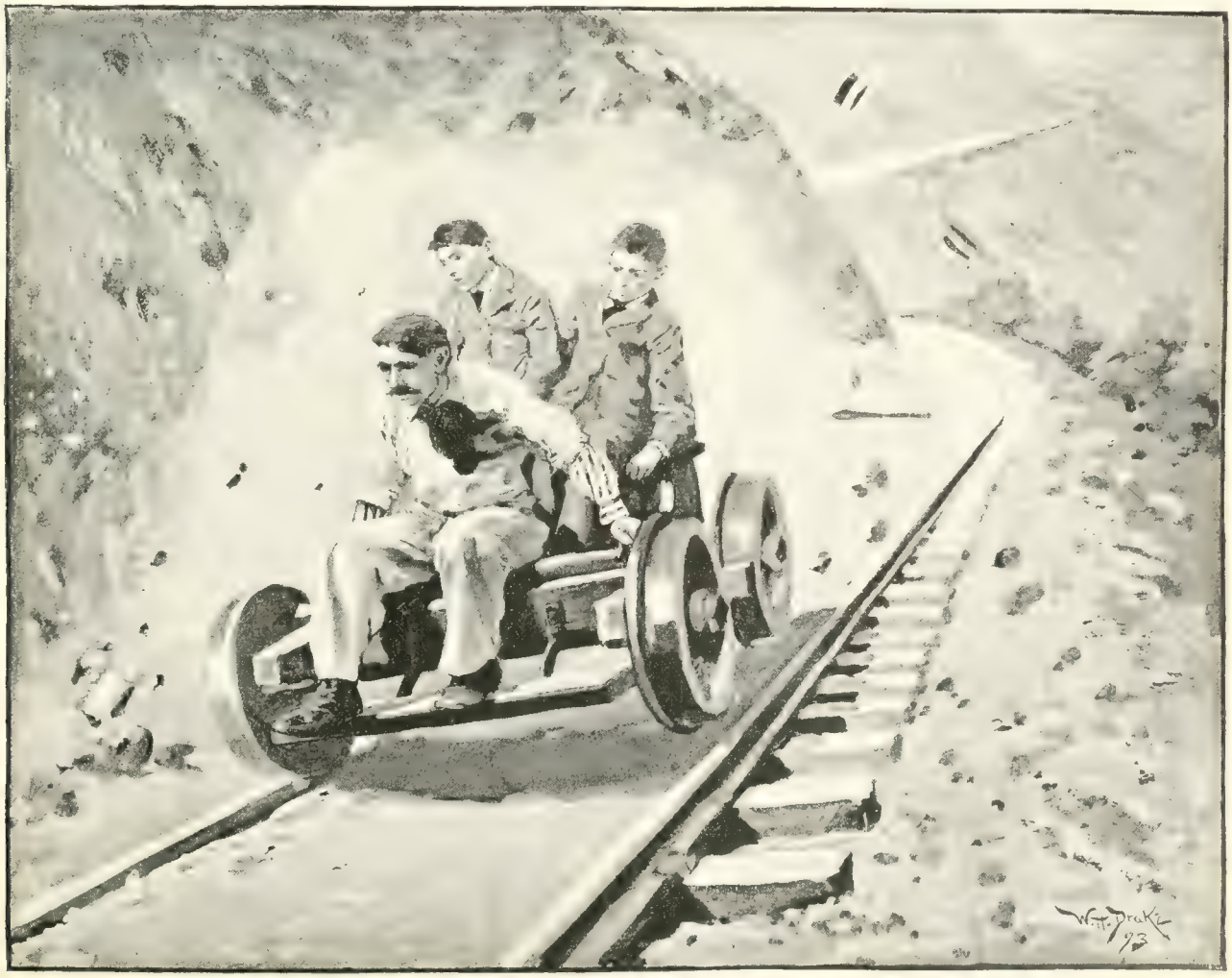
The four men who remained in the room after the boys had been tied kept up a continual conversation in Spanish, which Larry of course did not understand; but Ferd and Fauqua understood, and Ferd explained it later. What Larry did understand was two of the men, at a command from their leader, picking him up by the shoulders and heels, and carrying him out into the broad hall, and laying him down in a small room at the back of the house. Two other men a moment later picked Ferd up in the same way, and laid him down beside Larry. The man who gave the orders stepped into the room, and examined the fastenings of the only window. There was no glass, but a heavy pair of shutters, hooked and bolted on the inside. Motioning to the men to go out, he followed them, shutting the door after him, and locking it on the outside. A moment later the boys heard some one outside the window, as though fixing a bar across the shutters.

The room in which Ferd and Larry now lay was not more than ten feet square, and was totally dark except for what little light came through the chinks in the shutters. It contained no furniture, but that made little difference to the two prisoners with their feet tied together and their hands bound securely behind their backs.

"Larry, you can imagine how I feel about this thing," Ferd said, as soon as they were alone. "It's not the being tied up here like a calf that worries me, nor the being robbed, nor the possibility of being shot; it's knowing that it's all my fault, and that I have brought you into this scrape. But words won't mend a broken head. Since we're here, the only thing worth talking about is the way to escape."

"Now you're talking sense," Larry replied. "First of all tell me what you think, and what those fellows said before they brought us in here. There's no danger of their understanding English, is there?"

"Very little," said Ferd. "There's no doubt that these fellows are bandits, and that they make their headquarters in this house. We have walked right into their arms. Their talk was all about keeping us safe, and about getting a big ransom from the Pouverts. You see, they have recognized the planter's horses, and think that we belong to his family. As near as I could make out they intend to send Fauqua down to the plantation with a letter demanding a ransom; that's the reason they have separated us. In that case they'll take us away from



THE CAR GAVE A GREAT LURCH, AND DASHED AWAY WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND.

talked over the situation. Would they be shot if [illegible] refused to pay a ransom? Ferd thought not; to kill [illegible] would be murder, and [illegible] [illegible] dollars. Bad enough.

And Larry's Uncle Ben is just the man to pay [illegible] to get us out of trouble," Larry said. "But we must not give him the chance. Since we've got into the scrape we must get ourselves out of it, Ferd. The bandits must be green if they think these ropes were tied with enough to anything. I learned to handle ropes in the gymnasium, and I can have us both loose in ten minutes, if there's no danger of the fellows coming to look at us."

There did not seem to be any immediate danger of it for hour after hour passed, and the men did not visit them. It must be nearly dusk, they thought, but they could not tell, for their watches had been taken from them.

It was Larry who proposed the plan of action that was agreed upon. They would wait until it was fairly dark, and then untie themselves. Then they would either open or break down the shutters, and if they found a guard on duty outside they would both make a dash for him and disarm him. With his arms they could, perhaps, keep the others at bay long enough to escape in the darkness. If any one should enter the room while they were at work they would immediately attack him, and try to disarm him.

"It's a desperate chance, Ferd. We'll have to take our lives in our hands. But I'd rather risk anything than let your father pay a ransom for us. I should be ashamed to hold up my head if he did."

"I'm ready for any chance, Larry," Ferd replied. "And I believe we can do it. You can count on me, old man." And Larry had seen enough of Ferd's courage to know that he could.

When no more light came in through the chinks of the shutters they began operations. Following his cousin's instructions, Ferd turned over on his face, and Larry fell to work at the knots with his teeth. Ferd's hands were soon untied, and with one pair of free hands it was an easy matter to untie all the rest. Both boys, freed from their bonds, stepped on tiptoe to the window.

"There seems to be a heavy bar across the outside," Ferd whispered. "If we only had a knife blade to shove through the crack we might lift it." But their knives had gone with their watches and money.

While they deliberated what to do they were startled by a low "tap, tap, tap," upon the outside of the shutter. They drew back instinctively, and a moment later the tapping was repeated. It might possibly be a friend, and could hardly be an enemy, and Ferd stepped up and tapped in the same way on the inside. They heard a slight grating outside, as though the bar were being taken down.

"Unfasten the bolt!" Larry whispered, as he shoved back the hooks. "If it's one of the bandits, we'll spring out upon him."

Before Ferd could reply the shutters began to open cautiously, and in an instant a familiar brown face appeared between them. It was Fauqua!

Immediately a brown finger stole up across the brown lips to caution them to be silent, and then beckoned them to come. First Ferd and then Larry crawled through the open window and noiselessly reached the ground. Fauqua motioned them to follow, and led them as rapidly and silently as possible among the bushes that had grown up in the deserted yard. Soon reaching a [illegible] fall [illegible] crossed it and ran crouching [illegible] themselves with briers, [illegible] less than five minutes they were across the road and far enough into a jungle on the op[illegible]e side to be safe from immediate pursuit.

In the darkness of the thick underbrush, where there was no danger of the bandits finding them when they discovered the escape, Fauqua spoke for the first time, and would have manifested his love for both his young [illegible] by caressing them and hugging them if Ferd had not made a startling proposal. Now that they were free, Ferd had forgotten his grief over being the cause of the trouble; he was not satisfied to leave the bandits so easily.

"It's too much to leave our three horses and our watches and money with them!" he exclaimed. "They must have horses of their own, and if you will stay here with Fauqua, Larry, I'll try to find them. I'll get not only our own horses, but some of theirs, to pay for what they've taken of ours. Then we can go home with a good face, if we come out even with the bandits."

It was as much as Larry could do to dissuade his cousin from this foolish undertaking. Ferd was so full of having revenge upon the bandits by driving off their horses and recovering their own that he would certainly have tried it if Larry had not kept him back almost by force. Fauqua was opposed to it too, and between them both Ferd was compelled to submit.

After making a long detour through the jungle they came out upon the road again and followed it down the mountain, thinking it safe enough, as they were on foot, and therefore noiseless, while the bandits, if they pursued, would be mounted, and might easily be heard and avoided.

Fauqua was eager to tell the story of his own adventures, and he told it while they hurried down the mountain. He had been sent off in the middle of the afternoon with a letter to the planter demanding five thousand dollars as a ransom for the two boys.

"I don't believe we're worth that much!" Ferd interrupted.

"But you t'ink I go?" Fauqua went on. "No, sah! Fauqua got mo' sense 'n dat. I go till I out o' sight; run, run, fast, like I scared. Den I hide in de bushes, an' pretty soon when it come dark I come back an' steal up to de house. I expect to fin' guard outside, an' I carry big rock in each han' to break he head. But no guard dere. I sneak aroun' to de front, an' I hear 'em inside, a rattlin' de knives an' a clinkin' de glass. By-an'-by I slip aroun' to de back, where I knowed you was. I tap, tap, tap, on one shuttah, two shuttah, t'ree, but no answah. Den I came to de right one, an' I heah you tap inside, an' I take down the bah. An' here we all is."

It was after midnight when three dusty boys arrived at the sugar-plantation, so tired that they were ready to drop. The house was in a great state of excitement over their absence, and mounted men had been sent out in various directions to hunt for them. Ferd told the story of their capture and escape, taking all the blame for going upon his own shoulders.

"What an *infernal* country, Pouvert!" Uncle Ben exclaimed, when Ferd concluded. He had been walking up and down the piazza, his fury increasing as the story advanced. "We wouldn't stand such things in Trinidad! Rouse up some of your men, and we'll go now, to-night, and wipe that gang off the face of the earth! Here are four of us, and with a dozen of your darkies well armed we'll make an end of them!"

Ferd looked eagerly at the planter, hoping for a favorable reply; but the planter only smiled and threw himself back in his chair.

"Take a fresh cigar, Kirkwood," he said. "You're excited, and it's not well to be excited in this climate;

heats the blood, you know. Here are the boys safe and sound, so we needn't disturb ourselves. There's a much better way to deal with those fellows. They're nothing but the most ordinary thieves, or they'd not have left the boys without a guard, and let them escape. I'll send word down to Cienfuegos to-morrow, and set the military after them. They'll have them within a week, you may depend, and we'll very likely get the property back. What does it amount to, after all? Three horses—well, we've plenty more; and two revolvers, two watches, and a little money. How much money did you have, boys?"

"I had only about two dollars with me," said Ferd.

"And I had just some loose change," said Larry, "for my purse is upstairs."

"And you want me to ride into the mountains to-night and be shot at for two dollars and some loose change!" the planter exclaimed. "Thank you, no."

Instead of taking another ride into the mountains the boys went off to bed and to sleep, too tired to discuss the exciting events of the day. But in the morning, when Larry was nearly dressed, and his cousin sat on the edge of the bed stretching himself, Ferd began.

"I knew just how it would be when I began to manage things," he said. "The minute I take charge we get into trouble. I had no business to take you into the mountains, and I knew better at the time. See how smoothly everything went in Bermuda and Nassau when you had charge."

"Say, don't do it, Ferd," Larry interrupted. "I know just what you are going on to say, so it's not worth while to say it. You're going to tell me what a bad fellow you are, and how you're always getting into scrapes. But there's another side to it, Ferd. If you do get into scrapes, you know how to get out of them, for you're as brave as two lions. There were no bandits in the other islands, so it was not my management that prevented us from meeting any. But what's the use of talking. We're both about as we were made, I reckon, and we'll both be ready for a good gallop after we've had our hot coffee."

They had that gallop, and two or three more, but the next day was their last on the plantation, for Uncle Ben declared that he could not stay longer away from the schooner. The planter and his family would have had them stay for weeks or months, but it was out of the question, and they went back to the station in the same grand style in which they arrived, and in a few hours were in Havana again, Ferd and Larry once more in the Pasaje Hotel, and Uncle Ben on board the schooner.

For three days the boys enjoyed the life and bustle of Havana, and made visits to Matanzas, the Yumuri Valley, and the caves of Bellamar. After the luxury of the plantation they were more willing than ever to make themselves comfortable in the chief city of the West Indies, where they found everything ready for the amusement of all who could pay. They drove in the parks, visited the opera, looked through the old cathedral and the other curious churches, and laughed to think that they were the same boys who only a few days before had been living with a negro family in Nassau.

"That is the third new world I have seen, Uncle Ben," Larry exclaimed, leaning against the rail as the schooner sailed out of Havana Harbor. "This is the greatest of the three, and the most beautiful. Who would imagine there was such a place only a hundred miles from our Florida coast! Good-by, old Morro Castle! good-by, Havana! I may never see you again, but I shall never see anything half so handsome."

"Don't be too sure of that!" Uncle Ben laughed. "You haven't seen the whole world yet, you know. We'll hear what you have to say after you see Mexico. We should be in Vera Cruz in six or seven days if we have good weather, and you'll see some sights in the Mexican mountains that I imagine will make you forget all about Havana."

"It 'll not make us forget the bandits!" Ferd exclaimed. "Do you know, Larry, the greatest mistake I made in Cuba? I never thought to ask the bandits about Abel Forefinger! I asked in other places, though, but it did no good."

For six days and nights the *Boca Grande* skimmed the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, keeping the Yucatan coast in sight great part of the time. Progresso, Frontera, Tabasco, the boys caught glimpses of from a distance, and ranks of porpoises they had constantly in front of the bow, in lines as regular as soldiers marching. On the morning of the sixth day they sighted the natural beacon that tells the mariner he is approaching the Mexican coast.

Larry called the attention of one of the sailors to a curious cloud he had been watching. "Like a bright cone in the sky, with silver edges, and white in the centre. And it does not seem to change at all."

"Nor ever will," the sailor responded. "That is no cloud, but a mountain peak. It is the peak of Orizaba, always covered with snow. It is nearly a hundred miles inland; and as we are still about sixty miles from the coast, you can imagine how high it must be."

It was after dark when the schooner dropped anchor off Vera Cruz, and anxious as the boys were, they could not land till morning.

"Here's the fourth world for you to explore, boys," Uncle Ben told them, as they sat on the afterdeck that evening watching the lights of the town, "and the strangest yet. If you like snails, you can get them in any of the hotels here. If you want ice, they bring it off the mountains for you. You must go up to the city of Mexico, of course; but before you do, if you take my advice, you'll go up the railroad as far as Boca del Monte, and come down the mountain on a hand-car."

"On a hand-car!" both the boys exclaimed.

"Yes," Uncle Ben replied; "that is one of the amusements here, and they have hand-cars specially for it. You can make the arrangements in the railroad office here, and the car will be ready when you get to Boca del Monte. There's some of the finest scenery in the world among these mountains, and flying down the mountain on a light hand-car fairly makes your hair stand on end. I know, for I've tried it. Of course they send a railroad man with you."

Uncle Ben had to explain that the first hundred miles of the railroad journey from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico was up the mountain nearly 8000 feet to the tablelands, so that a hand-car would run down the incline at terrific speed. The boys agreed that though they might not care so much for the scenery, such a ride down a mountain was not to be neglected, and when they reached shore next day, they were hardly settled in the Hotel Veracruzaua with Fauqua and the baggage before they set out for the railroad office.

Their application for a hand-car from Boca del Monte attracted no attention, for it was an every-day thing for passengers to take that ride. They were just in time, they were told, to take the train for Boca del Monte; and three o'clock in the afternoon was the proper time to start with the hand-car, as the track was then entirely clear for nearly two hours. They would find the car ready for them at the summit.

Fauqua was left behind to take care of the baggage, for there was said to be room for only two passengers on the hand-car; and after a delightful ride up the mountain in a train of odd-looking cars drawn by a great double locomotive with two smokestacks and two engineers, and after seeing finer scenery than Larry had ever dreamed of, the boys were safely landed at Boca del Monte.

They had barely time to eat a bite of dinner in a queer

I am still the manager, and there's no telling what

"We are following Uncle Ben's advice, and

Larry gasped.

"About thirty-five miles an hour," Ford answered after asking the question in Spanish.

They were dashing along the edge of a tremendous declivity. It was not a precipice, but a steep decline leading abruptly down, thousands of feet, to a beautiful valley below, covering scores of square miles. There were cities and towns in the valley, and churches with tall spires, and hundreds of tilled fields.

"Oh, ask him to slow up here!" Larry shouted. "What a beautiful scene!"

Ford spoke to the brakeman in Spanish, and the man gave a sudden pull upon his handle.

The lever came off in his hands, broken short off beneath the floor of the car!

With the brake thus loosened and beyond control, the car gave a great lurch, and dashed away with the speed of the wind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ANIMAL SHOP.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

"WHAT you say is very fine," said Mr. Church the artist, as he patted a zebra's head. "Following your lecture I am to believe that the zebra has his peculiar markings, so that when he browses among the limbs of the low trees he matches himself to his surroundings. Do you know what I think?"

I learn so much natural history from Mr. Church that I was silent. I was waiting for some deep and thoughtful remark.

"The monkeys must have had a hand in it. There



were artistic monkeys around in Africa. Says one of them: 'Oh my! Such a face.' Here is a donkey. Let's touch him up. Stripes are all the go. Anyway, it's good practice on a live model, and such fun!' Then a monkey stole a palette and a lot of brown paint, and streaked a

a monkey with a very accurate

this is just the way he did it,"



replied Mr. Church, for while we were talking the artist had made the picture which shows the identical monkey in the act of beautifying a jackass.

We were in a queer place on the outskirts of New York, and the best name I can think of to give this place is to call it an "Animal Shop." You could walk into that shop, just as any little boy into a toy-shop, and rap on the counter and ask for an animal, almost any kind of one, and it would be handed out to you. There would be, however, some differences. A penny would not go very far. You would want a good many dollars, and then in exchange for your money you would receive a real live wild beast, which of course could not be wrapped up in paper or permit itself to be dragged after you with a bit of twine.

You might say to the shopman, "A lion, please."

"Here you are," Mr. Conklin would reply; "a sweet lion just two years old, and a great growler. Anything else?"

"I want to look over some tigers."

"Just happen to have a prime one. He is eight years old, and was captured six years ago. Was the pet of the Calcutta Garden. Ever so lovely a beast, with splendid fangs and whiskers. Is that all?"

"Now I think of it, I ought to have an elephant."

"Certainly. I have one just about two years old, a little tusker. He came from Agra. He is perfectly gentle. He will weigh 1000 pounds. In ten years he will weigh 5000 pounds."

"What might he be worth?"

"A thousand dollars. If he were grown, his price would be five thousand dollars."

"Why, that is a dollar a pound!"

"Just about; but I throw in his ivory."

"Would he not cost a good deal to feed?"

"He is a growing elephant. He eats a big mash of bran every day, and eight quarts of oats, with twenty five-cent loaves of bread, and fifty pounds of hay. I shall give him in a day or so some boiled rice with molasses, for elephants have a sweet tooth. If he were a grown beast you would have to multiply the rations I give the little elephant by five."

We were on a visit to an establishment where wild animals are kept, not for exhibition, but for sale. Proprietors of circuses, societies who manage zoological gardens, or private individuals who want an animal or a bird or a reptile came to Mr. Conklin to buy. It is a curious trade and a brisk one.

"Where is my pet lion?" asked Mr. Church.

"Went to Chicago yesterday," said Mr. Conklin. "I had ten zebras last week and have only two left. That tiger is as good as gone, and it is not likely the little elephant will remain here long."

"Is your business as much in Europe as here?" I asked.

"I have always orders from England or France or Germany. 'Coons and 'possums are in good demand on the other side, with many of our birds. I am run down for beavers, they are getting to be very scarce."

We were in a big barnlike building, and all around us in their cages were the animals and the birds, and there was a vast amount of howling and bleating, chattering and screeching. One cage full of monkeys was particularly noisy. I knew at once why the monkeys were jabbering so. I had seen Mr. Church go out of the animal shop and come in again several times with his pockets bulging out with pea-nuts and candy.



"You see," said Mr. Church, in a confidential manner, "these poor little monkeys do not have anything like the same chance as their relatives in Central Park. Nobody stands treat for the monkeys here, and so I am going to give them a regular tuck-out. I have long wanted to discover a real fresh monkey who for the first time in his life tastes a bit of candy, and I think there must be two or three here."

"These two zebras," said Mr. Conklin, "are nice and sweet-tempered, and you can handle them. The mountain-zebra is a rough customer, inclined to be vicious. This variety, the Churchill, can be managed by kindness."

Now it happened that I had just read in a Cape Colony agricultural journal that an effort was about to be made to run coaches over a line in Mashonaland with teams of zebras. In South Africa horses die of a particular disease which zebras are free from.

Then I looked at the little elephant. He had only been in the United States a few days. He was a youngster, with tusks fourteen inches long. He was exactly of that age when there would be the least trouble in educating him. Some day this elephant will learn how to stand on his head, eat bread and molasses with the clown, and maybe walk on a slack-rope. I want to say that I am fond of elephants at a distance, and appreciate their sagacity; but I advise people never to get too close to them, unless the keeper is near; and something more, never get between an elephant and a wall.



There was a little ocelot about as big as a cat and quite gentle. You could pick it up.

In two big boxes there were a hundred or more prairie-dogs, just arrived from Colorado. They would stand erect, and look through you with their black piercing eyes. They seemed to be full of curiosity, and wanted to know what was going on.

I looked at panthers, leopards, pumas, peccaries, African antelopes, bears, kangaroos, and porcupines. Here was a fine specimen of the South American porcupine, and he had a prehensile tail, showing him to be an animal living in trees. In a cage, hanging head downward, were the flying-foxes, big bats with India-rubber-like wings.



A man came in with a basketful of fish, and slipped one between the slats of a wooden box. Then there was a bark, and a sea-lion swallowed that fish and a half-dozen more whole, without chewing them.

One very pretty thing was to watch a 'possum with her litter of little ones. Mrs. 'Possum twisted her tail around her children's tails, and kept them from straying away.

Every now and then I would hear Mr. Church laughing as he drew a bit of candy or a handful of pea-nuts out of his pockets.

"Have you found the particular monkey you were looking for?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Church. "There was one, I think, who had never tasted lemon candy before I gave him some, but he didn't turn out well. He wanted all

first he tried to bully me and then he abused me. But that's no matter; I am bound to be on friendly terms with him. I want at least to satisfy that monkey's natural craving for candy.

[illegible] on one of them is highly probable some New York girls and boys will take a ride before long.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

BY JOHN MACK TUX.

IT was on the big white steamer *Mary Powell* that makes a daily trip up the Hudson during the hot summer months. There were three of them, two ladies and a youth, and they were all sitting on the cooler, shady side of the lower deck. The boat was crowded beyond all comfort, and these three were very fortunate in having been able to secure camp-chairs. It is true they were pushed close against the rail and might not turn around, owing to the number of passengers, but compared to the great majority they were well off. They had all three been gazing intently at a group of young men who sat near them, and who were laughing and talking together. The countenances of the two ladies, who were elderly and refined, displayed considerable distaste for the young gentlemen whom they had been regarding. The boy, who was a strong, handsome, sunburnt lad of fourteen, regarded the young men with far different thoughts if his expression might be taken as any indication of his feelings.

Suddenly he leaned over, and addressing one of the ladies said: "Aunt, that is Bob Newton, the famous Harvard end rush."

His aunt renewed her examination of this particular fellow-passenger. "What," she said, adjusting her glasses for a closer inspection—"what is an end rush?" She spoke as one might of some rare and curious beast.

Ralph laughed. "Why, aunt," he explained, "it is one of the positions on a football team."

The other lady now manifested interest.

"Football!" she exclaimed. "When you go to college, Ralph, I suppose you *must* go; you must promise that you will not indulge in any of these terrible games."

Ralph sighed. An orphan, poor fellow, he had been brought up by his two maiden aunts. Good, delightful, cultivated ladies as they were, they could not rid themselves of certain innate feminine fears. They were afraid that Ralph would be fatally injured in some of the "horribly dangerous pastimes of the American youth," and they never permitted an opportunity to escape by which they could impress upon the lad their horror of popular boyish sports.

"You see," his aunt Matilda now explained to him, "how that sort of people are rough and impolite. Mark my words, they are all cowards at heart."

This was rather a surprising statement, and Ralph was certainly right in considering it unjustified. He, however, made no reply, because he did not want to seem to argue, and because he felt that his audience was too prejudiced for possible conversion.

Ralph's aunts once more relapsed into silence, and heedless of the din of the excursionists, who made all manner of noise with horn and shuffling and stamping, they examined with pleasure the beautiful scenery their voyage presented to them. They were aroused presently from this pleasant contemplation by the peculiarly loud noise of a group of gayly dressed young men who had [illegible]ed their way to this part of the boat and were now gazing around for seats. Their loud talk, their vulgar laughter, and rude, unceremonious fashion of pushing about, showed very clearly where their education had been obtained. Two of them had brought camp stools with them, and they now "joked" their companion facetiously because he had nothing upon which to dispose his gayly bedecked person.

"Jes wait," this one now said, shoving his big unlit cigar more [illegible] into the corner of his mouth. "If yer think I'm a chump at snakin' a seat, yer way off." Just then his roving eye detected Ralph. "There's a kid," he said, "that's got his seat to a gentleman." And suiting the action to the word, he gave Ralph a sudden push which upset him on the deck. When he scrambled up he found the burly fellow comfortably seated on his own chair. Ralph had no intention of making a scene, but he was angry beyond all words. He walked up to the fellow, and said, not loudly, but nevertheless with considerable spirit:

"You're a coward, a big coward. If I were anyway near your size, I'd thrash you."

The man turned around and leered contemptuously at the irate boy. "Well, you see," he answered, not without malice, "yer ain't, but yer fresh;" and he leaned over and pulled the lad's ear roughly.

Just then a hand fell heavily on his shoulder, and the bully, turning around, saw the young man whom Ralph had called an "end rush" standing over him.

"Get up!" said this young man, shortly.

"What have you got ter do about it?" queried the bully; but before he had said the words he was fairly lifted out of his seat. He had no chance to strike, somehow, for this young man kept so firm a grip on the back of his neck that he might not help himself. Nor could his companions assist him, for the college men stood by only too ready to render them a similar service. Then, after being thoroughly shaken, he was lifted on to his feet.

"Now go," said the "end rush," still very calmly, albeit there was a dangerous look in his eye, "and if you come around here again I'll pitch you overboard."

The ruffians, seeing that popular sympathy was only too strongly against them, slunk away. The "end rush" restored his camp-chair to Ralph, who was almost too excited to thank him. Then lifting his hat politely to the two ladies, he retired with his companions to his own seat. There during the rest of the trip they laughed together and jested as only college chums can. Naturally, being gentlemen, they talked very little of the episode which had made one of them a hero in the eyes of all who had seen it, and I do not think it would be very hard to trace the mental thoughts which led Aunt Matilda to say suddenly, later that very afternoon:

"After all, Ralph, since your heart is so set on it, perhaps you may, when in college, play football a little."

A BRIEF ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LITTLE ORIOLE.

BY ELIZABETH HOLDEN WEBB.

SOME few years ago I had an interesting experience with one of our summer neighbors, the birds.

One spring morning I happened to be strolling across the lawn rather aimlessly, but awake enough to all around me to notice a little gray worsted ball (as I thought) fall from a high bough. My curiosity to know what this gray ball could be was incited by seeing a black and yellow oriole first dart through the air, as if giving chase to some winged insect, and then fly straight to my little ball of worsted, which, to my surprise, gave

a chirp of satisfaction, and gulped down a fly, with a greediness which I knew could only be attributed to a half-fledged nestling that was not yet well taught in table manners, and had not had a dainty morsel for fully five minutes.

When the papa bird again went in search of food, I picked up the little birdie, and placed it on a low bough, while I stepped just behind the tree to watch further proceedings. A more devoted papa and a more spoiled child I think never existed. If too long a time elapsed between the different courses of the meal my tyrant little birdie uttered sharp impatient screams, which I know pierced that poor father's heart through and through, for he then flew with more energy than before, and the intervals between the mouthfuls he brought became shorter and shorter. You may be interested to know that during the first half-hour this self-sacrificing father brought *twenty-eight* most tempting morsels, all of which disappeared down the spoiled child's cavernous mouth.

During this time I learned much as to what is the best diet for baby birds. Daddy-long-legs and moths, I should judge, must be very wholesome, caterpillars seemed rather rare delicacies, whether because of harmfulness, or their being hard to find, or because papa was also fond of them, I know not, but this I do know, that very few found their way down that baby bird's throat. Flies—green, blue, and all kinds—are seemingly very good for the nursery larder, also spiders, ants, and worms.

Having given the bill of fare, I will go on to relate what happened *after* this breakfast. By degrees I drew closer to the young bird, and finally attempted holding it on my finger, to see if paternal love could overcome fear, and if papa would feed his starving child on this unusual perch. He, to my surprise, after hesitating but a moment, flew swiftly to my hand, and after dropping an enormous daddy-long-legs into the gaping slot, returned quite as quickly to the limb overhead, and there seemed to meditate on his daring deed.

My acquaintance with this feathered family was made about nine o'clock of the morning, and by noon we were on such intimate terms that Herr Birdpapa trusted me entirely with his child, and even with himself, resting for quite long intervals sometimes on my hand, sometimes on my head, sometimes on my lap, sometimes on my shoulder. Then, as if remembering his neglect of paternal duties, he resumed them, leaving me to make better friends with his charge.

Thereafter we had those family parties frequently, and after several days the papa became so tame as to alight on my shoulder when I went out on the lawn. The baby was now growing so strong that I was afraid it would attempt to escape by means of the very wings I had helped to strengthen, so I tied a fine soft string to one of its feet, fastening the other end to a twig of a near tree. This act of mine might have proved fatal to our charge had it not been for the wonderful presence of mind shown by the father.

And this is how it came to my notice. Soon after our acquaintance had become thus intimate I was sitting one day on the veranda reading, when my attention was attracted by the well-known chirp of Mr. Papabirdie. Having often before heard it I paid little attention. Finding feeble chirps of no avail, he now uttered anxious little screams, flying first down to me, and then toward the tree where my string still held his child captive.

Fearing for the safety of our charge, I ran down the lawn to find the poor little fellow all entangled in my string, and hanging beak downward.

Being just in time to rescue my bird charge from an untimely death, I thereafter gave up the idea of keeping it captive. Then, not keeping the birds confined to any one place, I did not know where to find them when I went out. And by-and-by I lost all track of them. In the solitude that followed I consoled myself by reading about them in Audubon, where I learned that they are called orchard orioles.

One day in the following spring I heard the same chirp I had heard so many times, and on looking up, recognized the father, this time accompanied by Mrs. Oriole, flying overhead. Then I heard feebler chirps, and on turning I saw a small hanging nest but six feet from the ground. In this swinging nursery were two little nestlings but a few days old. I determined to keep watch over this nest, and try to repeat my last year's experience, but one fatal night a thunder-storm brought their short lives to a speedy end.

Had it not been for this tragedy I think that our intimacy would have been pleasantly renewed; but as it was, the bereaved parents removed at once, perhaps to escape from familiar surroundings that reminded them all too constantly and unhappily of the sad end of their poor children.

A QUEER THING ABOUT CAMELS.

SOME years ago, when the British troops were fighting against the forces of the Mahdi in the Soudan, opportunity was afforded to many of the correspondents accompanying the expedition to study the habits of the camel. Most of the transportation of the soldiers' baggage was done by these "ships of the desert," as they are called, and at night some of the newspaper men spent a portion of their leisure trying to learn something new about these strange creatures.

One of them, who was an inveterate smoker, discovered that the camel is a great lover of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound, said he, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.

So if any of you have a pet camel who seems to be longing for something, and refuses to be comforted until he gets it, you might give him a cigar. He is usually so intelligent that it would probably take very few lessons to teach him how to smoke in a most expert fashion.

AN EPISODE IN AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.

AUTOGRAPH-HUNTERS sometimes get prominent persons into very unpleasant positions. As an evidence of this fact we find in an English periodical a somewhat amusing anecdote of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who represents a Birmingham constituency in the House of Commons in the British Parliament. It seems that when Mr. Chamberlain was made a cabinet minister he got hundreds of requests for his autograph. For a time he answered each one in an autograph note, but the labor involved became so great that finally he had a printed form prepared, running, "Your request of such a date is hereby complied with." Then when an autograph request came in he simply signed this blank form and let it go at that.

One day a tall raw-boned Warwickshire man walked into his office. "Morning," said he.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Chamberlain, looking up.

"I came for that place you promised me," said the countryman, after an awkward pause.

"Place? I promised you no place," said Mr. Chamberlain.

"Yes, you did," insisted the countryman, stoutly. "I've got your promise in your own handwriting." With that he hauled out one of the autograph replies—"Your request of such a date."

"But, man alive," said Mr. Chamberlain, "that was in response to a request from you for my autograph."

"No, 'twasn't," said the man. "I never asked for no autograph. I want a place; that's what I wrote for."

Mr. Chamberlain had the man's letter hunted up, and, sure enough, he found that it was a formal application for a place.

"Here," said the perplexed minister, emptying into his big hand all the money he had in his pocket. "I can't give you a place; I haven't any to give."

And with that the man had to be content.



"I WAS [illegible]"

A GREAT SCHEME.

I WISH I had a stick so high
That it would reach unto the sky,
And when there came a rainy day
I'd prop the rain-clouds right away.

A CLEAR CASE.

"POOH," cried Tommy, "I thought that was a cat-bird, but it isn't. Why, a little tiny kitty came along this morning and scared the bird so that it flew away. The idea of a cat-bird being afraid of a cat."

AN IDEA OF FUN.

EDDIE. "I s'pose to a big, big giant our world would seem all round."

PAPA. "I presume it would if the giant was big enough."

EDDIE. "Then wouldn't he have lots of fun just riding round and round it on a bicycle?"

A SUBSTITUTE.

"DID you hurt your elbow when you tumbled down stairs?"

"No-o-o; but I—I'm crying for Nero, 'cause I fell on him."

TO SHOW THE TIDE.

"WHAT'S that post for, papa?" asked Bobbie.

"That's the high-water mark, my son."

"Oh yes," cried Roscoe, "it's put there to show the tide how far it can come."

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

HAROLD. "Do shells grow, auntie?"

AUNTIE. "Yes, dear."

HAROLD. "Then I guess this little shell isn't ripe yet, so I won't take it."

A MODEST REQUEST.

"WHICH can fly the higher, papa, an eagle or a kite?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Well, I wish you'd get an eagle and a kite and [illegible]"

A COMPOSITION.

"[illegible] gold in the ground," [illegible] "they're miners, and some [illegible] work for it, and they're [illegible] body else."

A WAY OUT OF THE TROUBLE.

KENNIBOY was entertaining Whitney [illegible] and the little host had possession of the hammock. This Whitney resented and asked to be allowed to swing [illegible] his argument.

"You ought to, 'cause I'm company."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Kenniboy; "I s'pected we'd be down at your house. Then I'll be company."

TWO WAYS OF MEETING A BEAR.

"WHAT would you do, papa, if a bear came along?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps I would go up to him and say, 'How are you, bear?'"

"I wouldn't; I'd walk away just as though I didn't see him, and if the bear had any politeness he wouldn't pay any attention to me."

A BARGAIN.

"I WISH I had a steam-engine," sighed Albert.

"Why, gracious," cried mamma, "what do you want with a steam-engine?"

"Some to trade it for a steam-yacht," replied Albert; "because I never have enough money to buy one."

A POINT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"I KNOW why squirrels have such funny faces," remarked Jimmie. "They eat green persimmons and get their mouths all twisted up with the taste."

BORROWING TROUBLE.

"I'M glad that I don't live in the water," said Peter, "'cause my mamma might want to have a garden there, and it would be lots of trouble for me to pull up the sea-weed, for there's so much of it."

AN INDUCEMENT.

"PAPA," said Frankie, "if you will get me a goat carriage, I'll drive down to the station every afternoon to meet you when you come home."



"So do I."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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"HURRAH! AN ISLAND AT LAST."—[See "The Annexation of Wagstaff Island," Page 730.]

THE ANNEXATION OF WAGSTAFF ISLAND.

[illegible] paid

THE [illegible] sh illustrated paper that had drifted, by [illegible] to the little village on the lower Sus[illegible] The Admiral was sixteen years old, and in [illegible] He [illegible] Terry Watson, and Pres Dagget. It was [illegible] reward for his services in planning and pilot[illegible] [illegible] had made during the last summer's vacation.

The Admiral believed in living up to his title, and [illegible] did so is what this story proposes to relate. One [illegible] toward the close of [illegible] the three chums were stretched on a grassy bank shaded by three old trees. The broad Susquehanna dotted with islands flowed by their feet. Beyond them were the roofs and spires of the [illegible] hamlet of Middletown Ferry.

"I say, fellows," suddenly exclaimed Terry Watson, "here's half the vacation gone, and we haven't done anything worth speaking of."

"That's so," chimed in Pres Dagget. "Suppose we go camping, or make another canoe trip?"

"I have a better plan than either of those," said the Admiral, in a vastly important tone. "I've been thinking it out since school closed, and I know you fellows will like it."

"Let's have it," eagerly demanded his companions.

"Well, it's just this," resumed the Admiral. "What do you say to making an exploring expedition up the Sweet Arrow Creek? We've never been far from the mouth, you know, and it runs through a pretty wild country. That cedar boat of mine will be just the thing. Of course we will equip ourselves as though we were going camping, only it will be a different kind of a trip altogether. We will make a chart of the creek's channel, and write reports on the fishing, and the Indian relics, and whatever else we discover. If we run across any islands we will annex them, and plant our flag there and take the inhabitants under our protection."

"Hurrah!" cried Terry. "that's a grand scheme."

"Yes, it's glorious," assented Pres. "I don't quite understand what you mean by annexing the islands, though."

Terry look equally dubious, and the Admiral, as in duty bound, hastened to explain. "You fellows don't keep up with the times," he said, in a slightly scornful tone. "Haven't you read how Great Britain annexed the Gilbert Islands in the South Sea? The Queen sent a man-of-war there, and the Captain landed with a file of marines. They marched right up to the head village, and the King and all his people came out to meet them. The King had his own flag stuck on a pole.

"'See here, King,' said the Captain, 'take down that dirty rag, and I'll give you a nice clean one.'

"'All right,' said the King.

"So the Captain ran up the union-jack. 'Now you are under Queen Victoria's protection, King,' he said, 'and you needn't be afraid that unfriendly natives will hurt you or your people any more.'

"Then the marines cheered, and the natives danced about, and they all had a jolly time and a big feast. So that's what it means to annex an island."

Terry and Pres looked tenfold wiser at the conclusion of the Admiral's explanation. "We may find islands up the Sweet Arrow," said Terry, "but I don't believe there will be any natives on them."

"Then we will annex them, anyhow, and plant our flag there," replied the Admiral. "We can't [illegible] name of any Queen, you know, [illegible] will form a company [illegible] something like the old East [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Just wait! There are sure to be islands farther up stream."

The Admiral's sanguine spirit communicated itself to his companions, and presently a camping-place was chosen by a small stream that trickled through dense woods. The tent was quickly staked and a blazing fire made. After supper Terry found a few stone arrow-heads below camp, while Pres rigged up a rod and line, and caught a dozen sunfish and two fair-sized bass. The Admiral then got out his paper, and wrote, by lantern-light, a record of the day's events. He also made a chart of the creek from memory, and estimated the distance they had ascended at eight miles. By nine o'clock the explorers were sound asleep, with Sirloin keeping guard at the tent door.

The night passed without alarm, and an hour after day-break the boys were on their way up stream. They rested alternately, the Admiral taking his turn at the oars with the others. The creek was not so wide as on the preceding day, and the scenery was more rugged and lonesome. The sun shone fiercely on the water, and the boys began to realize that navigation against the current was a laborious task.

"A swim would feel mighty good just now," panted Terry.

"Wouldn't it, though?" assented Pres, wiping the perspiration from his face.

The Admiral did not reply. It was his resting turn just then, and his eyes were fixed on a bend in the channel, which the boat was rapidly approaching.

"Hurrah!" he cried, suddenly; "an island at last!"

The boys eagerly turned to look, and Sirloin wagged his tail for joy. Yes, the Admiral was right. There was the long-expected island coming more clearly into view with every second as the boat crept of its own impetus up the sluggish current. It lay gracefully in mid-channel, shaded by two granite cliffs, bristling with pine and fir trees, that towered from each bank of the creek. Judged from a distance, it seemed to be one hundred feet wide by four or five times that in length. It was fringed with button-wood and sycamore trees.

"Pull lively, men," commanded the Admiral, and as the boat spurted forward, he inspected his sword scabbard and pistol, to see that they were in their places, and prudently fastened a leather thong to Sirloin's collar.

The boat soon grated on the lower point of the island, and the explorers sprang out. The strip of gravel on which they stood terminated at the base of a clay bank, six feet high. The Admiral mounted to the summit, leading Sirloin by one hand, and holding in the other the company's flag. Terry and Pres followed, and the procession advanced up the island in single file. The Admiral found it difficult to keep pace with Sirloin, who was bent on taking the lead.

The interior of the island was cleared, and the first thing that the explorers struck was a potato patch.

"Some one must live here," exclaimed Terry.

"All the better," replied the Admiral. "We will have some one to annex."

"But suppose they don't want to be annexed?" said Pres, uneasily. "It ain't as though we had a file of marines to back us up."

The Admiral turned and glared at his followers. "I intend to annex this island and its inhabitants," he declared, severely. "If I encounter resistance I shall resort to force of arms. If you fellows want to back out, say so right now."

Pres and Terry glanced at the Admiral's arsenal, but discreetly kept their thoughts to themselves.

Satisfied that the incipient mutiny was quelled, the Admiral pushed on, and the others came in his footsteps, keeping a sharp watch ahead. A cabbage-patch succeeded the potatoes, and then the little band penetrated a strip of standing corn that seemed to cover the upper extremity of the island. They advanced through this cautiously, and reaching the verge, an odd sight met their eyes. The upper point of the island was barely twenty feet distant, and on the open space between stood a small cabin, roughly constructed of drift-wood and sawn planks. It had a door and one window—both open. Various household utensils hung from nails outside, and the whole place was scrupulously clean and in order.

"Isn't this a queer find?" whispered the Admiral.

"I wonder where the people are?" added Terry.

At this point Sirloin began to growl furiously, and made a forward dash that nearly tore the thong from his master's hand. Instantly a shrill childish cry rang out from the cabin, and in response to it a lad of about the Admiral's age, who had been lying unseen in a clump of bushes on the verge of the island, rose to his feet and faced the intruders. He was barefooted and poorly dressed, and his tow-colored hair hung thickly about his sunburnt face. He held a rusty gun in his hand, and this he immediately trained on Sirloin, who was making frantic efforts to break loose.

The Admiral stepped fearlessly into view. "Don't shoot," he cried. "I'll hold the dog."

The lad slowly lowered the weapon. "Pop 'll soon be home," he said, sullenly. "It won't be good fur you-uns if he ketches you here. I reckon you don't belong ter that gang up the creek. Leastways you-uns don't look like it."

His eyes scanned the Admiral's natty costume, and then rested with surprise on Pres and Terry, who had stepped out from the corn.

The Admiral cuffed Sirloin into silence. "What gang are you talking about?" he asked. "We come from down the Sweet Arrow."

"You kin see the gang from them bushes," replied the lad, facing around, and pointing up the creek. "I've been watchin' them this good while."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JACK'S EXPLOITS.

A WONDERFUL monkey in South America became so renowned for his accomplishments that travellers when in that neighborhood always made a point of going to see him. He lived in a beautiful villa, and was first seen seated in the parlor sewing. He wore trousers, jacket, a colored shirt, and a red neckerchief, and it was difficult to believe that he was not human. He paid no attention to the visitors, but kept steadily on with his work, evidently a new pair of trousers for himself.

Soon after the host appeared, a lady and her little girl came to call; and the child claimed the monkey at once as an old friend, and began to talk to him. Jack peeped questioningly at his master, but receiving only a stern glance in reply, he gave all his attention to his sewing. Presently his thread broke, and it was very comical to see him put the end to his mouth and smooth it.

His master then said, "Jack, put your work aside, and sweep the floor."

Up rose Jack at once, and went into the next room. Then hurrying back with broom and duster and pan, he did his work like an experienced chamber-maid. It was now seen that he was about three feet high, as he always stood upright when he stood at all. His master spoke again, and he went out and brought in some refreshments on a tray, handing them first to the ladies. When the traveller had finished his lemonade, he, without any directions, replaced the glass on the tray.

A little later his master took out his watch, and showed it to Jack without saying a word. It was three o'clock, and away went the monkey for a certain cup of broth which the gentleman, who was an invalid, always took

at that hour. It was explained that he could not tell the time generally; but remembering the position of the [illegible] master's luncheon. The watch was sometimes shown to [illegible] that it was sometimes the case, three o'clock was [illegible] found in possession [illegible] restless, and at last went for the broth of his own accord. [illegible] he was always rewarded with sugar-plums, of which he was very fond.

When [illegible] that the gentleman wanted [illegible] handkerchief, the traveller being pointed out, Jack took it from his pocket and handed it to him. Then he was directed to show the visitors his room; and opening a door to let them pass in, he followed last of all. The small apartment was in perfect order, and well furnished with a comfortable bed, a chest of drawers, table, chairs, and even toys; but Master Jack's interest centred in a gun that was hung on the wall. This, on its being presented to him with powder-flask and shot-bag, he loaded with the air of a veteran, and discharged it with great composure from the open window.

At dinner, for which more visitors had arrived, the accomplished monkey waited on the table with all the ease and dexterity of a well-trained servant. His master said that time, trouble, and patience had been expended on his education, but the struggle against wearing clothes was the most obstinate of all. Trousers were his especial abomination; and again and again he took them off, until they were sewed fast to his shirt. He hated the straw hat, too, which he was made to wear on going out with his master, but expressed his disgust at that time only by making dreadful faces.

One of the visitors had treated Jack from a box of sweets which he carried in his pocket; and finding sugared almonds very much to his taste, he abstracted the entire store for his own private benefit. When his master discovered the theft, poor Jack, whose ideas of right and wrong were naturally somewhat confused, was severely punished.

A CRUISE IN A MONITOR.

BY A. H. DUTTON.



THAT creature of yesterday, the naval militia, has come to stay. It has left the field of theory, and is now an accomplished fact, thanks to the intelligence and zeal of its *personnel*, and the sensible, far-seeing policy of the Navy Department, which has furnished it with arms and ammunition, *matériel* and machinery.

In one case—that of the Massachusetts naval militia—the Navy Department has gone still farther than this in its co-operation, and has actually supplied a war-vessel, overhauled and equipped, for the amateur man-of-war's men.

This is the old monitor *Passaic*, a relic of the civil war, which now looks, however, quite rakish and formidable to the unprofessional eye, thanks to her new coat of white paint and the frowning muzzles of her huge 15-inch guns—weapons which could, no doubt, create frightful havoc on a crowded ferry-boat, but against the steel armor of a modern war-ship would do far less harm than a modern rifle of one-third their calibre.

The *Passaic* was sent to Boston last year. Shortly after her arrival she was taken in hand by the people of the navy-yard, who fitted her up for her new duties, which consist of the practical instruction of the naval militia in the handling of heavy guns, turrets, and other [illegible] ironclads, a class of war-ships of which the *Passaic* is a representative.

A series of formal thorough drills upon her commenced shortly after her arrival, although for some time prior to [illegible] gallop-nasty exercises had been held upon her from time to time as she lay at the navy-yard dock, to inculcate the rudiments of her manipulation in the minds of the naval militia.

The regular exercises are extremely interesting, and have taken place weekly, though the approach of cold weather and the resumption of drills in the armory will cause them to be discontinued temporarily.

At a given hour on Saturday a detail of the naval battalion marches on board the battle-scarred old ironclad as she lies at the navy-yard dock. This detail consists of one commissioned officer, three petty officers, and eight seamen from each of the four divisions comprising the battalion, or forty-eight in all, officers and men.

And a fine body of men it is; young, intelligent fellows, representatives of the flower of the New England youth. Some are college graduates, some are clerks, others are mechanics, others yet are electrical or civil engineers. One of the most marked characteristics of the Massachusetts naval militia is the earnestness and zeal with which it applies itself to the duties of its calling, and this is largely due to the high order of intelligence of its *personnel*, although the tact and ability of its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Soley, a retired officer of the regular navy, must not be forgotten as a factor in the efficiency of the force.

The discipline in the battalion is admirable. When it is remembered that its members are volunteers, unpaid and unrewarded except by the satisfaction of work well done, it is truly wonderful to observe how cheerfully and with what despatch they perform the most arduous fatiguing work, obeying the commands of their officers without a murmur and without hesitation, seeming to vie with each other in the promptness and accuracy with which they comply with even the most disagreeable orders.

There is none of that loitering and shirking, none of that discourtesy and insubordination, which is only too common in many other militia organizations. Seamen and officers come from the same class in life, are perhaps chums and deskmates, yet when one of the men receives an order from his officer, even though the latter may be an enemy or an intimate friend in civil life, he touches his cap, and with a respectful "Aye, aye, sir!" jumps to obey.

But this is digressing.

Arrived on board the monitor, the amateur salts are mustered, and then despatched to their stations for unmooring ship. The vessel, being government property, is commanded by an officer of the United States navy, and also has on board a few United States sailors and firemen. Otherwise her crew for these weekly trips out to sea is composed of the naval militia, the officers and men of which work side by side with those of the regular service, just as though they all belonged to the same organization.

Steam is up. The colors are hoisted as the detail comes aboard, all facing aft, with heads uncovered, as the stars and stripes ascend the flagstaff.

The heavy hawsers tying the monitor to the dock are cast off and "walked in" with the measured navy tread, the college-bred young militiaman hauling away side by side with the bronzed, rugged old man-of-war's man, who has seen service, perhaps, in every sea and upon a dozen or more different vessels.

Once clear of the dock, the *Passaic* stands out through Boston Harbor, bound for the open sea, where her day's duties are to be performed. Row-boats and ferry-boats, steamers and schooners, are filled with curious eyes gaz-

ing at the odd craft—"a Yankee cheese-box on a raft"—as she slowly passes along, the alert helmsman on top of the turret carefully picking the way through the crowded channel, under the guidance, probably, of an officer of



the militia, who is perhaps a yachtsman skilled in the navigation of Massachusetts waters.

Every opportunity is given, as in this case, to familiarize the members of the battalion with the duties that would have to be performed by them in actual service. The regular officer in command deputes them to do nearly everything, he himself personally exercising but a general supervision, correcting mistakes as they may occur.

The militiamen like this. Indeed, they seem to take pleasure in every detail of the seaman's art, and to experience satisfaction in the drudgery of hauling on ropes, sponging out guns, and doing other blister-producing and dirt-depositing things. Clad in their canvas overalls, or "working clothes," they shrink not from the dust of the deck, the tar of the ropes, or the grease of the machinery. Indeed, they seem to regard the spots and smears on their white suits in much the same light as a veteran considers his scars of battle, all of which indicates a commendable spirit of pride at evidence of hard work cheerfully performed.

When about half-way out to the target range the call to "quarters" is sounded. The men go quickly to their stations, some at the heavy guns in the turret, some in the magazine and shell-room, others between the magazine and the turret, below decks, to pass up ammunition. A couple of men enter the conning-tower, a small armored structure above the turret, to man the steering-wheel used in battle—for the wheel outside, used under ordinary circumstances, must be abandoned when shot and shell are flying thick. Besides, it is useless when the turret is in operation, as its wheel ropes are above everything, and would become fouled as the turret revolves. The battle steering ropes lead from the conning-tower down below through the turret, and thence aft beneath the deck.

The guns are cleared away and loaded, the turret raised clear of the deck ready for revolving, and the low-lying craft is now prepared for the fray.

As the open sea is reached the waves grow higher, at times dashing over the low hull and deluging the deck with water. The after end of the monitor is flooded with the seething mass of water churned up through the propeller well by the revolving screw, which, for purposes of protection, is some feet forward of the stern, beneath what is termed the "overhang."

The monitor is a good sea-boat, with less motion in a seaway than an ordinary vessel of her size. Still, as the heavy seas often break over her deck, it is necessary to close, and at times to "batten down," her hatches, and the quarters below are thus often close and hot in spite of the draught from the big ventilators, which, however, are put in more to aid the combustion in the fire-room than for ventilation in the living-quarters.

About two hours after leaving the navy-yard the range is reached and the target placed in the water. The monitor is then steamed along a course between 1000 and 2000 yards distant.

"Commence firing!" The order rings down into the turret in sepulchral tones from the conning-tower. Perhaps a few shots have been fired from the little 1-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun on top of the conning-tower to verify the range.

"Twelve hundred yards!" is announced as the range.

The sights of the monster 15-inch guns are adjusted to the given range.

"Train right [or left]!" exclaims the officer in the turret, according to the bearing of the target.

An engineer inside the turret pulls a lever controlling the turret engine, and with a dull rattle and a slight jolting the ponderous iron tower revolves to right or left, as the case may be, until the eye of the officer directing the guns, looking through a slit in the wall of the turret beside the muzzle of the gun, bears upon the target.

The axis of the slit being parallel to that of the gun, the officer, as soon as he spies the target, exclaims:

"Ready! Fire!"

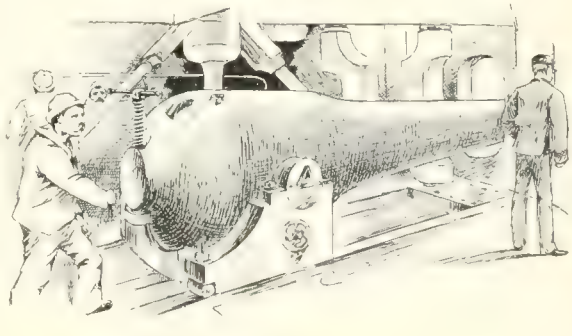
The gun captain pulls the lock-string, and with a thundering report the great cannon hurls forth its flame-and-smoke enveloped projectile.

The concussion from these old guns is great, though the report is not as sharp and ringing as in modern high-powered rifles of considerably less calibre. Ear-drums are occasionally broken, but certain precautions may be taken to avoid a possibility of this. For instance, it is advisable at the moment of firing to stand on tiptoes, to open the mouth slightly, letting the lower jaw drop and hang loose, and to stand as limp as possible. It is unwise to stand rigid or to lean against the sides of the turret.

The initial velocity of the monitor's old guns is not great. Indeed, after each discharge the shot may be easily followed with the eye throughout its flight, except, of course, where obscured by smoke, as during the first few feet. It is a pretty sight to see the big spheres, fifteen inches in diameter, hurrying through the air, describing a graceful parabolic curve, then, when the bursting charge within is ignited by the time fuse, to see the puff of white smoke as the shell is rent asunder into several fragments, the dull distant report of the bursting being borne back a few seconds after.

After each shot the guns are sponged out, loaded, and run out again, ready for the next volley.

It may be well to state here that the *Passaic*, which is a single-turret, iron-hulled monitor, built in 1862, carries



no guns save the two big 15-inch smooth-bores in her turret, and a tiny rapid-fire gun on top of her conning-tower.

These two heavy guns throw a shell weighing 330 pounds, the firing charge being forty-five pounds of pow-

[illegible] aid of a t[illegible]

[illegible] one by the Massachusetts naval m[illegible] Wason [illegible] Of course [illegible] witnessed the target practice on two sep[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

the Rhine," at its head, and having the imposing title of "The Honorable Governor and Company of Merchant Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay." This corporation in the year 1670 easily obtained from the free-handed King Charles II. a charter giving to it a practical monopoly of the whole region extending between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains and away north to the arctic circle—a territorial possession vastly exceeding that held by the East India Company in the very height of its power.

But there was a world of difference between these two imperial estates; for while the one held teeming millions of people, and produced silks, spices, diamonds, and rubies in bewildering abundance, the other had no population save a few score thousand redskins and Esquimaux, whose sole article of commerce was the skins of the animals they caught in their snares. There were good dividends to be gained in both cases, however, and neither Prince Rupert nor his associates had any reason to regret having joined in the enterprise.

The dividends would have been a great deal better during the seventeenth century if the French had not given trouble in the Western World, just as they did in the Eastern. They were the masters of Canada then, and they did not take at all kindly to the idea of an English company getting at the very fountain-head of the fur trade, which was the life-blood of their costly colony. Moreover, they claimed to have taken possession of the Hudson Bay country long before their rivals, and it was certainly true that nearly half a century before Prince Rupert's company came into existence the company of New France, having a very similar object in view, had been granted a no less extensive charter by Louis XIII.

So they are hardly to be blamed if they promptly proceeded to oust the intruders, and in 1686 the famous Sieur d'Iberville headed a hostile expedition into the big bay which captured three out of the five forts established by the British, and several of their ships into the bargain. This was the beginning of a strife waged between the two powers with varying success for nearly a century, the last and most notable act in the drama of war being the taking and destruction of Fort Prince of Wales at the entrance to Churchill Harbor by the French Admiral La Pérouse in the year 1782. It was a splendid structure, four hundred feet square, with stone walls six feet thick and twenty feet high, having the black muzzles of forty-two cannon thrust threateningly through their embrasures. Yet when the French fleet appeared and summoned it to surrender, the British Governor, evidently deeming discretion the better part of valor, replaced his colors with a table cloth in token of capitulation, and handed himself and his garrison over to the tender mercies of the invaders, who were no less surprised than delighted at finding the feat of conquest so easy.

But the victory yielded little beyond the glory of it, for, shortly after, France finally resigned all idea of reconquering any portion of her former Dominion of Canada, and the Hudson Bay Company were left in undisturbed possession of their great realm, then and for many years afterwards known as Rupert's Land, in honor of their former founder.

Glancing back over the company's history, it is not easy to understand why the employés were so slow in making their way into the heart of the vast region stretching out indefinitely to the west and south of Hudson Bay, from which the Indians, with whom they dealt, drew their supplies of valuable peltries. It would seem as though they did not like to venture very far away from the salt water, and for a long time not even the offer of special rewards by the directors to those who should take part in expeditions inland had any great effect in stimulating enterprise in this direction.

The factors—that is the officials in charge of the forts—were a good deal to blame for this. They were afraid of their employés getting too friendly with the Indians, and forbade them entering an Indian lodge. Men were flogged for getting a light for their pipes from an Indian fire. The interior of the country was pictured as a land filled with unknown perils. Thrilling and terrible stories were circulated as to the atrocities of the redskins and the ferocities of the wild animals. Minute instructions for the protection of the forts were given. Scouts were to reconnoitre every day, and if they did not happen to return by nightfall, preparations for a siege were to be promptly made. At all times the cannon that defended the gates were to be ready for action, and no traces of trees or other cover were to be suffered near the forts.

As a matter of fact most of these precautions were entirely unnecessary, but they served to greatly hamper the progress of the company, and in the mean time serious rivalry sprang up in a new quarter. Knowing nothing about the exclusive privileges of the company, or caring nothing if they did happen to know, the French Canadians were rapidly making their way into the company's territory. Having skimmed the cream of the fur preserves of what is now Quebec and Ontario, their *coureurs des bois* (wood-rangers) year after year in increasing numbers set out from Montreal, ascended the river Ottawa, made their way by stream and lake and toilsome portage into Lake Huron, and thence into Superior, voyaging over that inland ocean to its farthest shore, where the Kaministiquia was entered, and the journey continued through Lac la Pluie (Rainy Lake), over Lac du Bois (Lake of the Woods), and down the river Quinipique (Winnipeg) into the lake of the same name, thus reaching the border of those fertile prairies which rolled away in billows of verdure until they broke at the base of the Rocky Mountains, where the terrible grizzly met the travellers with fearless front.

These *coureurs des bois*, many of whom had Indian blood in their veins, were perfectly adapted for their business. They won the hearts of the Indians by learning their language, sleeping in their wigwams, sharing their food, and smoking their pipes. Naturally enough the Indian very much preferred dealing with these fascinating fellows, who came right to his lodge, to travelling away off to a Hudson Bay fort, where he would, perhaps, be stiffly received by an official who spoke to him through a barred window, and whose manner seemed to say, "Be off as soon as you are fleeced." The consequence was that the very pick of the peltries went by the overland route to Montreal instead of getting up to Hudson Bay.

The discovery of this state of affairs aroused the company from their lethargy, and a more vigorous policy was inaugurated, new forts being established farther and farther inland. As year by year they thus made their way to the South and West, it could only be a question of time when they must run foul of the French Canadians, and the first encounter did take place at Fort Cumberland, on the Saskatchewan River, in the year 1774.

This was the beginning of the most exciting chapter in the company's history. For the next fifty years they had no peace from their Canadian competitors, who, either individually, as independent traders, or jointly, as the Northwest Fur Company or the X. Y. Company, obstinately disputed their monopoly of the fur trade of the Northwest. The worst of it was that in order to get an advantage over the company the Canadians resorted to the introduction of fire-water, which had hitherto been rigorously excluded from the Indian territories, and this, combined with the fierce rivalry between the competing organizations, led to many lamentable occurrences. In the year 1780, at Eagle Hills, on the Saskatchewan, the rendezvous of the Montreal traders, the brandy flowed so freely that an Indian chief died in a drunken stupor, and



RIVAL COMPANIES SEEKING TRADE

his friends, suspecting foul play, arose in their wrath, killed a number of the white men, and sacked their encampment. A little later two posts on the Assiniboine River were attacked, and several traders and their employés slain and scalped.

Other incidents of this half-century of intermittent strife were more amusing than mournful; as when the Hudson Bay Company employés, hearing of the approach of a band of Indians laden with rich furs, gave a ball at their fort, to which they invited the whole staff of the rival establishment, and then, while the merriment was at its height, a party of their best men slipped away in the darkness, met the Indians at daybreak, secured all their furs, and by the time the Northwest people appeared in the afternoon there was not so much as a single beaver-skin left to barter.

Not long afterwards the Northwesters had their revenge in the following fashion: One of their parties came across a Hudson Bay train on its way to trade with the same band of Indians for which they were looking. They stopped to exchange compliments, and the day being very cold, the shrewd Nor'westers proposed having some hot toddy. The motion passed unanimously. A big fire was soon blazing, and they all gathered around with brimming canteens of generous liquor. The Nor'westers, however, instead of drinking their fair share, spilled the most of it unperceived upon the snow, while the others wasted not a drop. Presently they began boasting of their superior prowess in drinking, and challenged their rivals to imitate them in disposing of a big bumper apiece. The challenge was gallantly accepted, but hardly had the Hudson Bay people emptied their canteens than they fell over upon the snow perfectly helpless. In ten minutes more they were perfectly secured upon their sledges, and, their dogs being turned with noses pointing homewards, away they went straight back to their fort, while the canny

sters hastened off in the op[illegible] direction, found the Indians, and this time had the field all to themselves.

But clever and harmless devices like the foregoing soon had to give way to harsher methods, and as the struggle for the control of the trade grew keener, the temper of the rivals waxed hotter, until a state of open war ensued.

Forts were besieged, taken, and burned to the ground, and their garrisons imprisoned and abused; the brigades of boats or canoes, laden with goods and furs, were intercepted and seized, and the whole trade turned into a furious conflict. The Governor-General of Canada in vain sent out warrants. Neither company paid any attention to them, and matters went from bad to worse, until, in the year 1816, they reached a bloody climax in a battle royal before the gates of Fort Garry, when Governor Semple and twenty more Hudson Bay employés fell before the Nor'westers' bullets.

Happily the horror of this bloodshed caused both sides to take pause. Moreover, the furious strife was proving ruinous to the interests of both. The whole fur trade was in a bad condition, the Indians were rapidly becoming demoralized with fire-water, and the prices paid for peltries were out of all proportion to their true value. The counsel of cooler heads now made itself heard, and to such good effect that negotiations were begun, which in 1821 resulted in the two great adversaries giving up conflict for coalition, and being united under the name of the older organization.

The Hudson Bay Company then entered upon a new era of progress and prosperity under the direction of the famous Sir George Sampson, who, with the title of "Governor-in-chief" of Rupert's Land, was for forty years the virtual ruler of nearly one-half this continent. Small in stature as he was great in spirit, he had a very impatient temper, and the story is told of him that once, while urging his brawny paddlers overmuch, his steersman, a gigantic *voyageur*, got so incensed at his unreasonable demands that he grasped him by the neck, lifted him over the gunwale, plunged him in the water, and then drew him in again, to be for the rest of that trip a more considerate master.

In the year 1860 the company reached the zenith of its greatness, and its ledgers then showed 155 forts and posts in charge of more than 200 factors, traders, and clerks, with 1200 employés, besides a legion of subject natives.

But like the other remarkable company, whose story has been already told, the "merchant adventurers into Hudson Bay" had to retire from their commanding position.

The growing Dominion of Canada found their monopoly in her way, and they had to yield it up for the best terms they could secure. Accordingly, in the year 1870, the bulk of their vast possessions were thrown open to settlement, and they retired into the comparatively commonplace condition of a mere fur-trading and land-selling corporation, with no such special rights and privileges as had been theirs during the previous centuries, and had enabled them to fill so large a place in the world's history.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER VII.

IN A STRANGE JAMAICA PRISON.

IF the car had been running slowly when the brake handle snapped, the boys would undoubtedly have jumped for their lives; but it had been going at great speed even while under control, and the instant the brake was loosed the car sprang forward at a terrible pace.

Clutching their own handles each with one hand, the boys instinctively seized hold of each other with their disengaged hands. The car was not only flying down the mountain, but jumping and swaying in a way that told them plainly it could not long remain upon the track. Any moment they might be dashed to pieces—perhaps hurled down those thousands of feet into the peaceful valley below.

"Shall we jump, Ferd?" Larry shouted in his cousin's ear. The rush of air was so great that nothing less than a shout could be heard.

"Not for your life!" Ferd answered. "Hold fast!"

Even in this terrible moment, as Larry turned to Ferd, he noticed that there was none of the ashy-white look in his face. It was anger that turned him white, not fear of danger.

The car tore its way over dozens of miles, it seemed to the boys. But in reality only a few seconds passed, and in those seconds the brakeman was not idle. The breaking of the handle gave him a shock, but as soon as he recovered from it he stooped down and picked up a crowbar that was held in leather loops upon the floor at his feet. With the crowbar in his hands, he stood upright, bracing himself against the front seat. The car was swaying so violently now that to stand erect without support would have been impossible.

His standing in this way, apparently ready for action, gave the boys fresh heart. They saw him insert the end of the crowbar in a hole through the floor just before one of the front wheels, and lean with all his weight and strength upon the upper part of the bar.

Almost instantly the motion became less violent. The swaying ceased, and in a few seconds the speed was reduced more than half. The crowbar against the wheel made a new brake, and in a few rods more the car would have come to a full stop. But that was not to be.

The brakeman turned to them with greater agony expressed in his face, the boys thought, than they had ever seen before in any human countenance. "Jump!" he shouted in Spanish.

Ferd repeated the command in English, and both boys jumped together, one on one side and one on the other, and landed on opposite sides of the track unhurt. The next instant the brakeman jumped too, and the car, its wheels unchecked again, began another mad flight down the mountain.

Larry picked himself up and looked in amazement at his two companions. With the car so nearly stopped,



THE GRATED IRON DOOR HAD BEEN CAUTIOUSLY CLOSED AND FASTENED.

his hands, and Larry saw that the flesh was burned had heroically held on as long as endurance was possible. would jump the track and be dashed to pieces.

The boys whisked their handkerchiefs out, and tied the were not more than two miles from Orizaba, the brakeman told them, having gone about thirty miles on the hand car, and as it was important for him to reach soon as possible to have his burns proper to the boys when the doctor told them that the wounds were severe and very painful, still would not be likely to do any permanent injury. An hour later Ferd and Larry took a train back to Vera Cruz, leaving the brave brakeman with many tokens of gratitude and regard.

When they reached Vera Cruz, after dark, it seemed a cold north wind howled through and the few people they met were wrapped in cloaks, as though they were in the far North. "And a as Larry said, "is a private object."

"Del norte! del norte!" they heard the people saying: and the boys knew that they were in the midst of a norther — a decided cold north wind that sometimes sweeps over Vera Cruz and other tropical places.

Ferd soon learned in the hotel that the storm might have more serious consequences for them than merely

"There is no harbor here at all," he told Larry. "Only an open roadstead; and when a storm comes every vessel has to put to sea for safety. So the schooner must have gone, and father with it. I don't doubt they'll be all right, but I'm not so sure about our money holding out till they get back. How much have you?"

"I have nearly all of the fifty dollars Uncle Ben handed me when we landed," Larry answered; "but I you paid all the bills. You must have at least thirty."

Ferd shook his head negatively and seemed anxious to avoid the subject.

"Why, you *must* have, Ferd," Larry exclaimed. "You had the same as I did, and the hand-car trip can't have cost us twenty dollars."

"I haven't a cent," Ferd admitted, "not one lonely cent."

"Then what in the world have you done with it? We've spent nothing, except for that trip."

"I gave it to the brakeman," Ferd answered, blushing. "He saved our lives, you know," he added, apologetically, "and I'm sure a few dollars was poor pay for having his

"Oh, Ferd, Ferd! what a generous fellow you are!" Larry cried. "It never occurred to me to give the poor man a cent, and you make me feel mean enough. But I can get even with you by dividing mine with you."

By the time the boys had seen as much as they desired of Vera Cruz, which did not take them long, the sea had quieted down, and the schooner and Uncle Ben had re- tion; for although Larry plenty to take them to Ferd knew that it would the cost of travel in

I think this must be the hottest country under the settled in the train "And to think that Uncle Ben made us bring all these rugs and heavy coats along!"

were to reach the city of Mexico in the morning.

"We shall be glad of the rugs to-night," said Ferd, "and I think you'll find them useful. These English compartment cars are not like the American cars, are not heated, and a traveller must him.

There were seats for eight in the compartment they had, but they were the only ones in it, so they had abundance of room. Before midnight Larry found that the coats and rugs were none too heavy. It was so bitter cold that all their wraps did not keep them comfortably warm. In the morning, as they neared the capital, nothing impressed Larry so much as the long train-loads of butchered pigs that they saw on every hand, all moving toward the city.

"They must eat nothing but pork, these Mexicans," he exclaimed. "If we've passed one train-load of butchered pigs this morning, we've passed twenty."

Ferd laughed. "Don't you use pig-skins for barrels in America? We often do in Trinidad. These are only pig skins you see, with the neck and legs tied up to make them water-tight. I think I can tell you what's in them, too. There's a species of cactus they tap and extract the juice from, and after the liquid ferments it makes a most horrible-smelling intoxicating drink called pulque. They make some of it in Trinidad, but here in Mexico I believe they call it the national drink. That's what all the pig-skins are filled with, no doubt."

Larry was curious about this drink, which he had never heard of before, and one of the first sights he saw in the city of Mexico taught him more about it. Two policemen were carrying a bleeding man on a stretcher, and the canvas part of the stretcher was smeared with blood.

"He's been at the pig-skins," Ferd said. "That pulque makes them perfectly wild when they drink too much of it, and they cut and slash each other terribly. That fellow is on his way to the hospital."

Ferd made some inquiries about the hotels, and after hearing of a number, he selected the Hôtel Iturbide, because it was once the palace of the Emperor of that name. They soon found themselves in a great court-yard paved with stone, around which the hotel was built, with the clerk's office at the end of the court-yard, and two tiers of galleries towering above their heads. The room assigned them was on the roof, and therefore one of the best in the house, commanding a view of nearly the whole city, with the great volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl in the distance.

They were soon out in the streets exploring, and a short walk took them to the plaza, the central square of the city, about which were grouped the cathedral, the President's palace, the markets, and many of the principal stores.

"Ah! there's a reminder of home!" Ferd exclaimed, pointing toward a good-looking Aztec Indian girl who sat on the curb in front of the market, with a canvas awning to shield her from the sun, and a big earthen pot steaming over a charcoal fire by her side. "It's the first chile shop I've seen since I left Trinidad."

He led the way toward the Indian girl, with Larry following, and coolly seated himself on the curb-stone in

"Chile con carne, Señorita?" he asked the girl. "Sí, sí, buena. Dos?" and he held up two fingers.

"Dose!" Larry exclaimed, as the girl uncovered the pot. "I should say it was a dose, from the looks of it. Are you going to eat that stuff?"

"Indeed am I!" Ferd laughed. "It's chile con carne, which means chile peppers stewed up with meat and vegetables, and it's prime. Just you try it once."

The girl took two little flat pancakes from a dish, and rolling them into cornucopias around her fingers, handed one to each of the boys. Ferd dipped his without ceremony into the steaming pot, and using it for a spoon, raised as much of the hot stew as he could to his mouth. Larry followed his example, but one mouthful was as much as he could stand, for the peppers made the stuff burn like fire. But Ferd was used to it, and he dipped and ate as long as his soft spoon lasted.

While Ferd paid a few coppers for the lunch he said something in Spanish to the girl, but the only words Larry could understand were Abel Forefinger.

"I've not forgotten him, you see," Ferd laughed, turning away. "I asked her whether she'd ever heard of a man named Abel Forefinger; but she said no."

From the chile stand to the great cathedral was only a step, and the boys went through the largest and most costly church on the American continent, only a few feet smaller than St. Peter's in Rome, and containing great wealth in golden and jewelled utensils for the altar. Later in the day they visited the famous castle of Chapultepec, and the Church of Our Lady of Guadeloupe, where both boys took a drink of water from what is named the Holy Well. They ate strange food in Mexican restaurants, and through an acquaintance made in the hotel managed to see the interiors of several Mexican residences, all built around court-yards, like the hotel, and with rocking-chairs on the roof, to be enjoyed in the cool of the evening.

"To think," Larry said, after they had spent two full days in the Mexican capital and were about to return to Vera Cruz, "that I hesitated about leaving school to come on this trip! Why, I've learned more in the last two months than I ever learned in two years before. The thing that I can't quite get through my head, Ferd, was that all this was here when Columbus discovered America. Not these same buildings, perhaps, but still a big city and a civilized nation, with fine buildings, and a written language, and everything they needed. It's wonderful to think of, isn't it?"

"I've been thinking about that myself," Ferd replied, thoughtfully. "It doesn't seem quite fair to say that a country was 'discovered' when there were millions of civilized people in it."

But the civilized Mexicans of four centuries ago could not have taken a train for Vera Cruz, as the boys did, nor have gone sailing across the Gulf twenty hours after strolling through the plaza of the capital. "Though they'd have gone cheaper," as Ferd said, when they reckoned up their cash.

"It was well we didn't take Fauqua up to Mexico City, or we'd have been ruined entirely. Sixteen dollars in gold to ride from Vera Cruz to Mexico is ahead even of our Trinidad prices."

"You were not extravagant, boys, considering the high prices," Uncle Ben told them. "I don't expect you to travel for nothing, and if you get the worth of the money in experience and knowledge, it's all right. I have every reason to be proud of my boys so far, and I'm having a pretty good time myself. This is real living, to breathe this soft air and see the green mountains in front of you. I don't believe I could be satisfied with New York any more—not for more than a few weeks at a time. Those hills to the right, boys, are in Yucatan; in two days, with fair winds, we go through the Yucatan channel, with Cuba on our port side, Yucatan to starboard. Then three days more, and we should see the mountains of Jamaica."

In five days, true to this prediction, the Blue Mountains of Jamaica lay before them. They sailed into Kingston Harbor, between the mainland and the long tongue of sand and rock called the Palisades, on the end of which the great city of Port Royal once stood. But as they passed it they saw only a village nestling among the trees, for the city was destroyed by an earthquake many years ago.

"Now we're coming to an Abel Forefinger country, boys," Uncle Ben told them. "He was hardly likely to be in Cuba or Mexico or to the north of them, but in Jamaica and all the islands south of it you must keep your eyes open."

It was Larry's turn to take the management again, and the boys made plans to spend the week in Kingston, where, as it is a large city, they felt sure of finding good accommodations. But Uncle Ben upset their arrangements by telling them, as they went ashore: "Now don't waste your time here in the town. Get out into the country among the planters. This is a great banana island, Ferd, and I want you to see whether they understand the business as well here as we do in Trinidad."

With all their shore baggage in two satchels, which Fauqua carried, the boys walked up into the town, and soon found themselves near a railway station.

"Hello!" said Larry. "I didn't expect to find a railroad here. But since there is one, it will be the quickest way to get us out among the planters. We can't expect to have such luck as we had in Bermuda and Nassau, Ferd, and we may have trouble to find a planter who will take us in."

On the wall of the waiting-room they found a large map of the island; and seeing by this that the railroad after running through Spanish Town, of which they had both heard, divided into two branches at Porus, and that Porus was apparently at the foot of the mountain, they selected that town for their first venture.

"It's a funny idea, Ferd," Larry laughed, when they were off, "this being on an island we know nothing of, going to a place that we never heard of, just because we saw it on a map. But I feel quite at home to hear the people speak English. You can't imagine how stupid it was not to be able to talk to people in Cuba and Mexico."

After a ride of several hours they were landed in Porus. It was a station of some importance, so the three strangers attracted no attention, and they walked through the town and out into the country, Fauqua still following with the satchels.

On the summit of a slight elevation they stopped to rest and look about them, and off to the northward they saw a strange line of old masonry that neither Larry nor Ferd could make out. It looked like an immensely long stone bridge supported by a great number of stone arches. It wound gracefully round a hill, so they could not see the further end of it.

"If it ran down towards the town," said Ferd, "I should say it was an aqueduct. But it doesn't go anywhere near the town."

"It's a tremendous work, whatever it is," said Larry. "It must be twenty-five feet high, and, I should think, eight or ten feet broad, and there are hundreds of the arches."

"I tell you w'at dat is, Mars Ferd," Fauqua cried, pleased at knowing more about it than his young masters. "Dat a bridge to carry de water to a big sugah estate. I's seen dem t'ings befo'. You follow dat bridge aroun' de hill, an' you see he fetch up at de sugah-mill."

"Then there's our guide waiting for us," Larry exclaimed. "We're hunting for a plantation, and all we have to do is follow Fauqua's 'long bridge,' and it will take us to one. Come on."

As soon as they were

others the walls were cracked and

What a

"Here's a curious place," Ferd shouted. He had gone

the machine-shop

It was a large room hollowed out of the masonry, guarded by a heavy grated iron door which stood open. Larry and Fauqua followed Ferd into the room, which was well lighted by the open door but damp and musty. Odds and ends of old machinery, broken cog-wheels and rusty prongs and other implements lay scattered about the floor.

While the boys were looking at these relics of former industry Fauqua gave a cry and sprang toward the door.

The grated iron door had been cautiously closed, and fastened with a heavy chain and padlock.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD EXILE

BY THE COUNTESS NORAIKOW.

"WHERE papa goes, there I go also."

Thus spoke Feodor, the fourteen-year-old son of Gregori Petroff, in answer to his mother's tearful announcement that she and her two children must separate from their beloved husband and father forever.

Gorodok, in Perm Province, is one of the most quaint and picturesque towns in Russia. It is situated about a hundred miles from the Ural Mountains, which divide the empire proper from the Czar's vast and dreary northern possession, Siberia.

Few shoemakers in Gorodok were better or more favorably known than Petroff. He was a man of steady habits, who had never been known to do an unjust act or say an unkind word of any one. Unfortunately for him, however, he was a trifle better educated than the majority of his fellow-tradesmen in that town.

Doubtless it will seem strange to many of my young readers that there is a country anywhere in the world where learning should be considered a misfortune. Yet had it not been for Gregori's ability to read, and his habit of thinking for himself, the sad separation which little Feodor's high sense of filial duty and affection alone prevented would undoubtedly have been brought about.

The lower classes of the Russian people are, first of all, fatalists. Their belief is that every one is foreordained to meet a certain fate, from which there is no possibility of escape. Whatever happens is for the best, in their eyes, and come what may, it is little short of blasphemy to complain, or to do anything having the appearance of interfering with what they call the "plans of the Almighty." They believe that their ruler is divinely appointed, and therefore cannot err. When his tax-gatherers rob the people of nearly two-thirds of their earnings, to protest were sinful, as the victims solemnly believe that they are thus "lending to the Lord." If the trials of poverty and oppression should drive a subject to question aloud the wisdom and goodness of the Czar, the victim is at once transported to the wilds of Siberia, there to suffer in common with the lot of his more pronounced countrymen of the

imprisoned, perhaps for

and pestilence, which

over that unhappy land.

Feodor, who loved to listen to his father reading from the books whose possession was

of Censorship to ask embarrassing and often dangerous questions. As the weary cobbler would return from his hard day's work to partake of his scanty fare, he would sit down in the evening and read to his family words of lavish praise concerning the Emperor and his glorious empire.

Feodor asked Feodor on one of these occasions, "why do you have to work so hard?"

"It is the duty of all to work," replied Gregori.

"But why are we so poor?" persisted Feodor.

"Hush!" said the father, alarmed at his son's growing spirit of discontent. "Riches are not to be our lot. God has sent us poverty as a punishment for our sins. The 'White Czar' will take care of us."

"But mamma says that you have to give to his officials and priests nearly all the money you earn—that we cannot save a kopeck."

"Anna," said Petroff to his wife, "put that boy to bed. He is getting too old for his years."

Although Petroff many times had asked himself the same questions as Feodor had repeated to him that night, he never dared to give utterance to them, even in the hearing of his own family. Hence his prompt discouragement of the boy's inquiries, lest their mutual dissatisfaction should become known to one of the many spies which the government employs in all parts of the country.

The children were put to bed on top of the brick oven, where, soon after, they sobbed themselves to sleep. The night was cold and dreary within, while out-doors a dreadful storm was raging. Down the deserted street the wind whistled and moaned as occasional flurries of snow drifted through the windows of Petroff's house on the wings of the Russian winter's chilly blasts.

Gregori and his wife found it impossible to sleep. The husband's mind was disturbed by thoughts suggested by Feodor's significant questions. Might it not be that the boy had been discussing these subjects with his playmates? If so, the father was in grave danger of arrest and exile. Anna was distressed that she could not gratify the longing of her little daughter for certain trifles that the child had coveted—things that were owned by other children, but were denied to Anisia.

At length the stillness of the household was rudely disturbed by three loud knocks on the door.

"Who's there?" demanded Gregori, in a frightened tone.

"Officers!" came the response, in a gruff voice. "We demand admittance in the name of the Czar! Open the door!"

Only too well did Petroff know the penalty of a refusal to obey this stern command, so he hastened to admit the intruders. They proved to be two gendarmes, who informed Gregori that he was their prisoner, and that he must hurry and dress himself and come with them at once. As the utterance of even the slightest protest might mean death to him, the unfortunate shoemaker bade his wife rouse the children that he might say to them a last good-by.

The poor wife was overcome with grief as she wrung her hands in an agony of despair.

"Wake them up," shouted the frantic Gregori, "and tell them that henceforth they must help to support a widowed mother, for now they are fatherless. By daybreak I shall have entered upon a living death."

"Anisia! Feodor!" cried the heart-broken mother. "Awake! for you will never see your father again!"

But the children were not asleep. They had been sit-

ting upright on the oven from the moment the gendarmes' knocking had struck terror to their father's heart. The tears were streaming down Anisia's cheeks, while Feodor's big wide-open blue eyes bade defiance to everything calculated to separate him from the devoted Gregori. With pale face and trembling lip he approached his weeping mother, and slowly said:

"Where papa goes, there I go also."

Anna Petroff clasped the child to her breast while her husband quickly made ready to depart. Before leaving, one of the officers said to the woman:

"Our orders are imperative. We are to take only *one* —Gregori Petroff, whom we must produce at the fortress before daylight." Then turning to her husband, he said, "Make haste; our time is short."

Gregori tried to say farewell to his wife, but neither of them could utter a word. This painful situation was in part relieved by Feodor, who said, in a tender voice:

"Don't worry, papa. I can find out when the next batch of prisoners are to leave, and I shall be there to join you."

Kissing the members of his little family a fond good-by, Gregori left the house, and with a gendarme on either side, marched quietly to the prison, one of those foul places which may be seen in every town of importance in the empire.

It is unnecessary to relate the scene that followed his departure from that little home which was suddenly rendered so desolate. The mother pacified the children as best she could, assuring them that it must be God's will, and it was therefore wrong to complain or to attempt to thwart it.

This explanation, however, failed to satisfy Feodor, who lay awake the rest of the night deciding upon a plan of action. Next day he heard it suggested by a neighbor that perhaps his father was suspected of belonging to some secret society organized for the purpose of spreading liberal ideas. He learned also that in one month a squad of political and other prisoners would be transported to Siberia. Thereupon he determined that if his father was among them he likewise would be one of the party.

At last the time came for the removal of the exiles. Early in the morning the street leading from the prison to the railroad station was lined with people, while a large crowd surrounded the fortress, anxiously waiting for a last glimpse of fathers, brothers, sons, or perhaps mothers and sisters—for nearly a dozen of the victims were women. It is needless to state that Feodor Petroff was among those nearest the door of the prison. As the batch of one hundred and fifty passed out in regular order this brave child eagerly scanned the face of each. Scarcely a sound could be heard save the jangle of the chains by which the prisoners were bound. At length a man appeared who was plainly of a class above the average in intelligence and habits. Though his face was pale, it wore an expression of firm determination that seemed to lend courage to his companions.

That man was Gregori Petroff, and as Feodor sprang forward to grasp him by the hand a gendarme pointed his bayonet straight at the child and commanded him to keep a safe distance. Nothing daunted, Feodor ran to the Captain of the gendarmes and cried out, "Wherever you take my father you must take me!" No attention being paid him, he again shouted, as he walked by the side of the marching column: "The Czar is a cruel man! It's he that makes us poor! The Czar's to blame—"

In an instant the young revolutionist was handcuffed and placed aboard the train in waiting at the station, which they now had reached. Amid the tearful farewells of the loved ones left behind, and the waving of many handkerchiefs, the railway journey was begun. The end of the road was in the Ural Mountains, which point was reached before nightfall. Then began the long and weary march to the Kara mines.

During six long months, over the barren wastes of frozen Siberia, in charge of a company of gendarmes, this band of prisoners wended their way for nearly two thousand miles. They travelled by *étape*—that is, one day's rest after three days' march, sleeping at night in temporary prisons erected for the purpose along the way. On their arrival in a village the sympathetic peasants would come out to give them food and drink and wish them God-speed. Very rarely would a prisoner make an attempt to run away, for the ever-ready bayonet of the gendarmes would do its deadly work on the slightest provocation. In case of execution for attempted desertion, or of death from exhaustion or other cause, the victim's body would be left on the way-side to become food for the hungry wolves which infest that region in vast hordes.



"WHERE PAPA GOES, THERE I GO ALSO."

It was not until this long tramp had begun that Gregori Petroff learned that his own son was one of his fellow-convicts. Feodor and his father had occupied different cars on the railway journey, but were side by side on the march. Though Gregori's heart was touched by the boy's devotion, he could not but grieve for his action in becoming a voluntary exile, knowing, as he did, that his mother needed his help more now than ever before. Yet when Feodor would disclose his plans to Anna Petroff while her husband was confined in Gorodok, her only comment would be, "God's will be done."

der suspicion of being an advocate of freedom, and of

the accusation was well founded, no one knows how the

of liberty prevailed.

Gregori was sentenced to exile for eight years to work in the great mines of Kara. He bade the poor widow in his care a loving farewell. Little Feodor was permitted to accompany his father, and had a few days' grace granted to him because of the boy's presence and his childish pleadings. He begged the Governor of the penal colony to let Gregori make shoes in the prison, instead of sending him to labor in the mines where the convicts work fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, sleeping underground, and seldom being allowed a glimpse of the light of day. Petroff was allowed this favor, but it was more on account of his skill as a tradesman than of the influence of his brave boy in softening the stony hearts of the officials.

Together they worked in the shoe shop for six long years, during which Feodor felt with intimate sadness that his father was slowly breaking down under the strain. The food seldom varied from black bread and dry fish, and as they were cut off from all communication from their friends and relatives at home their lot was a hard one indeed.

One dreary April morning at the end of the sixth year Gregori was very ill, and felt that he was about to die. He was resting in the arms of the devoted Feodor, who gently raised his head above the hard pillow as he whispered these words:

"My son, in two years my sentence would have expired. Perhaps they will release you at the end of that time. If not, don't try to escape, or you will never reach home alive. If you regain your liberty, search for your mother and Anisia. Take good care of them, and let your life be devoted to the cause in which we all have suffered so much. Strive to open the people's minds to a sense of their wrongs, that the outside world may know

yet. Feodor. God will reward

Here his strength failed him, and he could not utter another word. In less than half an hour he was dead.

Feodor served out the rest of his sentence, at the end of which he was discharged. Joining a party of ex-convicts, he was soon on his return journey. The climate was much milder than when he had previously made the trip, and less hardship was met with on the way. In the fall of that year the party reached the Ural Mountains, and it was not long before Feodor was once more in his native town of Gorodok.

But how changed he was! Leaving there a bright handsome boy of fourteen, he was now prematurely old, careworn, and broken in health. Yet with more joy in his heart than he had felt for eight bitter years he started out on a search for his home and people. And what did he find?

The old homestead had been torn down. Three years had his mother been dead—died of a broken heart. And Anisia, his sister, now a young woman of twenty, was earning her living as a seamstress under an assumed name. This she was obliged to change on account of the stigma which rested upon her family after the arrest of Gregori Petroff.

Remembering his father's dying request, Feodor changed his name to that borne by his sister, when he joined a secret society of Nihilists. He is

movement, risking

AN ESKIMO VILLAGE.

By AVEL SCOTT MAYS.

THE little people of the white frozen North are interesting [illegible] because they are spoken of so frequently and seen so seldom. The men are no taller than a boy of twelve or fourteen, while some of the women are the size of a ten-year-old girl. But all the Eskimos I saw at the World's Fair were fat as could be, and uglier than ever seemed possible. The girls and younger women of the tiny settlement had full round faces, with narrow, twinkling eyes, while the faces of the older women were shrivelled like parchment. They either wore their straight black hair in a net or concealed it beneath a hood.

The men looked exactly like those startling grotesque figures which leer at you from valuable Chinese pottery. They wore baggy clothes of seal-skin and sail-cloth or canvas. The skins were those of the hair seal, entirely different from that soft, luxurious fur which we know, while the canvas looked as though it had served a long previous apprenticeship as the sail of a fishing boat. The most beautiful things in all the village were the dogs, long-haired and wolflike in appearance, who did not seem to be enjoying themselves at all. They were restless and not at all cleanly, and the visitors would edge away as the poor dumb exiles came up and pushed their long noses into the hands of strangers, looking at them with sad, beseeching eyes, as much as to say, "Do you know where we can get a patch of snow, just to roll in for a moment?"

There were a number of little wooden huts in the village, covered with bark, and containing a single room. The doorways were so low that ordinary Americans bumped their heads when they were not careful, and five or six would fill a house. A stove, a bed, a chest or two, and a chair made up the furniture, while about the walls were hung fur jackets, and long hide boots with the fur inside, and quaint fur hoods, looking like monkish cowls. Then there were pots and kettles scattered about, bright shawls and beaded ornaments, while the most impressive thing was the awful odor of dried fish. It was the latter that prevented a closer survey of the habitations and prevented curious visitors from intruding for any length of time upon the little people.

At one house we were met by a tiny fur-dressed Eskimo, apparently not more than five or six years of age, who carried a little seal-skin purse. He held it open for us, saying, "Money, money," and if he did not receive a penny he tried to get his dirty little hands into the pockets of his visitors; but he was not tall enough to reach them. A woman sat by the window of this house engaged in fancy-work, and when she was asked how she liked America and the World's Fair, she smiled sadly, and remarked, "Anybody got home, like home." When the hot summer days are here, we thought, she will long more than ever for her Northern home. It is indeed a great question as to how these little people will stand the August heat, which will be so new and terrible to them.

The men all carried whips made of thongs tightly bound together. They are remarkably supple things, and used by the expert sledge drivers to direct their dog packs. These whips are twenty-four feet long, and so expert are these men that they can pick out any particular animal in the pack and urge him on with a smart crack. But in May the sledges lay useless to one side, and the dogs wandered restlessly about, while their owners used their whips

to better advantage. A dime or nickel would be stuck in the ground until only a tiny portion of the rim showed, while the men would take up positions twenty-four feet away at four quarters. Then the four whips would crack, crack, crack in rotation, until it seemed like the Fourth of July, and on a sudden a lash would be wound about the coin and the money landed near to the fortunate winner. No matter who won, the other three contestants grew always sad, although they never disputed with the successful one. One of the quartette was an old man with thin long beard, who took this performance so seriously that I expected him to burst into tears when a younger man got the coin.

Within the enclosure were several tents of hides made in the shape of an inverted V. Therein were to be found strange bones and furs, walrus tusks, and the antlers of reindeer, and with your back to the opening, and a weird little figure seated before you, it was not difficult to believe that you were within the arctic circle instead of visiting the World's Fair. These little folk are rapidly developing a desire for money, and so, it is to be supposed, growing more civilized. There is a little pond there, where they paddle about in their narrow skin canoes with long straight paddles, not a third as wide as the ones we know. An American woman was very anxious to photograph one of these boatmen, so we stood on the bank and yelled until the canoeist turned around and came nearer to shore to see what we wanted. He smiled pleasantly as the camera was adjusted, and after the plate had been made he paddled rapidly in. We went away at that time, but the last we saw of this Eskimo he had run his canoe on land, and was clambering up the bank to receive compensation for having sat for his picture. When they get back to their homes the Eskimos making up this little settlement will probably be the rich men of their tribe.

DETHRONED.

BY ZITELLA COCKE

A KING was he yesterday, ruling his realm
By a nod or a beck of his hand,
And never were subjects more loyal or proud
Of a sovereign's behest and command.
A King yesterday; but alas for the change
Which may come in a night or a morn!
The King is dethroned, for to-day came the Queen
When the sweet baby sister was born.

PUSSIE'S LITTLE FOXES.

THEY had been dropped into her box while she was asleep in the midst of her little family, and thinking no more of foxes than she was of alligators. The mother fox had been killed, and these desolate infants were in the first bloom of youth, not more than a day or two old. They needed a mother badly; and as they were very little larger than the kittens, and some one wished to try the experiment of bringing them up, it was decided to introduce them among the cat's nurslings.

The youngsters seemed to "feel like folks" at once, and conducted themselves exactly as the kittens did; but puss, while she appeared to take the intrusion very quietly, was turning over two or three things in her mind. If those kittens were hers, why hadn't she seen them before? And why did they have those pointed noses, so different from any of her other children? There were other uncanny things about them too; and finally, when some one went to see how the little foxes were faring, they were found curled up in a forlorn little heap, with the box quite to themselves. Mrs. Tabitha had taken the kittens she was sure of, and gone to other quarters.

She was found, however, under an old corn crib, and she and her kittens were carried gently back to the box, where she was well fed and patted and soothed, until she finally settled down to the cubs, and never deserted them again. Her impartiality was sometimes tested by taking a fox and a kitten out of the box at the same time and laying them on the floor; but puss, as soon as she heard her infant's voice, would make a rush for the spot, and catch up the nearest one, whichever it was. When she had carried it in safety to its nest she would return for the other.

After a while pussy brought mice and other small creatures to the family larder, and as soon as she announced her arrival from market by a particular cry at some little distance from the box, away scampered both kittens and foxes to see which could get to her first, for this one was sure of the prize. When a kitten secured it, the mouse was always played with for some little time before it was eaten, as to swallow it at once would be to lose half the fun; and knowing this, the foxes were on the watch to snatch it away. Whenever this was accomplished, it disappeared down the robber's throat like a flash, and the defrauded kitten could only look on amazed. But no kitten ever had a chance to get the booty away from a fox, for it was sure to be swallowed on the spot; and if so large that something *had* to be left, the selfish creature would hide it away in some outlandish place, and watch it jealously until he was able to eat it.

One day this greediness got the foxes into trouble. One of them killed a small gosling, as they now roamed everywhere, and the two were immediately put in a pen with sides too high for them to climb over. They were much larger now than the kittens, and not so good at jumping; but over went the cat and her own youngsters, and staid there to comfort those wretched foxes. After this the kittens, at least, were sure to be found there early in the evening for a game of romps with their disreputable companions; and this lasted until the foxes dug a hole in the night under the fence, and got out of prison. The killing of several young turkeys being traced to them, they were put back into the pen and securely chained.

This disreputable conduct, and the fact that the foxes were now as large as herself, while the kittens were only half grown, seemed to set puss to thinking afresh, and she began to shake off the undesirable changelings. She still brought them mice as she did the kittens; but if they tried to approach her too familiarly, she would bestow a cuff on the side of the head that made them shake their ears and veer off a little way. Nothing, however, could convince them that they had lost favor; and concluding that the salute was intended for a rough sort of play, they would gambol about her, coming near enough every now and then for the cat to repeat her blow. She had never brought up a family of thieves before, and she felt sure that they could not really belong to her.

CURIOUS AMERICAN HOUSES.

AMONG the 65,000,000 people in the United States there are probably not 500 outside of the locality who are aware that at the mouth of the Mississippi there is a little village built upon wooden piles standing far out in the water. This village, which is called Balize, is reached from the mainland by canoes or boats, and its inhabitants have to climb a kind of pole-ladder to get to the doorways of their homes. This is probably the only place in the United States in which "pile-dwellings" occur; but all along the Venezuelan coast and at the mouths of the Orinoco and Amazon similar villages are frequently met with, many of them being inhabited by the Indian fishing tribes of the Amazon estuary.

These strange inhabitants were first discovered by Alonzo de Ojeda, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to this continent. In 1499 he undertook an independent voyage to explore the northern part of South America, and he took with him Amerigo Vespucci, who wrote a graphic account of the expedition. The following extract from a translation of Vespucci's work gives the origin of the name Venezuela, and tells of the connection between the curious village discovered there and the name Venezuela: "Proceeding along the coast, they arrived at a vast gulf resembling a tranquil lake, entering which they beheld on the eastern side a village the construction of which filled them with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the lake, which in this part was limpid and but of little depth. Each house was provided with a drawbridge and canoes . . . From the resemblance to the Italian city, Ojeda gave the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice (Venezia)." The country itself was afterwards called Venezuela, or Little Venice, the original Indian name being Coquibacoa.

In Lake Maracaibo, south of the bay of Venezuela, similar pile-buildings are still erected by the Goajoir Indians.



A JOKE ON THE DIAMOND FIELD.

CHUBBIE ELEPHAS. "Say, Percy, why is an elephant [illegible] as a mouse [illegible]?"

CHIMPANZEE. "Why, as a long shot I have seen a game [illegible]. I give it up. Why?"

CHUBBIE ELEPHAS. "Because it is a 'trowel tie.'"

IN THE COUNTRY.

"I WONDER," thought Frank, as he awakened early in the morning, "whether that rooster tells the sun when to get up, or the sun tears the rooster? I wish they'd both wait until I was ready."

SAM. "Buddy boy, why is our family a museum?"

BUDDY-BOY. "Our family a muthoum? Why, Thum, a muthoum ith a lot o' freakth! Can't thee it. Give it up."

SAM. "Because mamma says baby sis is a *crowing lamb*, she just now called you a *candy devouring pig*, papa says I and my wheel are an *elephant on his hands*, he was a *stag* at the stag-party, and he calls mamma a *fascinating blue-eyed deer*. Now if a crowing lamb, a candy eating pig, a two-legged stag, with an elephant on his hands, and a fascinating blue-eyed deer are not a pretty fair lot o' freaks, I'd like to know why."

BUDDY BOY. "Tho they are! But I never would o' gueth-ed it."

MOTHER (*anxiously*). "Are you certain that you can tell a [illegible]?"

NED. "Oh, yes'm. I can tell them exactly by the way they [illegible]."

CHINA.

MAMMA. "[illegible] I want you to eat and take your medicine like a [illegible]. You know in China all the children take medicine when they want to keep them from being sick."

LITTLE GIRL. "[illegible]." And do they whip the children in China when they're good to keep them from being naughty?"

RUPERT'S HOPE.

RUPERT. "I hope, mamma, that I wasn't impertinent to Mrs. Thatcher to-day."

MAMMA. "Indeed I hope not, Rupert. What did you do?"

RUPERT. "Why, she said I was growing like a bean pole, and I told her that bean poles don't grow."

A REASON.

MARGIE. "The scales are fastened on fish just like the shingles on a house, aren't they?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Margie dear."

MARGIE. "I suppose they are put on that way, mamma, to keep the fish from leaking, aren't they?"

LARRIE'S VIEW.

MAMMA. "You ought to be ashamed, Larrie, to tease your sister when you are so big a boy."

LARRIE. "I always thought I was a little boy, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Why do you think that, Larrie?"

LARRIE. "Because you make me wear shirt waists, and won't let me put on suspenders."

GEORGIE'S THEORY.

GEORGIE. "Sponges always grow at the bottom of the sea, don't they, Uncle Ben?"

UNCLE BEN. "Yes, Georgie."

GEORGIE. "I suppose they grow at the bottom of the sea, because they are so full of holes and leak so that they can't grow on the top."



A LION HUNT.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

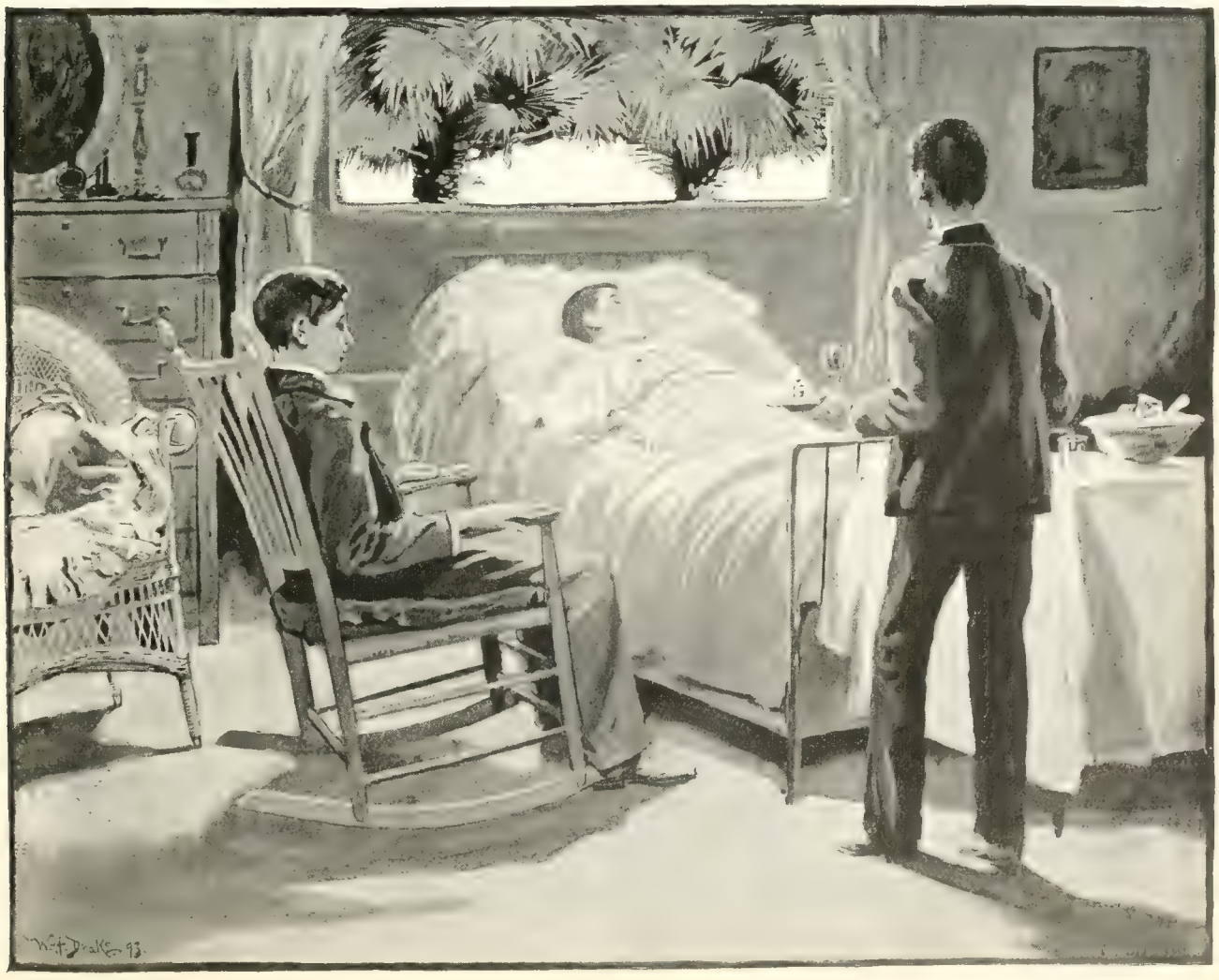
"COME AT ONCE, AND BRING A DOCTOR."

FAUQUA was shaking the grated door when the boys reached it. It was an old piece of hand-work, and solid as a rock, and the heavy wrought hinges set in the stone-work were immovable. They drew the chain around and examined the lock; it was tight fast.

For a moment all the boys were speechless with astonishment. Ferd was the first to find his voice. "It must have been the ghost of the old planter fastened that door," he exclaimed, "for we haven't seen a living soul on the place."

"Golly, him no ghost, widout him a black one!" Fauqua replied. "I seed his hands at work, jest afore he got away. Him a black man shet dat door, Mars Ferd!"

"It must have been!" Larry exclaimed, "for a white



the door to discuss the situation. about it the less they could

we'll soon work ourselves out of jail."

hammer. He had raised his arm for a second stroke,

"What do you mean by locking us in here?" Larry

trespass, you is, an' I done goin' to take you before de

While he was speaking the colored man took hold of the chain and tried to pull the lock outside, but Ferd aimed a blow at his hand with the hammer that made him let go. The next instant another stroke upon the lock broke it to pieces, and Ferd pushed his way through the door, closely followed by the other two.

They were hardly out of the old shop before Ferd sprang upon the colored man like a tiger, and in a moment threw him sprawling upon the ground.

"Hold on, Ferd! hold on!" Larry cried, and seizing hold of his furious cousin he dragged him back. "Let me attend to this fellow; I'm the manager, you know. Now, what did you lock us in that shop for?" he demanded, turning to the colored man, who stood upon his feet now, but backed cautiously away from Ferd.

"I was only doin' my duty, gemmen, 'deed I was," the man whined. "I's in charge of dis place, an' my orders is to 'rest anybody w'at comes on de groun's, an' take 'em befo' de magisterate fer trespass. Don' let him hit me no mo', boss! please don't!" and he sprang behind Larry, for a sharp look from Ferd made him fear another attack.

"Oh, that's what you were up to, is it!" Larry exclaimed. "I begin to see what your little game was. But the boot is on the other leg now, for in locking us up you deprived us of our liberty, which is a very grave crime, and you're likely to go to prison for ten years for it. We'll do the taking before the magistrate, and you'll be the prisoner."

"Oh, please don't, mawsr!" the darky whined. "I didn't mean no harm! 'deed I didn't."

"You didn't know what you were about!" Larry went on, very much enjoying the man's fright. "You didn't know that one of us was an American, and Fauqua here a native of Venezuela, and that if anything happened to us all the harbors of Jamaica would soon be crowded with American and Venezuelan war ships, and the whole island full of troops, and that the first thing they'd do would be to hang you and all your family."

"Oh, don't let 'em come, mawsr! please don't," the man cried. "You's not under 'rest no mo'! you's all 'deed you is."

At this solemn assertion of their liberty all the boys and with the restoration of good-humor imprisonment. orders to prevent could have made something out of taking us before the magistrate. have been fined?" he asked, turning to the man, "and how much would you have got of

"De fine's four shillin', massa," the colored man answered; "an' I gits de hawf."

"Then it!" Larry exclaimed. "You'd have made six shillings out of us, unless you could frighten us into paying you more to let us go. Where does the magistrate live?"

"Oh, don't! don't, mawsr gemmen!" the darky pleaded. "I didn' mean to 'prive you of you' liberty. De magisterate he Jedge Sherlock, an' he lib on de nex' plantation. He very fine gemmen, mawsr. Maybe you knows him."

"No, we don't know him," Larry answered, "but we want to see him. If he is a planter, Ferd, maybe he's the man we're looking for to take us in. You take us to his house, and we'll give you your six shillings, Mr. — By the way, did you say your name was Abel Forelinger?"

Forelinger! no sah!" the man answered. "My name 'Zekiel Simmons, sah. Oh, yes, sah, I take you to de Jedge's house, gemmen."

He led them across the fields willingly enough till they were close to Judge Sherlock's house, and then began to show signs of anxiety. Between fear of losing his shillings and dread of being taken before the magistrate the poor fellow was in a heap of trouble. But the boys relieved him by giving him his money and sending him off, and they were soon seated in the Judge's parlor, telling him the story of their capture and escape.

"I wish he had brought you before me!" the Judge roared, when they had told their story. "I'd have sentenced you to imprisonment on my place here as long as you staid in Jamaica. But if I cannot keep you as prisoners, I'll try to keep you here anyhow. Houses are not very plenty in this part of the island, and you can't be wandering about the country at this time of the evening."

Judge Sherlock seemed to be really glad for their company. He was a bachelor, with no one about him but colored servants, and he became very much interested in the boys' account of their travels.

"Bananas!" he exclaimed, when Ferd told who he was and the business his father was in. "Bless you, I have eight hundred acres of them on the north side of the island. I'll take you over to see whether you raise as fine ones in Trinidad. I have plenty of horses and some boats over at the other place, and we manage to have a meal occasionally when the darkies condescend to cook it, and with it all I think you have come to just the right place for your stay in Jamaica."

The boys were delighted with their host when they came to know him. A very tall man, considerably over six feet high, he was fond of athletic sports, and much interested in horses and banana planting and the history of his native island. He had travelled considerably, and could talk about both New York and Trinidad. Under his guidance they saw what was left of sugar-planting in Jamaica, and visited the banana plantations, and made trips to Spanish Town and old Port Royal, and went through the old stone house that was once inhabited by Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, who afterward became Governor of Jamaica. They spent some days with their host in Kingston, and went with him to Newcastle, where the troops are quartered, and to Bog Walk, and many other places. They were so well pleased with their stay that they had some thoughts of writing to Uncle Ben for permission to make it longer, but a strange turn the

conversation took one evening in the Judge's house determined them to cut it short. Ferd had happened to say something about Abel Forefinger.

"Abel Forefinger!" Judge Sherlock exclaimed, looking sharply at the boys. "What do you know about Abel Forefinger?"

"Very little, sir," Ferd answered, "except that he is a light mulatto, and between thirty-five and forty years old."

"That's the man!" the Judge shouted. "He was in this house three months ago, and I'd give a thousand dollars if he were here at this minute."

"Why, that's precisely—" Ferd began, but he checked himself. He was going to say that that was precisely what they had been offered to find him; but the Judge's eagerness made him cautious, and he concluded with, "That's exactly what such a man used to be worth in the old slave days."

"Oh, there were few such darkies as Abel Forefinger in the slave times," the Judge answered. "They had no incentive then to use their brains. Yes, sir, that man was in this house three months ago, and I was foolish enough to let him get away. I have half a dozen men now hunting him, but I'm afraid he has left the island. He said something about going down to Martinique."

A quick look that Larry and Ferd exchanged was noticed by the Judge, and gave him an idea that they too were looking for Abel Forefinger, and he became very guarded and soon dropped the subject, and they could get no more information from him. When they went to bed that night they determined that they must return to the schooner next day and tell Uncle Ben what they had heard.

"What a deep and deadly mystery Abel Forefinger is growing to be!" Larry laughed, when they were in their own room. "Here's Uncle Ben so anxious to find him that he makes us inquire everywhere, and offers us $500 each if we succeed; and now here's another man, who never saw Uncle Ben, has six men looking for the darky, and says *he'd* give $1000 to find him. Haven't you any idea, Ferd, what it is they want him for?"

"Not the shadow of an idea," Ferd answered; "but as things stand now it's only fair to let father know that Abel is or has been in Jamaica."

When they reached the schooner next day and told the news to Uncle Ben, they saw by his manner that the finding of Abel Forefinger was of more importance to him even than he had told them. He was greatly interested in the planter they had staid with, and became excited when he learned that Judge Sherlock was also in the banana business.

"I'll have Abel found if he is in Jamaica," Uncle Ben said; "and meanwhile you boys must have your wits about you. If I find him here it will be through your information, and of course you shall have the reward. The search may keep us here a few days longer, perhaps."

But it did not, after all; for through the machinery that Uncle Ben set in motion in Kingston he soon found that Abel Forefinger had indeed been there only a few weeks before, but that he had sailed away in a schooner bound for Martinique. There was nothing now to keep them longer in Jamaica, for the boys had seen all the sights of the island, and Uncle Ben was impatient to be off, with the prospect of finding Abel Forefinger to the southward. The *Boca Grande* was soon under way once more, bound for Porto Rico.

"I shall give you only a day or two there," Uncle Ben told the boys. "If it were not almost in our track, I should be tempted to leave it out of the programme entirely, for I am in a hurry to reach Martinique. But there is an old town on the south shore that I want you to see. It is called Ponce, and although it is a large city, I doubt whether you have ever heard of it. Cuba and Porto Rico, you know, are the only Spanish possessions in the West Indies, and in some respects they are much alike; but Porto Rico is more cut off from the rest of the world, and Ponce is just such a city as you might have seen in Spain two centuries ago."

Four days of sailing over the smooth waters of the Caribbean Sea, past the bold shores of Haiti and San Domingo, took the schooner within sight of the high mountains of Porto Rico; but the winds are not always favorable even in that tropical ocean, and two days more passed before the boys set foot in Ponce. The city lay several miles back from the coast, with only a few business houses down by the landing, which is called the Port. But there were plenty of ancient rattling carriages to carry them to the town; and with Fauqua beside the driver, they drove up to the Hôtel Europa, the largest hotel in the place, and one of the finest in the West Indies.

The marble floors, the fountains in the dining-room, the tropical flowers in the windows, and the food many degrees better than any they had found since leaving New York, with abundance of ice and good music, made the boys feel like spending all their time in Porto Rico in the Hôtel Europa. But on making inquiries Ferd found that by starting about three o'clock in the afternoon they could make a delightful horseback trip into the mountains, spend the night at a little mountain inn, go on to the summit early in the morning, and be back in Ponce before dark next day. This at least was the account that Ferd gave of it, and he urged the beautiful scenery and the chance to see the interior of Porto Rico, until Larry consented to go. But Ferd had a far stronger reason for leaving Ponce as soon as possible. He had not been in the city an hour before he learned that yellow fever was raging there, and that there were several cases of it, disguised by less-alarming names, in the very hotel they were staying in. For himself he had little fear; he had had the dreaded fever more than once, and was born and had always lived in a hot climate. But with Larry it was different. He was a stranger, a Northerner, and if exposed to the contagion he could hardly hope to escape without at least a long and dangerous illness.

To get his cousin out of the city and into the mountains without delay was Ferd's first thought; and he took pains to conceal the existence of the epidemic from Larry, knowing that fear of the disease often makes strangers more liable to take it. But before they set out for the mountains he thought better of this.

"I was not going to tell you why I am in such a hurry to start, Larry," he said, "but I think, after all, it is only fair you should know. The fact is, we have stumbled into a nest of yellow fever. They have an epidemic of it in the city, and there are some cases here in the hotel. I shouldn't have told you if I had thought there was any danger of your being scared into a funk, but you're too level-headed for that. There is not much danger for Fauqua or me, but you know you're a stranger to the tropics, and you must not be exposed to it. We must get out of here at once, and we can either go right back to the schooner, or make this trip into the mountains. As it's on your account, you must be the one to decide."

"Then we'll go into the mountains!" Larry answered, without hesitation. "I should dreadfully hate to run right back to the schooner as though we were frightened, for we haven't done that yet. Oh, yes, we'll go into the mountains, by all means, and when we come back we'll go right through the town down to the wharf. But it seems to me, Ferd, it would be better to go in a carriage than on horseback. I suppose we ought not to be exposed to the hot sun."

"You're quite right!" Ferd exclaimed; "and it was very stupid in me not to think of it."

With this incentive the driver increased his speed, and the romantic little inn was soon in sight. But by that time Larry had ceased to complain of the cold. He seemed to imagine himself on board the schooner, and continually called upon Uncle Ben, and asked him to take him home. It needed no practised eye to see that he was delirious.

When they reached the inn, Ferd and Fauqua picked Larry up without ceremony and carried him into the house. Though their welcome was not a warm one, they soon had him undressed and in bed, and Ferd, deserted by the panic-stricken inn servants, and with a terrible responsibility upon him, soon proved that he was not without resources in an emergency.

His first step was to procure a bottle of castor-oil from the inn's medicine-chest and pour an even tumblerful of it down his cousin's throat. His next was to write a hurried note and send it to the schooner by a well-paid messenger.

"Dear Father," the note said, "Larry is very sick at the Honda Inn in the mountains, with all the symptoms of yellow fever. There is an epidemic of it in Ponce. Please come at once, and bring a doctor. FERD."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LACE-WING FLY

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

LACE indeed! Was ever lace even of fairy queen fashioned so daintily as are the wings of this diaphanous pale green sylph that flutters in its filmy halo above the grass tips? Yonder it alights upon the clover. Let us steal closely upon its haunt. Here we find it hid under the upper leaf, its eyes of fiery gold gleaming in the shadow, its slender body now caged within the canopy of its four steep sloping wings, their glassy meshes lit with iridescent hues of opal—the lace-wing fly, a delight to the eye, but whose fragile being is guarded from our too rude approach by a challenge to our sense of smell, which plainly warns us, "Touch not, handle not!" Our first capture of the fairy insect is always a memorable feat, with its lingering odorous reminders, which not even soap and hot water will entirely obliterate from our finger-tips. But why should we have caught her? What an opportunity we threw away in her capture! Why not, rather, have followed the gauzy sprite, and learned something of her ways, something of the mission she is performing as she flits from leaf to leaf? For this is no idle flight of the lace-wing fly as we see her in the summer meadow. Her golden eyes are on a sharp lookout for a certain quest, and we are fortunate if we chance to surprise her softly at the time of her discovery, and with breathless stillness encourage her in the fulfilment of her plans. Everywhere among the grasses, weeds, and bushes we find the airy tokens of her visits; those delicate hairlike fringes surrounding culm or twig, or growing like a tiny tuft of some webby mould upon the surface of leaf. But who even guesses the nature of the pretty fringe, or even associates with it the pale green golden-eyed fly which we all know so well?

Here beneath our close leaf is an opportunity which we must not permit to pass. Even as we take another cautious peep we discover that a cobwebby hair has grown from the surface of the leaf, with its tiny knob at the summit; and now another is growing beside it, following the pointed rising tip of the insect's slender tail. It has now reached a half-inch in length, when the little knob suddenly appears and is firmly glued to the summit of the hair. Another and another are added to the group, until a complete tuft or fringe hangs beneath the leaf. Of course the reader will have now guessed the secret of the episode—that this is a mother lace-wing fly thinking only of her future brood. But what a unique method she employs in egg-laying! What seeming reckless consideration for her offspring! Fancy awakening from one's crib only to find one's self on the top of a telegraph pole, or clinging for dear life at the end of a dangling rope or rod! Yet such is the initial experience of the



A WOLF IN THE FOLD.



A TEMPTING APHIS BROOD

baby lace-wing flies as they emerge from their filmy iridescent cradles, whose very first experience in life must needs be a daring feat of acrobatics. But hunger is a mighty incentive to work and daring deeds, and the lace-wing infant is born hungry, grows hungrier with each moment of its subsequent life, and is apparently the more famished in proportion to its gluttony, fully realizing the comment of Josh Billings upon the voracious billy-goat, "All it eats seems tew go tew apetight."

We may be sure that this gauzy mother-fly, with her appetizing reminiscences of her former epicurean days, has placed her progeny in a land of plenty — a land almost literally of "milk and honey." For wherever we find this delicate fringe of pale green eggs we may confidently look also for its counterpart—a swarm of aphides, or plant-lice, somewhere in the neighborhood, occasionally clustering about the very stalks of the eggs, and shedding their copious "honey-dew" for the benefit of the caressing ants, which sip at their upraised flowing pipes. Ah! if these happy ants only realized the menace of this slender fringe—who knows but that they may? — how quickly they were to be cut down by the destroying teeth!

Here, for instance, a wee babe just out of the egg slides down the stalk, and falls plump among a whole family of the aphides. In a twinkling a young aphis larger than himself is impaled on his sharp teeth and its body sucked dry. But this is merely an appetizer; he has only to extend his jaws on right or left to secure another similar morsel, which is emptied in the same manner, and his first meal would only seem to be limited by the number of victims available, so insatiate is his craving. In a short time he must needs move up further along the twig, and thus his swath extends, until within an incredibly short space of time the entire swarm of aphides has disappeared, leaving the field occupied alone by the larva, who has perhaps now acquired his full growth by their absorption, a full-fledged "aphis lion," as he is called. He is now about a half-inch in length, a long pointed oval in outline, the sides of its body beset with bristly warts, and its head armed with two long incurved teeth. But these teeth are not like ordinary teeth, constructed for "chewing" or biting, but rather for imbibing, and suggest the two straws in the glass of the convivialist; being tubular, their open points are imbedded within the juicy body of the aphis, which is soon emptied to the last drop.

The aphides are always with us. Where is the lover of the rose-garden who is not painfully familiar with the pests, their pale green swarms completely encircling the tender shoots, and shedding their sticky, shining "honey-dew" everywhere like a varnish upon the leaves and flowers beneath. Hardly a plant or tree escapes their parasitic attacks in one form or another, where, with their beaks imbedded in the tender bark, they suck the sap, and literally overflow with the bounty which they thus absorb and convert into "honey-dew."

We need not go very far in our country walk to discover our aphides encircling the stems of weed and shrub, and it is well the next time we encounter them to observe them more closely. They would indeed appear at first glance to be having things entirely their own way. Even here in my city back yard, for instance, upon my growing chrysanthemums, as I sit at the back windows some twenty feet distant, I can distinctly see their brown disfiguring masses completely enclosing the under tips of nearly all the branches.

Again and again have I shaken or brushed them off only to see them increase and multiply; and, on the other hand, on more than one occasion have I seen an entire swarm vanish from a particular twig which I knew was infested only a day or two previous. Why? It was not that the aphides had completed their growth and died or fled. A careful examination among the young leaves or along the stem in their neighborhood showed the author of the havoc, a fat aphis lion, perhaps, in the act of sucking the contents of its last victim, or perhaps, having completed his growth, contemplating the commencement of his cocoon in which to abide during the winter.

Almost any swarm of aphides will show us this fat wolf in the fold, and if not this particular one, another,



lower fly, of which I hope to

THE COMING MAN.

YOUNG PEOPLE

THE Kaskets and Leaflets of the Round Table and all the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, old and young, will be interested to learn that one of their favorite writers, Kirk Munroe, is off on a trip to Alaska and southern California in search of boys and girls whom he will write about in his next series of books for the YOUNG PEOPLE. And as the stories may be called the "Partner Series," perhaps partners one, two, three, four. Think of hearing about the little Alaska children who live within the sight and sound of icebergs, who know nothing of this great busy world of ours, and who dress most of the time in furs, of the boys who spend their lives hunting seal not for pleasure but for a livelihood. In one of Mr. Munroe's letters, just as he was leaving the last post-office he would see for some time, he wrote of the big Germans who were going away up into the fur country, of the wonderful islands and tides, and of the long bright days and queer sights that even at the beginning of the trip were so full of interest. I know many of you boys would like to be with him, but I think most of the girls (like myself) would rather read about it in his coming books.

Then, when he gets back from Alaska, he is going to visit all the out-of-the-way corners in the States of Washington and Oregon (which of you can name the capital of these States without thinking a bit), and travel across the great American Desert, where it is said a buried city has lately been discovered, then down into southern California, among the gold mines and famous fruit orchards, where he expects to find at least one of his heroes and her cousin and even to the borders of Mexico; so I think I can promise the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a treat in store of them in the coming Partner Series, and book boys and girls friends that they will love and enjoy as much as they have done "Bruce," "Ocean," "Summer," and "Wing and Wing" of the "Mate" Series.

THE ANNEXATION OF WAGSTAFF ISLAND.

BY WILLIAM PERRY BRADDON.

PART II.

THE Admiral walked to the edge of the bluff, whence he had an unobstructed view up the creek as far as the next bend, which was some eight hundred yards distant. Within this limited vista a boat could be seen [illegible] the right-hand bank, and on a flat stone [illegible]

"[illegible]" exclaimed the lad, pointing his arm [illegible] "I reckon they're comin' down arter me and Tim."

The Admiral was not a little mystified; likewise Pres and Terry, who had followed him to the point of van

No answer was needed, for the individual in question [illegible] at that moment a [illegible] with the same tanned skin and tow-colored hair as his brother. A pair of [illegible] trousers was hitched to his shoulder by one suspender. Sirloin immediately went off in another fit of [illegible] and [illegible] subsided into a state of lamblike meekness.

"Look here!" demanded the Admiral; "what does all this [illegible] Who are those people up the creek, and why are you afraid of them?"

"They're part of the gang from Round Top, an' I guess they're waitin' on the others," replied the elder lad. "I reckon they know pap's away, an' so they think they'll come down here an' beat me an' Tim. That's Tim there. I'm Moses."

"What's your father's name?" asked the Admiral.

"Pete Wagstaff. He owns this here island."

"Why should those fellows up there harm you?" questioned Terry.

"Because pap licks them whenever he ketches them stealin' his nets and lines. They dassen't put foot on the island when he's home."

By dint of close questioning the Admiral gleaned from the two lads their meagre little story. During the winter they lived in Stoverdale, five miles across the hills, where they attended country school, while their father worked in a stone quarry. Every spring they moved to the island, and remained until fall. Here they lived on the scanty products of the soil, and on the fish which their father caught and sold. The mother had died two years ago, and the boys pathetically told how much they missed her. A tear rolled down Tim's cheek, and he wiped it away with his grimy fist.

The Admiral uttered a word or two of sympathy in a suspiciously husky voice, and his companions looked unusually sober. Then they remembered their important mission on the island, and plied the lads with questions concerning the threatened danger of an invasion. It seemed that a regular feud existed between the elder Wagstaff and the boys of Round Top, which was a rude little settlement half a mile up the creek. On two previous occasions the "gang" had raided the island during the owner's absence, besieged the lads in the cabin, and trampled down the crops.

The Admiral's bosom swelled with a mighty resolve as he listened to this tale of woe. "When will your father return?" he demanded, rattling his sword scabbard fiercely.

"Not afore evening," replied Moses. "He went to Stoverdale with a basket of fish."

The Admiral exchanged significant glances with his companions. Then he turned to the lads, unfurled the crimson flag, and shook it before their amazed eyes. "Behold your salvation!" he cried, proudly, as he drove the staff firmly into the sandy soil. "In the name of the Sweet Arrow Exploration Company, Limited, I hereby annex Wagstaff Island and its inhabitants. May the planting of this banner usher in a brighter reign, and banish all tyranny and oppression!"

The Admiral took off his hat and cheered, an example that was lustily followed by Pres and Terry. They felt this to be the greatest event of their lives.

But it is doubtful if Moses and Tim appreciated the blessing that had descended upon them. The Admiral's grandiloquent language was a peg or two above their understanding.

"This is pap's island," said Moses, in aggressive accents. "You-uns had better not try to take it from him."

"Pap ain't a man ter fool with," added Tim.

"Oh, you don't understand," replied the Admiral. "We are only annexing the island—not trying to steal

it. You will live on here just the same, you know, only you are under the Company's protection now, and we are bound to aid you in case of an attack. Of course our flag must stay here. It wouldn't be right for you to put up a flag of your own."

The annexed inhabitants seemed to view the situation with more favor now. The protection clause, especially, brought a satisfied expression to their faces.

"If you-uns are willin' to help us you kin stay, an' welcome," said Moses. "I reckon pap 'll let us keep the flag."

"It will be a stain on the Company's honor if that flag is torn down," replied the Admiral, sternly—"a stain that blood alone can wipe out."

He was on the point of giving his companions instructions to prepare a feast in honor of the annexation when an unexpected interruption came from Tim. "Look!" he cried, shrilly, "there's another fellow with the gang. They're comin' down now."

All eyes turned instantly up the creek. Tim was right, sure enough. Four figures were visible instead of three—two already in the boat, and two standing close by on shore. An immediate attack on Wagstaff Island was evidently contemplated.

Pres and Terry looked a little frightened, but the Admiral rose to the occasion; he actually seemed to grow an inch taller.

"Have no fear," he said to Moses and Tim. "While yon flag floats to the breeze you are safe."

Then he hastily conferred with his fellow-explorers as to the possibilities of defence. They first inspected the point of the island. Here, as at the lower end, was a steep bluff, falling six feet to a triangular spit of gravel, on which the current split itself in two. This gravel was the only possible landing-place for a boat, since immediately below it the sides of the island had been gnawed at by the current, and fell sheer into a good depth of swift water.

The Admiral was quick to see the advantages of the position. "If we entrench ourselves on top of the bluff," he said, "we can easily repel the invaders as they try to climb it."

"Don't you think it would be better to barricade the house and take refuge inside?" suggested Terry.

"Of course not," replied the Admiral, scornfully. "What good would our annexation do in that case? The crops would be at the mercy of the invaders. Just you fellows trust yourselves to me, and obey orders. First of all hurry down to the boat, and row it to the upper point. There is plenty of time, for the enemy have not embarked yet."

The command was peremptory, and without delay Pres and Terry started down the island. The Admiral's first act was to thrust Sirloin into the cabin and close the door. Then, with the assistance of Tim and Moses he carried a bench and two chairs to the point of the island, planting them among the bushes on the very edge of the bluff.

"Is that gun you had loaded?" he inquired.

"No," replied Moses; "it's broke, an' won't shoot."

"Well, you can pretend it does," said the Admiral. "The rest of us will arm ourselves with oars."

As there was nothing more to be done at present, all three turned their attention to the enemy, who could be seen moving about their boat, and apparently putting something into it.

"They're loadin' up with stones," said Tim. "They know you-uns are down here."

This was probably true, and for an instant the Admiral was tempted to relinquish the Company's newly acquired territory, and retreat down the creek. But the thought of the two defenceless lads and their pitiful little store of crops speedily banished his irresolution.

Just then Pres and Terry came in sight and landed on the gravel. The boat was hastily unloaded, and carried to the top of the bluff, where it was placed, bottom up, on the barricade. The oars were divided around, and the luggage was transported to the cabin for safe-keeping. Then the little band posted themselves behind the fortification, and waited somewhat anxiously for the threatened attack. The crimson banner waved over their heads as though to spur them to bravery.

At length the enemy's boat was seen to creep out from shore. It turned in mid-channel, and came swiftly down the creek, its double oars dipping and rising in unison. As it drew nearer, its occupants proved to be stout, heavily built lads of seventeen or eighteen—formidable foes indeed.

"Bill Gubbins is on the hind seat," whispered Moses, in awe-struck tones. "Andy Sloper and Joe Moss have the oars, an' that's Mick Sloper sittin' in front—him with the club."

"They're not very pleasant-looking chaps," replied the Admiral, cheerfully. "But the odds are on our side, and if we only hold our ground we can lick them."

Terry and Pres took a tighter grip on their oars, and Moses thrust his gun-barrel over the top of the barricade.

The enemy were now within fifty feet of the island, and all at once they uttered a savage shout.

The Admiral stood out in plain view, and pointed to the flag. "I forbid you to land here!" he cried, in a ringing voice. "This island and its inhabitants are under the protection of the Sweet Arrow Exploration Company, Limited. You will insult their flag at your peril."

Mocking laughter and jeers greeted the Admiral's speech, and a stone whizzed by his head. He prudently dodged under cover.

"You-uns keep away," yelled Moses, "or I'll pepper you with buckshot."

"Yah! yah!" answered a derisive voice. "Look at Mosey, with his pop's ole broken gun. Shoot away, Mosey."

"We'll burn your shanty down this time," yelled another.

"An' trample your corn flat as pancakes," sang out a third.

Then a shower of stones rattled on the barricade, and during the brief confusion that ensued the boat crunched on the gravel. The foe tumbled out and advanced to the foot of the bluff, armed with stones and clubs.

The party behind the entrenchment wisely kept their heads out of sight and awaited further orders. The Admiral had a peep-hole through which he could scan the situation, and with clever forethought he kept quiet until the foremost of the invaders had mounted the slope and was in the act of scrambling over the barricade. Then he rose up, shouting loudly:

"All hands repel the attack! Aim well, and give no quarter!"

That happened which the Admiral had anticipated. The enemy dared not throw stones for fear of hitting their leader, Mick Sloper. The latter, a hulking big fellow with an impudent face, received a tap on the head from Terry's oar and vanished backward over the bluff with a yell of rage and pain. His companions chimed in with barbarous shouts, and Sirloin added to the outcry by a terrific barking.

The Admiral flushed with triumph, and bade his followers keep cool. The second attack speedily came; this time a simultaneous charge up the slope on the part of all the foe. For a few seconds clubs and oars cracked smartly, with no telling strokes on either side. The fight was being waged at too close quarters for stone-throwing.

Suddenly Mick Sloper bobbed out of sight, and the next instant the Admiral was grabbed by his ankles and



SIRLOIN ATTACKED BY A BULL BARKING.

jerked on his back. The leader of the enemy had crawled under the barricade.

The Admiral's appeal for help drew instant attention to his plight, and the result was a panic among the defenders of the barricade. The foe pressed their advantage by tumbling boat, chairs, and bench in one common ruin, over which they scrambled eagerly.

It seemed then that the day was lost for the Sweet Arrow Exploration Company. Mick Sloper and the Admiral struggled over the ground, locked breast to breast. Moses and Tim valiantly attacked one of the enemy, who speedily wrested their oars from them and began knocking their heads together.

Pres singled out Bill Gubbins, the largest of the invaders, and would have driven him ultimately over the bluff had he not tripped on the ruins of the barricade. Before he could rise, the victorious Gubbins had pounced upon his back.

Meanwhile Terry had fared worst of all, for in trying to escape from Mick Sloper's brother Andy, who was armed with a knotted club, he slipped over the side of the island into the water. Without looking to see what had become of his victim, Andy hurried off to assist his comrade pummel Tim and Moses.

But the water was only waist-deep, and after wading ten yards down stream, Terry scrambled up the bank, and hid for a moment in the bushes, whence he had a good view of the struggle. Then a happy idea struck him. He plunged through the corn, gained the cabin unseen, and quickly liberated Sirloin, whose rage by this time was something terrible to witness.

A more opportune moment for the dog's appearance on the scene could not have been chosen. Pres was helpless, and Moses and Tim were howling for mercy. Mick Sloper was kneeling on the Admiral's breast, strenuously demanding an unconditional surrender, which the Admiral, to his credit be it said, was resolutely denying

"I'll black your eyes if you don't [illegible]"

[illegible] the threat, for that instant Sirloin grabbed him from the [illegible]. The dog's muzzle was slightly torn, and though he could not employ the full strength of his jaws, he was [illegible] pretty effectively. So Mick [illegible] thought anything low, for he bounced up, yelling with pain, and started for the bluff at his top speed. Sirloin was dragged for half a dozen feet before he let go. He immediately grabbed Bill Gubbins in a tender spot, making him howl with anguish, and then transferred his attentions to Andy Sloper. In fact, the dog's sagacity in singling out the foe was wonderful. Each and every invader came in contact with those sharp teeth, and each one as soon as released fled to the boat.

When the Admiral and his party had rallied sufficiently to repossess themselves of their oars, and charge over the fallen barricade to the bluff, they found the enemy already afloat and Sirloin barking at them from the spit of gravel. The flag still floated proudly over the scene of the struggle, and the old-gold semblance of Sirloin seemed to be fairly trembling for joy on the crimson cloth.

Happily no one was much hurt, and the victors were able to give a hearty cheer. The foe responded with dire promises of vengeance as they pulled sullenly up stream. They did not stop, but kept steadily on until they vanished above the bend.

No words can describe the Admiral's pride and joy. He promised every one a medal for brave conduct, and offered Terry, for his meritorious deed, the title of Sub-Admiral on the spot, an honor which was gratefully accepted. Then the bench was dragged out from the ruins, and made to serve as a banqueting table. The boys covered it with good things, and ate till they could hold no more. The feast was enlivened by stirring speeches from the Admiral and the Sub-Admiral.

Mr. Wagstaff pulled up to the island in a boat about five o'clock. He proved to be quite a jolly sort of man, and when the whole story had been told him, he warmly thanked the Admiral and his companions for their services. He was vastly amused by the annexation.

"The flag shall stay there," he declared. "Me and my boys are proud to be under the protection of three such young gentlemen as you, an' I hope your Company 'll prosper. If there's danger of another invasion at any time, I'll try to send word down the creek to you."

This promise delighted the Admiral, and he agreed to answer such a summons in person as speedily as possible after its receipt.

As one island was about as much as the company could handle at such an early stage of its career, the explorers consented to pitch their tent, and go no farther up the creek. They remained for three days, enjoying splendid fishing under the guidance of Mr. Wagstaff and the little Wagstaffs. On the fourth morning they embarked for home, leaving the flag behind to remind the inhabitants of Wagstaff Island that they lived under the protection of the Sweet Arrow Exploration Company.

What a tale the boys had to tell when they arrived safely at Middletown Ferry! They were heroes for many a day, and at last accounts they were still looking for news of their subjects on Wagstaff Island.

ROSIE'S NOSES.

BY ALICE A. SMITH.

"OH, dear!" sighed Rosie.

The sigh was so deep and Rosie's face so sober that Aunt Em and Sister Lillie looked up from their work.

"What's the matter, Puss?" inquired auntie.

"I wish I didn't have a pug-nose," said Rosie, sadly.

Auntie and Lillie looked amused, while Rob, who was lying on the lounge, laughed outright. She was such a little girl that no one suspected a heavier trial than a broken doll or a dead kitten.

"Well, I do," she persisted. "Rob says it points to my bangs."

"So it does," said Rob, still laughing; "straight up to her little curly bangs. Look at it."

"Don't tease her, Robbie," said Aunt Em. "Don't mind him, my dear," she said to Rosie; "pug-noses are nice. See, mine is a pug."

Rosie looked at Aunt Em's nose critically. "Well, I don't think it's very nice," she said. "Anyway, I wish I didn't have one."

"You ought to be satisfied with your looks, Rosie," remarked Lillie. "Now my nose is a pug too, but I don't feel bad about it."

"But you ain't satisfied with your hair, 'cause you curl it with hot irons every day."

"Oh, that's only to make it look a little better," said Lillie, in self-defence; "now I wouldn't dye it to make it any other color."

"Well, I only want to make my nose look a little better; I don't want to change its color only its shape."

"What kind of a nose do you want?" asked Aunt Em.

"Like Hannah Lee's," said Rosie. "I heard her mother say yesterday that Hannah's nose was just perfic; and when she saw me she said to the lady that was with her, 'What a horrid pug-nose that child's got!' and the lady said, 'Yes, 'ain't she?'"

"I tell you what, Puss, that was hard," exclaimed Rob, "but you just get your nose fixed over. You can do it as easy as wink. There's a man downtown that makes noses grow any shape you want them. And I read the other day that if you wear a patent clothespin on your nose it will grow straight and 'perfic.'"

"But, Pussie," said Aunt Em, "suppose you changed your nose, and we didn't any of us recognize you, what would you do? I am sure we would all miss that dear little pug if it were gone."

"There'd be my mouth and eyes, and I'd know all the rest of you, and I'd tell you who I was," answered Rosie.

"Of course you would," said Rob; "no danger but we would know you. I'll send along the first good fairy I see, and have the thing fixed up."

Rosie wondered if he meant it, but she didn't ask him, because he teased so much. Then auntie and Lillie left the room, and Rob soon followed. After that Rosie settled down in the big soft chair by the fire, and as it began to grow dark she wondered why nurse didn't come to put her to bed. While she wondered the door opened, and the queerest creature came in and walked up close to her. He was very little, not half as high as the table. He had funny thin legs and a big body. His eyes were round and bright, his mouth large and well turned up at the corners, giving him a very jolly look, and his nose was the puggiest of pugs. The little girl knew he was a Brownie; she had seen Brownie's pictures so often. At first she was frightened and was going to scream, when she caught sight of a little basket he was carrying. It was full of noses of all shapes and sizes. He must be the good fairy Rob was going to send, so her brother wasn't teasing her after all.

"I hear you don't like your nose," said the Brownie.

"No," said Rose, not quite sure whether or not she ought to say sir.

"Well, all you've got to do is to choose the one you want out of my basket, and I'll have it on for you in no time."

Rosie forgot her fright, and thought only of the new nose that there was a chance of getting, so she watched with interest as the Brownie held up one after another for her inspection.

"Try that, now," he said, holding up a large red one, with a big bend in it.

She held it up to her face and looked in the glass. It made her think of the woman in the fairy-story whose



"I HEAR YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR NOSE," SAID THE BROWNIE.

the arm of the chair began to put the nose on. When he [illegible] that beautiful nose. All the other children will wish [illegible] and gone.

[illegible] and how Rob couldn't tease her about her [illegible] that [illegible] showed them two rows of pearly teeth. She looked for [illegible] to be recognized, but she could go to the Sunday-school picnic, anyway. "I guess they'll [illegible]" she said to herself.

So she started off, and looked with scorn upon several girls with pug-noses that she met on her way that she almost made the straight new one turn up. She went into the Sunday-school room and took her seat. Soon Rosie's teacher came in.

"Who are you, my dear?" she asked.

"I'm Rose Cady," the child replied timidly.

"Oh, no you aren't me. Rosie hasn't that kind of a nose."

Poor poor Rosie! The happy moment had come for starting, and hundreds of little eyes danced with pleasure, and hundreds of little feet could scarcely keep from dancing, but Rosie stood sorry and ashamed. Her teacher called the superintendent and said to him, "Here is a little girl who says she is Rose Cady, but she doesn't look the least like her."

"It's funny," thought Rosie, "that noses are the only things girls is known by," and then she said aloud, "I came to go to the picnic."

"Well, let her go," said the superintendent.

"It wouldn't do at all; we can take only our own pupils and theirs; her mother knows nothing about it. I'm sorry, my dear, but we couldn't think of taking you."

Rosie walked out, her heart almost bursting, and that [illegible] nose hurting all the time. Here were a hundred [illegible] boys and girls all dressed, clean and with their very own noses, going in a big boat up the river, with music, too, and plenty of good things to eat, and she, because she hadn't been satisfied with her nose, was turned right away from her own Sunday-school picnic. This state of affairs would never do, and she didn't know where the Brownie had gone. Soon she caught a glimpse of him a little way ahead.

"I want my own nose," she shrieked, and put up her hand to pull off the one he had given her, it was [illegible] so, and then she sat up in the big soft chair, and saw Rob on the lounge laughing. In her hand was [illegible] of the kind that works with a spring, and is warranted [illegible] pug noses grow straight, if worn long enough.

[illegible]

Rosie jumped down from the chair and smoothed her skirts. "I think a pug nose is as nice to have as any [illegible]

[illegible] BREAKFAST.

[illegible] was wrapped in [illegible] were not cooked enough [illegible] pouted and sulked until his father [illegible] ly indeed over the top of his newspaper. Then the eggs vanished, but the [illegible]

"I don't think much of eggs [illegible] are very good food for little boys," said Jack's brother.

"Yes, you can get 'em," chimed in Grace, who is twelve and only a girl, while Jack is nine and a boy.

"I don't care," replied Jack. "I don't."

"Suppose, Jack, that instead of nice hens' eggs you had to eat the eggs of wild fowl, as the little boys do who live in Greenland? Sometimes these eggs are so oily that they could almost be fried in their own fat, and taste so strongly of fish that even sailors object to them."

"I couldn't eat 'em," replied Jack.

"But," said Mr. Page, "suppose there was nothing else to eat except fish or dried reindeer or tallow candles or whales' blubber?"

"I'd eat blubber," returned Jack.

"I suspect you would," said Mr. Page. "And yet hens' eggs are not by any means the only eggs that find their way to market. You remember how much you liked the shad roe the other day. That was only the eggs of a shad. Many persons like caviare, which is the eggs of sturgeon smoked and salted. Turkey, duck, and goose eggs are plentiful in the city markets at some seasons of the year. Plovers' eggs are greatly liked in England. Guinea hens' eggs, too, are sold by the thousand dozen in the summer, although they do not differ much from the eggs of ordinary hens."

"I'd like 'em all the better for that," interrupted Jack.

"Papa," said Grace, who likes to learn things, "are those oily eggs that taste like fish eaten in Greenland?"

"Yes," replied her father. "And they are not by any means the only eggs there. Some of these eggs of wild-fowl are about as good as hens' eggs, and whole fleets of vessels go every spring to the Hebrides Islands north of Scotland, to Greenland, Labrador, and some other places, to gather the eggs of these wild-fowl during the breeding season."

"I like birds," announced Jack.

"So do I," said Grace, "if they're canaries."

"Pooh!" declared Jack. "I like quail, 'n' turkey, 'n' ducks, 'n' chickens, 'n' cartridges, 'n' [illegible]"

"I suppose you mean partridges," said Mr. Page. "We all know, Jack, that the birds you like are good to eat. I ought to have told you one queer thing about the eggs of the sea-fowl that we have been talking about. The mother birds usually lay their eggs on ledges of rock along the faces of cliffs, and it is very hard and sometimes dangerous work to collect them."

"I should think they'd roll off," said Jack.

"So they would," replied his father, "if they were shaped like most eggs. Instead, they are about the shape of one of Jack's toes. That is, they are very broad at the larger end, and taper to a sharp point at the smaller end. For that reason they never roll far even when they are disturbed, but simply wheel around in a circle as a top just before it stops spinning. So the mother bird lays her eggs on the bare rocks without any danger of their rolling over the edge of the cliff and be[illegible]"

"That's funny," was Jack's comment.

"Not funny, Jack," said Grace, who has a way of [illegible] things that Jack finds unpleasant; "not funny, but odd or strange."

"Never mind, Grace," said her mother.

"Haven't you ever noticed," Mr. Page went on, "when you were in the country in the summer that the eggs of birds that build nests on the ground are usually spotted with brown, and are very much the color of dried grass That in its way is as curious as the shape of the sea-fowl eggs, and the result is practically the same. The eggs are safe, although in the case of ground birds it is robbers and not a tumble that has to be guarded against."

"That's funny," said Jack again.

"It isn't any more strange," returned Mr. Page, "than the care the sand-swallow and the kingfisher take in boring holes in the face of a cliff in order to lay their eggs and raise their young out of the reach of their foes. Nor is it any more curious than the hammock which the oriole swings at the end of a bough in the orchard to escape hungry snakes, nor than the nest of the raft-bird, which builds its nest in the shallow water along the borders of lakes, and has been known to push its curious raft out of reach when danger threatened it. There is one bird that takes good care of its eggs, and yet is a very mean and cowardly bird. The cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests, and so leaves not only the work of building a home but of hatching the eggs and feeding the young cuckoos to other birds. This bird is almost as bad as the little boy who wants his sister to wait on him."

"I didn't have time to do it myself," said Master Jack.

"I haven't mentioned any names," Mr. Page went on, "except the names of birds, and none of these little birds has told me anything about Jack. Can either of you children tell me what bird lays the largest egg?"

"A goose," guessed Jack.

"An ostrich," answered Grace.

"That's right. An ostrich's egg is as large as a cocoanut. The mother bird usually lays it on the ground with little preparation in the way of a nest, and the father bird does most of the sitting on it until it is hatched. The hot sand usually helps the old fellow out, however."

"Does either of you children know," asked their mother, "what is the most valuable egg in the world?"

Neither of the children did.

"I saw it when I was in Washington this winter," Mrs. Page said. "It is in the Smithsonian Institution, and is an egg of the great auk. The last auk died in New Zealand about fifty years ago, and so there will be no more eggs."

"Aren't there any auks alive now?" inquired Jack.

"No," replied his mother.

"Then why doesn't somebody hatch out that egg and raise one?"

"Jack," said his father, "don't you think you would feel better if you had this piece of toast and jam?"

"Yes, please," answered the boy. "I guess we've had about enough eggs for one breakfast."

JOHN D. ADAMS.

The Story of Untidy Jane.



"I will not wash my face I say;
I will not wash," cried Jane, "to-day".
In vain mamma said, "What disgrace!
To go with dirty hands and face!"
Jane only sulked and hung her head,
And so she crept away to bed.



Now when the pleasant morning broke
In bed the slovenly Jane awoke;
She woke but could not turn in bed,
Nor stretch herself, nor raise her head;
She was a beet with nose and eyes,
A beet of most enormous size.



And in the bed the beet leaves green
Instead of arms and legs were seen;
And then in came mamma and nurse;
They did not know her, which was worse,
But Jane could hear mamma; she said,
"Why, why! how came this beet in bed?"



And now, by two stout boys, away
They send the beet to town next day,
That all the people there may see
How large a beet can grow to be.
They put her in a window there,
While all the people point and stare.



There the poor sloven sits and cries,
Till beet juice oozes from her eyes;
But ah! was such sight ever seen?
The beet juice tears have washed her clean;
And then, the strangest thing of all
As fast and faster still they fall,



The beet tears melt her back once more
Into the child she was before.
She does not stay to wipe her eyes,
But home with eager feet she hies.
"Oh mother, mother dear," cries she,
"Henceforth a cleaner child I'll be."

K. P.

THE SILVER FLAGON.

By [illegible]

Part I.

ONCE upon a time there lived on the sea-coast of a certain far-off land a poor old fisherman and his wife. One day, as the old man was walking on the beach, he found a large nut which had been washed up by the tide, lying in the sand. Having no other present to make to his wife on her return [illegible] he picked up the nut and carried it home to her.

She said to him, "I have brought you a large cocoanut. The sailors and the boys have borne it all the way from the equator."

"Open it, good man," replied his wife; "it will make a famous pudding for your dinner."



"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A LARGE COCOANUT."

So the old man took his axe and broke open the large nut exactly in half, and imagine his surprise when there stepped out of it the most beautiful baby boy that was ever seen!

As it happened, the old couple were childless. They were very much pleased when they saw the beautiful boy.

"We will keep him, and he shall be our support when we are too old to work," said they.

The child grew very fast. Before the first year was gone he was twice as large as other children of his age and twice as strong; by the time he was ten years old he was as tall, as strong, and as wise as his foster father, the old fisherman, and when he had reached the age of twenty there was no one in the whole land who could compare with him in size, in strength, or in wisdom.

About this time it chanced that the King of another country came over the sea in his ships and made war upon that land. He carried off many men and women as prisoners, all the gold out of the royal treasury, and even the gold and silver dishes from off the royal table; so that the King and Queen were obliged to eat from earthen plates, and drink from pewter mugs, just like the meanest peasant of their realm.

This was very trying, for like most Kings and Queens they were persons of very fastidious tastes; and now, in order to really enjoy their food, they were obliged to close their eyes when they sat down at table and not open them again till they had finished eating, otherwise the sight of earthenware and pewter would have completely destroyed their royal appetites. And since to eat with closed eyes was customary at court, it of course straightway became the fashion, and everybody who pretended to the least elegance had to do the same thing.

Well, after this had been going on for about a year everybody got very tired of it, and the King offered a rich reward and a fleet of ships to whoever should cross the sea and bring back his golden dishes, especially a rich silver flagon with the whole history of the dynasty engraved upon it, out of which he always poured his wine.

Now, as you may suppose, the loss of this flagon was a very serious thing; for aside from its value as a royal drinking vessel, there were the records. And without them how was posterity to know anything about the early history of the dynasty?

But advertise and offer rewards as he would, no one [illegible] ready to undertake the [illegible]

[illegible] the reason for this was because it was well known that those persons who had gone to those foreign shores, either of their own free will or as prisoners of war, had never come back; so that it is small wonder that no one cared to try it, especially since it was generally understood that these poor unfortunates had probably lost their heads immediately upon landing—which was quite [illegible] exactly in the sense which was supposed.

Well, at last, one day after the poor royal family had eaten blindfolded for about two years, and even the youngest Prince, who was exceedingly fond of lillipops, could not raise a penny with which to buy one, a youth knocked at the castle gate, and said, with much modesty:

"If your Majesty will give me the eldest Princess in marriage, a castle as magnificent as your own, and cause my name to be engraved as your successor in the records upon the silver flagon, I will undertake to go over the sea and bring it back to you."

He added, considerately, that he would not trouble the King to fit out a fleet of ships for him, but that he would go alone in his fisherman's boat, and if any harm should come to him no one else would suffer on his account.

The King was scarcely ready to make a common fisherman his son-in-law, but he weighed the importance of the flagon against such a misalliance, and concluded that to lose the flagon would be the greater misfortune; and he reasoned that even if the young man should be successful and become his successor, it would not be really necessary that his parentage should be mentioned in the records. Anyhow, there would be no records unless the flagon were found, and possibly also no posterity to read them, for who would marry into an extravagant family without treasure or any evidence to show even so much as an ancient lineage?

The name of the royal family had always been "Victorious," and the eldest Prince was always named Victor. It was a very respectable old name, and the King felt justly proud of it. He thought that it expressed a great deal. He himself was Victor Victorious XXI., and his successor would of course be Victor Victorious XXII. The young man's own name was Hugo, but that made no difference whatever.

So at last, having arranged the matter in his mind to his own satisfaction, the King said yes; and the Princess—who for a wonder had been consulted, and who first took a peep at her lowly suitor through a crack in the blind, and found him very handsome—said yes, and Hugo set out.

Fortunately Hugo's parents—for you have guessed that he was none other than the foster-son of the old fisher-



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY THAT WAS EVER SEEN.

man and his wife—had carefully preserved the halves of the strange nutshell in which they had found him, and now, putting these in his pocket and tucking his umbrella

under his arm, he sprang into his boat and sped lightly away.

The Princess, with tears in her pretty eyes, watched his sail till it was out of sight, and she thought sadly of those who had never returned from that dread country toward which her brave sailor was hastening.

Once out of sight of land, Hugo took out his nutshells, and balancing them upon the water, stepped carefully out of his boat and placed one foot in each. Since they were magic shells, they bore him up easily. He opened his umbrella, and just then the wind freshened, and he was blown swiftly along, up and down, up and down, over the waves.

Well, he sailed and he sailed all night, till at last he reached the foreign shore. The sun was just rising when he landed. The wharf was quite deserted. Indeed, the whole city, whose spires and splendid gilded domes he had seen glittering in the first rays of the morning sun, was as still as if there were no life in it at all. Not a dog barked, not a rooster crowed; there was not a sound.

Hugo was surprised, but thought himself rather lucky to land unobserved, considering the bad reputation of the people, for he had no wish to lose *his* head. He walked along the silent streets, still lying in shadow, and admired the beauty and cleanliness of the town, so different from the city of Victor Victorious XXI., from which he had just come. The houses were all large and handsomely built; there were trees and flowering shrubs around them, and the grass on the lawns looked remarkably soft and well kept.



HE OPENED HIS UMBRELLA.

Finally he reached a beautiful park which lay in the middle of the city, directly in front of the royal palace. Here there were many trees and shrubs which he had never seen before, the appearance of which caused him the liveliest astonishment.

Some were quite ordinary and evidently intended only for shade, but there were others which bore the most curious kinds of fruit.

The first that Hugo noticed, a tall slender tree with brittle-looking branches, bore infants' nursing-bottles; the next was covered with India-rubber teething-rings; the next with soft, worsted balls of various bright colors; and as he walked along admiring these, he came to a very large tree with thick, stout branches, which bore a crop of cradles, each about three feet long.

One shrub bore fleecy white blankets, another little caps, and others of all sizes were covered with little wrappers, tiny socks, little white kid shoes, powder-puffs, and everything which the most fastidious baby could desire.

Wondering very much at this strange sight, Hugo went on, till finally he came to a more open space, directly opposite the gates of the palace. Here the turf grew particularly thick, and was sprinkled all over with pink and white daisies, and in the very middle of it grew a more beautiful tree than any. Its trunk was large and easy to climb, with convenient branches here and there which spread far out in every direction. Upon them were thick velvety leaves, and many large nuts exactly like the shells which were now in Hugo's pocket. Some of the nuts were still rather green, but others looked brown and ripe.



GATHERING RATTLES.

Now while Hugo stood gazing wonderingly up at this strange fruit, the sun suddenly shone full upon the tree, and at once from the palace court-yard came the first loud sound that he had heard since landing—the crowing of a cock.

Suddenly the sleeping city awoke. Doors began to bang, gates to open, dogs to bark, and birds to sing. People came out of the houses, maids threw open the windows, and where a moment before all had been silence, was now full of the sounds of life. There had not been a breeze to stir the leaves on the trees or to ripple the water in the basins of the fountains, but now a brisk little wind sprang up, and as it blew through the park it smartly shook each tree and shrub. The rattle-tree rattled merrily, the ball-tree gleamed with all its gay colors,



WENDING HOMEWARD.

...as really a baby-tree people could be ... omen ... now and then an old maid, or a crusty old ... of the nurses ran to the tree and gathered the ... listened to the rattle, blanket, ring, and ... and collected their fruit for the use of the new ... mother, and altogether the park present... lively appearance.

FORMING A HERBARIUM.

BY EVA M. REED.

As is well known, a herbarium is a collection of pressed and dried plants, commonly of more interest to a person engaged in botanical pursuits than to others, though it may easily be made so attractive as to give pleasure to every one. Having had a year's experience in the herbarium of a State university, I hope that a few popular suggestions in regard to the method of preparing and mounting such a collection may not come amiss.

The first thing, of course, and the pleasantest, since it involves an outing, is to procure the specimens, and herein will appear one of the many advantages of being a country boy or girl, for such have abundant material close at hand.

To the enthusiastic collector no hill is too steep to climb, no wood too wild or path too tangled to explore, and consciously or unconsciously as he adds new plants to his herbarium he also adds images that, stored in the memory, are drawn forth in after time when turning over his treasures of wood and field, so that in looking at them he sees not only a plant as others see it, but the whole setting of earth and air and sky. The deep swift brook sings again for him, the unregarding grasses sway," the shadows cast by the trees and shrubbery and pierced with light move back and forth in leafy patterns, the clouds sail slowly overhead. There is a pleasure in these memories that money cannot purchase. In his excursions the naturalist has learned to look and listen long and closely where nature's ways are wild, and has found one of the keenest and one of the most innocent enjoyments of life.

In the work of collecting, few implements are needed, and these may be readily procured. A tin box in which to place the specimens, a garden trowel, a knife, and a note-book will complete the outfit. The note-book is for the reception of such items as may seem of interest or value, and which cannot be trusted to the memory. The details of soil, moisture, and associated species may be recorded, and such notes should be perfectly accurate. Science is always exact. Nothing must be left to conjecture, and no loose methods must creep in.

The specimen should be as complete as possible, showing ... Where it is not ... plant ... most characteristic ... d. Tall herbs often show ... adical or root leaves, as ... tress of the stem. Good representatives of both should be chosen.

... of tree and shrubs must ...

When preparing for the press, all plants with thick roots, rootstocks, or tubers should have these cut in half, and often the interior portion should be cut or scraped out. Woody branches should be divided so as to present a flat surface also. Tall grasses may be bent once or ... in order to adapt them to the herbarium sheet. ... should be gathered while in blossom, when the ... are ... out. The underground stem, when there is one, and root with its tufted leaves ... Of course, it is always supposed that the best specimens are selected with some care when collecting.

It is a good plan to collect several duplicates for purposes of exchange or study. When desired, these dried specimens may be afterward studied at leisure by being boiled in water long enough to soften the parts. Some practice is necessary to dissect the flowers successfully, but it is pleasant work for winter evenings, and all specimens that were not named at the time of collection may thus be determined and the labels filled out. To the beginner some of the long names may seem rather trying, but we should front them bravely, and not be alarmed by a name, even if it takes a line or more to write it, remembering always that "botany is the science of plants, and not the science of names."

We will suppose the plants collected, and named as far as possible. Now for the pressing and drying. The attractiveness of a herbarium depends greatly upon the care with which this is done. Many collections are composed of rather unhappy-looking specimens, but there is no reason why this should be so. There is certainly more satisfaction to be derived from well-preserved and well-mounted plants than when there is a failure in one or both these respects. Carpet paper cut into sheets of suitable size will answer for driers, while between them are laid sheets of newspaper, if no other can be had; but soft bibulous paper on which there is no printing will take up the moisture better. Delicate specimens may be laid between tissue-paper, from which they need not be shifted.

It is better to use a number of specimen sheets where the plants are succulent, and two or three driers. Arrange the plants so that all parts will lie smoothly and be well displayed. Avoid overlapping as much as possible. See that the flowers do not wrinkle when covered. Sometimes the plants can be arranged to better advantage when they are changed for the first time, as then the parts, being somewhat wilted, will remain in the position desired. Woody or very succulent specimens are best separated from each other by thin boards. The plants should be accompanied by labels bearing name, date of collection, and locality. The separation of label from specimen may be prevented by making two cuts in the label, thus forming a loop through which the stem or other convenient part can be slipped. Place the specimens, when thus prepared, under as heavy pressure as can be borne without breaking or crushing. This pressure may be applied in various ways. A good method is the placing of heavy weights, such as stones or books, on top of the pile.

The plants are now in process of drying, but your care does not end here. To obtain the best results, I know of but one way—frequent shifting of the plants as long as they retain any moisture, a period varying much, of course, with the character of the plants and condition of the atmosphere. It is obviously not so easy to dry them rapidly in wet or foggy weather. For the first few days the shifting into paper that is perfectly dry should be

done twice a day. The papers from which the plants are taken may be dried in the sun, in the oven—only don't let them burn up in forgetfulness—or over the register. If hot or warm when the plants are returned to them, so much the better. Plants thus treated will retain their color, and are wonderfully attractive.

Yellow flowers will give perhaps the best satisfaction of all for the herbarium; white ones may be beautifully preserved; and as for the ferns and grasses, I have no words to describe how attractive they may be made. Beautiful herbaria may be formed of grasses alone. There are, however, certain plants that will not retain their color well, no matter how carefully treated. The shooting-star (*Dodecatheon meadia*) is one of these, while other rose-colored blossoms are apt to exchange this delicate tint for a dull blue.

We come, then, to the final work of mounting. Specimens are often attached to the sheet with narrow strips of gummed paper; but a better and more durable way is to glue down the specimen itself. A plant thus mounted presents a more attractive appearance than when liberally dotted over with bits of white paper, as in the former method. Then, too, it stands use better. When fastened with paper straps, the dry brittle specimen is very easily broken, and careful handling alone can save it.

Thick white paper of uniform size will be needed for mounting, and a diluted liquid fish glue or carriage glue is very good for pasting down specimens. Lay a newspaper on the table, have your specimens, mounting paper, brush (a small painter's brush will answer), and glue within convenient reach, and you are ready for work. Lay the plant down on the newspaper with the under side up, apply enough glue to insure close union of the parts, taking special care that there shall be no loose ends. Lift the plant carefully, reverse, and let it fall upon the mounting sheet exactly in the position which it is to occupy; cover with a newspaper. If the fingers are passed over the newspaper covering the specimen, a close union between the latter and mounting sheet is secured, and any superfluous glue will be removed without spreading or stain. The glue is best applied to delicate plants by being laid on a piece of paper on which it has been rather thickly spread, or by being applied as usual, only instead of lifting the specimen, place over it the mounting sheet, which should be lightly pressed upon, and then the plant will be found adhering without superfluous glue.

A simple label bearing the generic and specific name of the plant, locality, and date of collection should now be attached to the lower right-hand corner of the sheet. Placing the mounted specimens between driers and under pressure for a few hours will be found to be an improvement. When this has been done, arrange the specimens in families, according to the Manual used in determining them, within covers of manila or other stout paper, and your collection is now ready—to be "stored away on some garret shelf?" No; decidedly not. If the specimens are good, well mounted, and correctly named, there is a much better use for them. They will be a source of pleasure and profit both to yourself and others.

WHAT A SPANISH LADY BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.

WHEN the unfortunate Katharine of Aragon, who was the wife of the brother of Henry VIII., and was afterwards married to Henry VIII. himself, first came to England she brought with her from Spain an article which was quite unfamiliar to English eyes. This small but necessary article had been manufactured in France, and was sent from that country to Spain as a part of the elegant outfit prepared for the bride of the King of England. Walking down Broadway you might pick up a thousand, perhaps, and a goodly number on the common road-side, but in the days of Henry VIII. it was an expensive luxury. And what do you suppose it was? Only a pin!

Previous to that time the fastenings in general use consisted of clasps, ribbons, strings, loop holes, skewers of bone, silver, gold, brass, or wood, and crudely formed hooks and eyes; but the simple pin, with its solid head and sharp point, was unknown.

France claims that all new ideas which come into the world come through her, however well they may be developed and perfected by other nations. In the evolution of the pin France deserves the credit. She made the best pins long before they could be made in other countries, and it was a Frenchman, Fournier by name, who went to Nuremberg and taught the wire drawers and makers of that city how to improve their machines, and thus draw the wire finer for the manufacture of pins with solid heads. This improvement was a much-needed one, for an act had been passed in England prohibiting the sale of pins unless they had solid or double heads which did not come off. For a long time, then, pins in England belonged to the list of imported articles, but in 1626 a manufactory was started in Gloucestershire by a man named John Tilsby, who operated so successfully that he employed as many as fifteen hundred people.

Pin-making was for a long time a tedious labor, and sixteen individuals were employed in the eighteen processes of the manufacture of a pin. Now machinery has made the operation so simple and so rapid that pins can be bought for a trifle. They are manufactured only in small quantities in France, Germany, and Austria—formerly the great seats of pin factories—while England and America furnish annually hundreds of tons to the civilized world.

ZITELLA COCKE.

GAMES FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

SELECT a number of familiar quotations, write them carefully on slips of white paper, cut each slip into two parts, and mark each part with the same number.

Now select as many large English walnuts as there are quotations; crack them so that each nut comes apart in exact halves; then remove the meat, and reserve it to be eaten during the evening. In each half-shell place half of a quotation, and fasten the two parts of nut together with a little mucilage. Lay them aside to dry until you are ready to use them. When your friends are with you give each one a nut. This the receiver must crack, and then seek for a partner the person who happens to find the other half quotation in his or her shell.

This always creates a frolic, and is a good idea for making an evening pass pleasantly.

A Penny Puzzle is something new. When the friends are assembled give each one a cent and a small card with pencil attached. All are requested to find the following articles on the coin and to write the result on the card. The list of required things is written on one side of the card, leaving the other side for the answers. Twenty minutes are allowed for the work, then the name of the person is signed to his card, and they are collected and submitted to a committee. Prizes are awarded to the best and poorest. The first prize is a *S-cent* bottle full of best perfumery; the second or booby prize is a one-cent stamp.

The following are good as suggestions, but there are very many more things to be found on a cent:

HEAD SIDE.

1. Name of an animal.
2. Name of a fruit.
3. Name of a flower.
4. A place of worship.
5. Part of a hill.
6. Union of youth and age.
7. Part of a vegetable.

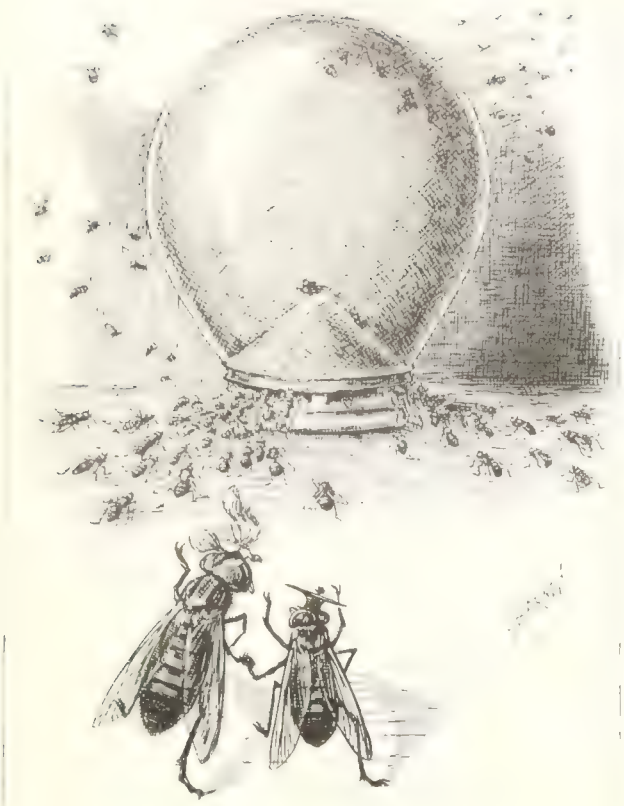
REVERSE SIDE.

8. A messenger.
9. A gallant.
10. A name for the ocean.
11. A correction.
12. Weapons.

The following will explain the list:

1. Hair (date).
2. Date.
3. Tulips (two lips).
4. Temple.
5. Brook.
6. 18 and 90 (or whatever the date may be).
7. Ear of corn.
8. One sent (cent).
9. Bow (bough).
10. Creek.
11. Stripes.
12. Arrows.

Another way to use the coin is to give each person a cent piece, and then tell them to write down the name of every article that may be seen on its surface. Let them have twenty minutes for the purpose, then collect, and give premiums to the best list and the worst. This is a little more simple than the first, and may be played by children, while the first is well worth trying by the elders.



ACCOMMODATED.

"BERTIE" LIKES A BALLOON. LETS FOLLOW THE CROWD, AND PERHAPS THEY WILL TAKE US IN.

A CLEVER SCHEMER.

BERTIE. "Mamma, do hawks eat little chickens?"

MAMMA. "Yes, darling."

BERTIE. *eyeing his little chickens fondly.* "Well, mamma, what sort of birds are there that hawks *won't* eat?"

MAMMA *(after reflecting)*. "They won't eat young hawks."

BERTIE. "Well, won't you write hawk on five pieces of paper. Then I'll tie them on the chickens' necks, and fool the hawks."

MAMMA. "But chickens don't look like hawks, darling. Don't you think the old hawks would notice this?"

BERTIE. *after long thought.* "They might think they took after *the other side of the family*—don't you see?"

AN EXCUSE.

"WHY, Jennie, what is the matter? You shouldn't call your doll such names as those."

"Oh, she doesn't mind; she's a French doll, and can't understand English."

A sea-captain was asked by the com-

an lay their hands on."

[illegible]

MAMMA. "Where is the boy?"

TOMMY. "I told him to be quiet."

MAMMA. "Who [illegible]"

TOMMY. "Joe."

MAMMA. "Are you sure that is all you told him?"

TOMMY. "Yes, [illegible]"

MAMMA. "Tell him I say to please step here."

Joe comes in.

MAMMA. "Joe, I sent for you to say you are mistaken. My little boy may sometimes lisp, but he did not lisp in speaking to you."

JOE. "Yes, 'm, he did."

MAMMA. "What did he say?"

JOE. "He said, 'You, Thummy sthmith, you thut up!'"

MAMMA *turning to Tommy.* "Why, my son?"

TOMMY. "Yeth, 'm, that'th jeth what I thaid."

MAMMA. "Why, my boy, you said his name was Joe and you told him to be quiet."

TOMMY. "Yeth, 'm, tho I did. Hith name *ith* Joe, but we fellerth all call 'im Thimmy, an' ain't thuppothed to call 'im Joe, an' ain't thuppothed to call 'im Thimmy, an' ain't thuttin' up the thame ath hethe' quet."

HALVES OR DOUBLES.

JOHNNIE. "Mamma, are twins doubles or halves?"

MAMMA. "Why, doubles, of course, darling. Aren't you and your brother Tom two whole dear boys? You are not half-boys. Haven't you two round curly heads?"

JOHNNIE. "Well, we may be doubles on heads, but we're halves on apples."

A NEARER RELATION.

TEDDY. "Mamma dear, what relation is my new papa going to be to me?"

MAMMA. "He is going to be a good *step-father* to you, dear."

TEDDY. "And are you going to be a *step nearer*, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, darling."

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

DOCTOR *(to sick boy)*. "Well, Harold, you've had toast and tea for a week now; what do you want to get to-morrow?"

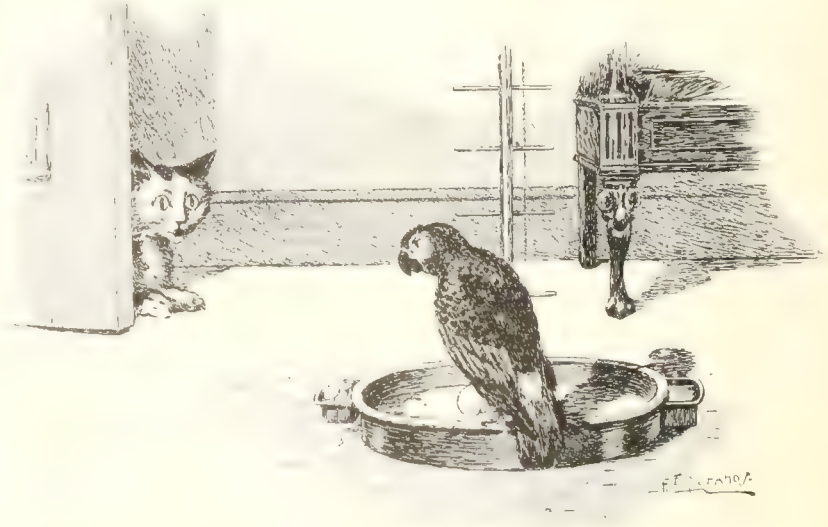
HAROLD. "I want to get *up*."

A WRONG START.

TODDLES. "Papa, which are the bestest, ladies or mens?"

PAPA. "Ladies, my dear."

TODDLES. "Then don't you fink you an' mamma ought to be patienter wif us boys, 'cause we *got a wrong start*—don't you see?"



HIS VOICE WAS AGAINST HIM

THOMAS [illegible] "I WOULD IF THAT DID LITTLE OR SCRATCHES ANYTHING LIKE HE [illegible] I COULDN'T BE HUNGRY."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

AT WATKINS COLLEGE.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

THE custom was as old as the college itself, and so when it was known that Mary Perkins was to sing on Friday night, her roommates, as a matter of course, felt bound to send her flowers. Ordinarily these flowers were purchased by a joint fund, the girls all "clubbing together" and sending one big bunch. This time, however, Hattie Blake suggested that something more ought to be done.

"You know, girls," she said, "Mary sings better than any one else who has ever been at Watkins, and we as roommates ought to show our appreciation of it." Hattie said this sitting on the edge of her bed, her two knees drawn up to her chin, her hands clasped above her ankles, the knobs of her thin little knees outlined through the night wrapper that she wore. "I've thought of half a dozen things we ought to do," she continued. "We aren't rich enough for jewels. What larks it would be, though, if we were!"

"Never mind the jewels; but what else have you thought of?" said Eleanor Dean, who was Hattie's special roommate, and who now sat just under the lamplight polishing the nail of one thumb.

Eleanor Dean was always spoken of as having "the most beautiful hands of all the girls in college," and she knew it.

"I've thought of wreaths like those they gave the singers in Greece," said Hattie. "And I've thought of masses of flowers, with ribbons flying; they look so gay and brilliant."

"It seems to me," said Eleanor, holding the hand over which she had been working at a little distance, and turning her head from side to side as she looked at it—"it seems to me that if you want to make an impression, and do her more of an honor than usual, we all ought to decide upon separate things. Have three things handed to her instead of one. What do you think, Mildred?"

The girl to whom this question was addressed had been sitting all the time on the broad low sill of the window. She had made no comment as the talk went on, her eyes apparently intent on the moonlight and the shadows in the lake below.

"What do I think?" she said, rousing herself with a long sigh. "Oh, I don't know. You girls are so clever



"MILDRED HAD HELPED TO DRESS MARY."

vithout me. Good

ll on her knees, her eyes

s I think she's queer

to Eleanor, when she saw the door was closed. ways so full of ideas and enthusiasm till it

hadn't an interest in life. Sometimes I think she's only

I don't know myself," the other girl answered. I think she's the nicest I know, and sometimes I think she's the strangest. She's so jolly and and full of fun, and every now and then there's a sudden reserve, that I don't understand. You can't get beyond it; you needn't try. I've often wondered if she were poor, and didn't want to tell."

Mildred meanwhile, once in her room, had flung herself across her narrow bed, and lay there, sobbing. A patch of moonlight shone across her shaking figure. "Why have I no courage?" she moaned. "Why don't I tell them, and have it over? There was never such a creature as myself. Will I never, never get used

When, an hour later, Mary Perkins came in, Mildred was still lying where she had thrown herself.

"What's the matter, Mildred?" said Mary, leaning tenderly over her.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking. What a dear you are, though, Mary! You never fail, do you? Perhaps I fell asleep without knowing it."

If she had, it was the last sleep that Mildred knew that night. Early next morning found her down by the lake alone. She always remembered afterwards the big rock under which she sat and talked it all over with herself.

"I might as well," she said, "look it squarely in the face for the last time and decide it now. I haven't got the money, and that's all there is about it. Of course I could make the washwoman wait, pay her the five dollars I owe her, and trust to luck for the other five at the end of the term. If I did, I could send Mary her flowers. Oh, what will she think of me if I don't!" said Mildred, starting up. "But I must not go on in this way. It would be stealing from the washwoman if I did, and I promised mother, besides, not to use the money for anything else. If they all despise me, I can't help it."

When Mildred went back to her room she took an old fashioned and much-worn diary out from her drawer, and wrote her decision in it. She sometimes laughed at herself for keeping up the custom, but she had confided every resolution of her life to its pages.

"May 27, 188–," she wrote. "I have decided I will pay the washwoman and I won't buy Mary the flowers. If I am judged, I will bear it in silence."

She had always been fond of doing this—reducing her perplexities to brave little resolves, for her own particular benefit. The book was full of them. "Pegs to hold on to when I want to rise above myself," she called them.

On the morning of the concert Hattie Blake rushed breathless into the room and said, "Mildred, do like a dear, lend me ten dollars. I'll give it back on Tuesday morning; my allowance comes then. I haven't a penny now, and I've ordered the loveliest flowers you ever saw for Mary Perkins. You haven't told us yet what you're going to send, but I'll hear afterwards. Only hurry now, the girls are waiting. We've hired a wagon to drive

Mildred hesitated a moment, a hundred conflicting emotions stirring her. Here was some one asking for the very money she had determined not to touch—the amount for washing till the end of the college term. "Shall I be mean about borrowing and giving?" she

money mother sent me for a special purpose. Have I a right to touch it for any one else any more than for myself? I ought to say no."

"You know," said Hattie, calling from her bedroom, coming and shutting bureau drawers, "I need a certain pair of driving-gloves mislaid last month's allowance, comes on Tuesday, only the old florist makes us pay at the time. Oh, bother! I can't find and I told the girls I would not be a second."

"I'm a goose," said Mildred quickly to herself, going to the little tin box in which she kept her money. "It's just a question of a few days. Hattie has more money than any of us; hers is sure to be here in time." Then she handed the gold pieces to Hattie, who rushed away as breathless as she came.

"Any way," said Mildred, smiling to herself, "I feel as if I were doing something for Mary just in *lending* that money." Then for all her good resolutions the girl sighed, thinking of that other thing she could not do.

There is always an indescribable flutter of excitement felt through a college on the night of any entertainment. The girl with her name on the programme is transformed from an every-day acquaintance of the class-room into a personage of importance, to whom every one has a kindly feeling, and to whom a hundred little courtesies are shown. Next day she may sink and be lost again in the humdrum current of ordinary life, but for this one night she is to them a being apart. To herself, for all her fright and tremors, she is as one leading an enchanted existence in a land of dreams.

For the rest of that little college world there is the excitement of preparing for expected friends. Then there is the dressing—the best gowns all being brought out. If these have seen much service, then the extra cravat or bit of lace to set them off is hunted for (borrowed very often). Or, as in the days when Mary Perkins sang, there were the bits of new ruffling to be sewed in neck and sleeves. For at that time a woman would not have felt quite dressed without a spotless collar or cuff, or a piece of dainty white at wrist and throat.

After the dressing comes the watching at the great front door for the carriages and stage bringing the invited guests; then by the chapel doors there is the gathering of the college ushers. Then the first arrivals; the showing, with much ceremony, of strangers to seats; the whisperings and beckonings, the signs of girls to each other, followed by the inevitable changing of places till special chums are grouped together. Then comes the arrival of those who are to sing and play, every neck craned in their direction, while each one is pointed out to the stranger. Then the pause of expectation, the delay, the sending back for something, the last questions and directions, and just as every one wonders why everything is so late, the performance begins.

Mildred had helped to dress Mary. She had lent her her best handkerchief, and the gold bracelet left her by her godmother, but she had not gone down with the others. Indeed she was the last person to take her seat, and then it was one by the chapel door.

"I suppose I'm the only girl in college who never sent her roommate flowers, they'll be sure to notice it," she kept saying over and over to herself as she sat there trembling with nervousness.

When Mary sang with that exquisite rippling voice of hers there was, of course, applause, and Mildred heard a little movement outside the door which she knew meant the coming of flowers, but before they really appeared, Mary was singing an encore to greater applause than ever. When she bent afterwards to receive the roses the audience was fairly carried away with enthusiasm.

The clapping continued so long, that with one of her lovely smiles Mary came forward for the third time and sang.

Mildred went out when she saw the flowers with their great streaming ribbons carried up the aisle. She walked down the long deserted corridors, past the silent rooms, and out into the night. She liked the cool air against her face, and the look of the calm stars. Then she turned and went up stairs. She lay on her bed with wide-open eyes and hands clasped behind her head. She was too tired to think, and heard, with a sense of being a thousand miles away, the peal of the chapel organ, the stray notes of the songs, the hubbub of voices as the audience dispersed, then the sound of many feet in the corridors, the opening and shutting of doors, laughter, good-nights, and then the coming of two of her roommates into their parlor.

"To think," said Hattie Blake, "that, after all, Mildred White never sent a thing. I'm sure she's mean."

"You dear girls," said a voice from the hall, before Eleanor could reply, "where are you?" and the flying figure of Mary Perkins was in a moment in the arms of both, scattering kisses from one to the other. "I never saw such lovely things. The audience applauded them more than they did me. How could you have done so much for me? But where's Mildred? I must tell Mildred."

As long as she lived, Mildred never forgot the sense of shame with which she turned quickly on her pillow and lay as one asleep. Even when she felt Mary's lips on her cheek she did not stir.

"I believe Mildred is ill," said Mary Perkins, once more in the parlor, "her face is so hot."

"I don't know what's the matter with her," said Hattie, "except she's queer or mean. I can't understand her. She never sent her own roommate flowers. We spoke about it too."

"You know I never noticed she had not sent me any," said Mary, laughing. "I was so delighted with these, that I don't care a bit. She's a dear old thing, and I love her."

Next day, at table, Mildred heard the girls talking of Hattie Blake's flowers. "She's the most generous girl in college," said one, and they all agreed.

On Monday night a committee of the Senior Class met to make plans for their reception in June. Hattie Blake was made general director, and she was quite carried away with the novelty of some of her own ideas about it. Indeed she was so completely absorbed, and had so many brilliant suggestions to make, and so many invitations to send, that the little affair of the ten dollars was quite crowded out of her mind.

Mildred, meanwhile, had grown very quiet. She fell into a habit of resting her chin on her hand as she studied, and then forgetting, for half an hour at a time, the open book before her. Her marks ran down. She managed always to be out, however, when the washwoman made her visits, and then felt suddenly hot all over when some one told her the woman had been there again. She made several entries in her diary about that time. "I wish I had told Mary Perkins frankly," she wrote, on one occasion, "that I had no money. She would have been too sweet to misunderstand. Now there's nothing but misunderstanding everywhere. It was all false pride, a miserable false pride, and now, when Hattie forgets to pay me the money, I have no courage to ask her for it."

"And did the girl never pay you?" I asked Mildred, not long ago, when I had listened to the story by her nursery fire, her little children playing about the room.

"No," Mildred answered, "she never thought of it again. I waited as long as I could, then I took the bracelet I had lent Mary and sold it in Boston for old gold. They only gave me four dollars and eighty-nine cents for it, I remember. I gave that to the washwoman, and for the balance of the term I did my washing myself. You know you can do your own washing at Watkins. The girls laughed, and called it a fad of mine, but I never told them why I did it."

THE POLITE CROW.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

IN the dreamy after glow,
On a poplar high,
Dropped a solitary crow
From the ashen sky.

Harold, near the poplar's foot,
Came upon the scene,
And in his bean-shooter put
One big snowy bean;

Drew the rubber back with force,
Till his body bent;
And upon its airy course,
Whiz! the missile went.

Patiently he stood below,
Watched and waited, while
At him gazed the wary crow,
With a tender smile.

Smiling still in joy serene,
With a movement spry,
She secured that snowy bean
Neatly on the fly.

Ate it swiftly as the cow
Eats an apple red,
And, politely, with a bow,
"Thank you!" softly said.

ABOUT TWO CATS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

ONE of these cats was jealous, and the other had false teeth; and this is the way it happened.

The first cat had been comfortably settled in a well-to-do family for some time, and appeared to be quite satisfied with her surroundings, servants and all. Every year she regularly presented her owners with five or six kittens, which were as regularly disposed of, with the exception of one "for a nest-egg," as little Tommy said, in ways not generally known; and every time Cleopatra, who was black with white stockings and very queenly looking, took this extensive weeding out of her family with royal composure, and devoted herself to the education of the kitten that was left. It was a wonderfully well-brought-up cat; but as soon as it *became* a cat Cleopatra shook off all responsibility, and turned it loose on the world. She would have nothing more to do with it; and had she met her offspring on the street, she would probably not have recognized it.

A very small kitten, whose brothers and sisters had mysteriously disappeared, was one of the prettiest Cleopatra had ever produced, and a great pet in the family. Dolly, the cook, was particularly fond of it, and Cleopatra had always seemed particularly fond of Dolly; but one afternoon, when the latter went up stairs with a bad headache to lie down for a little while, she was quite surprised at the cat's conduct. She had taken the kitten with her, and was lying half asleep, with the soft ball of fur pressed against her cheek, when she suddenly became

[illegible] room, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

sculpture. The gravestone itself is a slender upright rock, standing under a large spreading tree near the centre of a level field. Although undoubtedly placed in its present position by human hands, it is still in its rough state. No chisel has touched it. The grave is enclosed by an iron fence, and during the summer months hundreds of tourists on their way through Snowdonia make a point to visit it.

The village of Bethgelert is in a wide valley, through which run two little rivers, the Colwin and the Glaslyn. Near the middle of the village there is a bridge over the Colwyn, and near one end of the bridge stands Llewellyn's house. Like most Welsh cottages, built of stone, it looks so strong that one can readily believe it to be seven hundred years old. The roof, the windows, and the narrow stairway are probably modern. Ivy covers the front, and the rooms within are small and dark. One of these rooms is fitted up as a shop, and here photographs of the house and grave may be bought, as well as many other souvenirs of Wales.



LLEWELLYN'S HOME.

Some learned people have no faith in the story of Gelert, believing the tale to have been invented to fit the name of the village. Yet as accurate history tells us that Prince Llewellyn had his hunting-cottage in this valley, the rest of the story is not hard to believe.

Bethgelert itself, with rivers, its distant mountains, its straggling streets, and tiny stone houses, is one of the most charming places in Wales. It has several hotels, bright little shops, and an ancient church standing where stood an old priory of the time of Edward I. From Bethgelert one can climb Snowdon to its very top in three hours, and on every side there are pleasant walks and drives. During a whole month in Wales it was only at Bethgelert that I saw a woman wearing the national dress—checked gingham gown and apron, long scarlet cloak, and high pointed beaver hat. As she sat by the road-side selling dolls dressed in the same fashion, it is to be feared that she wore this quaint dress only to attract customers.

Although the Welsh people have given up their old dress, they will not give up their old language; the children, to be sure, are taught to read English at school, but as they hear nothing at home but Welsh, even when they understand English they can seldom speak it. At Bethgelert, therefore, as in other parts of North Wales, one hears constantly that strange harsh language.

So writes one of our bright contributors, and it is easy to understand that, after one has travelled to far Snowdon, and looked upon the grave which is shown him as that of the faithful dog Gelert, he finds it difficult to doubt the truth of the sad and beautiful story.

Do people raise monuments to imaginary beings and name places after myths? This is a hard question to answer. All English-speaking children have learned to love this story, and we all like to believe our pet stories to be true. And yet—well, there are some strange things about the story of Gelert. It has a long, far-reaching pedigree, which is very hard to account for in a true story.

Little Russian children have been told the same story of a certain Czar, and German children know it, or stories so nearly like it, that they amount to about the same thing.

One of the German versions is of a dog called Sultan, who, having discovered that his master intended to kill him, asked a wolf to advise him what to do. The wolf, pleased at being consulted, no doubt, proposed that he should himself try to steal one of the children, and that the dog should come and rescue the child, hoping that the master might be so grateful as to spare him. The plan was a success, and saved the dog's life. But this is not nearly so much like the Welsh story as some others which we find in other countries.

In an old book published by some monks about five hundred years ago we find this version of the tale: There was once a young knight called Follicus, who had an only son, whom he loved better than anything else in the world; but he had also two pets of which he was very fond, a greyhound and a falcon.

Now he happened one day to leave home, taking his wife and servants with him to a grand tournament. The little babe was left asleep in his cradle, with the greyhound and falcon on guard beside him. Probably bird and dog both went to sleep, for presently a great serpent, seeing that everything was quiet, crept into the room, and was about to devour the sleeping child, when the falcon made a noise, which attracted the dog, who, realizing the child's danger, made quick work of the snake. The rest of the story is exactly like the tragic story of Gelert.

The father coming in, and seeing the poor wounded dog beside the blood-stained cradle, plunges a sword into him. An examination of the cradle reveals the little one, smiling, unhurt, while the dead body of the serpent lying near explains the whole sad story.

This story of Follicus is found in several older books than the monk's book of stories—which, indeed, were all translations—and learned scholars have traced it through several tongues until as far back as the early part of the sixth century.

In an old Indian book of this date we find the following story: A mother, going out to the well for water, leaves her twin babies—who, by the way, are a boy and an ichneumon—and when she comes back she finds the ichneumon advancing to meet her, covered with blood. Supposing that he has killed his brother, she throws her water-jar at him, killing him instantly. On going in to the cradle, she finds the babe asleep, with a dead serpent beside him. The faithful ichneumon had loyally defended his brother's life and lost his own, as did the brave dog Gelert, through a misunderstanding of his deed.

hero. And so

In all these stories, excepting the one quoted from

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER *

CHAPTER IX.

IN ST. KITTS HURRICANE.

If the inhabitants of the Honda Inn could have kept Larry and his companions out of the house he would [illegible] so for fear coming in such a condition from a place where yellow fever was raging left no doubt in his mind that the sick boy had been stricken with the dreaded disease. But there was no other house within miles, and to deny them admittance would have been little short of murder. He had no alternative, and when they once became his guests he did all that he could for their comfort, putting them, however, in a distant part of the house, both for their own quiet and for the safety of his family.

None of the servants could be induced to go into the room, for West-Indian negroes are much more afraid of the fever than the whites, although less likely to take it. But Ferd knew that he could depend upon Fauqua, and needed no assistance. He threw open the windows of the little room, and drew a chair up to the bedside, and began the lonely and anxious vigil that must last until Uncle Ben and the doctor arrived. He had not the slightest doubt that Larry had caught the fever, for he had seen many cases of it in Trinidad, and that headache and the chill and the aching bones and delirium he knew only too well were the early symptoms of it.

There was little more that he could do now until the doctor came. Larry continued to talk fast and wildly, without any knowledge of what he said, and Ferd quieted him as much as he could, using force sometimes to prevent him from springing out of bed, and bound fresh wet cloths about his head every few minutes. His anxiety must last for at least six hours, he knew, for it would be impossible for Uncle Ben to reach them in less time. But the hours wore away at last, and after one o'clock in the morning he heard the noise of horses galloping, and then a commotion in the inn yard. Hastily waking Fauqua, and leaving him by the bedside, Ferd ran out to the door. Uncle Ben and the doctor and a colored servant were just dismounting.

"How is Larry?" Uncle Ben asked almost breathless.

"Just the same," Ferd answered. "He has been out of his head all evening, and has a high fever."

"Stop right in, doctor," Uncle Ben said. "Show us the way, Ferd. You look out for that bag of ice, boy. We have everything with us to make him comfortable, Ferd, and pull him through."

Ferd felt as though a ton weight had been lifted from his shoulders to have his father there in charge. They went noiselessly into the room, and the doctor began the usual procedure that most of us are familiar with. He felt Larry's pulse, looked at his tongue, took his temperature with a tiny thermometer, and asked Ferd what had

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. [illegible]

[illegible] French physician settled in Ponce, Ferd learned afterward, and had had long experi-

Ferd told of the oil he had given, and the cooling bandages he had applied, and the other things he had done.

[illegible] examined. "You could not have done better, young man. If it proves to be yellow fever, you have very likely saved the lad's life, for that dose of oil at the start is half the battle. But I have hopes that old Yellow Jack has not struck us, after all. [illegible] you say, and the first symptoms were at—about what time?"

"It must have been a little after six," Ferd replied.

"That was—let me see—more than seven hours ago. Oh, it looks very favorable—very favorable indeed. Now I must get [illegible] patient a quieting draught to put him to sleep, and you can all go to bed in comfort. I'll have them bring a bed in here for me, and by breakfast-time you shall know whether we are going to have a siege of it or not."

Before they left the room Larry had become much more quiet; and they went off to bed encouraged by the doctor's cheery manner and favorable opinion, and it seemed hardly an hour before they were called, but the sun was shining bright in their windows.

"Come and see the patient," the doctor cried, as he threw open their door. "He can speak for himself this morning."

They were soon in Larry's room, and found him weak and pale, but with the fever nearly gone, and in the possession of his senses again. He was greatly surprised to see Uncle Ben, and would have asked many questions, for he had no idea how sick he had been; but the doctor objected to his talking, and soon took Uncle Ben out of the room, leaving Ferd by the bedside.

"No yellow fever about that," the doctor said, when he and Uncle Ben were outside. "It was a simple fever brought on by exposure to the hot sun, and we have it under control. The boy will need good nursing for three or four days till he gains strength, and then the sooner you take him off this island the better, for there is danger here at present. He will be able to travel as soon as he can walk, and nothing will be better for him than good sea-air. But don't take him through Ponce again. Bring your schooner along the coast, and take him on board with a small boat. For your own sake, you had better be away from here as soon as possible, for unless you reach the other islands before they hear that we have fever in Ponce, you will be quarantined wherever you go."

The doctor remained with them all that day, but by evening Larry was so much better that he was anxious to sit up, and the doctor returned to Ponce, saying that nothing was needed now but rest and low diet. In three days Larry was able to walk about the inn yard, and on the fourth day a carriage took him slowly down to the coast, and he was towed out to the schooner.

"It was a good warning for us, Larry," Uncle Ben said, when they were once more on their own deck. "Ferd and I have overlooked the fact that you are not used to these hot climates, and have dragged you about like a native. Keep out of the hot sun and the night air, and you need not fear any more fevers. We are going down now where the weather will be hotter every day, and you must be careful not to eat too much fruit. Do you feel strong enough to invade St. Kitts?"

"Oh yes," Larry answered. "I shall soon be as strong as ever. But if it had not been for Ferd, Uncle Ben, I should have been a goner."

Nonsense!" Uncle Ben exclaimed. "He'd be a poor sort of West Indian if he did not know what to do when he saw a fever coming on. Look there! Do you see that island off to the windward? That is St. Croix, and belongs to the Danes. In two days, with good luck, we

should see the mountains of St. Kitts. There you'll have a surprise, if you care anything for scenery."

The sea-air did wonders for Larry, and by the time the St. Kitts mountains were in sight he was as lively and nearly as strong as ever. That great mountain that rose into the clouds, he thought, was enough to make any sick boy well. The whole island, indeed, was one conical mountain, beginning at the sea-level and rising in graceful lines till its peak was lost in the sky.

"And did you ever see such beautiful lawns!" he exclaimed to Ferd. "The whole mountain seems to be one great green lawn!"

"I don't suppose there's a lawn on the whole island!" Ferd laughingly replied. "That green you see is all fields of sugar-cane. They look beautifully smooth at this distance, but when you are on shore they look rough enough."

When the Custom-house and Health Officers boarded the *Boca Grande* in the harbor of Basse Terre, the capital town of St. Kitts, Uncle Ben made particular inquiries about vessels from Jamaica. Yes, the Custom-house man said, there had been several arrivals from Jamaica within a few weeks. "There was the British steamer *Tower of London*," he said, consulting his note-book, "arrived January 12th. And there was the bark *Santiago*, Jamaica for Martinique, touched at St. Kitts, January 16th."

"That's the one I'm after!" Uncle Ben exclaimed. "Carry any passengers?"

"Three or four, I think," the officer replied. "We have a passenger list up at the Custom-house."

When the boys landed in Basse Terre their first visit was to the Custom-house, and there they were shown the passenger list of the bark *Santiago*. There were only four names upon it, but one of the names filled them with delight. "Manuel Souca," the list read, "Edouard d'Araiza, Abel Forefinger, Henry W. Thomas—all colored."

"The trail grows warm!" Larry exclaimed, when they were out in the street again. "This is the 16th of February, and Abel Forefinger left here for Martinique exactly a month ago to-day. He is only four weeks ahead of us, and travelling southward, if he doesn't stop in Martinique. I begin to hear that $500 jingle in my pocket; but I'd give the half of it (when I get it!) to know what your father wants him for."

"I wouldn't," Ferd answered; "I know a sloop I can buy in Trinidad for $400 that will take most of mine, if we catch the old fellow."

After sending a note to Uncle Ben telling him the news about Abel Forefinger, the boys hunted up the only livery-stable in Basse Terre, and hired a carriage to take them about the island.

"It seems like a clear waste of money when we'd a great deal rather walk," Larry said; "but I suppose Uncle Ben was right when he warned me against walking in the sun. We must go somewhere, for we can't stay in this desolate town of Basse Terre. Half the houses seem to be falling down, and the rest never had any paint on them. They tell me there is not a hotel in the place, so we'll have to make the acquaintance of another planter. I wonder how we'll get on with this one, Ferd?"

The boys were in favor of driving gradually up the mountain among the plantations, but the driver would not hear of their going anywhere else until they had seen Brimstone Hill.

"Dis yer big mountain be called Mount Misery, because one time part of him roll down and kiver de whole town," the driver told them. "We go up him by'm-by. But fust you see Brimstone Hill. Dat de big rock off to de southard, 'bout ten mile. It full of ole forts, an' de ole forts dey full of monkeys."

This did not impress Ferd particularly, for monkeys were nothing new to him; but to Larry the idea of real wild monkeys running about their native woods and rocks was not to be resisted; and with Fauqua once more on the front seat they started for Brimstone Hill.

"Ten miles!" Larry exclaimed, when he saw the place; "why, I'd go a hundred miles to see such a curious old fort. I've seen plenty of forts before, but never one that was made by nature. It is just one big rock, hollowed out by the soldiers. It must have been dismantled for a long time, it looks so mossy and rusty. And I never before saw monkeys running wild. See that big fellow skylarking on the old cannon!"

"Look at Fauqua!" Ferd nudged his cousin with his elbow. "He's just in his element chasing these monkeys about the fort. Perhaps he's found a relation."

"Don't you make fun of Fauqua!" Larry retorted. "I never imagined I could think so much of a colored boy. He's a faithful friend to us both, Ferd."

There were hundreds of monkeys in the old fort and the surrounding trees, and Fauqua and the driver made unsuccessful efforts to catch one. While they were at this Ferd called them all back to the carriage.

"Look at the top of the mountain!" he cried. "We're going to have a shower in short order; and you'll have a chance to see what a tropical shower at the foot of a mountain means, Larry."

Larry looked up at the sky and saw that all around the mountain peak great black clouds had gathered. "Why," he shouted, "they seem to have caught on the peak as they were drifting by!" And that was just what they had done, and what they do several times every day. The driver ran up and fastened the carriage curtains securely, and they all climbed inside. In a moment the rain came.

Rain! Larry declared that all the rains he ever saw combined in one would not equal that one. The drops were so large and so close together that the water seemed to be one solid mass, and in a minute or two it began to leak through the curtains, and gave them all a wetting. But it did not last more than three or four minutes, and then the sun shone again as brightly and as hot as ever. Enough water had fallen in those three or four minutes to turn all the dry ditches into furious little muddy streams, and to send noisy young rivers dashing down the mountain-side.

"Dat de way we have 'em in dis country," the driver laughed, as he rolled up the carriage curtains. "Dey comes in a minute, an' dey goes jest as quick. We'll have more of dem befo' we gits up de mountain."

They began the ascent of the mountain by an excellent paved road that zigzagged back and forth wherever its makers had found suitable openings, and they were soon high enough to have a beautiful panoramic view of the little town of Basse Terre, with the ships in its harbor, of the mountain slope below them, and of several distant islands. The way took them past innumerable plantation houses, nearly all built of stone, all roomy and well-shaded, and often approached by long double rows of graceful royal palms. Up and up they went, into the land of the clouds, till the driver told them that at the next plantation the road ended, and they could go no farther on wheels. Occasionally now the view below was cut off by thick cloud masses that gathered about the peak and settled, leaving a world of clouds beneath and a clear vista of mountain peak and blue sky above. At this great elevation, literally above the clouds, they made their first visit to a St. Kitts plantation house.

It was not one of the large plantations, this strange sugar-farm so near the mountain-top. The wealthier planters preferred to be nearer to the sea. But a broad low stone house, flanked by many smaller buildings, with an old-fashioned windmill and sugar-house in the rear, and colored men and women at work in the fields, gave it a comfortable and hospitable look. Ferd declared that



WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE STORM BROKE UPON THEM

he had never before seen a sugar plantation so high in the air.

"I reckon not!" the driver exclaimed. "Dis de highest plantation in de hery whole world! Maws Edwards say so herself, an' he know."

It would be a good idea, Larry thought, as they were to spend a night or two somewhere in St. Kitts, to spend it on the highest sugar plantation in the world, if they could make arrangements with the planter; and his application at the house was answered by Mrs. Edwards, the mistress of the place, who said that her husband was somewhere about the plantation, but that she was sure he would be very glad to accommodate them. If the carriage was to return to Basse Terre that night, she said, the driver had better lose no time about starting, for there was evidently a storm brewing. The boys had been so engaged in looking at the curious old house that they had not noticed the fresh clouds that had gathered about the mountain peak. They were not as black as before, but they were strung out from northeast to southwest in a way that betokened a heavy wind, and in other parts of the sky lines were scurrying rapidly.

The boys were about to enter the house and the driver to start down the mountain, when the planter rode hurriedly into the yard, followed at a short distance by a number of field hands with their teams. He met the carriage just inside the gate.

"Are you going down the mountain with that coach?" he shouted to the driver. "Don't think of it. Look at the sky! We're going to have a tremendous blow here in a few minutes, and you'll never get down alive. Turn right round and put your horses in the barn, and be quick about it."

The driver followed his instructions; and the planter, seeing the strangers on his piazza, stopped a moment to speak to them before going on with his preparations for the storm.

"I see you're under shelter," he said, after he had introduced himself and his cousin, "and I'll give you a better welcome in a few minutes. But you must excuse me now, for the glass is falling rapidly, and unless all signs fail we are about to have a bad storm. You've heard the saying at sea,

> 'Mackerel backs and mares' tails
> Make lofty ships take in their sails.'

See the mackerel backs and mares' tails in the sky. We're much like a ship at sea here in the mountains, and have to prepare for storms."

The planter disappeared, and, much to Larry's surprise, reappeared in a few minutes with a gang of colored men bearing three long and heavy iron chains. The stout hooks at the ends of these chains were fastened to heavy posts set in the ground in front of the house, and the colored men climbed up to the roof carrying the other ends.

"What does all that mean?" Larry asked. "Are they going to chain the house down?"

"That's just it," Ferd answered. "It's a very common thing in these tropical countries, and it shows that they're expecting a hurricane. The chains are to hold the roof on, you know."

Soon the three chains were made fast to other posts at the back, passing completely over the roof. Then the colored men hurried about, closing all the wooden shutters on the windward side of the house, which was the northeast. Other men were making similar preparations with the barns and other buildings. Everything on the piazza was carried into the house. The sky grew dark, but there was still light enough to see thousands of birds scurrying through the air to their nests. The barn-yard fowls cackled and ran for shelter, cows and oxen lowed, horses whinnied, and the dogs, with tails between their legs, slunk into the house. There was a look of dread upon every living creature that made the boys feel uneasy.

All was fast and snug about the house when, with a terrific crash, the storm broke upon them. Lightning, thunder, wind, and rain came in one tremendous burst, and the whole house shook. The family and their guests were gathered in the broad hall waiting breathlessly for the attack.

With the second shock the roof raised several inches from its place, and when it settled back one of the rear walls split, the crack extending from top to bottom, several inches wide.

"We can't stand many such blows as that!" the planter exclaimed.

"And the schooner!" Larry whispered to Ferd. "What will become of Uncle Ben and the *Boca Grande*?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MONKEY CAPTAIN.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON

IT was a hot morning with a flat calm. The sea was as smooth as molasses, and the swells ran in long, slow, oily folds, reflecting the clouds in queer distorted smudges of white and silver. The sails of two or three schooners which were not far off shore hung limp and flapping to and fro, while the creaking of the swaying spars could plainly be heard on shore. Every visible object wavered as the tremulous invisible curtain of radiating heat arose before it. Everything seemed to be overcome with lassitude except a fast steam-yacht, which was ripping the lucent blue into shivering sprays of snow under her black prow as she fled southward, doing a good seventeen knots an hour.

"Aye, aye," muttered the Old Sailor, dangling his legs over the end of the pier, "that's wot's knocked the sport out o' yachtin'. Nobody wants fur to sail now jess fur the fun o' sailin'. They wants to get somew'ere, an' get there soon, an' so they goes an' builds them there iron kettles, an' goes steamin' away, blow fair or blow foul. An' they calls that yachtin'."

Then he laughed one of those peculiar laughs of his, which seemed to be all on the inside. Presently he put his hand to his brow and said:

"Blow me fur pickles ef I ain't a-sweatin' sittin' still. It's 'most as hot as it were the time Cap'n Jonas Whitby an' me caught the monkey."

"What was that? A monkey, did you say?" It was the voice of Henry Hovey, who, accompanied by his brother George, had stolen up behind the Old Sailor unheard.

"Oh, there ye are!" exclaimed the Old Sailor. "Ain't it hot enough fur ye in the house without comin' out in the sun?"

"Why, we don't mind the heat," said Henry; "besides, we were in swimming a few minutes ago, and now we are perfectly cool."

"And," added George, "we'd like very much to hear about that monkey."

"He were a werry intellectooal monkey, he were," said the Old Sailor, "an' arter I got to know him right well, I were mighty sorry I'd helped to catch him. 'Cos w'y, he caught me."

"Oh, please tell us about him!" exclaimed Henry.

"Don't hurry me," said the Old Sailor. "I ain't so young as I were, an' it takes me more time to git under way."

"But when you do get under way," said Henry, "you can carry a lot of canvas."

"My son, don't try to talk too salt. It don't come nateral to a landsman. Howsumever, I were a-goin' to tell you about me an' Cap'n Jonas Whitby an' the monkey. I don't reckon he would 'a' been edzackly satisfied to be called a monkey, though. I s'pose he war a sort o' ape, or a orang-otang. Annyhow, he were the biggest, smartest, humanest monkey wot I ever seed, an' he knowed a heap more 'n lots o' men, an' could learn more twicet as fast. It were in the year o' '57. Cap'n Jonas Whitby were master o' the ship *B'iled Rags*. I dunno w'y she were called that 'ceptin' that it were her name. I were second mate, an' a mean, low-down fellow named Jeroboam Towzle were fust mate. I ain't goin' to say nothin' ag'in him now, 'cos w'y, he's under hatches, an' ye mustn't say nothin' ag'in a man w'en he's there. But Towzle were not nice. Ef he had 'a' bin, mebbe all o' this here yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell ye wouldn't 'a' took place. Annyhow, the *B'iled Rags* were bound fur the port of Hoodoo, w'ich as everybody knows is in latitood 49° 15' south an' longitood 192° 72' west, w'ich is no more nor less 'n sayin' that it's on the east coast o' Africa, about 275 miles north o' You Gander. The *B'iled*



"AND THE BLOOMING MONK SAT THERE LOOKING SATISFIED"

wot were goin' ashore. The monk didn't seem to want to [illegible] he went all over the ship, though, an' he [illegible] human bein' chuckrull o' curiosity. He even went into the chart room an' pulled down the charts an' looked 'em all over werry [illegible]like. I thought that were funny then, but arter [illegible] I didn't."

"Why didn't you afterwards?" asked George.

"I [illegible] to in the course o' this 'ere yarn wot I'm a tellin' you," gravely responded the Old Sailor. He again mopped the perspiration from his [illegible] proceeded. "Bimeby we move up the mud [illegible] an' got under way fur home. We had all the ivory we wanted, an' one monk wot I didn't think we did want. I were mighty sure that monk were a Jonah."

"What is a Jonah?" asked Henry.

"A Jonah are what a sailor-man calls any person wot he thinks makes bad luck fur the ship. Fur three days we had the finest kind o' weather an' fair winds. That were because the bloomin' monk were sea-sick. On the fourth day the monk got well an' went an' sat down on the poop alongside o' the man at the wheel. He hadn't been there ten minutes w'en the bosun comes aft an' reports that two o' the men in the fo'k'sle was werry sick, and he'd like werry much ef one o' the mates would come an' take a look at 'em. I went, an' had to come back an' tell the Cap'n that I thought they had a fever o' some sort. An' sure 'nuff they had. Inside o' twenty four hours them men was ravin' lunatics, an' four more was took down. Then it come on to blow from the sou'west. Bein' short-handed, we couldn't get the *B'iled Rags* down to short canvas as soon as we ought to, an' the result were that her mizzen-to'gallant mast were carried away, an' five men were knocked overboard an' lost. All this time that bloomin' monk seemed quite easy in his mind. He jess walked around the ship, a-hangin' on to ropes with them big paws, an' examinin' things keerfully wherever he went.

"Waal, to make the story short, when that gale were over, between men lost overboard an' disabled, an' others laid up with the fever, there were nobody left to handle the ship 'ceptin' Cap'n Jonas Whitby an' me. The Cap'n he says to me, says he, 'Wot d'ye think we'd better do?' That's wot he says. An' says I to him, says I, 'I guess we got to make fur the nearest port we kin with the wind aft.' Jess as I said that I turned my head, an' there were the monk standin' right behind us an' listenin' to every word we said. And wot d'ye think happened then?"

"What?" exclaimed both boys.

"The monk picks up a belayin' pin an' drives the Cap'n an' me away from the wheel, which the same he tuk hold of himself, an' beginned fur to steer the ship, jess like that, him bein' a brown monkey an' we bein' two sailor-men. An' the bloomin' monk he puts the ship on a nor'westerly course, an' sits there a-lookin' puffickly satisfied with the entire perceedin's. Cap'n Jonas Whitby, he looked at me an' I looked at him, an' then we went below to get the Cap'n's pistols. But, bless ye! the monk were jess as smart as we was. As soon as we'd opened the chest an' got out the pistols, an' afore we could load 'em, there were the monk right alongside o' us, an' he grabbed the pistols out o' the Cap'n's hands, an' throwed 'em through a port into the sea. Then he up an' cuffed each o' us alongside o' the jaw an' shuk his head, as much as to say that we mustn' try any monkey business with him, 'cos why, he were in that business hisself.

"Then," continued the Old Sailor, after wiping away the perspiration once more, "the monk ordered us on deck, an' we had to go. Once there he tuk the wheel ag'in. The wind were dead astern, an' I knowed that ef we kep' on sailin' on that course we'd get back pretty

From Cape Town we went right up to Hoodoo, it bein' our peppose there to trade with the natives fur elephants' tusks. Now Hoodoo are about two miles back from the sea, but there are a werry fair harbor on the coast. We laid there at anchor-fur about two weeks, doorin' w'ich time we was a-gettin' the remains o' our cargo ashore an' the ivory aboard. One mornin', jess before we was ready to set sail, I seed a large an' han'some monkey a-walkin' up an' down the beach near the edge o' the forest. He war a-scratchin' his head once in a w'ile, an' lookin' kind o' puzzled, like a man wot had found hisself onexpectedly in a noo place. I p'inted him out to Cap'n Jonas Whitby, an' says he to me, says he, 'I'm a-goin' fur to capture that there monk an' take him back to Noo York, where I'll get a werry good price fur him.' An' says I to him, says I, 'Cap'n Jonas Whitby, I wouldn't have nothin' to do with a monk like that wot looks as ef he knowed more 'n a respectable sailor-man,' says I. But Cap'n Jonas Whitby he laughed, an' ordered a boat got ready fur to take him ashore. He were a werry particular man, were Cap'n Jonas Whitby, an' ef he wanted a monkey, he'd jess got to have one.

"Waal, he tuk a lasso with him fur to throw over the monkey's head when he'd sneaked up close enough. I were a watchin' him all the time an' blow me fur pickles ef I don't think the monk were too. Annyhow, w'en the Cap'n finally got around behind the beast an' threw the lasso over his head, the bloomin' monk didn't try to get away at all. No, sir; on the contrairy, he werry dignifiedlylike walked along the beach to where the boat were, stepped in, an' sat down in the starn-sheets werry much as ef he were a actin' Rear-Admiral. Cap'n Jonas Whitby walked along behind, and seemed to think it war the werry finest joke wot he'd ever met with. He came off with the monk in the boat, brought him aboard the *B'iled Rags*, walked him up to me, an' says he, 'Let me interjuce you to Admiral Hoodoo.' That's what he called the monk, jess like that, he bein' Cap'n o' the ship. The monk, he never says a word; 'cos w'y, bein' a monkey, how could he? But I didn't like the way he looked out o' his eye. Howsumever, I didn't say nothin', fur I knowed that Cap'n Jonas Whitby would jess laugh at me. The monk behaved himself so well that he was allowed to go around the ship putty much as he liked, all [illegible] watchin' to see that he didn't get into any boat

near to where we started from. Now that monkey seemed to know that jess as well as we did. Fust thing I knowed he were makin' motions at us, an' at the main tops'l, which were reefed. We suspected wot he wanted, an' pertended not to onderstan'. Then he comes down off the poop with a jump, an' begins to club us with a belayin'-pin, jess like he were a fust mate an' we two on willin' sailors. So we had to go aloft an' get the reefs out o' that sail, w'ich the same it are no easy job fur two pussons. But the monk kep' us puttin' more canvas on her all day, an' by night she war bowlin' along at about nine knots an hour. The monk made us git our supper an' his too. Then he put Cap'n Jonas Whitby at the wheel, an' began to look round fur a place to sleep. Sud denly he seemed to have a noo idea. He tuk his belayin' pin between his teeth, jumped into the mizzen riggin', ran up to the mizzen-top, an' curled up there. You see, he could tell the minute we changed the course o' the ship.

"Arter that display o' jedgment, Cap'n Jonas Whitby and me we jess give right in, an' let the monk have his own way. 'Cos w'y, wot could we do with all the men that were aboard a-layin' below with a fever? Even ef we had got the ship on another course we wasn't strong enough to haul the yards around so as to trim the sails proper. So, to bring this here yarn wot I'm a-tellin' ye more towards its nateral end, I'll jess say that Cap'n Jonas Whitby an' me sailed that there blessed old hooker the *B'iled Rags* under the orders o' a long legged orang otang for three days, and then we sighted land. We managed to get word down to the men forward o' wot were goin' on, but they was too sick to help us. The land proved to be a point on the coast about two miles below Hoodoo. The monk helped us to let go the anchor an' git a boat lowered, an' he were as strong as five men, he were. Then he made us row him ashore. W'en we got there he made us get out o' the boat, and march ahead o' him fur about a mile back into the forest, an' there we walked right into a reg'lar village o' monkeys livin' in thatched huts. W'en they seed him they set up a mos' dreffful squealin'. He pointed at us, an' they squealed more. We made up our minds that our time had come, but we soon learned that they didn't want to kill us. They wanted to keep us fur slaves, an' make us work fur them. Lucky, though, w'en we came ashore we brought a gallon demijohn full o' hard cider. W'en we was shut up in a hut fur the night, we put the demijohn outside, an' the monkeys got it. Of course they'd never had annythin' stronger 'n cocoanut milk before, an' it went to their heads. So they all fell asleep, an' slept like they was dead.

"Then Cap'n Jonas Whitby an' me we riz up, an' climbed out through a hole in the thatched roof o' our hut, an' run. We run the whole way down to the beach, jumped into the boat, an' rowed off to the ship. Early in the mornin' we found that half a dozen o' the sick men was well enough to help us git up the anchor, an' we started at it. But, bless you, the monks wasn't through with us yit."

"What did they do?" asked Henry.

"They come down to the beach by hundreds, each one carryin' two or three cocoanuts, an' screechin' terrible. W'en they seed how fur the ship were from the shore, they got hold o' young saplin's, bent 'em down to the ground, stuck cocoanuts on the top branches, an' let go. My lands! The way them saplin's fired them cocoanuts at us were most terrifyin'. We worked hard an' got the anchor, an' as good luck would have it, the wind were off shore, an' we soon got out o' reach. An' so Cap'n Jonas Whitby, an' me, an' the sailors, an' the *B'iled Rags* all got back to America ag'in. But what d'ye s'pose Cap'n Jonas Whitby does now w'en he sees a orang-otang?"

"What?" asked the boys.

"He jess picks up his heels an' runs away," said the Old Sailor, gravely. "'Cos w'y, Cap'n Jonas Whitby ain't a-takin' no more chances on monks."

THREE CLEVER TAILORS.

THOSE were three clever tailors a London weekly publication tells about. They each had a shop on a certain London by-way, and one of them, anxious to influence passing trade, put up this sign over his doorway

> THE BEST TAILOR IN THIS TOWN.

When tailor number two saw this, he made up his mind that something had to be done to keep his neighbor from outdoing him in securing work, so, after much cogitation, he had a sign erected over his window, which read

> THE BEST TAILOR IN THIS WORLD

Number three all this time was keeping very still. He was too busy to think much about signs, but when the second sign went up he winked his eye, laughed in his sleeve, and very likely in several other sleeves, for he was the cleverest man of the lot, and he knew it. He showed it too when, a few days later, his sign went up. It read

> THE BEST TAILOR IN THIS STREET



Good Appetite.

A mouth that's quite small has Dick Dutton,
But HAYSTACKS he eats like a glutton
—If cows chew the hay
And in their own way
Convert them to milk for Dick Dutton.

Bridgman '93.



THE SILVER FLAGON.

Part II.

[illegible] stepped nearer, and fancy his delight when he saw that it was indeed the lost silver flagon with the royal records [illegible]

"Yes," [illegible] to himself, "there is our flagon, or I am much mistaken."

He drew still nearer, and as the footman held it up for the milkman to fill he distinctly saw the inscription, "Victor Victoriosus Rex" upon one side.

But how should he get possession of it? Just as Hugo was turning this question over in his mind the footman stepped back and tumbled over an empty cradle which had fallen from the cradle-tree, and rolled directly in the path. He did not drop the flagon, but managed to spill the greater part of the milk over his green and gold livery, so that he was in a sorry plight indeed.

"Button my odds!" he exclaimed. "I can't present myself before the royal cradle looking like this."

"Let me carry it for you," said Hugo, in his most obliging manner, as he stepped forward.

Seeing that Hugo was a well-dressed, good-looking young fellow the footman gave the flagon into his hand, telling him to be particularly careful of it, as it was greatly prized by the King, who only allowed it to be used on very special occasions — like the birth of a Prince, for instance, as at present.

As the footman disappeared within the court-yard Hugo was for making off with his prize at once, but while he hesitated he heard the poor little Prince crying for his breakfast, and being really a most kind-hearted young man he turned and walked over to the baby-tree, bearing the remainder of the milk.

A royal nurse-maid came running to meet him, and scolding him sharply for being so slow, she seized the flagon, and emptied the milk into a large bottle which she had plucked from the topmost bough of the bottle-tree, and at once gave it to the child.

Such a hubbub as there was in that park which only a few minutes before had been so still! There were crying and laughing, talking and singing, bells being rung and rattles being rattled; and in addition to these sounds, fancy, if you can, all the baby talk which usually assails the ears of one poor little baby, multiplied fifty or a hundred fold! Hugo had never dreamed of anything like it. The number of "tootsy-wootsy, teenty-weenty 'ittle sings," was something astonishing.

Well, finally the babies were all fed, and after a while a great bell sounded from the castle roof.

At its first stroke the maids gathered up their little charges and hastened with them to the fountains of warm scented water which played among the trees. There they gently dipped and sponged and rubbed the little bodies till they were as rosy and sweet as could be; then they rolled the soft blankets around them, and carried them back to their cradles.

Then they lifted up the babies, cradles and all, and swung each one back to its place among the branches of the stout old cradle-tree.

Then the great bell sounded again, and, joining hands, they all danced around the tree, singing

"Rock-a-bye baby in the tree-top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the branch breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle, and all."

Now while Hugo stood looking and listening, a gardener came up to him, and, touching him upon the shoulder, said

"I see, sir, that you are a stranger. You have never attended this, our yearly festival, before. What do you think of it?"

"It is very interesting," replied Hugo. "Very, indeed. This must be a pleasant country to live in; your town is beautifully kept, and your people, I see, are happy. I confess I am surprised, for I had fancied it quite the op-



posite. The rumors that I had heard were not exactly well, not *quite complimentary*, you know. Several of our countrymen have come here, but they have never returned. Perhaps you could tell me why, and what has become of them."

"Oh yes," said the gardener, smiling, "they staid here merely *because they wanted to*. I myself was once a subject of Victor Victorious, but having reached these shores, I have never cared to go back. Indeed, nothing would tempt me to return to so ordinary a life. Here everything is charming and constantly new; for it is one of the rules of the King that only the *unexpected* shall happen. Why, there are a hundred wise men kept at the palace all the time who do nothing else but plan *unexpected things*. They occupy a magnificent suite of apartments called 'thinking chambers,' and if at the yearly festival there were not something entirely new, every one of them would lose his head. Last year we had a very nice grove of bonbon and sweet-cake trees in the park. Many physicians grew rich that year. The year before all the lost pins and tacks came up through the ground at sunrise. Sometimes we have a literary year, when books grow on the branches of the trees, sometimes an art year, when they are hung with pictures; and so it goes. It is very diverting, I assure you."

"Do you often have a baby year, like this?" asked Hugo.

"No," replied the gardener, "this is considered an especial treat, and was brought about by the particular request of her Majesty the Queen. The last festival of this kind was exactly twenty years ago. That was before I landed. On that occasion it is said that there happened to spring up a great shower with a sort of hurricane, in consequence of which the royal nut was blown from its branch just as the nurse was about to pick it, and it rolled away and never was found. This made the King and Queen so sad that they have never consented to another baby festival till now. But we all hope, now that this little Prince is born, that we may have them more often, provided, of course, that they can be so arranged as to be *entirely unexpected*."

"The little Prince seems to be a fine strong little fellow," remarked Hugo, glancing up at the swinging cradle, and noticing with surprise that the child could already sit up straight, and that he held his bottle with his own chubby hands, although he was not yet three hours old.

"Oh yes," replied the gardener; "that is the great distinguishing mark of the royal branch. Its members are many times as strong as other people."

"Oho, is that so?" cried Hugo, as a light flashed into his mind. "Well, what can they do, for instance, that other people cannot?"

"Do you see that portcullis beyond the drawbridge over the castle moat?" said the gardener; "only the King can open and shut it, it is so heavy. As the different Princes of the different generations come to manhood, they are not considered fully grown till they can lower this portcullis unaided. As soon as a Prince can do that he is a man, and can marry and have a castle of his own."

After the gardener had gone about his work, Hugo stood still and looked around him with new interest. No wonder that people never cared to come away from this fascinating place.

"I should like to live here always myself," said he. "I wonder where on that tallest branch my shell grew? I think I will go and get my Princess and come back; I am sure she would be charmed with everything here."

Now it was odd, but as the last word of the "Rock-a-by-baby" song had been sung, the nurses and mothers began to nod and close their eyes, and in about five minutes they had all sunk down upon the daisied turf and gone fast asleep.

"Well, that's a capital idea, and certainly most unexpected," thought Hugo. "I must tell the nurses in our country about it. This little nap will make them good-natured and kinder to the babies, of course."

Then Hugo looked around in search of the flagon. He soon spied it under a bench, where it had been carelessly



THE NURSE-MAID AND THE FLAGON.

dropped by the royal nurse-maid, and now that everybody in the Park was fast asleep, there was no one to see him as he tucked it under his arm, and walked quickly down through a narrow street which led to the water.

He had taken the precaution to pick up a couple of empty shells from under the baby-tree, thinking that they would make a pretty little gift for the Princess, and with these in his pocket and the flagon under his arm, he stepped lightly into his own shells, spread his umbrella, and was soon sailing gayly homeward.

He landed in the middle of the night, and went straight to the hut of the fisherman and his wife. He related to them everything that he had seen in the foreign land, and asked their permission to return for the remainder of his life. And he explained that although *this* might be said to be the *land of his birth*, *that* was no doubt his *native* land; and although the old couple did not quite understand this argument, they did not oppose his going, especially after he had told them of his brilliant prospects—how he expected first to marry the Princess, then upon his arrival in the foreign country how he would easily prove himself the long-lost Prince and heir.

Well, after settling the matter so comfortably with the old fisherman and his wife, Hugo gave them the shells which he had brought for the Princess, and told them that when they were tired of work and wanted to be taken care of, just to step into them and come to him, and he would see that they were made as happy as possible—and I am glad to say that there is every reason to believe that he kept his promise.

In the morning Hugo took the flagon and presented himself before the King, who was naturally very much rejoiced to recover his treasure.

His royal word had been pledged and he could not break it, so Hugo married the Princess. But he said that if his Majesty pleased, instead of a castle, he would take a handsome ship in which to make his wedding journey, with a few lords and ladies and everything to match.

tail. And as they never came back, the King did not feel at all obliged to have their names

Well, the beautiful ship sailed away, and finally reached the foreign shores. Hugo made a very favorable impression as he rode, mounted on a white horse by the side of his Princess and at the head of a long procession of lords and ladies and other retainers, dressed in the greatest magnificence. And when they approached the palace, finding the heavy portcullis closed, he lifted it easily, and

This so astonished the King that when it was explained that Hugo was his long lost son come back to him after many years, he had no difficulty whatever in believing

The philosophers racked their brains in vain that year to bring about a more unexpected thing. For once they But the King and Queen were so happy that they never noticed it, and did not behead them.

A CURIOUS CROW'S NEST.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JR.

"I WONDER what it is?" quoth Billie, as he craned his small neck and peered up into the leafy depths of a chestnut-tree. The "it" was a great mass of dead sticks covered with dry yellow chestnut leaves, and set in a crotch far up among the top branches

"Guess I'll ask the Pater," Billie observed further, as he allowed his head to relapse into its normal position and started for the house. The "Pater" was Billie's infallible authority on all woodland matters, and was never too busy to revive for his son's benefit all the varied lore of bird and beast that he had learned when a boy, and which still remained to him, though nearly buried beneath stock quotations, market reports, and the other bits of worldly wisdom that encumber a broker's mind. The Pater, upon inspecting Billie's discovery, tried at first to convince him that it was a humming-bird's nest, but Billie had learned to distrust that twinkle in the Pater's eyes, and was not to be imposed upon.

"A dozen humming-birds couldn't carry up one of those sticks; better call it an ostrich's nest and be done with it," retorted Billie, sarcastically.

"Billie my boy," returned the Pater solemnly, "if you must hear the terrible truth, listen: that mysterious object which your eagle eye has hit upon is nothing more nor less than a deserted crow's nest."

The next day Billie started for the woods again, and before long contrived to find himself at the foot of the identical chestnut tree wherein reposed the nest.

"I'll just climb up and have a look at that crow's nest, nevertheless," said he. But that was more easily said than done, for the chestnut ran up some fifty feet without a limb, and the bark proved most slippery for Billie to climb though he tried again and again, much to the detriment of his trousers. As he paused, panting from his exertions, he noticed that a shag-bark hickory stood very close to the chestnut, and that far up among the flickering leaves a branch shot out until it almost touched the chestnut

The hickory, with its stout little twigs set at regular intervals, was as easy as a ladder to climb, and Billie soon Here the branch that he had seen from the ground crossed a large limb of the chestnut tree, so that it was possible for a boy with a good deal of nerve to cross in mid air from one tree to the other. Billie's nerves were in first class condition, and though his gymnastics made magnificent preparation for country climbing, still, as he looked down fifty sheer feet on the bowlders below, and meditated on the consequences of a slip or misstep, he hesitated somewhat. Hardly ten feet below him in the chestnut-tree was the crow's nest, but as Billie examined it closely he became greatly puzzled. Instead of having a hollow, like all well-regulated nests, the upper part was more like a dome constructed of the dried leaves.

"That crow must have had an awful time keeping her eggs from rolling off," observed Billie to himself as he gave his branch, which nearly touched the nest, a little shake. Then there *was* a surprise, for hardly had the branch jarred the nest before there was a sudden rustle, and out of a little round hole in the side, which had escaped Billie's notice, popped a head with large bright eyes and ears erect. Then, like a flash, a silvery gray animal, that to Billie's startled eyes looked as large as a cat, whisked itself out, and getting on the opposite side of the tree from Billie, disappeared from view. Billie watched, expecting it to come into view again on his side of the tree, but finally, hearing a rustle on the ground, looked down and saw the gray squirrel—for gray squirrel it was—run along the stones, with its tail erect like a great plume, until it disappeared in the underbrush.

"Well," observed the startled Billie, as he gazed where the squirrel had disappeared, "it's a wonder that I didn't fall out of the tree. So that's the kind of crow it was. What a joke on the Pater?" and Billie chuckled.

It was ticklish work, but Billie hadn't worked on the flying rings and trapeze for nothing, and he was soon snugly lodged in the crotch of the chestnut tree just over the round nest. Here he paused to admire its construction. It was almost like weaver work, dead limbs having been interlaced and neatly thatched with dried leaves, while the hole at the entrance was situated underneath an overhanging limb, so that no rain could enter. The inside, as Billie discovered later, was made of the finest, softest kind of dried grass, forming a warm snug home. On the limbs all around the bark had been worn smooth by the incessant travelling squirrel feet, while most of the young twigs had been stripped of their tender bark to form salads for the squirrel family. One place, between two twigs, situated so that it was not visible from the ground, was where Mr. Gray Squirrel had evidently been in the habit of enjoying his daily nap, for it was polished until it was fairly glossy.

Billie leaned over the entrance to the nest rather gingerly, half expecting to see another squirrel pop out at him. The hole was just large enough for him to insert his fat brown hand, but somehow or other Billie was in no hurry to begin.

"There may be another squirrel there just laying low for me," he argued, "and the minute I put my hand in he'll bite a piece out of it."

It takes a great deal of nerve to poke one's hand into a dark hole, and Billie had certain unpleasant memories of a story that he had once heard of a boy poking his hand into a wood-pecker's nest and finding a great black snake coiled up there. Finally he compromised on a stick, and selecting a stout twig, he poked it about cautiously inside until it met a soft round mass. As continued poking elicited no bites, Billie at last ventured to put in his hand, ready to draw it out like a flash at the first suggestion of

a nip. But none came; instead, his fingers came in contact with a soft, warm little ball. "Baby squirrels!" squealed Billie in great excitement, and, sure enough, there were four pinkish, grayish little squirrels with their big eyes still shut, and looking for all the world like baby rats, except that their tails were long and thick, and that each one had little sprouting whiskers along their noses.

Billie took one out and regarded it critically. "What a homely little thing you are!" he observed rudely.

"Ee! Ee! E-e-e-e!" retorted the baby squirrel, in a shrill voice, probably resenting such a personal allusion. It was surprising how such a small thing could make such a noise, and Billie hastened to put it back into its snug nest, where it instantly curled up with its brothers and sisters. Billie had scarcely removed his hand from the nest when he heard a tremendous scratching along the tree trunk, and there was Mamma Squirrel scurrying back up the tree at full speed. She had been lurking around waiting for that big two-legged thing to go away from her nest, and when she heard her baby cry, like all mothers—human as well as squirrel—she started for it. There she clung, scarcely four feet from Billie's dangling toes—ears pricked up and great eyes looking at him pleadingly, as if she were trying to say, "Don't hurt my squirrelies!"

"Shoo! go down, you!" Billie howled, shaking a dead branch at her. "Not that I am afraid of a scrap with an old gray squirrel," he remarked, "but fifty feet from the ground is no place to fuss with any kind of a bitey animal."

He decided to return to the hickory and descend the way he came, for the squirrel might catch him at an unfair advantage as he shinned down the chestnut, and make a disastrous rear attack. A little more acrobatic work and Billie was soon safely landed in the hickory, whence he proceeded to the ground.

In a few minutes he was back at the house again, and immediately proceeded to arouse the Pater from his nap.

"Some people don't know the difference between a squirrel and a crow," began Billie, severely, as the Pater rubbed his eyes sleepily, and inquired the reason for this unceremonious awakening.

"So it was a squirrel's nest, was it?" remarked the Pater when he had heard Billie's story, without paying any attention to sundry scathing sarcasms on his mistake. "Well, it was probably a crow's nest first," and that was all the satisfaction Billie had out of the Pater.

A PLANTAGENET BRICKLAYER.

EVERYTHING that concerns the Plantagenets is interesting, whether one approves of it or not; they are always magnificent historical figures, and as ready-witted as brave and dashing. Thus, when Richard I., while still a Prince, was waited upon at table, after his first great victory, by his father, Henry II., who said while serving him, "It is something of an honor to be waited upon by a King," Richard rather gracelessly replied, "It is very fitting that the son of a Count should wait upon the son of a King."

Henry, the first royal Plantagenet, was the son of Matilda and Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, and grandson on the mother's side of Henry I.

But it is with Richard Plantagenet, known as the Royal Bricklayer, that we have to do. The old narrative says that when the royal residence of Eastwell Park, in the prettiest part of Kent, was being built at the end of the reign of Henry VIII., the gentleman in charge noticed that the chief bricklayer applied himself studiously to a book whenever he left off work. With more zeal than courtesy, this gentleman one day snatched the book from him, and found, to his astonishment, that it was in Latin.

When questioned by a still greater potentate, the bricklayer, in a very honest, straightforward fashion, gave a most unexpected account of himself. Ever since he could remember he had boarded with a teacher of Latin, without knowing anything of his parents until he was half-way through his teens. His expenses were all paid by a gentleman who came every quarter for that purpose; and one day this gentleman took him away with him to a grand house and left him in one of the lofty rooms, where a very imposing-looking personage came to him. He was magnificently dressed and had a star and garter; but he talked very kindly to the lad, and gave him some money. Then his first friend appeared again and took him back to the Latin teacher.

After a while his guardian, as he might be called, made him another visit, and took him into Leicestershire straight to Bosworth Field, of which he already knew something, and into King Richard's tent. He was overcome with awe and amazement, but the King took him in his arms and told him that he was his son. "To-morrow," said he, "I must fight for my crown, which I may lose—but it will be only with my life. If I die, let no one know of our relationship, for no mercy would be shown you. Watch the battle from that safe spot, and if it go against us fly at once."

A purse of gold and a final embrace, and this was the last the lad ever saw of his royal father. He watched the fatal battle from the safe eminence the King had pointed out to him—perhaps close by the spot where the crown of England was concealed in a hawthorn bush—and when he saw the royal troops overcome, and his father killed, he hastened to London in great terror, and apprenticed himself to a bricklayer. No one, he thought, would ever look for a Plantagenet in that capacity; but he had little intercourse with his fellow-workmen, and all his leisure time was spent on his favorite Latin and other reading.

It was an old man who told this story to his employers, who were greatly interested in it. His only desire was to build himself a house of one room in a field close by, and this was readily granted. He lived in the house about three years, and was over eighty when he died—a wonderful age for a Plantagenet.

An entry in the parish register of Eastwell, under the date of 1550, says that "*Rychard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December anno et supra*," and a peculiar mark is attached to it which is used only for noble names. This seems to be a proof, not easily set aside, that the narrative is a true one, and all around Eastwell the princely bricklayer is fully believed in.

THE SAND MAN.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES

THE sand-man lives down on the beach,
Where the waves roll on and on,
He always keeps just out of reach
Till the day is past and done.

I look for him and dig and delve,
But he never can be found,
Yet six hours after half past twelve
He is sure to come around.

I wish he'd show himself to me
And not wait until the night,
When it's so dark I cannot see
Anything that is not light.

I want to ask him why he takes
Little boys and girls alone,
And leaves the big folks wideawakes,
Until half the night is gone.

I'm going to dig for him some day
Right down through the miles of sand,
Until he's found, or I cut a way
Clear through to some foreign land



[illegible]

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"I've got a parrot that can sing 'Some Day,'" said Maud proudly.

"That's nothing," replied Maud: "I've got a canary that can sing *one*."

DISCONTENT.

"Well!" said the Hotel Parlor Carpet, as the company went out, "they've gone at last, and I'm glad of it. I am sick and tired of being walked over."

"You needn't complain," said the Chair. "Look at me. There is hardly an hour in the day that I'm not sat upon."

"If you had some one to play upon your heart-strings as I have, you might complain," moaned the Piano, with a melancholy wail.

"Or if you were jolted in your old age as I am," put in the Mahogany Rocking-chair, "I could understand your being angry."

"Well," said the old Blue Plate, in a cracked voice, "you may all be thankful that you are not told stories about, as I and all my family are."

"Alas!" said the Divan Pillow, "I was made to *lie* about, and I don't expect anything else."

"For my part," said the Chinese Paper Puzzle, "I never feel quite myself unless I'm getting a blowing up."

"You'd better be that, and that you don't have to *do* the blowing up," said the Bellows, with a sigh.

"Well," said a husky, wheezy voice, "when you've all had as much experience as I've had, maybe you'll learn to take what comes as I do, and only be too thankful when the weather is dry."

It was some minutes before they could discover whence the voice came. And then they all realized that the Door-mat had spoken. And there was no more complaining.

A DREADFUL THOUGHT.

NURSE (*to baby Alice*). "What are you thinking about, Alice, that you keep so still?"

ALICE. "I was thess thinkin' 'at I'd hate to be a alligator, 'cause if I had a little baby, it would hat to grow up into another alligator—more 'n I hate to be a alligator myself. Oh, I'm so tired sittin' it. What makes you ask me such foolish questions? I'm never, never get that thinked out straight any more."

THEIR BUSINESS.

JOHNNIE. "Grandpa, what is the best business in the world for a man?"

GRANDPA (*looking up from his paper*). "Tending to his own business."

JOHNNIE. "But how does he get a business?"

GRANDPA. "That's his business."

[illegible] Seems to me Grandpas have awful cross to their grandsons sometimes. Reckon it's their

[illegible]

[illegible] you and your brother.

SON. "Why do they make cakes with holes in the middle, ma?"

MOTHER. "[illegible] I suppose. Don't you like them so?"

SON. "Yes, 'm, they're good enough, only I wish I had to dig out the middle, then I could *eat the holes*."

SELLING *your own skin*. "Mamma, when God first sent me [illegible] did you know it was me?"

MAMMA. "Well, dear, I just knew God wouldn't send me anybody else when I wanted you so much."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

"I know why they call that bird an auk," said Lester at the museum.

"Why?" asked his father.

"Because it looks so awkward," cried Lester.

INGRATITUDE.

"LEAF," said the Caterpillar, "here comes a hungry-eyed Sparrow. May I hide under you?"

"Yes," said the Leaf, nodding. "Step lively!"

And the Caterpillar stepped with all his eighteen legs as he had never stepped before, and hid under the Leaf.

But when dusk came and the Sparrows went to bed, the Caterpillar grew hungry and ate the friendly roof above his head, and clinging to the stem, he fell asleep. "I will wake early," said he, "and crawl under another Leaf."

But greedy folk are sleepy-headed, and the Sparrow is an early bird. When the sun rose, there was nothing to hide the ungrateful worm. His green jacket shone in the light. And so an old proverb came true in a new way.

Who remembers the proverb?



"GOD'S EYE SEE IT A LITTLE ATTENTIVE WILL HAP MY SCHMEDDY."

AT NIGHT.

A 'COON HUNT.

WHEN the golden-rod is blooming, and the leaves turn brown and red, while the bull-frogs are a-booming and the bats fly overhead, when mosquitoes cease their thyming and the birds to southward flee—you will find the old 'coons climbing up the big persimmon-tree.

Then your knots of pine are lighted and the dogs with pleasure howl, till they scare that poor benighted bird of wisdom called the owl. Then regardless of all chiding to the swamp the dogs run free, and they find the old 'coons hiding up the big persimmon-tree.



"WELL, WELL, BOY, IS THIS FOR ENTERPRISE?"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE FATE OF THE FROGTOWN LIMITED.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

THE Frogtown Limited is only a memory now, since even its battered remains have long since been converted into kindling wood; but it will assuredly go down to tradition in the annals of the neighborhood where it once flourished.

Its history is a brief one, and deserves to be chronicled. Frogtown was a little rustic hamlet, a dozen houses all told. Its inhabitants felt quite out of the world, for they lived on the crest of a high ridge which sloped downward to the valley. At the very foot of the ridge, a mile and a quarter away, nestled the more flourishing village of Nantillie, which owed its prosperity to the railroad. It boasted a modern red-shingled station, a post-office, a warehouse, and several stores.

A road connected the two places. Starting from Frogtown it led down the hill in a straight line for slightly more than a mile. Then it curved to the right, and ran parallel with the railroad track for several hundred yards, until it passed the station, and became merged in the main street of Nantillie.



SORRELTOP GRIPPED THE RUDDER AND STEERED STRAIGHT FOR THE SHAGGY HEAD.

ped at the village every afternoon. The

ld remember, they never dreamed

ns and to conceive a plan for their alleviation was

face and a head of fiery-red hair. By reason of the lat-

p's mother was in the habit of sending him to Nantillie on all sorts of errands and at all times of day. This made life a drudgery, for Sorreltop was undeniably lazy. In fact, owing to a constitutional disinclination for exertion, he preferred loneliness to company, and would have endured anything sooner than the latter. But even this could not last forever, and at length a good idea came into his mind, and with unwonted energy he proceeded to carry it out. He pretended that he was going to instruct his fellow-citizens, and those who knew Sorreltop thought differently. These critical individuals were not far wrong, as they might have discovered had they been present one evening behind Mr. Elder's barn, when Sorreltop was unfolding his great plan to an audience composed of his two cousins, Ben Kilroy and Mac Hallet.

"It's just as easy as rolling off a log," he declared. "We'll take the wheels off my old express-wagon, and fasten them to a long plank. It will be just like a bob sled on wheels, with a handle in front to steer by. Won't we shoot down to Nantillie, though! No more long tramps a dozen times a week to buy a quart of molasses or a spool of thread."

Ben and Mac were equally delighted with the proposed undertaking, for they were also tired of going errands to the village.

"It's a great scheme," exclaimed Ben. "You ought to have a medal, Sorreltop."

"It won't be much fun coming up the hill and pulling the wagon after us, though," said Mac.

"Oh, we won't mind that," replied Sorreltop, disdainfully. "It will be worth walking twice as far to have one ride down. Besides, there's going to be more than just fun in this scheme," he continued. "We can make money by hauling passengers and going errands for folks. We'll charge a nickel for every passenger, and two cents for an errand."

"My mother won't pay for errands," said Ben, dubiously. "She'll make me walk sooner than that."

"So will mine," added Mac.

"They won't have to pay," answered Sorreltop. "Our parents will be on the free list, of course."

This explanation relieved the boys, and they followed Sorreltop to the wood-house to look at the express-wagon. It was too late to do anything that evening, but the next day work was begun in earnest. The wagon had been made by Mr. Elder at his leisure moments, and was therefore stronger and larger than the flimsy toys sold in stores. The boys unscrewed the axles from the bed, and after securing them by a long bar for greater strength, they fastened a twelve-foot plank on top. The front axle was made to move freely by means of a steering apparatus.

The work was completed in two days, and as the news spread through the neighborhood, there was much interest manifested on the busy morning when the trial trip was made. The Frogtown Limited was the object of much curiosity as it stood upon their novel invention, and it looked fully capable of high speed. The wheels were painted in glaring red, and a flag of scarlet flannel was fastened to a staff that was fastened to the front end of the plank. Both seemed to match Sorreltop's fiery locks as he stood behind the tiller. He proudly styled himself the engineer, while Ben and Mac respectively filled the positions of conductor and brakeman. The latter was to collect fares and attend to baggage, while Mac's post was at the rear end, from whence he was expected to warn pedestrians and teams out of the way by shrill blasts on a tin fish-horn.

As the road was in good condition, and sloped all the way at a steady angle, a grand success was expected for the trial trip. The boys were not disappointed. They rattled off with a swoop and a plunge that fairly took their breath away. Faster and faster they sped down the incline, tossing up a yellow cloud of dust in their rear. Just at the right moment Sorreltop twisted the tiller, and the curve was safely rounded. In four minutes and a few seconds after it started on its mile-and a-quarter run the Frogtown Limited came to a halt in the main street of Nantillie, greatly to the amazement of the staid inhabitants.

The trudge back was rather trying, but Sorreltop was too proud and happy to mind heat or fatigue. The success of the Limited was assured by that glorious first run, and the Frogtown folks were not backward with their patronage when they saw how quickly and safely they could reach Nantillie.

For two weeks the lads did a flourishing business. They made two daily trips, usually taking several passengers down, and returning with mail and such articles as were ordered from the store by the Frogtown housewives. Pennies and nickels began to accumulate in the treasury, and there was every prospect of an early dividend.

Then the first disaster occurred, and though it was really a very slight affair it caused the young stockholders some uneasiness. Three-quarters of a mile down the hill was a farm-house, and a narrow lane connected it with the road. Abner Brent, the farmer, was a surly sort of a man, and was not on good terms with his neighbors. He had the misfortune to be deaf, and it was probably this that soured his disposition.

As the Limited was making its usual trip one morning, Abner Brent entered the road from the lane, and turned down-hill. He was accompanied by a cross yellow dog, and neither paid any attention to the approaching vehicle. When the boys first discovered them they were plodding along at the side of the path, and had they remained there nothing would have happened. But just as the Limited came within twenty feet, the farmer perversely turned into the middle of the road. Ben yelled at the top of his voice, and Mac blew a terrific blast on the horn. All this had no effect other than to draw the attention of the dog. Abner Brent trudged stolidly on, deaf to the racket behind him. It was too late to steer to one side, and Sorreltop's eyes fairly bulged out with fright. The catastrophe seemed inevitable.

But just in the nick of time the farmer heard the shouts and the clatter of the wheels. A quick glance showed him his danger, and with a shrill yell he sprang clear off his feet, and staggered backward. The Limited cleared him by an inch or two, but the yellow dog unfortunately got in the way, and was tossed clear over against the fence.

When the startled boys looked back, Abner Brent was prancing about in a cloud of yellow dust, shaking his fists savagely, and the dog was limping slowly up the road.

The return trip was purposely delayed for an hour, and even then the boys felt certain that the angry farmer would be lying in wait for them. They crept up the hill

in fear and trembling, but much to their surprise the lane was passed without a glimpse of man or dog.

"He'll watch for us some other time," said Ben. "It ain't like Abner Brent to let us off that easy."

"No, you bet it ain't," assented Mac. "He's sure to get square with us somehow. He's just mean enough to play some ugly trick."

"Well, we'll have to keep a sharp lookout after this," declared Sorreltop. "It really wasn't our fault, for we did all we could. Abner Brent has sense enough to know that, and I don't believe we'll hear any more about the matter."

Ben and Mac did not share Sorreltop's confidence, and they were greatly relieved to reach the top of the hill in safety. The adventure was not mentioned to outsiders, and when the afternoon trip was made without interference on the part of the farmer, the boys regained their usual good spirits, and concluded that there was no ground for fear. The next morning's run was equally successful. Abner Brent was working in a field by the road-side, but he paid no attention to the Limited, either going or coming. The yellow dog greeted it with shrill barks, but took good care to stay on the other side of the fence.

This show of indifference banished any uneasy doubt that may have lingered in the boys' minds, and when the time came to make the afternoon trip to Nantillie, they did not give the farmer a thought. At ten minutes of four o'clock the Limited stood on the brow of the hill waiting the signal to start. Sorreltop and Mac were at their posts, and Ben stood by with his hands in his pockets. They were anxiously watching for a promised passenger, who was already five minutes behind time. The delay was vexatious, for the boys liked to reach Nantillie before the train came in.

"If she don't come in a minute more we'll go without her," grumbled Sorreltop.

"I'll fetch her in a hurry," replied Mac, putting his lips to the horn.

"Hold on; here she comes now," exclaimed Ben, as Aunt Polly Zarker emerged from a little cottage across the way and tripped into the road. Aunt Polly was a maiden lady with corkscrew curls and a rather acrid disposition. Disdaining Ben's proffered assistance, she seated herself behind Sorreltop, and carefully arranged a big basket on her lap.

"I've got butter an' eggs here," she announced, shrilly, "an' they fetch big prices at the store now. You boys be keerful, an' go slow. I don't overly trust this harum-scarum thing. You near pitched me off last time."

"You needn't be afraid, Aunt Polly," said Ben; "we'll take good care of you. Hold your basket up a little, though. All aboard!" he added, scrambling to his seat. "Let her go, Mac."

But before Mac could give the needed impetus with his feet, a buggy containing two persons rattled by the Limited on its way down the hill. The boys had been too much concerned about their passenger to see or hear its approach.

"Of all the hard luck!" exclaimed Sorreltop, vexatiously. "Now we'll have to wait twenty minutes, or stand the chances of a collision."

He had hardly spoken when the buggy lost a wheel and lurched forward. Its occupants scrambled out, and caught the horse in time to prevent a runaway. The boys recognized both men. The one in blue jeans and his shirt sleeves was Mr. Peters, a farmer who lived among the mountains a half-dozen miles from Frogtown. His companion was an odd-looking character. He was short and fat, with a round, clean-shaven face. He wore a light check suit, leather leggins, and a blue yachting cap. His little eyes twinkled under a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

But nevertheless Professor Schmidt was a very dignified and intellectual man. He was a teacher at the university in the neighboring city, and during the summer months he frequently came to board at Mr. Peters's farm, where he could hunt geological specimens and plants to his heart's content.

The Professor's normal temperament was phlegmatic and stolid, but when he saw the broken wheel he became tremendously excited. "Ach, this is bad," he cried. "I shall lose the train. You can repair it in time, eh?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Mr. Peters, as he proceeded to unharness the horse. "You see, it's a job for a wagon-maker; the spokes are out of the hub."

"Then I shall run," exclaimed the Professor. "I will go down the hill in time, maybe."

He darted to the buggy, and hauled out a small valise and a bundle of walking-sticks.

"Hold on," cried the farmer. "These boys here will take you down in a jiffy on their new-fangled machine. It's safe enough, for heaps of folks have tried it."

The Professor looked doubtfully at the Limited, and then pulled out his watch. "It is five minutes to four o'clock—to the time of the train," he exclaimed, anxiously. "I must be a passenger on it to the city, where I haf a most bressing pisness engagement. If you poys will ride me to the station in time this shall be yours." He held out a crisp one-dollar bill.

The prospect of such wealth almost took Sorreltop's breath away. "All right," he gasped. "Five minutes is plenty time."

"Jump on, quick!" shouted Ben, snatching the valise and the bundle of sticks.

The Professor straddled the seat close behind Aunt Polly, and held on with both hands. Ben sprang to his place, and Mac instantly pushed off.

"Here we go," yelled Sorreltop. "Keep your feet up back there!"

The excitement proved too much for Aunt Polly. "Let me off!" she screamed. "I'll walk down. Sakes alive! I'll be murdered, and lose my butter and eggs. Stop right away, you owdacious brats!"

But Aunt Polly's entreaties were in vain. The Limited was going like a whirlwind now, and stopping was quite out of the question. Mr. Peters loudly cheered his departing guest, and when the Professor imprudently turned around to wave a farewell, he lost his balance, and would have fallen off had not Ben caught him by the waist. After that he gave all his attention to the seat.

Aunt Polly continued to utter shrill exclamations until Mac drowned them by sonorous blasts of the horn. Then she clawed at Sorreltop, who utterly disregarded the attack, and kept his hands on the tiller and his eyes on the stretch of road ahead, like a faithful engineer.

The extra momentum given by the two passengers carried the Limited half-way down the hill at more than its usual speed. The wheels hissed like a buzz-saw, and the rush of air snatched Sorreltop's cap away.

Just this side of Abner Brent's lane was a long dip in the road. The view ahead was briefly cut off as the Limited whizzed by this, and when the slight ridge beyond was gained the boys saw a big brown animal grazing near the curve of the road, a quarter of a mile distant.

"There's Dagon," cried Sorreltop, in alarm. "I know what that means. He's been turned loose on purpose. Hold tight, boys, and we'll go by with a rush."

It was indeed Dagon, the largest and worst-tempered bull for miles around; nor was there any doubt that Abner Brent had driven him intentionally into the road, hoping by this means to gratify his spite against the boys.

At first there seemed a fair chance of slipping by unmolested, but this quickly vanished when the ugly brute heard the rumble of the Limited and looked up. The crimson flag and the glaring red wheels were a plain

safe distance from the bull. The only hope lay in a swift rush.

[illegible] was brief time to prepare to meet the danger, but characteristic Sorreltop had [illegible] and his resolve [illegible] before the perfect [illegible] had been [illegible] by call. "Don't be afraid," he shouted turning gamely around to his companions. "I'll strike the brute fairly, and knock him plump out of the path. If we steer to one side he'll have us."

Sorreltop spoke as confidently as though the obstacle ahead was no more to be feared than Abner Brent's yellow dog, yet none the less he quaked inwardly as he gripped the rudder and steered straight for the shaggy head with its flaming eyes and lowered horns.

Professor Schmidt shouted hoarsely at the brute, but he could scarcely be heard for Aunt Polly's hysterical screams. "Murder! fire! thieves!" she screeched, and then fell back on the Professor's breast. Mac's horn and Ben's piping voice joined in the din, but all the racket only added to the bull's rage.

The suspense did not last long. In slightly more than a minute from the time the brute was first sighted the whir of the wheels ended in a dull crashing thud as Dagon's head struck the front axles. Never was there a more surprised and discomfited bull than that same Dagon when he found himself toppled over in the dust with a splitting headache.

And what of the Limited? Well, it is doubtful if any one of its passengers knew exactly what followed that crash. Sorreltop went over Dagon's head and turned an extra somersault in the dust. Aunt Polly landed in a ditch by the road-side, with the basket inverted over her head. She was spattered from head to foot with broken eggs and smashed butter, and believing the moisture to be blood she screamed murder as long as her breath lasted.

Professor Schmidt rode in triumph for half a dozen yards on the rear wheels and part of the plank, and finally sat down in the middle of the road. Ben and Mac tumbled off the wagon together, and were the first to rise, dusty and scared, but uninjured.

They hastily retreated to the fence, for by this time Dagon had regained his feet, and being in a most atrocious humor, was glaring about for some means of appeasing his sense of insult and injury. He found it in the red fore-wheels of the wagon, and promptly tossed them over the fence. Then he ambled toward Aunt Polly; but the animated basket and the muffled screams that proceeded from under it caused him to sheer in the direction of Sorreltop, who had just discovered his ability to walk, and was limping for the nearest fence. Fortunately for Sorreltop, Dagon stopped to bellow, and paw the ground—his usual prelude to a charge, and in that brief interval something occurred that diverted the bull's rage to a new channel. The whistle of the approaching train was heard in the distance, and the shrill choo-choo-oo had an electrifying effect upon Professor Schmidt. He scrambled to his feet, shook himself, snatched his valise and bundle of sticks which lay a few feet off, and started down the hill on a gallop, oblivious to the fact that his yachting-cap was missing, and that the fringe of the red flag had become entangled with the buttons of his coat tails. He was too excited to feel the staff flapping against his legs as he ran. He thought of nothing but the approaching train and that "dressing pisness" in the city. But Dagon saw the fluttering strip of scarlet, and charged [illegible]. The distance between them rapidly decreased, and the boys forgot their aches and [illegible] ment of the race. Aunt Polly [illegible] He [illegible] shrilly ejaculated "Gracious sakes alive! he'll be killed!" Then she promptly [illegible] into [illegible] of hysterics.

The Professor was safely around the curve before the thunder of Dagon's hoofs apprised him of his peril. He glanced over his shoulder and then ran straight on, evidently thinking more of the train than of the bull. Another moment of such foolhardy conduct would have resulted in a tossing, but happily the train whizzed by him just then and with the intention of taking a short cut he headed for the fence that separated the track from the road. The cut was unexpectedly short; in fact, Dagon butted him over the fence with such force that he stood on his head for a second or two. He quickly gained his feet, shook the valise and sticks at Dagon, and trotted after the train, which had by this time slowed up at the station. He scrambled aboard the last car just as it started, and with him vanished the dollar bill which the boys felt they had justly earned.

The red flag staid behind, firmly impaled on the bull's horns, and while the little group of spectators watched Dagon's antics from a distance, Abner Brent arrived on the scene of the collision, full of sympathy and regrets for what had occurred. He declared that the bull had gored his way out of the field, and pointed to some broken fence rails as proof of the assertion. The boys were disinclined to believe this, but as they could not well argue with a deaf man, they accepted the explanation as gracefully as possible. Aunt Polly was assisted to the farm-house and left in Mrs. Brent's care. Then the boys limped sadly back to Frogtown with the fragments of the wreck, while Abner Brent and his hired men started after the unruly Dagon.

The Limited was never rebuilt, for Sorreltop wisely concluded that a new venture would meet with parental disapproval. The worst of it was that the boys had to turn over every cent of their earnings to Aunt Polly as compensation for her lost eggs and butter. They are still hoping to get that dollar bill, though Professor Schmidt has not been seen in Frogtown since the memorable day of his race with Dagon.

HOW BARNEY'S PIG PAID THE RENT.

"WHAT'LL I do?" said Barney McGrew,
"To settle my debt to-morrow?
To pay me rint I've hardly a cint,
An' can naythur beg nor borrow.
My sheep are gone, mich cows I've none;
For me steers these tears are flowin';
It's the truth I tell—I've naught to sell
To pay the debt that's owin'."
Just then broke in good Pat McGlynn,
"Whisht, lad, I'll win your battle.
Why not from the pen take your pig Ben,
And sell him in place of cattle?"
"Oh, what'll I do?" said poor McGrew,
"Ben's a pig not worth his fodther;
To thry to make on him pork and bacon
Would be but useless bodther.
I feed him with corn a peck aich morn,
Whin I think for cookin' to kill it;
But whin into the measure I dump me treasure,
Sure, Pat, he doesn't half fill it!"

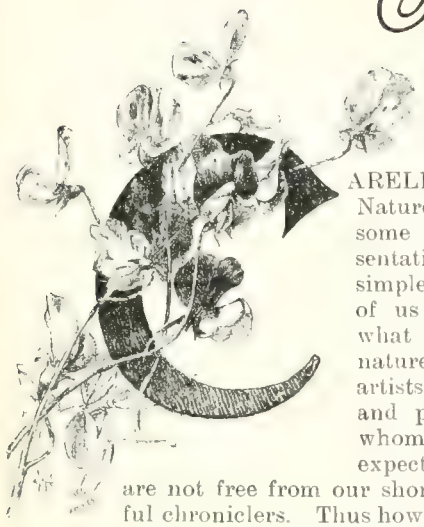
At last McGrew pays the landlord's due,
And others, when called to fee 'em;
For his razor-back pig draws a salary big
From a First-class Dime Museum.

R. W. M.

Tendrils

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

Author of "Sharp Eyes," "Highways and Byways," etc.

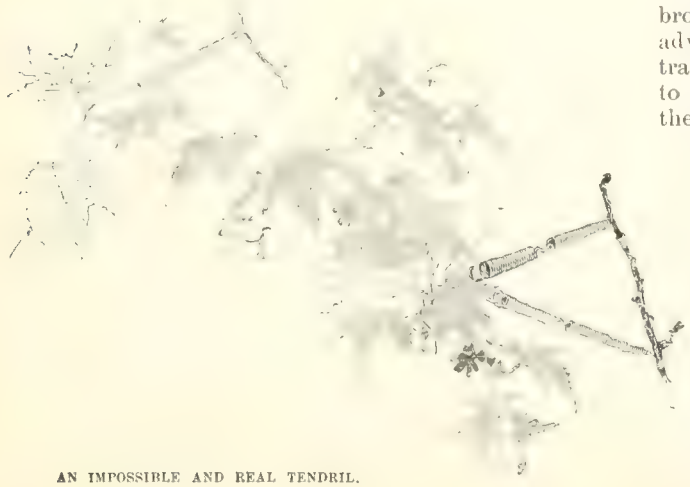


CARELESS observation of Nature is responsible for some curious misrepresentations of her most simple facts. Even those of us who stand somewhat in the relation of nature teachers, namely, artists, both draughtsmen and painters, and from whom we have a right to expect absolute fidelity, are not free from our shortcomings as truthful chroniclers. Thus how often we see otherwise beautiful landscapes marred by features which rebel against all laws of natural philosophy—of a storm sky above a sunlit scene, for instance, spanned by the arc of the rainbow, and with all the shadows of trees and other objects thrown sidewise! Then there is that inverted or very "dry" crescent moon in western twilight skies; and how seldom do we see the beautiful law of the twining tendril appreciated in the most careful design of the botanical draughtsman!

For years the tendril was to me the conventional spiral, twisting like a continuous curl or spring from the parent branch to the support within its clasp; and it is safe to assert that not one in—well, a good many of us, who should have gone out to our grape-vine or passion-vine or melon patch, without a previous forewarning, would have been able to tell correctly the pretty little story of its tendril methods, or have even noted the curious little kink which is the infallible peculiarity of the climbing tendril.

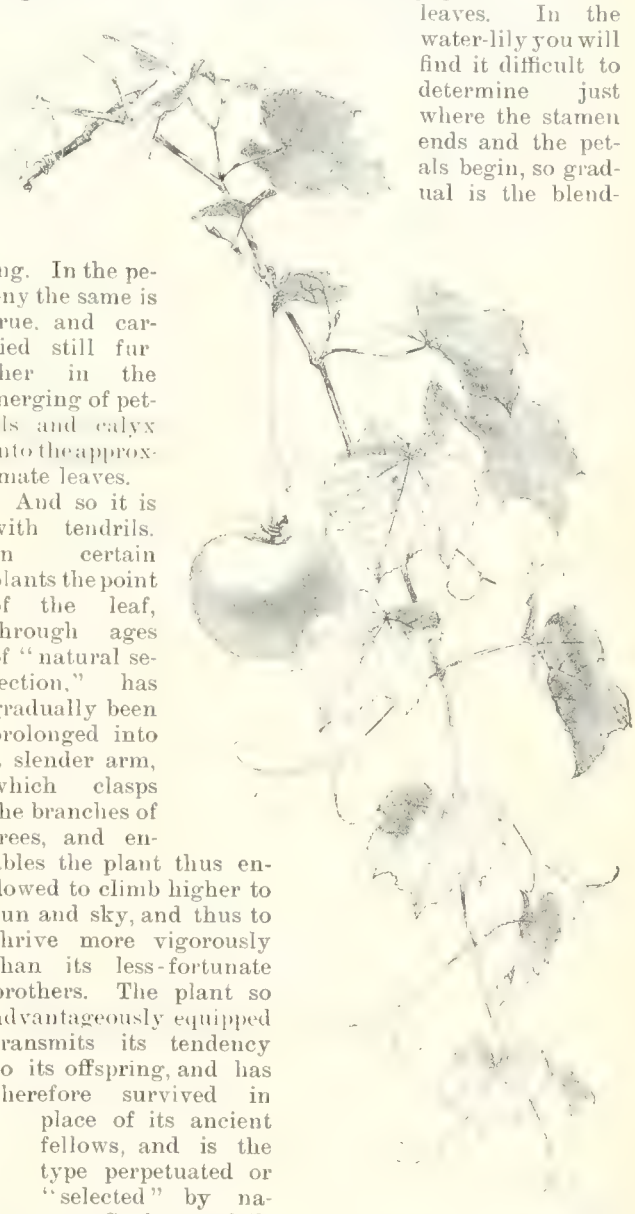
What *is* a tendril—botanically speaking? That depends. It is one thing in this plant, quite another in that, so students of vegetable anatomy or morphology soon discover.

It is soon perfectly plain that the stem is a modified root. For instance, plants have been taken up from the sod and replaced in the ground upside down, the roots subsequently becoming stems, and bearing leaves, and the buried leafy stems assuming the functions of roots.



AN IMPOSSIBLE AND REAL TENDRIL.

Leaves are mere modified branches, and the flowers modified leaves. Pistils and stamens in flowers are modified petals, or rather petals are modified stamens, the "doubling" of flowers representing the being thus accomplished, while the petals again are mere changed leaves. A neighbor of mine has a bush bearing green roses—all leaves. In the water-lily you will find it difficult to determine just where the stamen ends and the petals begin, so gradual is the blending. In the peony the same is true, and carried still further in the merging of petals and calyx into the approximate leaves.

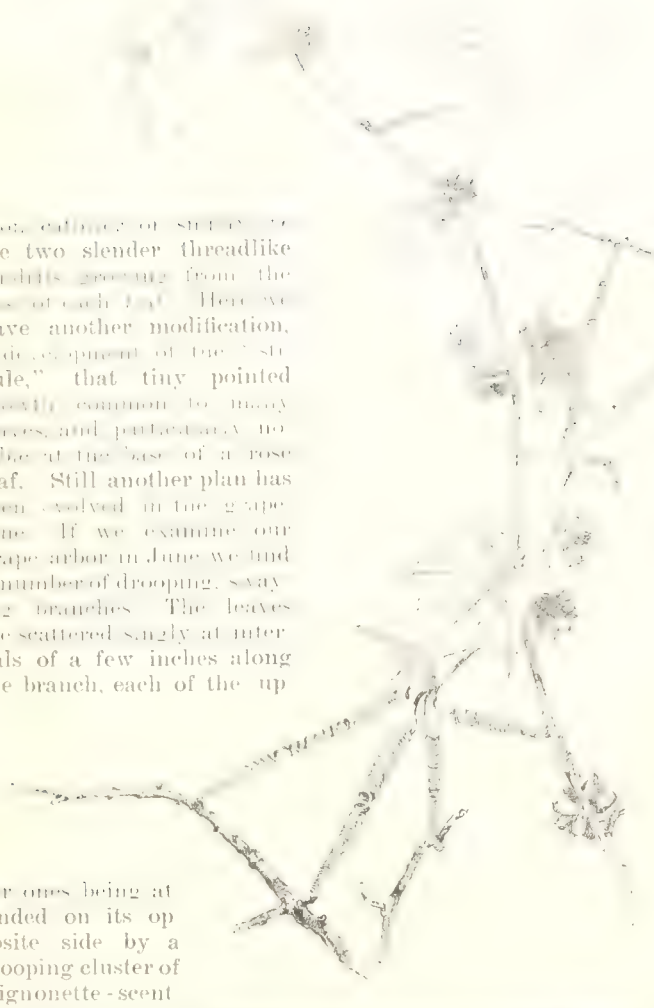


THE PRANK OF A TENDRIL.

And so it is with tendrils. In certain plants the point of the leaf, through ages of "natural selection," has gradually been prolonged into a slender arm, which clasps the branches of trees, and enables the plant thus endowed to climb higher to sun and sky, and thus to thrive more vigorously than its less-fortunate brothers. The plant so advantageously equipped transmits its tendency to its offspring, and has therefore survived in place of its ancient fellows, and is the type perpetuated or "selected" by nature. Such a tendril, then, is a modified leaf. How is it in the pea? Here we find four leaflets in two opposite pairs, but *no odd leaflet* at the end of the main stalk, such as we see in almost all other plants of its family. But in place of this leaflet we find a branching tendril reaching out on all sides for conquest. How quietly by the aid of these eager arms the sweet-pea climbs to the top of its brush! In the com-

the passion flower and plants of the melon family, notably the wild star-cucumber, whose portrait is here presented. It is a more or less common weed, to be found about gardens and barn yards, where it covers the fences with its profuse clambering growth, its stalks everywhere entangled or drawn close to support by their long green spiral springs, and its free branching vines—tendril tips reaching out in all directions for fresh foothold, and in its absence content at length with a friendly intertwining among themselves, and a consequent tangle of green convolutions. It seems hard to believe that these long outreaching arms at the summit of this vine are identical with the closely twisted spirals below, but such is the case; let any one of them once feel the contact of even the frailest support, of twig or stalk, and it is soon close in the embrace of its eager tip, and the contraction of the spring commences, but the method of this contraction is worth our study.

In order for this tendril to coil it must *twist*, and it is perfectly plain on general principles that with both ends held fast twisting is impossible. But this little paradox is evidently dismissed by the tendril. If we tie a short string between two given points, and attempt to twist it with our finger and thumb, we succeed in turning the string, 'tis true, but the twist on the right side neutralizes that on the left, being in the opposite direction. In this way only can the cord be twisted. If we twist with sufficient patience we may imitate the coil of the tendril, which is performed precisely in this way. Herein lies the secret of that little loop or kink in the centre of all tendrils—a given point, which cannot be determined on the extended tendril, but whose mission is to *reverse* the twist in opposite directions as soon as the tip has secured its contact, and thus permit the coiling process to proceed. In tendrils of exceeding length several of these reverse loops may be found at regular intervals, sometimes as many as six in a single tendril, but the coiling process usually awaits this contact. Unsatisfied tendrils of the grape, for instance, will remain unchanged through the entire season, or until their sensitive touch has been lost. Others, like those of the passion-flower, will occasionally become discouraged and curl up all by themselves, in which case, the other tip being free, the curl is perfect and continuous and without the reverse loop, which is now unnecessary. But the function of the tendril is to clasp and hold. Its growth is not complete



THE STAR CUCUMBER AND ITS COMPOUND TENDRILS.

pair, either or both of which may see two slender threadlike tendrils growing from the base of each leaf. Here we have another modification, a development of the "stipule," that tiny pointed growth common to many leaves, and perfected as a sheath at the base of a rose leaf. Still another plan has been evolved in the grape vine. If we examine our grape arbor in June we find a number of drooping, swaying branches. The leaves are scattered singly at intervals of a few inches along the branch, each of the upper ones being attended on its opposite side by a drooping cluster of mignonette-scented blossoms. Thus they follow down toward the tip of the branch, where the clusters suddenly cease, and are replaced by long slender curving and branched tendrils, sometimes ten inches long. We might thus reasonably assume the tendril in this case to be a modified blossom cluster, but there is no need for us ever to assume such a thing. If we will only search with sufficient care we shall at last discover the absolute proof of the fact in a tendril which is partly in blossom, the nearest leaf joint above it having a full cluster of blossoms, and the tendril below it, nearer the tip, not a bit a scattered flower buds at its tips. This grape-vine instance may be taken as a demonstration that in no case is the tendril a special or primal organ, but merely an old one adapted to a new purpose. In one instance from a leaf, in another from a flower stalk, just which can generally be determined by a sufficient search for the telltale *intermediate* forms somewhere to be found on the plant.



GRAPE TENDRILS EVOLVED FROM BLOSSOMS.

Among the most beautiful of all tendrils are those of

until thus quickened by the new responsibility. Tendrils on duty become tough and sinewy in comparison to their idling neighbors. How firm and rigid are these swollen coils upon the grape-vine!

We do not gather "figs from thistles," but some equally incongruous botanical associates are sometimes brought about through the insinuating and clambering methods of the tendril. Have we not all seen apple-trees bearing pumpkins or squashes or gourds, all originally carried thither in the form of great yellow blossoms or tender shoots! The grape vine occasionally plays a singular botanical prank in the orchard. Here is a drooping tendril which has been swinging about for weeks from its vine canopy on the old apple tree. It had become almost discouraged, when a chance favoring breeze wafted its tip in contact with an apple close by. It was its last chance; with its hooked extremity it clasped the stem of the fruit, and soon made itself fast with three or four firm coils. Doubtless the little reversing loop somewhere along the tendril was also awakened from its chronic lethargy, and did its best to start the coil. Presumably it succeeded, for the pull was sufficient to dislodge the apple, which, falling to the entire length of the tendril, was still held fast in the grip, whose new responsibility had given it new strength.

And there our apple hung for weeks, swinging like a pendulum from the slender grape-vine, the coils on duty still keeping their firm grip on the stem, even though all above were straightened by the weight of the burden.

A LITTLE BOARDING-SCHOOL SAMARITAN.

BY NORA PERRY

I

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Eva Nelson and Alice King were sitting in their little study parlor at the Hill House Seminary poring over their lesson chapter for the next day. It was the tenth chapter of St. Luke, with the story of the good Samaritan. At last Eva flung herself back and exclaimed, "We *can't* be good as they were in those Bible days, no matter *what* anybody says—things are different."

"Of course they are," responded Alice. "Who said they weren't?"

Eva turned to the volume before her, and read aloud about the man who had fallen among thieves, and the good Samaritan who came along and bound up his wounds and took care of him.

"Now how can we do things like that?" she said.

"Oh, Eva, I should think you were about five or six years old instead of a girl of thirteen. Nobody means that you are to do just those particular things. What they do mean now is that you are to be good to people who are in trouble—people who need things done for them."

"Well, I'd be good to them if I had a chance; but what chance do I have now with all my lessons? When I grow up I shall belong to charitable societies, as mamma does, and give things to poor folks, and go to see them. I can't now; girls of our age can't, of course."

"We can do some things in vacations—get up fairs and things of that kind, and give the money to the poor."

"Oh, I've done that. I helped in a fair last summer, and we gave the money to the children's hospital. But Miss Vincent said last week that all of us could find ways of doing good every day if we would keep our eyes and ears and hearts open; and I've felt ever since that she was keeping her eyes open on the watch for something she expected *me* to do."

"Nonsense! She knows as well as we do that we haven't time to do any more now. She means when we grow older. But look at the clock—five minutes to supper-time, and I've got to 'do' my hair all over, the braid is so frowzely."

"What makes you braid it? Why don't you let it hang in a curl, as you used to?"

"I told you why yesterday—because that Burr girl has made me sick of curls, with that great black flop of hers stringing down her back. She'd make me sick of anything. I haven't worn my red blouse since she came out with that fiery thing of hers. *Isn't* it horrid?"

"Yes, horrid!"

A few minutes after, as Eva and Alice were stirring their cocoa at the supper table, the girl they had been criticising came hastily into the dining-room and took her place. She was a tall girl for her age, with a heavy ungainly figure, a swarthy skin, and black hair which was tied back in a long curl. She wore a dark plaid skirt, with a blouse of fiery red cashmere, and a hair ribbon of a deep violet shade. Nothing could have been more ill-matched or more unbecoming. The girl who sat beside her, pretty Janey Miller, was a great contrast, with her blond curls, her rosy cheeks, and simple well-fitting dress of blue serge. Her every movement, too, was as full of grace as Cordelia Burr's was exactly the reverse. Everything seemed to go well with Janey; everything seemed to go ill with Cordelia. She spilled her cocoa, she dropped her knife, she crumbled her gingerbread, and she clattered her cup and saucer. Certainly she was not a very pleasant person to sit near. But Janey tried to conceal her annoyance, and succeeded very well, until at the end of the meal Cordelia, in her headlong haste in leaving her seat, tipped over a glass of water upon her neighbor's pretty blue dress. This was too much for Janey, and it was little wonder that she jumped up with an impatient exclamation, nor that she declared to Eva and Alice a little later that Cordelia ought to be ashamed of herself for being so careless, and that she did wish she didn't have to sit next to her.

"I suppose, though, I shall have to sit there until the end of this term; but there's *one* thing I'm not going to do any more: I'm not going to dance with her; she doesn't keep step, and she *does* dress so!" concluded Janey.

"Yes, she does dress dreadfully; and to think it's her own fault. She chooses her things herself," said Eva.

"No!" exclaimed Janey.

"Yes, she does; her mother is 'way off somewhere, and Cordelia gets what she likes."

"And she doesn't know any better than to like such horrid things! Sometimes she looks as if she'd lived with wild Indians!"

"That's it—that's it, I forgot!" shouted Eva. "She *has* lived 'way off out in a Territory on an Indian reservation. Her father is an army officer of some kind."

"Young ladies, young ladies, look at your clocks!" suddenly called a voice outside the door.

"Why, goodness, it's bedtime!" whispered Janey. "Good-night, good-night."

The next afternoon, when the Sunday classes were in session in the great hall, Janey, who was not in the same class with Eva and Alice, wondered as she looked across at them what they could be talking about that seemed so interesting. This is what they were talking about: Alice, in her clever exact way, had told Miss Vincent the whole of that little Saturday-night talk concerning the good Samaritan. Miss Vincent smiled when Alice told of Eva's odd simplicity of application, but as Alice went on and presented Eva's perplexity and her plea for girls of her age—their lack of time and all that, and her own assurance to Eva that Miss Vincent did not mean what Eva fancied that she did, Miss Vincent, in a quick, decided, almost eager way, started forward and cried:

"Oh, but I did! I did mean it. Girls of your age can do—oh, so much. You are thinking of only one way of doing—helping the poor, visiting people in need. I *don't*



"OH, CORDELIA! CORDELIA!" BURST OUT EVA. "DON'T, DON'T CRY."

think you can do much of that. I think that *is* mostly for older people; but you live in a little world of your own, a girls' world, where you can help or hurt one another every day and hour by what you do or say. Oh, I know, I know, for I went through such suffering once—was so hurt when I might have been helped. But let me tell you about it, and then you'll see what I mean. It was when I was between twelve and thirteen. We had just come to Boston, and I was sent to a strange school. I was very shy, but ashamed to show that I was; so when the girls stared at me, as girls will, and giggled amongst themselves about anything, I thought they were staring in an unfriendly way and laughing at *me*, and I immediately straightened up and put on a stiff and what I tried to make an indifferent manner. This only prejudiced them against me, and the unfriendliness I had fancied became very soon a reality, and I was snubbed or avoided in the most decided way. I tried to bear this steadily, to act as if I didn't care for a while, but I became so lonely at length I thought I would try to conciliate them. I dare say, however, my shy manner was still misunderstood, for I was not encouraged to go on. What I suffered at this time I have never forgotten. The girls were no worse than other girls, but they had started out on a wrong track, and gradually the whole flock of them, one led on by what another would say or do, were down upon me. It was a sort of contagious excitement, and they didn't stop to think it might be unjust or cruel. Things went on from bad to worse until at last I gave up trying to conciliate, and turned on them like a little wild cat. I forgot my timidity—forgot every thing but my desire to be even with them, as I expressed it. But it wasn't an even conflict—thirty girls against one; and at length I did something dreadful. I was going from the school-room to a recitation-room with my ink-bottle, that I had been to have filled, when I met in the hall three of 'my enemies,' as I called them. In trying to avoid them I ran against them. They thought I did it purposely, and at once accused me of that, and other sins I happened to be innocent of, in a way that exasperated me. I tried to go on, but they barred my progress, and then it was that I lost all control of myself, and in a sort of frantic fury flung the ink-bottle that I held straight before me. I could never recall the details of anything after that. I only remember the screams, the opening of doors, the teachers hastening up, a voice saying, 'No; only the dresses are injured; but she might have killed somebody!' In the answers to their questions the teachers got at something of the truth, not all of it. They were very much shocked at a state of things they had not even suspected, but my violence prejudiced them against me, as was natural, and they had little sympathy for me. Of course I couldn't remain at the school after that. I was not expelled; my father took me away, yet I always felt that I went in disgrace."

"They were horrid girls—horrid!" cried Alice, vehemently.

"No; they were like any ordinary girls who *don't think*. But you see how different everything might have been if only *one* of them had thought to say a kind word to me; had seen that I might have been suffering, and" smiling down upon Eva "been a good Samaritan to me."

"They were horrid, or they *would* have thought," insisted Alice. "I'm sure *I* don't know any girls who would have been so stupid."

"Nor I, nor I," chimed in two or three other voices. But Eva Nelson was silent.

II.

"You are the most ridiculous girl for getting fancies into your head, Eva; and you never get things right—never."

"I think you are very unkind."

"Well, you can think so. *I* think—"

"Hush!" in a warning voice; "there's some one knocking at the door;" then, louder, "Come in"; and responsive to this invitation, Janey Miller entered.

"What were you and Eva squabbling about?" she asked, looking at Alice.

"Cordelia Burr!" replied Alice, disdainfully.

"Cordelia Burr?"

"Yes. What do you think? Eva wants to take her up and be intimate with her."

"Now, Alice, I don't," cried Eva. "I only wanted to be kinder to her. When Miss Vincent told us that story yesterday I couldn't help thinking of Cordelia, and that we might be on the wrong track with *her*, as those horrid girls were with Miss Vincent."

"'Those horrid girls!' What does she mean, Alice?" asked Janey.

CORDELIA TIPPED OVER A GLASS OF WATER UPON HER NEIGHBOR'S PRETTY BLUE DRESS.

girls.

"Not like them; not as bad as they were, *yet*; but we

"But it isn't the same thing at all, Eva," stru

Cordelia; and we—I'm sure

Cordelia, but I don't say anything hateful to her, and none of us girls do."

"But you—we don't want her 'round with us, and we it. We won't dance with her if we can help it, and we've managed to keep her out of things that we

"Well, nobody wants a person 'round with them who makes herself so disagreeable as Cordelia does; and as for dancing with her, she's never in step, and is always treading upon you and bumping against you; and in

"Maybe she's shy, as Miss Vincent was."

"Shy! Cordelia Barr shy!" shouted Alice, in derision.

"No; she's anything but shy," said Janey; "she's as uppish and independent as she can be."

"But maybe she puts that on. Maybe—"

"Maybe she's a Princess in disguise!" cried Alice, scornfully.

"Well, I don't care. I think we ought to try and see if maybe we are not on the wrong track with her; and I—"

"Now, Eva," and Alice looked up very determinedly, "if you begin to take notice of Cordelia, there'll be no getting away from her; she'll be pushing herself in where she isn't wanted constantly. And there's just one thing more: I've say, if you *do* begin this, you'll have to do it alone. I won't have anything to do with it; and, you'll see, the rest of the girls won't; and you'll be left to your self with Miss Cordelia, and a nice time you'll have of it."

Eva made no answer. Indeed, she would have found it hard to speak, for she was choking with tears—tears that presently found vent in "a good cry" as Alice and Janey left the room.

What should she do? What *could* she do with all the girls against her? If she could only tell Miss Vincent, she could advise her. But Miss Vincent had been summoned home by illness that very morning.

Poor Eva! the way before her looked extremely difficult. She was very sensitive, and Miss Vincent's story had made an impression upon her that could not be got rid of. She was astonished to find it had not made the same impression upon Alice—that Alice had not seen in it, as she had, a clear direction what to do, or what to try to do; and now here was Janey, as entirely out of sympathy, and Alice had said that all the rest of the girls would be the same. If Alice was right, it might—it might make a bad matter worse; it might make the girls dislike Cordelia more to—to interfere. For a moment Eva felt that this view of the matter would solve her difficulty, by exonerating her from undertaking her task. The next moment there flashed into her mind these words of Miss Vincent's: "If only one of them had thought to say a kind word to me."

About half an hour later Alice and Janey, with three or four of the other girls, were practising in the gymnasium together.

"I wonder where Eva is?" whispered Alice. "She's always here at this time; she is so fond of the gym."

"She didn't like what we said, so perhaps she won't come to-day," whispered Janey.

"We—I had to say what I did; if I hadn't, Eva would but there she is now," as the door opened. Then

r here and try the bars with us."

a little jump of gladness as she accepted this pleasantly spoken invitation. She hated to be on ill terms with anybody, and especially with Alice, of whom she was fond, and as she went forward and swung herself lightly up beside her, she forgot for the moment everything that was unpleasant.

There was a pretty little running exercise up and ently inclined plane that was in great favor at hool, and when the three swung down from the bars, Alice proposed that they should try the race-track, as they called it.

They were just starting off when the door opened, and Cordelia Barr came in. She stared about her in her odd frowning way, and then hurried forward to join the runners. Eva gave a little start of recoil. Alice gave more than a start. She seized Eva and Janey by the wrists, and pushing them before her, sent a nod and glance backward to several others who had left the bars to come over to the race-track. She did not say even to herself that she meant to crowd Cordelia out, but the fact was accomplished nevertheless, for by the time Cordelia reached the track there was no room for her. Eva had seen this same kind of stratagem enacted before, and thought it "fun." Now, with her eyes and ears and heart open, through Miss Vincent's influence, the fun took on a different aspect. But what—what ought she to do? What *could* she do then? She might slip out and offer her place to Cordelia. But the girls, and Alice—Alice specially—would be *so* angry. Oh, no, no, she couldn't; it wouldn't do to brave them like that! Looking up as she came to this conclusion, she saw Cordelia standing all alone, her face flushed with anger or mortification, perhaps both.

"If only one of them had thought to say a kind word to me!" flashed again through Eva's mind.

"Go on, go on; what are you lagging for?" whispered Alice, as Eva's pace faltered here.

Eva's eyes were fixed upon Cordelia, who had crossed the room and was going towards the door.

"Go on, go on; you are stopping us all!" exclaimed Alice, impatiently.

But with a sudden supreme effort Eva flung away her cowardice, and dashed off the track, crying, "Cordelia! Cordelia!"

Cordelia turned her head a moment, yet without staying her steps.

Eva sprang forward and put out her hand, crying again, "Cordelia! Cordelia!"

The runners had all stopped with one accord as Eva sprang forward. What was it, what was she going to do, to say, to Cordelia? Even Alice and Janey, who knew more than the others what was in Eva's mind, even they wondered what she was going to do, to say. And when in the next instant she cried, breathlessly, "We—I—didn't mean to crowd you out; it—it wasn't fair; and—and you'll come back and take my place, Cordelia, won't you?" they, even Alice and Janey, forgot to be angry; forgot everything at the moment in their astonishment and an involuntary admiration for Eva's courage in daring to do as she did—*against them all!* What Alice might have said or done when that moment had gone, and her mortification at Eva's disregard of her opinion had had chance to start afresh, it is impossible to tell, for before that could take place something very unexpected happened, and this was a most unlooked-for action on Cordelia's part. They all looked to see her turn with one of her haughty, or what Alice and Janey called her uppish, independent glances, upon Eva, and reject at once her appeal and offer. Instead of that—instead of coldness and haughty independence—they saw her, they heard her, suddenly give a shuddering, sobbing sigh, and

then, dropping her face into her hands, break down utterly in a paroxysm of tears; not tears of anger, of violence of any kind, but tears that, like the shuddering, sobbing sigh, seemed to come from a sore heart after long repression.

"Oh, Cordelia! Cordelia!" burst out Eva, putting her arm about Cordelia, "don't, don't cry."

But Cordelia could not respond to this appeal, could not stop her tears; but as Eva bent over her in tender pity, she leaned forward and rested her head against the arm that encircled her. As the girls who stood watching saw this, as they saw Eva with her own pocket-handkerchief try to wipe away those tears, as they heard her say again, "Oh, Cordelia! Cordelia! don't, don't cry!" they looked at one another in a confused, questioning sort of way; and then, as they heard Eva speak again and with a breaking voice, as they saw the bright drops of sympathy and pity and regret gather in her eyes and roll down her cheeks, they started uneasily, and one and then another moved forward in a half-frightened, embarrassed fashion towards the door. Eva glanced up at them reproachfully as they passed. Were they not going to say a word, not a single word, to Cordelia? Hadn't they any pity for her; hadn't they any shame for what they had done? Goaded by these thoughts, she burst out, passionately, "Oh, girls, I should think—" and then broke down completely, and bowed her head against Cordelia's, unable to say another word. But somebody else took up her words, the very words she had used a second ago—somebody else whispered,

"Don't cry, don't cry." At the same moment a hand touched her shoulder, and she looked up to see—Alice King standing beside her. And then it seemed as if all the others were anxious to press forward, and one of them, the youngest of all, little Mary Leslie, a girl of ten, suddenly piped out,

"We—we didn't know as you'd care, like this, Cordelia."

And then Cordelia lifted up her swollen tear-stained face and faltered out: "Care? How—how could I be—help caring?"

"But we thought—we thought you didn't like us," said another, hesitatingly.

"And I—I thought you hated and despised me, and I thought you'd despise me more if—if I showed that I cared!" and Cordelia gave another little sob, and covered her poor disfigured face again.

"Oh, Cordelia, Cordelia!" cried one and then another, pityingly; and then a voice, it sounded like Alice's, said, "We've been on the wrong track."

Just here a bell in the hall, the signal to those in the gymnasium that their half-hour was up, rang sharply out, and ashamed and sorry and repentant the girls hurried away to their rooms to change their dresses and prepare for dinner.

"Oh, Alice, Alice, you were so good!" cried Eva, flinging her arms around Alice's neck the moment they were alone together.

"Good? Don't—don't say that," exclaimed Alice, starting back.

"But you *were*. I—I was so afraid you'd be angry with me. I—"

Alice now flung *her* arms around her friend, and gave her a little hug, as she cried: "Oh, Eva, it's you who've been good. I—I've been a little fiend, I suppose, and I *was* horridly angry at first; but when I—I saw how—that Cordelia really was—that she really felt what she did, I—oh, Eva," laughing a little hysterically, "when you stood mopping up Cordelia's tears, all I could think was, *there's* a little Samaritan."

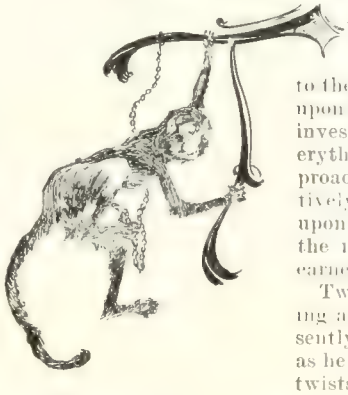
"Oh, Alice!"

"I did truly, and you'll go on as good as you've begun, and end by liking and loving Cordelia because you pity her, I dare say. But though I'm going to behave myself, and *bear* with her, I shall never come up to that, for she is so queer, and so clumsy, and she *does* dress so! I'm going to behave myself, though, I am—I am, but I hope she won't expect too much, that she won't push forward too fast now."

"Oh, Alice, I don't believe Cordelia's that kind of a girl at all; she's too proud. I think she's awkward and queer, and don't know about dress and things, because she's lived 'way out there on the plains, but she'll improve when she finds we mean to be friendly to her; you see if she doesn't."

And Eva was right. By the end of the term Cordelia had improved so much in the friendlier atmosphere that surrounded her that she was quite like another girl. No longer uneasy and suspicious, she lost her self-consciousness, and with it a good deal of her awkwardness and apparent ill temper, and began to blossom out happily and cheerily as a girl should. Even her face brightened and bloomed in this atmosphere, and by-and-by she took Eva and Alice and Janey into her confidence so far that she shyly asked their advice about her dress, and profited by it to such an extent that Alice could no longer say, "She *does* dress so!"

AROUND A MONKEY.



THERE was once a pole on the top of which sat a monkey. The monkey was chained to the pole, but he did not sit still upon it. He was a monkey of an investigating turn of mind. Everything and everybody that approached him he studied attentively, turning round and round upon his pole to better observe the new object, and watching it earnestly until it was out of sight.

Two men stood one day laughing at the monkey's antics. Presently one man grew thoughtful as he watched the rapid turns and twists of the monkey. Suddenly he said: "I dare you to walk entirely around that monkey on top of the pole!"

"What!" exclaimed the other. "Anybody can do that!"

"Perhaps it's nonsense," retorted the first, "but I say you can't do it: You can't walk entirely around that monkey!"

Smiling at so easy a task, the second man started. He kept about six feet distant from the pole, and began to walk around it. But as he began to walk, the inquisitive monkey, wondering what upon earth that man was about, turned round and round upon his perch, to command a view of this strange operation. When the man had completed his circuit the monkey sat looking at him in just the same position as when he began it.

"There!" cried the man, "what do you call that?"

"Not so fast," replied the first man. "You haven't gone entirely around that monkey!"

"What? Didn't you see me go around him?"

"I saw you walk around the pole, but the monkey turned as fast as you walked. You never went around the monkey at all. He faced you all the time!"

The second man looked at the first a minute in profound bewilderment. Then he sputtered and protested.

But the first man calmly maintained his position. "You clearly have not walked around the monkey when you never have been past the monkey's back during the whole of his journey."

Then the second man grew angry and argumentative. "Don't the tire of a wheel go around the hub?" he asked, sarcastically.

"The rim *surrounds* the hub," answered the stubborn first man. "But no one point of the rim of a wheel goes all around the hub, because the hub turns when the rim does. The point of the rim never passes the point of the hub to which it was opposite at the beginning of its turn!"

The second man vowed it was the most egregious folly he ever

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.*

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLE WITH A MARTINIQUE PLANTER.

"IT'S a regular hurricane, isn't it?" Larry asked his cousin, as blow after blow fell upon the plantation house, threatening to bring it down about their heads with every stroke. All the negroes in the house had crowded into the hall with the family, and in the confusion the boys could talk without attracting attention.

"Regular," Ferd answered, "and one of the worst I ever saw, though I've seen a good many. This is a terrible place to be caught in one, so high up the mountain. But I'm in hopes the schooner will be safe, for they may not feel the wind at all down below. If they do catch it they'll have to put to sea, that's all."

Couldn't we get down the mountain on foot before dark?" Larry asked.

Ferd looked at his cousin in astonishment. "Down the mountain!" he exclaimed. "Well, to be sure, you don't know anything about hurricanes, or you'd never ask such a question. Why, you couldn't go from here out to the road to save your life. This wind is like a cannon-ball, and you'd be whirled and crushed like a feather. No man could stand up for a second in it."

"What's that about going out to the road?" the planter asked. He was making his way toward the front door, and overheard what Ferd was saying. "No man alive could get across the yard. I am going to make an effort to look at the barometer, and you may have an opportunity to see what such a wind is."

The barometer was nailed to the front wall of the house, outside, and only a step upon the piazza was necessary to reach it. The planter cautiously took down the bar from the front door, and looked out, keeping his body well braced against the door.

"The front is the sheltered side of the house, remember," Ferd whispered. "It's only the back draught of the wind you see there; but watch it."

The planter waited for a favorable moment, and sprang out. As the door opened the boys saw that all was nearly black outside. Great limbs of trees were whirling past, and they heard the crash of royal palms as they went down like tenpins before the gale.

It was only a second's work to look at the barometer, for there was still light enough to see it; but before the planter could regain the doorway he was caught in the wind and dashed across the piazza, and thrown heavily against one of its upright supports. There he clung for a moment, his wife shrieking inside, till in a momentary lull he was released, and dropping upon his hands and knees, crawled rapidly across the piazza and through the open door.

This gave Larry his first real idea of the power of a tropical hurricane. If there was that much force on the sheltered side of the house, what must it be on the exposed side?

"I bring you no good news," the planter said, after he had barred the door. "The glass is going down, down, and I am afraid the worst has not come yet."

The shriek that Mrs. Edwards gave when her husband

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 715.

... danger for the time thought was quite a relief. Hardly a word had been said, except when the boys spoke ... tones to each other. No one had sat down even, but all stood in the twilight darkness, awed and silent. Although the storm and the shocks continued, this feeling gradually wore off, and some of the servants were sent for lights. So much wind made its way through the crevices of the house that no lamps could be kept burning until large glass cylinders, such as are always found in West-Indian houses, were brought to shield them. The servants carried in chairs, and the party were made more comfortable, though their anxiety was undiminished.

For hours they sat in this way, saying little, and dreading as each shock came that it might leave them in a mass of ruins. About nine o'clock the wind began to shift, and this was considered a favorable omen. It came more from the eastward, and by eleven o'clock it had got so far into the southeast that the mountain peak gave them a temporary shelter. While this lasted the servants brought in fruit and crackers, the only food in the house; for the detached kitchen was far out in the yard, and it was impossible to reach it.

While they were eating, the hurricane struck them again, but this time on the opposite side. It had swept round to the southwest, and the planter said that it would most likely exhaust itself after making a complete circuit of the compass. This proved to be the case, but the exhaustion did not come until the next day. They spent the night in their chairs or on the floor, for no one thought of going to bed. There was no real safety anywhere, but they seemed more secure to be all together in the hall.

When morning came the hurricane was broken. A heavy gale was still blowing, but the servants were able to cross the yard to the kitchen, and the planter and the boys ventured out in sheltered spots. None of the plantation buildings had been destroyed or unroofed, but there was such a picture of desolation on every hand, of uprooted trees and overturned stone walls, of cane-fields destroyed and crops ruined, that the planter was dismayed. There had been no such hurricane in St. Kitts, he said, since 1866, and it would take him years to repair his losses. But what did he care, he added, for the losses, since his family and his guests were safe?

The boys felt as though they were leaving old friends when they started for Basse Terre in the middle of the morning. The peril they had shared with the planter and his family, and the kindness with which they had been entertained, would have induced them to stay longer; but what of Uncle Ben? The fate of the schooner was a weight upon their minds, and they could not tarry.

"Take these axes with you, if you must go," the planter said, putting two axes into the carriage. "You will find the mountain roads in a very bad state." He and several of his men rode some distance with the boys, and helped them cut away the trees that had fallen across the highway. Some bridges were torn away, and many deep gullies were washed in the road; but by chopping and lifting, unharnessing and dragging, sometimes walking and leading the horses, they made their way slowly down the mountain.

There lay the *Boca Grande* at anchor safely in the harbor, for the sea was far too rough for her to make fast to a wharf. But Basse Terre was in such a terrible condition that they could hardly drive through the streets. Houses had been blown down, other houses unroofed, trees uprooted, the market-house destroyed. The ruins half filled the streets, and under almost every tree left standing a homeless negro family was encamped.

Uncle Ben held out a hand to each of his boys when a small boat took them to the schooner.

"This is better than I dared hope for!" he exclaimed.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE FELLOW?" FERD ASKED.

"After such a night there was no telling who would be alive in the morning. I put to sea before dark, and about midnight I thought we should lose the schooner. But we pulled through, and here we all are. We'll hoist anchor at once, boys; I don't want to see one of these towns after a hurricane has struck it; it's a sickening, heart-breaking sight, and we had better avoid it."

The anchor was soon up and the schooner once more under sail, but the hurricane and its results had made an impression upon all the party that they could not easily forget. Uncle Ben, however, changed the current of the boys' thoughts by speaking of Abel Forefinger.

"I think there is no doubt that Abel is in Martinique," he said. "But between here and Martinique lies the island of Dominica, where I wanted you boys to see the last real Carib Indians left in the West Indies. Now you must decide for yourselves, without considering me in the matter at all, whether we shall stop for a few days at Dominica, or go right on to Martinique and find him."

"You'll have to give us an easier one than that, Uncle Ben," Larry answered. "What do you think we care for the Caribs, with Abel Forefinger almost in sight?"

Ferd was more cautious in his reply. "If we were to find Abel Forefinger," he said, "and I should buy a good seaworthy boat with part of my money, maybe Larry and I could come back afterwards and see Dominica and whatever else we chose?"

"Why of course you could," Uncle Ben answered; "if your boat is fit for such work. So we'll consider that settled, and point the *Boca Grande's* bowsprit for St. Pierre, the capital of Martinique."

Two nights and one day of sailing brought the mountains of Martinique into view, and on the 20th of February, early in the morning, the schooner anchored in the roadstead in front of St. Pierre. The little city, built wholly of stone, clings to the foot of the mountain, and follows it down to the very edge of the sea. Each cross street is a little higher than the last as the town ascends, so that the chimneys of one house are just on a level with the back yard of the house above it. Streams of pure water from the mountains flow down through the hilly streets in deep gutters, washing away all the city's dirt and refuse. The foliage is so deep and dense that little of the town but the roofs of houses can be seen from the water; and back of all lie the mountains, high and grand, cleft into many strange shapes, and covered with green foliage.

"Now for Abel Forefinger, boys," Uncle Ben told them before they landed. "We are so close upon the scent that I had better give you a few hints. He is more likely to be out on some plantation than in the town, but you will do best to go to a hotel first, because there you will find some one who can speak English. Everything is French here, and there are very few English-speaking people. I shall give you three full days, and if you don't find him in that time I shall go to work myself. But I want to caution you particularly," he went on, "about the way you approach him if you find him. He is not to know upon any account that I am anxious to see him; that might spoil everything. Just tell him that I am on the *Boca Grande*, and would like to see him, and bring him to the schooner if you can."

"That will be Larry's work," Ferd replied. "He [illegible] s in Martinique, because he has studied [illegible]

"Oh, I am a very accomplished French scholar [illegible]

But when they came up to the [illegible] Ferd's confidence. Larry was delighted to find that he [illegible] could speak French.

"Larry, that's fine!" Ferd cried. "Why, I believe I am almost a Parisian. Hôtel des Étrangers—Hotel of the Strangers. That's the place for us."

They found it to be a very strange hotel they found it. A stone-lined alleyway led into a stone-paved court-yard, in the middle of which a fountain played. At the further end of the court-yard was a large wire coop, in which were scores of chickens and doves ready to be converted into pies and stews. At the front end, and under an overhanging balcony, was a desk on a raised platform—the office of the hotel. All about at little tables men were eating, smoking, or playing cards.

But the hotel was strange in each stranger was the landlady, who sat behind the desk and took in the money. A short, very stout negress of middle age, in a gaudy plaid dress, with an immense bandanna turban bound about her head, and a white handkerchief tied under her chin and half concealing her cheeks, as though she had toothache.

"Do you speak English, madam?" Larry asked, walking up to the desk.

"Anglais? Non, non. *Adele!*"

The last word she cried out in a tone that gave all the boys a start. Hearing no response she called again, "*Adele!*"

"What does she say, Larry?" Ferd asked. He had great confidence in his cousin's French.

"I think she is calling some one," Larry responded. "It must be a woman named Adele—probably a servant who speaks English."

In a moment the call echoed all over the house. It was repeated first back of the chicken-coop, then in one gallery after another—for there were several galleries, rising one above the other, and all opening upon the court-yard. "Adele! Adele!" sounded everywhere, until the boys were sure the woman must hear it if she were on the island. The calls soon had their effect, and Adele appeared upon the top gallery and answered over the rail, "Oui, madame."

When Adele presently reached the desk she proved to be almost a giantess, being nearly six feet tall and very stout. But being a Barbadoes woman, she spoke English well, and through her the boys soon arranged to be accommodated with rooms and board.

"She's just the one to put us on the track of Abel Forefinger, Larry," Ferd whispered, as the woman was showing them to their rooms. "She must know where a strange colored man coming to Martinique would be most likely to stay."

So Larry told her that they were looking for a colored man named Abel Forefinger, who had come to Martinique from Jamaica about a month before. Could she tell them where such a man would be likely to board?

The woman was a little indignant at being asked such a question. How should she know anything about common black trash? Could she keep track of all the yellow fellows who came to St. Pierre? Not she, indeed! But she suddenly changed her tone when Ferd slipped two English shillings into her hand. She thought, then, that such a man might be found—yes, she was sure he might; and if the young gentlemen would wait a few minutes until she was at liberty, she would take them to a gentle- [illegible] boarding-house near by, where such a man would be almost certain to go. Under the guidance of the giant Adele, who wore a [illegible] that trailed at least half a yard in the dust, and immense gold ear rings, and many rings on her fingers [illegible] to the hotel, were soon taken through a narrow street to the residence of the colored gentleman who took boarders. But all the French eloquence of their remarkable guide could not make this gentleman admit that he had ever heard of such a man as Abel Forefinger.

"Oh, how stupid I am!" Adele suddenly burst out. "It must come from living among these plagued French men. Of course your man would not be here; he comes from Jamaica, and speaks English; so he would go to Black Bill's. Black Bill keeps another boarding-house, and all the English-speaking colored gentlemen go there."

She led them through more narrow streets, up hill and down, and ushered them presently into Black Bill's establishment. Much to the boys' relief, this colored man spoke English, so they could talk with him without an interpreter.

"Abel Forefinger?" he said, in answer to Larry's questions. "Oh yes, he knew Abel Forefinger very well. Abel came to his house about the 20th of January, but stayed only a week. He went out then to the Palais Royal plantation, where he was to do some business, he believed, for Monsieur Lafarge, the owner. As far as he knew, Abel was there still."

This information filled the boys with excitement. Where was the Palais Royal plantation, they asked; and what was it—sugar? coffee? fruit?

"It is one of the near-by plantations," Black Bill replied, "almost in the suburbs of the city, about two miles from this place. It is an old sugar estate, but Monsieur Lafarge raises principally fruit now—mostly bananas."

The boys looked at each other significantly. Bananas again. All the people who had any interest in this man were banana planters. They fee[illegible] their informant liberally, and sent Adele back to the hotel, after receiving from her explicit directions for reaching the Palais Royal plantation.

Two miles was a long walk under the hot Martinique sun; but the way along the river-bank was so well shaded with old trees that Larry determined to risk it. It would have taken so long to find a carriage, and the boys were in a hurry.

The plantation house was a handsome stone building standing well back from the road. A long but low stone wall protected the front, and on one side was an orchard of peach-trees full of fruit. These peaches, the boys learned afterward, were a great novelty in Martinique, and the owner guarded them with jealous care.

As the boys approached the place, Larry suddenly stopped and seized his cousin by the arm.

"Look there!" he cried, pointing toward the house. "See those two men walking up the yard? One of them is a light mulatto, about thirty-five or forty years old. That is Abel Forefinger, as sure as you're alive."

The entrance gate was some distance up the road, and in their hurry and excitement the boys sprang over the low wall and ran among the peach-trees toward the house. The mulatto, they saw, had left his companion, and disappeared around the corner of the building.

They had not taken a dozen steps among the trees before the other man saw them and ran furiously toward them, swinging his cane and calling to some invisible persons to follow him. In an instant six or eight colored men ran out of the house after their master.

"Halte!" the man shouted, as he ran toward the boys; and he added a string of French words that they did not understand.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" Ferd asked, in astonishment, as the man and his servants approached. "What is he talking about?"

"He says we want to *voler* his *arbres*," Larry replied. "As *voler* means to steal, and *arbre* is a tree, I suppose he thinks we are robbing his orchard."

The angry planter at this moment reached the boys and seized them both by the shoulders. They shook him off easily, but in an instant the colored men arrived to re-enforce their master. The boys made a plucky fight, but with such odds against them they were soon overpowered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSICAL HORSES.

THIS little incident happened above the clouds on one Sunday morning, several summers ago, on the very tiptop of beautiful Roan Mountain in North Carolina.

A small circle, numbering not more than about a dozen people, were seated about on the smooth rocks, or on the springy cushions of beautiful mountain heather with which nature has upholstered most inviting seats in this beautiful land of clouds.

One of the company, a clergyman, was conducting an informal religious service. Having finished his short sermon, he announced a hymn. As there were no books, his selection was necessarily something familiar to all, and presently there arose from this small congregation a strong and hearty chorus. So intent were the singers upon their simple service, in which minister and all joined with equal spirit, that no one noticed, until a horse's face was thrust forward between two of the congregation, that a drove of horses, evidently attracted by the voices, had gradually approached, until a second circle was formed outside the worshippers. The discovery was so startling that for a moment even the minister forgot his clerical dignity and burst out laughing, and all the voices broke down.

At this the uninvited horses fell back in some confusion and apparent embarrassment.

In a few seconds, however, the singers recovered themselves, and with really creditable self-control sang the entire hymn, and as there were several stanzas, the outer circle of horses, which had soon closed in again, thrust forward more than one equine head among the amused worshippers before a final "Amen" sent them off once more in a scamper.

Again and again, as other hymns were sung, during which it is safe to say not a little fun entered into the worship, the song-loving horses came back, their long serious faces seeming to wear almost pious expressions as they listened attentively, and dashed away at the end of the performance.

The minister on this occasion was a well-known and popular clergyman, who now occupies an important pulpit in Washington city, and the writer was a member of the choir, and, she is sorry to have to confess, a very badly behaved member, who actually giggled out aloud when a horse's great long face appeared over her shoulder.

But of course the congregation could not feel very much mortified when the minister, who is always expected to be a pattern of good behavior, had set them so bad an example.

No doubt he had addressed audiences of almost every conceivable character during his ministry, and felt his risibles proof against any ordinary surprise, but this sudden apparition of eager horse faces was too much for even his self-control. But, after all, ministers are only men, and a man who would not feel tempted to laugh on such an occasion would be so dull that he could hardly be expected to preach a bright sermon.

HE WAS A COLLECTOR TOO.

BOYS who collect coins and odd souvenirs of great men will be amused by this story which was circulated in Paris some years ago. The famous and much-admired poet Beranger while walking along one of the boulevards one afternoon encountered a very miserable beggar on the way. The beggar's appearance and pathetic story so moved the poet that he dropped two sous in the poor fellow's hat, and passed on.

A wealthy Parisian, observing the poet's kindly act, hastened up to the beggar, and said, "Here, my man, I'll give you five francs for those two sous that gentleman just dropped in your hat."

"What's that for?" asked the beggar, astonished greatly by this unusual request.

"I want them for my collection; the man who gave them to you is Beranger the poet."

"What — hum?" asked the beggar, pointing toward the fast-receding figure of the donor.

"Yes. That's Beranger."

"That being the case," returned the beggar, "I think I'll keep the coins. I'm a collector myself."

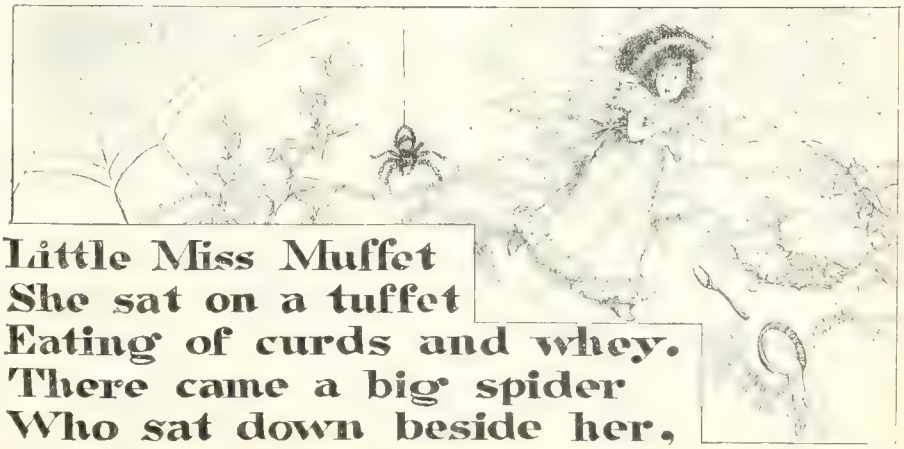
"OH, mamma," cried Julia one cloudy day, "I guess the angel forgot to fill the sun with oil, and it's gone out."



A long tailed pig,
A short tailed pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail.
A sow pig or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.



Bow wow wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog
Bow wow wow!



Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey.
There came a big spider
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



AN EXTENSIVE PURCHASE.

KITTEN. "Gimme one chocolate mouse, please."

NOT MUCH OF A FEAT.

BERTIE. "Auntie, the car was so crowded I had to stand on one foot all the way from Harlem."

CADDIE. "Why, that's nothing. Any goose can do that and never think of talking about it."

TOMMY. "Sister, why are boys' photographs like pills?"

SISTER. "Don't know, Tommy, I am sure."

TOMMY. "Because they have so much trouble *bein' taken*."

[illegible] AME THY

[illegible] wickedest boy I ever saw," said [illegible] limps a little.

"[illegible] dance.

"[illegible] his nose, an' is left [illegible] as his clothes don't fit [illegible]."

"Well [illegible] neighbor, Squire Turtle, "life [illegible] and times hard, but I never have any trouble to [illegible] meals."

"I wish I could say as much," replied Squire Turtle, sadly. "Please tell me how you do it."

"Why, eat to keep of course," responded Sir Frog, as with a sparkling eye he glanced over his companion's head and secured a horse-fly on the wing.

It was all in a moment that Squire Turtle jerked his head in, retired for a moment, but when presently he ventured to look out again, Sir Frog was out of sight.

"What did he mean, I wonder?" said Squire Turtle, scratching his head against his tortoise-shell collar, "by 'raising his bread with a hops?' I wonder if there is a joke in it. Yes, now I begin to see—ha, ha, ha!"

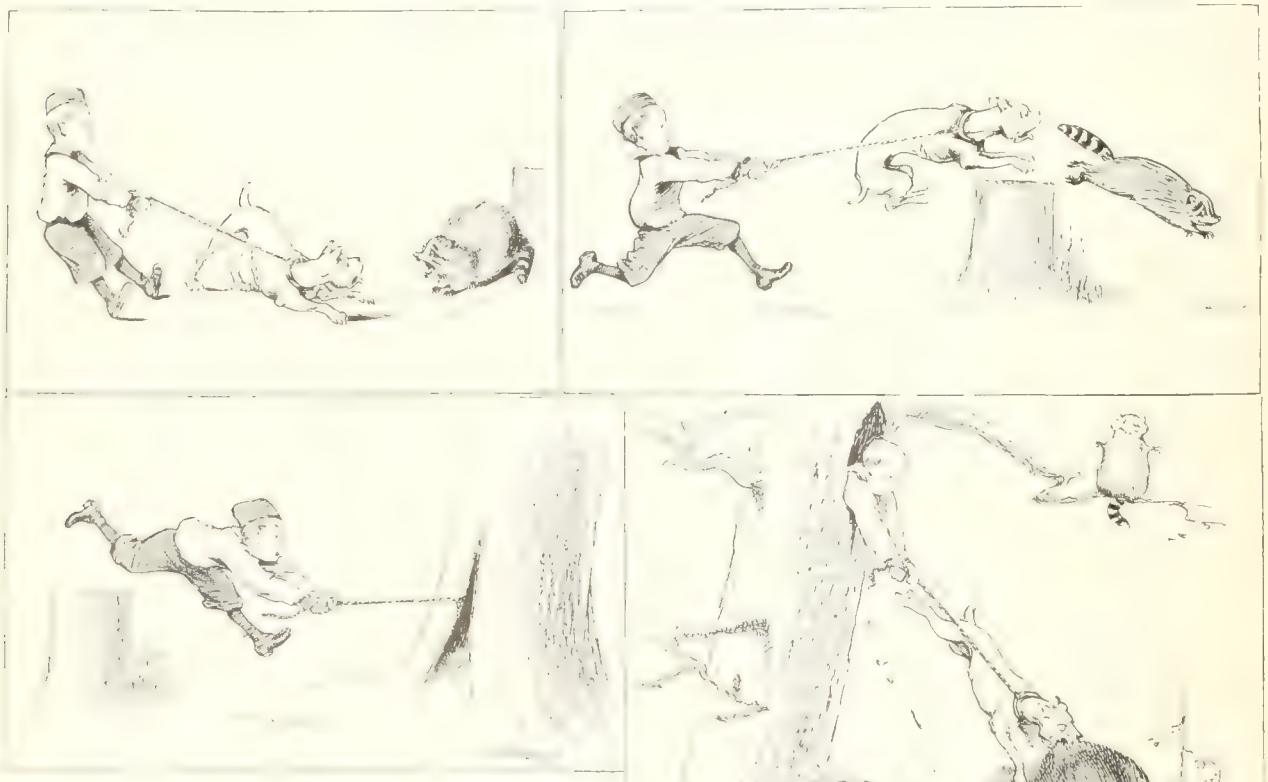
AN OAK CORN.

"If an acorn grows on an oak tree," remarked Madge one night, "why don't they call them oak corns instead of acorns?"

SPITEFUL.

"I'm six and you are only four," said Bessie, loftily, to her little sister Belle, and then added in a still more aggravating tone, "and when I was four you were only two, and when I was two you were nothing but dust."

"Yes," retorted Belle, spitefully, "and if I'd been a mud-puddle I'd splashed you, so I would."



A LARGE FAMILY.

"You girls know more about the stores than I do, I suppose," said Uncle George, whom his nieces had been teasing. "Now do you know that they all belong to the same family?"

"But they don't, Uncle George," said the girls.

"But they do," said Uncle George, "for they all bear the same name."

"No, do they?"

"Yes. They all answer to the name of Cash."

THE TALE OF A WONDERFUL 'COON DOG.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE

"IT'S all very well, Jane Ann, to say so, but I know better; you *can't*. You couldn't alter your cousin Job's mind if you tried till you was grass green with old age. When he set out to fight poor Semantha about that strip of ground, which was just as dear as a child to her, *I* knew he'd keep at it till he'd got the fence right straight up to her back door."

"Oh, I'll get along with him for a week or two," said Jane Ann, cheerfully. She was a bright, brisk little body, perhaps fifteen, but her life had been such as to make her motherly in her ways; independent too, and perhaps just a trifle conscious of her own powers. She and her mother lived alone in a tiny cottage in Bellfield, as dull a village as the State could allow, but every one said Jane Ann Rivers contrived to get all the life there was to be had out of it. She was standing now looking down at her mother's slim, timid figure in the big rocker, at the pretty faded face which had once been regarded as beautiful beyond comparison in the county; one could easily see that Jane Ann's kind of good looks would not pale so early. There were vim and sparkle and alertness in every line. Her eyes were bright as sapphires, her skin clear and healthful, and her hair, if a trifle curly, always in the best order. Everything about her was trim and wholesome. The other Bellfield girls used to wonder how Jane Ann "did it." It was as natural to the girl as the breath of life.

She was holding an open letter in her hand now, the contents of which were the subject under discussion. One of her father's few surviving relatives was a cross-grained old man who lived in the next township, and who was noted for the miserliness of his heart and life. He was supposed to be rich, yet who could tell? He had ground every penny out of every one who ever owed him, but certainly he gave no evidence of wealth in his method of living. It was therefore a surprise to Jane Ann and Mrs. Rivers when he wrote asking the girl to pay him a visit, and actually enclosing her car fare.

"Oh, mother," Jane Ann said, gayly, "let me try it; you know I like reforming people."

"You couldn't do a thing with Job," said Mrs. Rivers, "but if you like, perhaps—well, there, answer him at once."

When, two days later, Jane Ann, valise in hand, stepped from the cars at the Fullerton station, she looked around not quite so hopeful of success as she had been at home.



TOWARDS SUNDOWN THE WORK WAS ACCOMPLISHED

cousin Dick Haverstraw.

"Let me have your bag, Jane Ann," he said for an

"Cause mother has to go away a week or two, and

a day."

"Oh, I see," said Jane Ann, rather gravely.

The

the village street. The one peculiarity a stranger would notice about its surroundings was that a fence was built

"Wait a minute," said the girl. She looked at the little shut-off house a moment, about which there was no room for a scrap of garden. "That's Cousin Mantha's, isn't it?" she asked, softly. That was the piece of ground so dear to the poor old woman which inch by inch Job Haverstraw had taken from her in payment of money doled out.

"Yes," whispered Dick. "And there she is peering out to see you."

A very sweet old face was visible in the kitchen window of the little cottage. It was gazing over that high cruel railing which expressed the great grief of her life.

Jane Ann smiled and nodded, and the old woman returned it with a look like a caress.

"I'll see her soon," declared the girl, so decidedly that Dick didn't dare warn her to be cautious.

Everything in the brick house as she first saw it gave Jane Ann a chill. It was neat and clean, but not a touch of *home* about it, such as made the simple place she and her mother lived in bright for every one.

"Come in here," said Dick, leading the way into a

Jane Ann did not feel particularly happy as she followed Dick up a wide carpetless staircase and found herself in the doorway of old Job's room. He was sitting in a huge arm-chair, a bandaged foot on a bench and his cane at one side. Jane Ann had a general impression of the most shrivelled old face she had ever seen, of sharp black eyes and thin gray hair.

"Well, you came, hey?" "How do you do?"

It seemed to cost him an effort to be even so far civil.

"Very well, sir," said Jane Ann. "I hope," she added, "I can be useful."

"Very well," laughed the girl. "I'll do my best."

When she was in the small room allotted to her, and which Dick's mother had prepared as brightly as possible, Jane Ann stood in the side window and gazed down at

nothing verdant, or, as her own little place was at home, ready for the earliest of spring bloom. Then she studied

"How queer it is here," she thought, as she unpacked her bag and brushed her hair.

Dick had said tea would soon be ready, and presently she found the boy had set it out in the kitchen, helped his uncle down, and then looked at her curiously, wondering what she would think of such a repast; for on the table were set forth bread and butter and chipped beef, and the tea which her uncle bade her pour out was the thinnest of brewings. However, she was young enough to eat heartily, and when Dick had helped his uncle into a chair by the fire she set to work briskly to wash up the dishes and make things tidy, the old man evidently regarding her with satisfaction.

"Don't you plant your garden, Uncle Job?" with a nod towards the patch. "You'd save if you did. Mother and I are never out of fresh vegetables and fruit all summer; and then there are the winter ones. I had seven potato hills last year, and we had early beets and cucumbers, and I sold a good many besides. Every one around says there's nothing like our lettuce."

The old man simply stared at her.

"Oh, you've forgotten," he muttered; "your father was a fine gardener."

"Indeed he was," said Jane Ann. "When I was a mere baby I used to work with him." She carried her dish pan to the sink and sighed. "I hate to see ground wasted and money thrown away on week-old stuff."

Mr. Haverstraw made no answer, but he was evidently revolving something serious in his mind; and as for Jane Ann, when she had her little curly head on her pillow, it was hard work to get asleep, for *she* had something very decidedly on *her* mind.

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over, and she carried her uncle's on a tray to his room, she ran around to Cousin Mantha's. She was intensely anxious to see the dear little lonely old lady. Semantha must have seen her coming, for she had the front door open in a moment, and stood there smiling and holding out her hands.

"I *knew* you'd come!" she exclaimed, leading the way into the sitting-room. "'Twouldn't be Tom Rivers's girl if she didn't."

"Why, of course," Jane Ann said, in her hearty, downright way; "I've heard so much of you, Cousin Mantha. I can't stay very long. I just ran around before Uncle Job was downstairs—well, to see you, and to tell you of a plan I have."

"Plan?" echoed the old lady. "How d' you mean, child?"

"Oh, well, it's something even a girl like me can do; and I'm sure, though he's only thirteen, Dick will help. He seems so honest and good."

The old and young heads were put together for the next half-hour, and I question if in ten years poor Semantha Haverstraw had taken such a cheerful view of life as she did when her young visitor had sketched her "plan" and risen to depart.

"You see, dear," she said, reluctant to lose the bright hopeful presence, "that garden was my joy; used to have herbs, you know, and sweet-pease, and—well, just what mother had before me; and he's let it go to waste sort o' to spite me. I'd have sold him the house, only I *had* to have a shelter. Well, you've come in time, and Heaven bless you!"

Mrs. Haverstraw came home a little earlier than was expected.

"Might 'a' knowed you was Jane Nelson's girl," she exclaimed; and unnatural as any demonstration was to her, she drew Jane Ann's face down and gave her a kiss.

Upstairs Job Haverstraw was revolving in his mind how to carry out a sincere wish he had. This was to keep Jane Ann all summer. Maria, Dick's mother, cer-

tainly did her best; but her cumbersome ways, her shrill voice, annoyed him greatly.

The next morning a letter was written, and he called Jane Ann to read it. It is doubtful whether Mrs. Rivers would have accepted the invitation but for a little note from her girl.

"Mother dear, *do*," wrote Jane Ann, "It isn't exactly that I want to be here, and you well know I hate to leave you, and am always wondering how you are getting on without me, but truly there is something good to be done here. Don't think it's because of money. He really showed me his will—he was so afraid, he said, you and I would expect anything—and every cent is left—well, perhaps I oughtn't to tell you, only it won't benefit *us*."

To this impatient but earnest appeal there could be but one answer. And Jane Ann staid.

Mrs. Haverstraw was delighted. Her ideal of comfort was her rocking-chair in the kitchen window, her knitting, and, above all, the lack of exercise. She had given in to much of her brother-in-law's stinginess simply to avoid exertion, and Jane Ann was on the most perfect terms of friendliness with her before a week was out. As for Uncle Job, to be agreeable was not in his nature, but he was as free from the opposite extreme as any one had ever seen him. He was more than pleased when Jane Ann, early and late, with Dick, her faithful apprentice, went to work at the garden patch. She would come in, pushing her hat back from her curly brow, hoe in hand, to say:

"See here, Uncle Job, what do you like best? There's such a sunny spot for the tomatoes." Or it would be: "I'll have to get that Ned Triller up again to plough the upper part of the ground. You see, it's just been left to itself."

And Job, who in years had felt no special interest even in his own belongings, would answer:

"Go ahead; you're a gardener's daughter—brought up to it, bean't you? I *do* feel," he once added, "as if a cucumber and lettuce right off my own patch would taste good."

"You'll have 'em," Jane Ann retorted that time, with a gay laugh.

She and Dick worked in all their spare hours, but besides the potato hills, the carrots, onions, and beets which she put down, and the fine place for a double growth of fresh crisp lettuce, Jane Ann, as Uncle Job said, a "gardener's daughter," laid out some beds on which sweet-pease would spring. There was also a mignonette and pansy border leading almost directly from one house to the other.

She was busy seeding one day, no one about but herself, when a sweet voice came above the high fence:

"Janey!"

"Oh yes, Cousin Manth."

In an instant Jane Ann was standing on the ledge of the fence and looking at old Miss Semantha, who had timidly opened her kitchen window.

"I was watching," the old lady said, softly. "There's a good asparagus bed down there."

"I know," nodded Jane Ann, clinging to the upper railing. "It will come up well; 'tisn't too old."



SHE SET BRISKLY TO WORK TO WASH THE DISHES.

"And did you plant any pa'sley, dear? I always had it about reddish time."

"Yes; a lovely bed of it."

There was a momentary pause, during which Miss Semantha's gentle eyes soared over the upper windows of Job's house.

"I see you settin' out the sweet-pease," she said.

Jane Ann's little sunburnt hands had to cling very closely to the spiky upper railings of the hated fence, but she made no sign further than to smile and say, "*You'll* find out, Cousin Manth."

Jane Ann was, as we have seen, by no means a sentimental girl; yet something in those tender green leaves, something in the delicacy which they imparted, made her think of Miss Semantha. She held one of the slimly petalled leaves in her hand one time in her reformed garden, looked at the slender stalk, and watched it blow back and forth.

"It's like *her*," said the girl to herself—"lovely and sweet, and just giving the kind of touch or something we want, but, oh well, no backbone to it," reflected Jane Ann, letting the sprig fall to the ground.

Now I must tell you that Dick had so far been a cause of deep anxiety to his ease-loving mother. He was, as she would say, "good as gold," but he "took to nothing." But Jane Ann seemed to have roused an ambition in him. He did his work heartily and all went well.

At one time the girl sat down, I must say, in no less a romantic place than on the garden fence. One part of her plan had worked successfully; how would the other? She had one of those discouraging times all young people must go through when they have meant their best and are trying to work it out. Sitting there, suddenly her name was called.

"Jane Ann—Jane Ann!"

when Dick had left the spout, washing them quickly. A

" There's something I must say to you, Uncle Job. Now don't be foolish. Tell me what I can take for it, you've done to that patch. We've had our garden in summer, and now winter stuff is put in."

He looked at the girl with a puzzled expression. Jane Ann could scarcely understand it.

"An' it seems to me," he continued, "as if I'd seen you and Semantha tying up bunches of herbs."

"Oh yes," exclaimed Jane Ann, "she's been *such* a help. Often when you were so sick she helped me pack out the very best for you."

"Semantha," said Job Haverstraw, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; it was she who gave me the best of my seeds, and her advice has been so much help. Well, I'll tell you, Uncle Job"— Jane Ann seated herself on a cricket and held her chin in her hands reflectively — "I'm proud of that garden. It's a good piece of work for a boy and girl to do, and ever so many people who've praised it said they wondered why you'd left it so long such a sight. But there's one thing — oh! and people have vexed me remarking it; that ugly old fence just spoils it all. I want you to let Dick and me pull it down."

There was a brief silence; then, in a querulous tone, Job Haverstraw said: "I don't see why. It's stood these ten years. But—all right; go ahead." He leaned back, with a gesture of impatience, and closed his eyes.

You can readily fancy that the pair of young gardeners lost no time in availing themselves of this coveted permission. Crack! bang! went Dick's hatchet, and speedily would Jane Ann fly off to the barn with the loosened timber. Miss Semantha, scarcely daring to believe her eyes, hovered dimly in her kitchen, but watched the process of destruction as though it meant new life to her; which it did, for to have had no outlook for years but upon that prison-like wall had hurt and wounded her more than any one knew. As a little girl she had gathered violets and sweet-pease with her mother in the garden patch which Jane Ann had once more made to bloom.

Towards sundown the work was accomplished, and then a curious thing happened. Jane Ann and Dick were regarding the result of their labor with great satisfaction, and Miss Semantha had stepped out on her tiny porch with the air of a freed captive. A halting step crossed in the little patch, and there stood Job Haverstraw, leaning on his big cane.

Semantha's soft old cheeks flushed. They had not spoken in years, but it suddenly occurred to her that she was on her own threshold; it was her place to break silence. She held out a trembling hand.

"How do you do, Job," she said, with great dignity. "Won't you step in a little while? Seems to look like old times."

"I guess I might as well, Semantha," Job said, after a brief pause. "I began to see that fence spoiled the looks of things."

Semantha was a maiden lady, but she had a woman's tact. "It did so," she answered. "But what a good garden you've got!"

"Well," said Job, "you might as well use it too. There's a good deal in the cellar."

He allowed himself to be ushered into the kitchen, and Jane Ann and Dick sat down on the door-step.

"I *said* we'd do it," observed the girl. "I *knew* there'd be a way to break down that old—grudge."

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.*

M. DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISTRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE battle in the Martinique peach orchard was not decided before Ferd and Larry had made their marks upon several of their adversaries; but the unexpected resistance only infuriated the planter the more, and with his assistance three or four of the blacks soon had each boy by the arms, and dragged them toward the house.

"What do you mean by treating us in this way?" Larry shouted, making a furious effort to break away. "We came in here to see a man, and you have no right to touch us."

The planter only waved his arms and cane violently, and said something to one of the men, in which Larry recognized the word *commissaire*. The man immediately started off on a run toward the city.

"He is sending for the police," Larry cried. "If there was only some one here could speak English we'd soon explain matters. But I don't believe in letting them arrest us for nothing, Ferd. If we see anything we can lay our hands on, a couple of good stones or some stout clubs, we can make a break and teach them better manners."

"Oh, my level-headed cousin," Ferd laughed, "what a fighter you are getting to be, down in this hot climate! Don't you see that after the old chap gets over his fit of anger, and sees that we're decently dressed and reasonably honest-looking fellows, he'll discover that he's made a mistake? Just leave him to me; I'll manage it. And as to speaking English, why, Abel Forefinger speaks English, doesn't he?"

The boys walked along quietly now with their captors, and submitted to being led into the house, and taken into a room, where the men let go their hold, but kept guard at the door.

"We came here to see Abel Forefinger, monsieur," Ferd said in French to the planter.

The planter turned quickly toward him, and eyed him all over from head to foot. Then he gave Larry a similar inspection, and from that moment his manner toward them changed. He pointed to chairs, and apparently asked them to be seated.

It's working, Larry," Ferd said in English. "What a lucky thing we happened to have our good clothes on!"

"Abel Forefinger?" the planter said, and he muttered "*oui, oui*" and went on with a volley of French words that the boys did not understand. But he sent one of the colored men away, and they were sure that he had sent for Abel Forefinger.

In a few moments the man returned, and with him the mulatto the boys had seen talking to the planter.

Ferd immediately stepped up to the new-comer and put out his hand.

Good-morning," he said. "Do you speak English?"

"Oh yes," the man replied, "I speak English."

"There has been some mistake here," Ferd went on. We are strangers on the island, and we came out here a few minutes ago to deliver a message to a man named Abel Forefinger, who was said to be here."

"Abel Forefinger!" the man exclaimed; "why, that is my name. Who sent the message?"

"My father," Ferd replied; "Mr. Kirkwood, of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. He said that he knew you, and he would like you to come down to the schooner *Boca Grande*, lying in the harbor, and see him."

"Oh yes, I know your father very well," Forefinger answered, "and I shall be glad to see him. But what

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 715.



"THE 'BOCA GRANDE'" THE GENTLEMAN REPLIED, "OH YES; SHE'S GONE."

is all the trouble here? What is the mistake that has been made?"

"We took a short-cut through the peach orchard in coming in," Ferd said, "and this gentleman evidently thought we were stealing his fruit, for he came at us himself, and made some of his men bring us into the house. I rather think we gave some of his men sore heads in the midst of it, too."

Abel Forefinger laughed, and said something in French that made the planter laugh too. And after they had carried on a brief conversation in French, Abel said that Monsieur Lafarge asked him to tell the boys how very sorry he was that such a mistake had been made.

"Those peach-trees are his particular pets," Abel went on, "and they are such a novelty in Martinique that he has a hard time to keep the fruit from being stolen. He catches thieves in them nearly every day, and when he saw you there he naturally thought that you were steal ing his precious fruit. Perhaps it *would* have been just as well if you had come in by the gate."

The boys laughingly agreed that it would, and the planter amiably shook hands with them, and said, through Abel, that he could not think of letting them go away until they had eaten a bite of lunch with him. They were for starting off at once with Abel for the schooner, but the lunch delayed them, and they had the pleasure of eating some fruit and ices alone with the planter, to whom they could not say a word. He was anxious then to send them down to the city in his carriage, but they would not hear of it.

As the boys walked down the shady road with Abel they found him to be an unusually intelligent man. His language had none of the West-India negro accent, and he was evidently well educated.

"I would go a long way to see your father," he said to Ferd, "for he is a man, every inch of him. I can't say that of all the fine gentlemen I meet. Now this planter we have just left, he's a very different sort of person. We may have some business together, and there we're on even terms, and he will make money out of me. But when it came to eating lunch, Mr. Abel Forefinger's business was to walk out of the room. Do you think the grand Monsieur Lafarge would eat lunch with a man who had a drop of negro blood in his veins? Not he, indeed!"

The boys had quite overlooked the fact that Abel was a mulatto. He seemed in every way a fit man to be their companion.

"I was half wishing you would accept his offer to ride down in his carriage," Forefinger continued. "He knew that we were all going to the same place, but he would not have let me ride in his coach. I wanted to see what the old fellow would do."

It was more than half an hour's walk to the schooner, and the boys had a long talk with Abel Forefinger. It seemed almost too good to be true that after their long search for him he was really walking down the road with them on his way to the schooner and to Uncle Ben. He told them that he was a native of Antigua, and that when he was a boy a wealthy planter took an interest in him,

"We have a gentleman up on deck who would like to see you for a minute."

There was something in Larry's eye that told more than his words, and Uncle Ben hastened up the companion way and Abel Forefinger stood before him.

"Hello, Forefinger; how are you?" he said, cordially enough, but without concealing by his manner that he had been looking over the West Indies for the man. "I am glad to see you. We ran across your trail in Jamaica, and heard you'd come here and I'm always glad to see a fellow-countryman from Trinidad."

This was not the kind of greeting the boys had expected to see Uncle Ben give Abel Forefinger, and they waited with interest for Abel's reply.

"It is always a pleasure to see you, Mr. Kirkwood," Abel answered, "and perhaps it will be a good thing for both of us that we have met again."

These brief salutations left the boys as much in the dark as ever; and Uncle Ben soon took Abel down into the cabin, telling the boys to stay on deck and not to leave the schooner until he saw them again. After a few minutes he returned alone, leaving Abel in the cabin.

"You have done splendid work, boys," he told them in a low voice, laying his hands upon their shoulders; "splendid work. And to think that you caged your bird before you had been twelve hours in Martinique! That is as far as you can go, and you have earned your rewards. But now my part of the business begins, and I have to do it with great care, or I may spoil everything."

"Abel has consented to go on to Trinidad with us," he continued, "and I want to take him away from here as soon as he can get his clothes on board. I am afraid to let your French planter have another chance at him, for Abel might change his mind. So I shall take him away from St. Pierre before noon, if possible. But I don't want to spoil your visit to Martinique, and I have arranged this plan. There is another large town here called Fort de-France, around the point about thirty or forty miles, with a railroad from St. Pierre. You can enjoy yourselves here to-night and to-morrow, and I will pick you up at Fort de-France to-morrow evening."

With this understanding the boys went ashore again, but the mystery of Abel Forefinger had more attraction for them than the wonderful sights of the island. They talked it over and over again, but the more they considered it the farther they were from any conclusion. Only one thing they were sure of: Uncle Ben had promised them $500 each to find Abel Forefinger, and they had found him and delivered him in due form, and the money was as good as in their pockets.

All their wonderment about Abel, however, could not prevent them from enjoying the beautiful sights of Martinique.

"Would you ever believe, Ferd," Larry exclaimed, "that there was such a beautiful place in the whole world? I've been looking ever since we left home for a place that should be exactly like the pictures we see of tropical scenery—of great masses of palms and ferns and dashing cataracts, and all that—but nowhere did I see them till we reached here. There were some of the things in one place and some in another, but here they are all together. I think if the folks were here I could stay here all my life."

"Oh, you're just beginning to see tropical scenery Ferd retorted. "Martinique is very good, sure; but wait till you see Trinidad!"

They went ashore to the Hôtel des Bains for dinner, and with Adele's assistance they engaged a carriage to take them out to the botanical gardens, about three miles from the city. In all the islands they had heard of the wonderful botanical gardens of Martinique; and when they saw them they confessed that their beauties had not been exaggerated. The gardens were so wild that they seemed to be almost in a state of nature, but such trees and flowers as they contained! Even Ferd was compelled to admit that there was no garden so wildly picturesque in Trinidad.

"My neck is fairly stiff with trying to look up at the tops of these palms!" he exclaimed. "I have heard that the highest palms in the Western hemisphere are in these gardens, and now I'm sure of it. Look at this one, Larry! It must be a hundred and fifty feet of straight trunk up to the first branch!"

"It's the story of the Garden of Eden repeated!" Larry laughed. "With everything lovely beyond belief, a snake creeps in and spoils it all. I wish Adele hadn't told us about the deadly snakes, for I haven't seen any, and I don't believe they're half as bad as they make them out."

"Don't you believe it!" Ferd exclaimed. "It's the *fer de lance*, the most deadly of all serpents. They say there is positively no cure for a person who is bitten by one of them. Do you know the story of how those snakes came here? We have a few of them in Trinidad, so I know something about them. The slaves in St. Lucia in old times used to run away and hide in the woods, and the masters imported a lot of these deadly snakes and set them loose to keep the darkies at home. In a few years the snakes increased so that the whole island was in danger, and some of the reptiles made their way over here. It was a terrible judgment on the masters, wasn't it?"

When the boys went out to see the opera-house that evening, Adele cautioned them to keep in the walks as they crossed the park, and not, as they valued their lives, to venture upon the grass. "The deadly serpents are there at night," she said. "Many a man and boy has lost his life by them right in the heart of the city."

The room they occupied in the hotel that night had great dormer-windows opening upon the red-tiled roof, and Larry declared that all the cats in the city were promenading the roof, and occasionally coming in their windows. And it was necessary several times to call Fauquier from the adjoining room to do battle with little armies of strange creatures that insisted upon marching over the walls and floor, that Ferd said were "only native cockroaches and entirely harmless," but that Larry declared were from two to three inches long.

"Never mind them," Ferd said, as he sat on the edge of the bed before blowing out the candle. "Do you see that pocket-book, Larry? See how terribly flat it is? That will fatten up when we get to Trinidad. We ought to be home in a few days now, and we'll not be there many hours before I have the boat I told you of. I don't suppose you know much about boats, but this one is a beauty. She's worth $700 at the very lowest, but her owner is anxious to sell, and I can get her for $400. That will leave me $100 on hand to entertain a distinguished cousin from New York with. What are you going to do with your money, Larry?"

"Well, I'll not spend it till I get it, anyhow," Larry laughingly answered. The prospective possession of so much money had troubled him all the afternoon. It was too large a sum to spend foolishly, and yet Ferd seemed bent upon spending his, and if Larry hoarded his money he might seem mean. "Do you remember," he added, "how Defoe's 'Colonel Jack' had a purse full of gold that nearly worried him to death for fear it should be

stolen, and how he tried to lay it away in a hole in a tree, and the tree was so hollow that the purse fell down to the ground where he could not get it again; and how much happier he felt then? I think I'll have to put mine in a hollow tree."

Within twelve hours the train had carried the boys across the beautiful part of the island lying between St. Pierre and Fort-de-France, and as they were several hours ahead of the time appointed to meet the schooner they had an opportunity to examine Martinique's second city. It was not as romantic a place, they concluded, as St. Pierre, but more modern, and in better repair. As they crossed the little park they paused in front of a handsome statue.

"Why, this is funny!" Ferd exclaimed, as he read an inscription on the base. "It just says 'Josephine.' I wonder who she was, and why they didn't put on her last name."

"Josephine!" Larry shouted. "So it is! Oh, Ferd, this is a great find. I ought to have known about it, but it never occurred to me. It's the great Josephine, the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Empress of the French. You must have read her sad story. She was a native of Martinique, and when only fifteen or sixteen she was taken over to France to be married to a young nobleman she had never seen. He was executed, and then she married Napoleon Bonaparte, and for about fifteen years she was one of the greatest women in the world. But he divorced her, and in a few years she died. She is one of Imogen's great favorites, and I must send her home a flower from Josephine's monument."

The sights of Fort-de-France were quickly exhausted, and the boys went down to the wharf to find the schooner. She was nowhere to be seen, and they were about to turn away and continue their walk through the town, when they heard two gentlemen speaking in English. It was so unexpected that they paused a moment to listen, and Larry stepped up and asked one of the gentlemen whether he had seen anything of the schooner *Boca Grande*.

"The *Boca Grande!*" the gentleman replied; "oh, yes; she's gone. She sailed for the southward about eleven o'clock this morning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF COCHISE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

I WAS about to tell Lieutenant-Colonel S. S. Sumner, of the Sixth Cavalry, U.S.A., the story I wrote for the YOUNG PEOPLE about the brave boy who became war-chief of the Crow Indians, when he told me a more interesting tale. We were talking about courage and brave men, and Colonel Sumner said that a very brave Indian once told him that General O. O. Howard was the bravest man he ever saw.

The circumstances were these. Down in Arizona and in New Mexico in 1872 the terrible Apache Indians had been committing frequent and bloody crimes, robbing and murdering white settlers, and fighting our soldiers. The Apaches are our most savage Indians, and some of them even to this day have never been conquered and have never ceased their warfare on the white people. One notable band of these unruly redskins was, at the time of this story, hidden away in the Dragoon Mountains, under the command of a fierce and stalwart chief named Cochise. General Howard was in that corner of our country on an errand of peace. He was visiting the various savage tribes, and trying to reason with their chiefs, in order that they could be brought to see that it would be better for them to stop fighting and go on reservations. That seems a strange errand for a soldier, and especially for such a valiant fighter as General Howard, who, before that, had lost an arm for his country, and won the fame of a hero on more than one battle-field.

Strange as it was, that was what General Howard was doing—going from tribe to tribe in plain citizen's clothes, and trying to reason with the wildest Indians on the continent. A motley crowd followed him, and he brought together husbands and wives and children who had been separated in the fighting and retreating and the chasing of the Indians by the troops. He was kind and gentle, and was greatly admired by those who came in his way. And he had a great deal of success in quieting some tribes and putting them on reservations where they might live peacefully.

It was said to be impossible to find the great chief Cochise, who was hidden away in the mountains. To tell the truth, nobody else had any desire to see him, for he was notorious as a fierce foe of the white people, a turbulent leader of a murderous band of "Apache devils," as his Indians were well called. It was not only hard to see Cochise, but it was as much as any white man's life was worth to be seen by him. He had been massacring the settlers, and was hiding from the punishment he deserved, and getting ready to make more mischief. But General Howard wished particularly to meet him, and when he heard that a man named Jefferds knew the way to Cochise's hiding-place, the General employed the man to take him there.

Jefferds was a man who served as a guide and as a scout for our soldiers, and knew that country well. He agreed to take the General, and off they went across mountains and plains and other mountains, and finally to a third range, called the Dragoon Mountains. When they neared the desperate Indian's hiding-place, Jefferds said that the General had too many people in his train; for a lot of Indians were trooping along with the white men to join their tribes, and some were squaws and children belonging to Cochise's band. Jefferds said that if Cochise saw so many people he would fight them. The General asked how many it would do to go with, and yet not alarm the suspicious chief. Finally it was agreed that the General, his companion, Captain Joseph A. Sladen, Jefferds, and two Indians, making five in all, should form the party. The others were then left behind, and the five rode on—to death, as some of them thought.

Captain Sladen asked the General if he did not realize his danger. He asked whether the General was not aware that he was almost certain to be killed. General Howard replied by quoting the Bible. He recited a verse which says that if we lose a life for our Saviour's sake we shall have an eternal life given to us. Captain Sladen rode on in silence. It seemed wonderful then, and it seems no less wonderful now, to the army officers and to all the people down there, that General Howard should ride straight into that Indian trap, where Indians were hidden behind the rocks, and where a white man's life was not worth a fig. And yet he wore no uniform, and carried no weapon except a tiny penknife.

Straight into Cochise's stronghold went the General and his men. It was a fort made by nature; a place of forty acres in extent, walled all around by great rocks, and with only one opening in the wall for any one to get in or out. There were hundreds of Apaches in there—at least three hundred, if I remember rightly. They all surrounded the white men, who were made to understand that they were prisoners. Worse yet, they were told that Cochise was going to make up his mind during the day whether to kill them or not. Cochise did not show himself. The General and his companions had all that day and all that night in which to think of what they had done, and what were their chances of ever seeing their homes again. Escape was utterly impossible. At night they spread blankets on the ground under some trees and slept. How many of those who read this would have



"I WANT PEACE MYSELF," SAID COCHISE.

slept that night under those circumstances? But these men got a good night's rest.

On the next day Cochise made his appearance. He heard through an interpreter who General Howard was and that he came to make peace.

"I want peace myself," said Cochise. The tall muscular Indian spoke only Spanish and Apache. He was a very large, fine-looking man, and seemed a giant among the Apaches, who are a race of small, thin, wiry people.

"If you want peace," said General Howard, "we can soon arrange it." He talked no nonsense about "the Great White Father at Washington." He simply said "There are two parties of white men. One is now in power. That party wants peace with the Indians. The President of the United States sent me to see you."

When it was agreed that Cochise and his warriors and squaws should go down from the mountains and live upon a reservation which the General agreed to give them, near Apache Pass, the wily old chief shook his head.

"When I go with you the soldiers will shoot my people," he said.

"But I will order them not to," said General Howard. "I will send Captain Sladen."

"They will not care what he says," said the chief, "but they will obey you. You go and order them to leave us alone. Leave Captain Sladen here. My women will take good care of him."

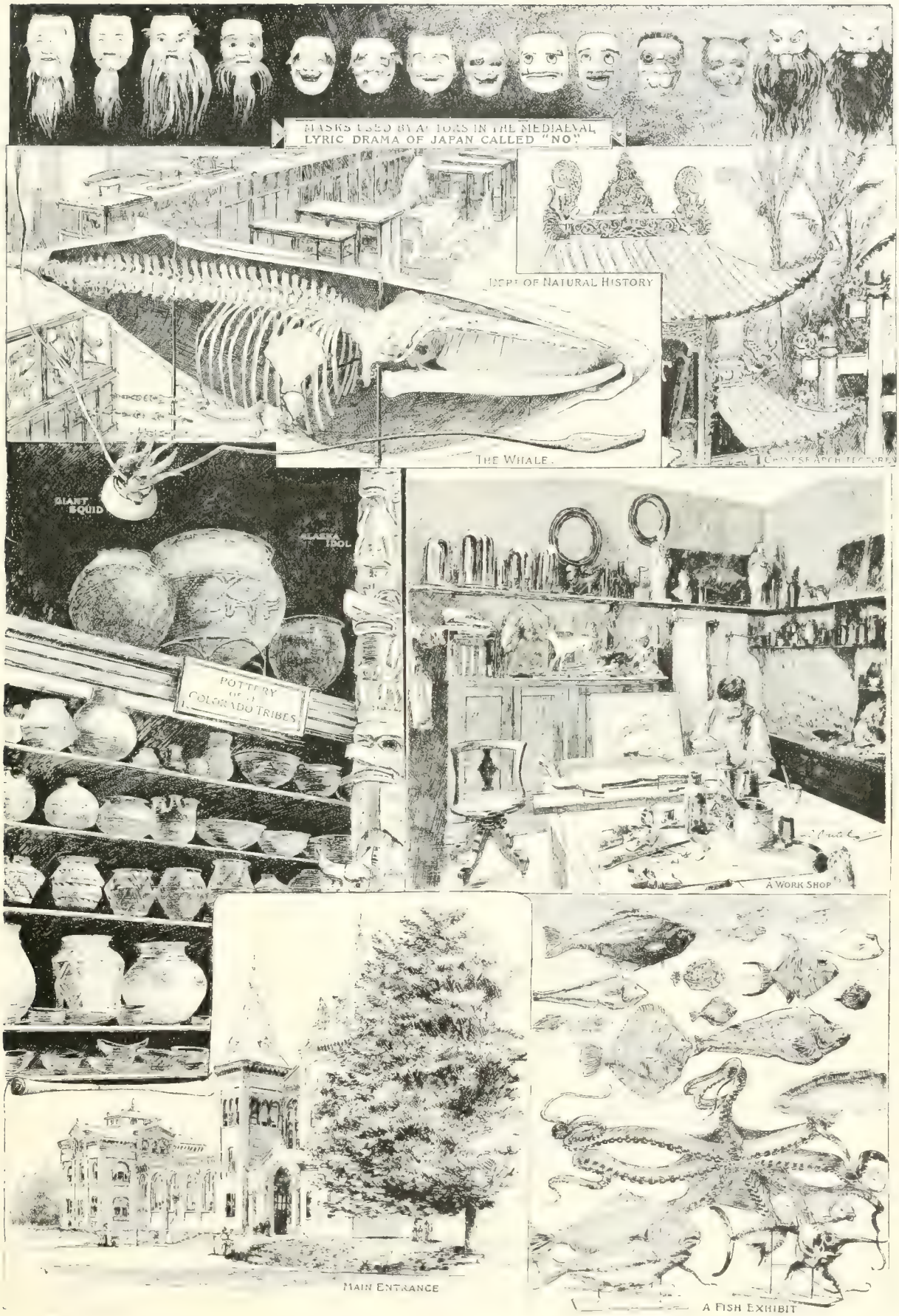
So the General went and left the Captain in that terrible trap. Then it was that the General saw Lieutenant-Colonel Sumner, and arranged for a meeting between Cochise and the officers in command of the troops that were stationed out there. Even then Colonel Sumner doubted the intentions of Cochise. The Apaches are a treacherous lot, and have not taught the white men to trust them. Colonel Sumner would not have been surprised if the red men had massacred all the officers when they had the chance. But the Colonel admits that General Howard seemed unconscious of any danger. He was honestly trying to bring about peace, and he seemed to think of nothing but peace. In this case his faith was justified, for Cochise went upon a reservation, and remained a "good Indian" until he died, but many another man who has trusted other Apaches has died for doing so.

Cochise had a wise head on his shoulders. "I notice," he said, "that the more white men I kill, the faster they come, and the more there are of them. It is no use to fight them. I will do as they tell me."

Long afterward he told Captain Sumner how surprised he was to see General Howard ride into his stronghold. "Me think I am a brave man," he said, "but General Howard the bravest man me ever saw."

On the other hand, if the reader should ever ask the heroic General, who lives on Governors Island, in New York Harbor, and commands this military department, about his adventure, he would smile, and say:

"Oh, I knew Cochise was not going to kill me when I hunted him out. The little children came and lay on my blanket and played around me when I was a prisoner there. They would not have been allowed to do so if I was to have been killed."



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON.—[See Page 802.]

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

A PLACE [illegible] of the nation's great collection of curiosities known as [illegible] Museum in Washington. The [illegible] of Washington, and the [illegible] museum is so filled with children large and [illegible] he is close to some great school. But there is no school near; it is the museum that is the attraction, and within its solid walls the children and a great many older people [illegible] pleasure and instruction.

The National Museum is different from other museums. Not only is it much larger, but its arrangement is different. Its managers say that they do nothing for appearance but everything for solid use. It is an educational museum so planned that people may learn. In many of its departments the specimens are arranged to accord with the standard text-books used in the public schools. In the Botanical Division, for instance, the plants are arranged in the same order as they are described in the school-books. Here are the common flowers, then the composites, the jasmine, honeysuckle and heath families, the forest trees, the sedges and grasses, then the ferns and mosses, lichens, fungi, and sea-weeds. All these things come one after another exactly as they come in the text-books. You will readily see what an advantage this is to any student. If you are studying botany, and have come to the fungi and sea-weeds, you go into the National Museum and see them all spread out before you; then, when you go to school, you know what you are talking about. In the same way you learn natural history, all about minerals and building stones, about the graphic arts and all the trades, all the modern inventions, the formation of the human body, and all the methods that have been employed in all ages for disposing of the body after the life has gone out of it. In short, whatever you learn in school, you can find something in the National Museum to illustrate and explain it.

The making of a chromo perhaps illustrates the method of the National Museum as clearly as it can be illustrated. You are familiar with chromos, and have some general idea of how they are made, by printing on one color and [illegible] after another. But unless you have studied the subject it is not likely that your ideas about it are very definite. Here in the National Museum the whole process is made clear. Here are forty prints of the chromo, each showing it at a different stage. Here, first of all, is the drawing the artist has made done with pen and ink on white paper. This is the groundwork, though it does not look much like a chromo. Underneath the drawing is the first print, showing only a few outlines done in black. Next in the top row is the patch of green that goes on; underneath that is the picture after the green has been put on. The top row throughout shows what is added with each impression, and the bottom row shows how the picture looks after the new color has been added. There are forty of these plates, and the last one is the finished picture, ready to sell for ten cents. When you see these plates before you, you soon know all about the making of a chromo. It is in such ways as this that the museum is arranged throughout.

Interesting things always accumulate in the hands of a government very fast, and as long ago as 1846 some steps were taken toward establishing a museum where these things might be exhibited. But it was not until the centennial year came that such a place was found to be a necessity. All the countries of the world sent [illegible] valuable things to the Centennial Exhibition, and when the exhibition ended many of these things were presented to the United States government. Besides these, great stores of relics and curiosities had been accumulating in the Patent Office museum and in the Smithsonian Institution, where they did not properly belong. So, in 1876, it was decided to build a National Museum, where all these things might be shown to the best advantage, and in 1879 the building was finished. It stands in grounds adjoining those of the Smithsonian Institution, and is said to be one of the best for such a purpose in the world. It is a brick building, 327 feet square, built in the form of a Greek cross, with the spaces between the extensions of the cross filled in with lower buildings, and with four corner and four intermediate towers. This great square building covers nearly two and a half acres of land. It cost $250,000; but that is nothing compared with the value of some of the things that are kept in it. In the centre of all is a fountain, and in the centre of the fountain is Crawford's great statue of "Freedom." This is the statue that stands on the top of the dome of the Capitol building. The one on the Capitol is made of bronze; the one in the museum is made of plaster, and is the original from which the bronze one was cast.

It was a great undertaking to arrange all the relics and curiosities that came in from the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institution, from the Centennial, the Revolutionary relics and relics of later wars, Washington relics and Grant relics, Indian curiosities, and thousands upon thousands of things from other sources. But the work went into competent hands. Professor Otis T. Mason, who took me over the museum a few days ago, and Professor J. Brown Goode are only two of about twenty scientific men who have the museum in charge. Professor Mason was so full of information on every subject that it did not seem as if there could be anything in the world that he did not know.

"What is that odd looking contrivance standing among the clocks?" I asked him.

"That is another clock," Professor Mason replied. "Here are samples of all the time measurers that have ever been used by mankind. We will begin at the beginning. Here is a sheet of white sand, with an upright stick in the centre, and some lines drawn in the sand radiating from the stick. When the stick's shadow fell upon one of the lines, it was eight o'clock in the morning. When it cast no shadow, noon. That was undoubtedly the first device for marking time used by any human being. Gradually, as knowledge increased, other means were devised. After a while came that odd-looking contrivance you ask about. That is called a clepsydra, or water clock, and for more than two thousand years it was the only kind of clock in use in this world. There are two upright columns, you see, and between and in front of them a hollow tin cylinder. The cylinder is held up by movable cords, and inside it is divided into several compartments. One compartment is filled with water, and there is a little pin-hole opening into the next compartment. The water runs through this hole in so many minutes, and going into the next compartment its weight makes the cylinder partially revolve. In so many revolutions the cylinder descends to the bottom, the day is spent, and it is time for the sun to set.

"The clepsydra," the professor continued, "was capable of keeping time with a variation of twenty minutes either way in the twenty-four hours. That was pretty accurate for those days. But at length we arrived at the chronograph (here is one), which does not vary $\frac{1}{10000}$ of a second in the twenty-four hours.

"But the YOUNG PEOPLE boys and girls," he went on, "are more interested in knives than in clocks. I know they are. Here we have a collection of the knives of all nations. Not only that, but an illustration of the development of the knife from the crudest times to the present.

The first man found it necessary to cut something, and he had no knife. What did he cut with? A sharp stone; any of your boys will tell you that. Here it is—a piece of flint that in breaking happened to be left with a sharp edge. Pretty soon the man wanted something sharper, and he rubbed the edge against another stone; that was grinding. By-and-by he found that the stone was awkward to hold, and blistered his hand. Then he bound a wooden handle to it with a cord. That was the first knife with a handle. Then came the age of metal, and iron blades were riveted to bone or metal handles."

"I see you have a Barlow knife in the collection," I said. "I suppose Barlow must be dead."

"No, indeed," the professor replied. "He is the livest man you ever saw. I had a letter from him not long ago. He is still making knives down in New England."

"Well, girls, having a good time?" This was the professor's pleasant greeting to a group of young colored girls who, with school-books in hand, were studying the contents of one of the cases.

"Oh, yes, sir; splendid!" one of the girls replied.

"Their teachers send them here nearly every day to look up some subject they are studying. Here is something that always pleases them," and he pointed to a large case in which stood life-size and lifelike images of specimens of all the African races, with one coal-black negro boy prominent in front. "They draw one another's attention to that figure, and say, 'Dat you! dat you!'

"This would be a prize for some boy if he could carry it away," the professor went on. "Here is a collection of models of every kind of boat known to man, from the most primitive canoe made of a hollowed log to the latest twin-screw steamship. Some of the boats, you see, are of full size, but the larger ones have to be represented by models. Here are Chinese junks, South Sea catamarans, Greenland kyaks, Dutch fishing vessels, boats of all kinds. It was an old idea that the first boat was a log; but that was not necessarily so. There are some treeless countries where the natives had no logs to begin with. They made boats with skins. Where there were neither logs nor skins, rafts were made by binding rushes together into sheaves. Here is a skin-boat, and here a raft made of rushes. The next step was the dugout. When savages began to make bark canoes, they took quite a step toward the modern ship. The first sail probably was a bush; then a skin was used, and then a strip of matting. You see how many stages it has taken to evolve the modern steamship. This collection illustrates not only the development of the modern ship, but it illustrates also what a scientist would call the influence of environment upon boat-building in various parts of the world."

While we were talking, Professor J. Brown Goode approached and handed Professor Mason a very large string of antelope teeth, strung on a cord, each with a hole through it. There were several hundred of them.

"I have great doubt about them," Professor Mason said. "But I will put some of them under the microscope; I think they are plaster, or made of bone."

"Plaster ones would answer every purpose," I suggested.

"No, indeed," the professor replied. "If they are genuine they are very valuable. Real ones are worth $50 apiece. They are the choicest decoration an Indian chief can have for his costume, and he will willingly trade two ponies for one of them. These have been offered to us for such a low price that I think they must be imitations; but the glass will tell the story.

"Here are the Washington relics that came to us from the Patent Office museum. Here is Washington's dress suit. Here is his camp equipage—his mess chest, his iron treasure chest, and, as you see, a hundred other relics of the Father of his Country. You don't have to inquire here, you know, whether things are really genuine; nothing is admitted that there is the least doubt about. Here are the relics of General Grant, presented to the country by Mrs. Grant and William H. Vanderbilt. Look at this curious Bible. It is printed in Coptic. Lord Napier captured it from King Theodore of Abyssinia, and presented it to General Grant. Here is the sword that the General's officers presented to him after the fall of Fort Donelson. He wore it through the remainder of the war. This is a lock of President Lincoln's hair."

Does it strike you that there is something particularly appropriate and touching in this? We save relics of other celebrated men to show how great they were; but we save a lock of Lincoln's hair because everybody loves him.

The cases filled with the projectile weapons of all times and countries would make many a boy's eyes snap. The first projectile weapon, of course, was the human arm, and from this we come down through the bow and arrow, and the great mediæval battering-ram, to the repeating rifle and the Gatling-gun. Some of the rifles in the cases are the most beautiful weapons ever seen, for they are the models that were sent to the Patent Office, with barrels made of polished bronze.

"Here are some primitive methods of transportation," Professor Mason continued. "Beginning with the sledge, which some farmers still use and call a stone boat, we come next to the lumbering ox cart of Brazil, first with wheels cut from the ends of round logs, then with clumsy wheels made of several pieces, but without spokes. Here we have a model of the 'prairie schooner' and of the Conestoga wagon, so called because the wagons were run over the Conestoga turnpike between Philadelphia and Lancaster. There were thousands of them in use fifty years ago, before the days of railroads. I imagine some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like these models for toys. But they would be expensive toys, for they are built exactly like the wagons they represent, with every bolt, screw, pin, and spring complete. Each of the models cost as much to build as a full-sized wagon cost.

"You must tell the boys and girls something about this," the professor exclaimed, laying his hand upon an odd-looking structure, shaped like an iron water-trough with a boiler-iron cover, and coming to a sharp point at one end. "This is an electrical engine that has gone over the ground faster than any other engine that ever was built. Its inventor made a circular track for it out in Ohio, two miles in diameter, and over that track it travelled a hundred and twenty miles in one hour. It is pointed at the end to offer little resistance to the air."

It would be an alarming thing to see this engine approaching you at the rate of two miles a minute. It looks just like an iron beam about twenty-five feet long and two feet square, running to a point in front, and with no machinery visible—nothing in sight but the beam and wheels.

"Here you see," the professor went on, "the development of the locomotive and all railroad appliances. Here is the old wooden rail, then the iron strap, then the T rail, then the 112-pound steel rail—that means 112 pounds weight to the running yard. Here is one of the first locomotives used in this country. Look at the improvement in car wheels. This is the old-fashioned cast-iron wheel, liable to fly into a thousand pieces at any minute after long use; and this is what it has developed into—the Pullman wheel, made of paper, with a steel rim about three inches thick, and steel disks bolted to the sides to protect the paper from injury. You see a section of it has been cut away to show how it is made.

"Here is the— What! Not worth while to look at any more? Got more already than you will have room to describe? Why, you have hardly begun yet. I was just beginning to warm up to it."



and storm, and one or two failures in the struggle to get out away from the beach and [illegible] the breakers, was at length accomplished, and the vessel was at once brought [illegible]. The schooner was the *Charles C. Lister, Jun.*, of Wilmington, Delaware, from [illegible] River, North Carolina, bound to Philadelphia. Her crew numbered six, and there was one passenger, a lady. She was wrapped [illegible] in blankets and conveyed to the Oregon Inlet Station, and all, being wet and thoroughly chilled, were provided, upon reaching the house, with clothing from the gift of the Women's National Relief Association."

Do you know that you have been reading an extract from the last report of the United States Life-saving Service? It tells, in its bald, matter-of-fact way, of one of the finest and pluckiest deeds of a body of men whose heroism and splendid devotion to duty ought to stand in golden letters on the brightest pages of human history. All our coasts are under the watchful eyes of these brave men, and it is seldom that a vessel is wrecked



RESCUE WITH BUOY AND HAWSER.

that their services do not save some human beings from death among the raging seas. All along the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf, and the Lakes, the forces of the Life-saving Service are scattered, and winter never warms into spring without their having left behind them a list of glorious deeds.

The stations of the service are divided into three classes — life-saving stations, life-boat stations, and houses of refuge. Those on the Atlantic coast are manned from September 1st till May 1st; those on the Lake coasts, with one exception, from the opening till the close of navigation. On the Pacific coast, with two exceptions, they are open and manned all the year round. Each station is fully equipped with a large life-boat, self-righting, a smaller surf-boat, a breeches buoy, a life-car, a beach wagon for transporting the apparatus over the sand, a wreck gun with lines, Coston signals for night use, restoratives for exhausted and half-drowned persons, and various other necessaries. The houses of refuge have boats, provisions, and restoratives, but are not manned by crews. Each, however, has a keeper,

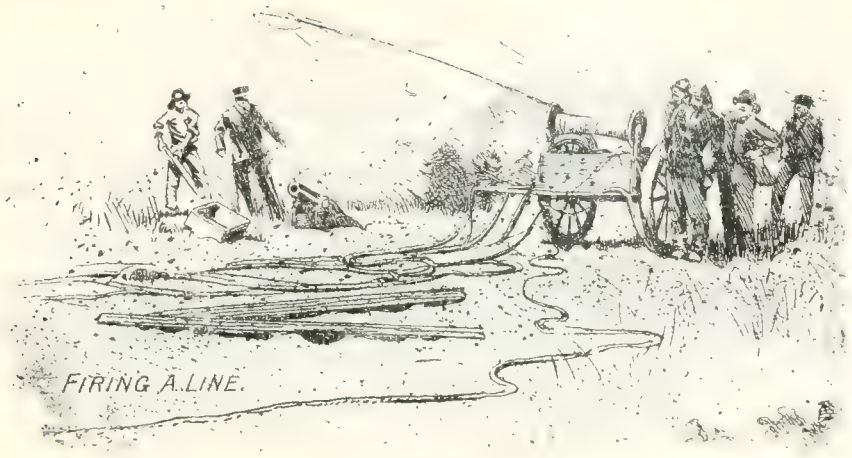
THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

WHILE returning from [illegible] on the morning of the 23d of December, the patrol of the Oregon Inlet Station, Sixth District, coast of North Carolina, discovered a schooner that had just stranded [illegible] and a half southeast of the station. After making signals to inform the seamen that help would at once be summoned he hurried back with the alarm. In the mean time, however, the vessel had been seen by the [illegible] of the station. A cold northerly gale prevailing at the time raised a very rough sea, and the surfmen accordingly took both the surf-boat and the beach apparatus upon the wagon, and started for the scene without delay. Arriving shortly abreast of the vessel, which they found to be about 150 yards from the shore, they soon had a line over her, the first shot from the Lyle gun proving effective. Soon after the whip and hawser were sent off, the keeper and crew of the Pea Island Station, having seen and at once set out for the vessel, reached the place, and at once gave their assistance. Six trips of the breeches-buoy were made without mishap, [illegible] was going off for the captain, who alone remained on board, the schooner swing around, slacking and fouling the gear so that it became impossible to continue its use.

"Meanwhile the keepers and men from the neighboring stations — Bodie's Island and New Inlet — arrived and joined the others in the work. The tide having fallen somewhat, it was proposed to haul off the surf-boat by means of the hawser, the shore end of which was led down to the beach as much as possible in order to gain something of a lee. This project, notwithstanding the heavy surf





FIRING A LINE.

whose duty it is after every storm to patrol the coast in search of shipwrecked persons. Many of the stations have the International Signal Code flags, and can thus communicate with vessels. The keeper can, for instance, give the latitude and longitude of his station, or the weather probabilities, or send for a steam-tug or revenue-cutter if there is a telegraph line near by.

But of course the chief object of a life-saving station is to save the lives of shipwrecked voyagers, and in this work the queer-looking breeches-buoy plays the most prominent part, though the life-boat is manned and rowed off to the stranded vessel when the weather is not too heavy. The boat is kept in the station on a wagon which has very broad tires, so that it can be run over the sand. In this way the boat is taken to the water and launched. The beach is patrolled from two to four miles on each side of the station four times between sunset and sunrise. The moment a patrolman discovers a vessel ashore he burns a Coston light, which emits a brilliant red flame for about two minutes, and then hastens to the station for help. If the life-boat cannot be used because of the fury of the storm, the Lyle wreck gun, with its lines, and the breeches-buoy, are brought into play.

The wreck gun is a small cannon, which can be carried by three or four men, but which is powerful enough to fire a ball with a light line attached to it across the vessel. The men aboard the stranded ship are expected to haul in this line till they get a tail-block with an endless line rove through it. A tail-block is one with a rope fastened to it. This tail is made fast around one of the masts at a considerable distance above the deck. The wrecked crew now cast off the shot line, see that the endless rope runs freely in the block, and show a signal—a lantern at night—to the shore. A three-inch hawser is now bent on the endless rope and hauled off to the ship by the life-saving crew.

This hawser is made fast to the mast about two feet above the tail-block. Now the life-saving crew, which have the shore end of this hawser, set to work and haul it taut, so that it will support a weight above the water. Next, by means of the endless rope, the crew haul off to the ship the breeches-buoy. This consists of a strong circular frame, below which extends a canvas sack ending in two short legs, like those of a pair of swimming trousers. The buoy is swung by means of four strong lines from a ring attached to a traveller-block, which runs on top of the hawser. As soon as the buoy reaches the vessel one of the shipwrecked mariners gets into it, thrusting his legs down through the breeches, and securing a good hold on the ropes that support the buoy itself. If the hawser has been made fast at a sufficient elevation, and is therefore high above the water, two men may occupy the buoy at once, each using one leg. Children are usually brought ashore in the arms of grown persons, and, of course, they, with women, are the first to leave the ship. The life-saving crew haul the buoy ashore, take care of the rescued person, and send the buoy back for its next load.

If the circumstances are such that the breeches buoy cannot be used—as, for instance, when there is nothing left above the vessel's decks to fasten the hawser to—the life-car is employed. This is an iron cigar-shaped boat, with a turtle-back top, in which there is a trap-door, with fastenings inside and out. The persons to be taken ashore — not more than six at a time— enter the car through the trap-door, and lie down inside. The door is fastened securely, and they are hauled ashore right through the raging breakers. It is impossible to convey to the reader's mind the horrors of such a passage. Going ashore in the breeches-buoy is sufficiently terrifying, for very frequently the hawser sags so that the passenger is buried for a few seconds beneath the surf, which seems to be demonlike in its mad struggle to tear its victim out of the grasp of the breeches. But he can at least see where he is when he comes to the surface, and can realize that



SIGNALLING ON SHORE.



DRAGGING LIFE-BOAT TO THE BEACH.

their iron craft, and they are absolutely unable to tell



S. C. SWINGING TO A VESSEL.

they have the consolation of knowing two things: first, that the breakers will sooner or later cast them on the beach; and, second, that every man on the life-saving crew will risk his life a dozen times over rather than see them lost. Fortunately it does not often happen that the breeches-buoy cannot be employed.

I wonder if you can realize what the feelings of the shipwrecked must be! Picture to yourself a vessel that has been staggering through a terrific gale. The Captain has lost his reckoning; the crew are tired and discouraged; the rigging and sails are damaged. All hands know that they are drifting to leeward with frightful rapidity. It is night, and the blackness is impenetrable. Suddenly the vessel's bow, descending from the top of a monster wave, strikes the sand with a dreadful shock, hurling all hands to the deck. The next instant there is a crash, and the mainmast goes by the board. The Captain shouts orders; the crew rush hither and thither; everything that seamen's skill and experience can suggest is done; but all is of no avail. The vessel is stranded, the boiling waves sweep over her decks, and the men take to the rigging for safety.

Suddenly down to leeward, where the shore is hidden in the blackness, there bursts forth a sparkling rapidly growing into a brilliant red glare, and the wrecked men see the dark figure of a life-saving patrolman heading with a Coston signal. Then all is blackness again, perhaps for an hour, maybe two hours, for the station may be two or three miles away. But the crew pluck up courage and cling to the rigging, for help is coming. After a long and painfully anxious period of waiting the men see a sudden flash on the shore, and hear the faint boom of the wreck gun. A whir and a rattle! The shot, with its line, has passed over and fallen across the ship. Can you realize what those wrecked sailors feel at this moment?

Before proceeding, let us first get some idea of the extent of the operations of the life-saving service. The coasts of the United States are divided into districts, numbering in all 225 stations. On the Atlantic coast they extend from Quoddy Head, Maine, [illegible] as south as Fisherman's Island, Virginia. The greatest number of stations are on the coast of New Jersey. The Third District, comprising the coasts of Rhode Island and Long Island, has 38; and the Sixth District, from Cape Henry to the [illegible] There are 172 on the Atlantic, 45 on the Lakes, 7 on the Pacific, and 1 at the Falls of the Ohio, at Louisville. These figures are all taken from the report of 1889, which is the latest.

The reports of the various district officers for the year 1889 show that "there were 378 disasters to documented vessels within the scope of station operations." These vessels carried 3106 persons, and of these only 38 were lost. The value of these vessels, as estimated, was $1,682,175, and that of their cargoes $1,663,705, making a total [illegible] Of this the amount saved was $4,995,130, and that lost was $1,348,750. The number of vessels totally lost was 63.

In addition to these vessels there were 149 accidents to smaller craft, including sail-boats and row-boats. On these boats were 316 persons, of whom 1 was lost. The amount of property involved was $72,865, lost, $13,570, saved, $59,295. I must make another direct quotation from the report in order to fairly show the nature of the work of this splendid service.

"In the year's operations the surf boat was used 188 times, making 682 trips. The self righting and self-bailing life-boat was used 77 times, making 112 trips. Smaller boats were used 183 times, making 232 trips. . . . . The breeches-buoy was used 20 times, making 197 passages. The life car was used once, making 5 passages. The wreck gun was employed 28 times, firing 64 shots. . . . . There were landed by the surf-boat 435 persons; by the life-boat, 74; by the river life-skiffs, 56; by other station boats, 179; by the breeches-buoy, 193; by the life-car, 10. Two were rescued by the surfmen clasping hands and wading into the surf and undertow; two, who had jumped overboard from a stranded vessel, were saved by the surfmen leaping into the water and pulling them out; while two others on the same vessel were rescued by means of heaving lines thrown to them, the men making the lines fast under their armpits and jumping overboard, when the life-savers drew them ashore. In one instance a surfman plunged into the surf from a pier and swam to a schooner that had capsized in a heavy sea, heaving lines were thrown to him, which he made fast to three men in succession who were clinging to the vessel—the sea at times completely burying them from sight—and they were safely drawn up on the pier by the other surfmen. Four boys having capsized in a sail-boat alongside of a pier, three of their number succeeded in regaining the boat, but the other immediately sank. A surfman arriving upon the scene leaped into the water where the boy went down and succeeded in bringing him to the surface, when by means of heaving-lines the station men landed all four of them."

So you see that these gallant fellows are always life-savers, whether the case be one for the firing of the wreck gun or for personally jumping into the water. And the great extent and success of their operations is as much of a tribute to their heroism as it is to their coolness and skill. A praiseworthy auxiliary to the service is the Women's National Relief Association, which stocks the stations and houses of refuge with clothing, delicacies, and other necessaries. Perhaps the jacket you do not wear any more may furnish warmth to some poor boy or girl who has just made the terrible trip from a wrecked [illegible] by the breeches-buoy.

AN ELEGANT LANGUAGE.

"Pa, what is a bull-frog in some pond,
[illegible] a bad boat sunk,
[illegible] to find out what is meant
By [illegible]?"

THE RAG CARPET.

BY EMMA A. OPPER

WE'VE got a nice rag carpet in the sitting room, brand-new.
All of us cut and sewed the rags; and pa, he'd prick his thumb
For in the evenings pa and Joe and Marcus, they'd sew too.
And we reeled some off and colored 'em; and made great balls of some:
And we took 'em to the weaver, and she wove 'em in her loom,
And now we've got a new rag carpet in the sitting-room.

We like to go and look at it, and walk across the floor,
And count the stripes and talk about 'em; 'cause we know 'em all.
The pink one is Jen's old pink dress and my pink pinafore,
And the brown one with the little specks, that's Dil's old woollen shawl.
And the green one's ma's silk cape I went and stole, long time ago,
And run away, clear up to Dascomb's mill, and scared 'em so.

And there's a dress of Marcus's when he was two years old
And tumbled in the cistern; and the first jacket he had;
And the figured gown ma made for Joe when he caught such a cold
And 'most had the lung fever. And the blue and yellow plaid
That Dill earned weeding strawberries for grandpa, Saturdays;
And that old blue stripe we *all* wore, made over different ways.

And ma, she says it's prettier 'n the carpets in the store,
And just about the handsomest in town, she's not much doubt;
And pa, he says he's paid first rate for pricking his thumb sore,
For, pa says, it's a reg'lar fam'ly history all spread out,
And 'twas carpet rags and mem'ries that got wove up in the loom
And cut in strips, and sewed, and put down in the sitting-room.

AN UNDECIDED DONKEY.

"ARE you going to ride or sail?" asked Uncle Joyce of Peyton.

"Well—I don't know," answered Peyton, discontentedly.

"Which do you like best?" inquired Uncle Joyce.

"Why, I like both!" replied Peyton. "It's a jolly day for sailing, but the driving party is going through such a good part of the country that I've never seen before, I think I'd like to go too."

"Well, why don't you go?"

"Because I like sailing, and perhaps I won't get another chance."

"Then go sailing."

"I won't get a chance to drive this way again, either."

"Then drive."

"Well—I can't make up my mind." Peyton laughed, kicked over a footstool, and frowned. "I can't do both at once, and I don't know which to do first."

"You remind me," solemnly said Uncle Joyce, "of a donkey!"

"I don't see how!" cried Peyton, flushing up.

"Of a little, shaggy, lazy, undecided donkey I heard about," went on Uncle Joyce. "He was well fed—too well fed, I suspect, or he wouldn't have been *such* a donkey. One day his master turned him into a field in which there were two large stacks of hay, one at either end. Plenty of dinner either way he turned. In fact, he turned first one way and then the other, trying to decide which hay-stack looked the more luscious and inviting. There did not seem to be a pin to choose between them, however, and the poor donkey despaired of being able to decide which would make the better dinner, and which he ought to tackle first.

"When he got tired of standing up to think about it he lay down, and wagged his head first one side and then the other, while he strove to make up what he called his mind—for even donkeys have some instruments they call their minds, you know. 'I like both,' he said to himself. 'If I choose one I feel sure I shall be sorry I haven't chosen the other.'"

"I don't think there ever was such a donkey," cried Peyton, getting red.

"Oh yes, there was," replied Uncle Joyce. "There are lots of just such donkeys."

"Well, what did this one do?" Peyton asked.

"This particular donkey that I'm telling about," gravely continued Uncle Joyce, "argued with himself, and considered the problem over and over again. Sometimes he would think that one hay-stack looked a little better than the other, and he would stagger a few steps in the direction of that hay-stack, but whenever he did he would say to himself, 'No, the other is equally good—indeed, rather better.' Then he staggered a few steps in the direction of the other, only to conclude that, after all, he preferred the first."

"Uncle Joyce! Uncle Joyce!"

"Yes, indeed, he was a terrible donkey, as I told you, Peyton."

"Well, what became of him, Uncle Joyce?"

"He went first one way and then the other, and he considered and thought and studied over the matter until he grew confused. He forgot where the hay-stacks really were, and went on aimlessly turning round and round and back and forth until he dropped from sheer exhaustion."

"Well?"

"And then," continued Uncle Joyce, "he lay down because he had to, still trying to think which hay-stack he had better try to crawl toward first. By this time of course he was very hungry, but yet it seemed to him very foolish to take the hay-stack which might, after all, be not so good as the other one.

"And finally this donkey of donkeys actually lay there and starved to death for no other reason on earth than because he could not decide what to eat first. It was a hard fate, indeed," concluded Uncle Peyton, with a sigh. "Not a pin to choose between two excellent dinners, and because they were both so excellent, to be unable to choose between them. Terrible, indeed!"

"It must have been pretty rough on the donkey, Uncle Joyce," commented Peyton, with a terrible look in his eyes. "But if you'll excuse me, uncle, I won't stop to talk about it now. I must run down to the river. The fellows will be gone, and I want dreadfully to go sailing this morning!"

"All right, Peyton, we'll discontinue the subject of the donkey at present."

EVA LOVETT.

A GUM-CHEWING FISH.

IT is not always safe to judge by appearances, for often, as the poet Longfellow says, "Things are not what they seem." Some years ago the writer of this article was fishing from a boat in Mississippi Sound opposite Biloxi, when growing tired of a piece of gum which she had been trying in vain to learn to like, she dropped it into the water. What was her astonishment when within the next half-hour she caught a fish with this identical piece of gum in its mouth. This is a fish story, but it is absolutely true, and not so very remarkable either, when one remembers that there were a half-dozen lines hanging from the boat at the time, each holding a tempting bait, so that the fish who had snapped up the gum would be apt to linger near the luring snares and be eventually caught.

Supposing, though, that some one else had caught this fish and found the gum, he might have hastily concluded that fish of this particular family—it was a catfish—were addicted to the very vulgar habit of gum-chewing, and if he had examined the gum he would have further reasoned that the fish had migrated from Mexico, as the gum was a resinous sap of a Mexican tree.

Going still further, he might have surmised that as the fish obviously could not go on shore for the gum, the gum must go to the fish; hence, the tree either dropped its life fluid from branches overhanging the sea, or sent out into the water long sappy roots, from which the catfish extracted the gum.

All because a woman thoughtlessly threw a bit of chewing-gum over the side of a boat.



AS HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

MAMMA. "Come, little daughter, you must wash your hands before playing with the cat."

LITTLE DAUGHTER. "Yes, mamma; but I guess I have to wash extra clean. I been playin' with the kitten."

WHY HE IS BALD-HEAD.

There's an old man in Honolulu,
Whose name never yet has been spoken,
But the fact must be told
Though he's nearly a hundred years old,
Not a word has he ever yet spoken.

WANTED TALENT.

A tourist in the West saw over the door of a little shop near a small town this curious sign:

SAWS FILED. KNIVES SHARPENED,
ALSO
MILLINERY.

THE SEVEN SENSES.

ROBBIE. "Uncle Jacob, Mr. Tatnom said this morning that when he fell from the roof he had the seven senses knocked out of him. I thought there were only five senses."

UNCLE JACK. "Dere is seben senses, honey; but o' dat nobody, or any uddah man had um all, dey's a merrikle. Yaas, dere's seben of 'em: hearin', sight, touch, taste, smellin' is de five 'at some folkses knows erbout. Den dere's coss-sense, wich some mules an' some white folkses 'ain't got; an' common-sense, but not hoss-sense, dere's common-sense, which is so uncommon at it's enough gits 'to be proud, an' mighty few people uses it at least in *my* time."

BENNIE's father had been telling him the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree, and Bennie was much impressed.

A few days later Bennie came into his father's presence eating a cooky.

Said his father, "Who gave you that cooky, my boy?"

"I took it myself," replied Bennie, taking another bite.

"Took it yourself! Why, didn't I tell you never to help yourself to cookies?"

"Why, father, I thought you'd rather lose a thousand cookies than tell me to tell a lie!"

WILLIE (*an inveterate question-putter, aged three*). "What are my ears for, papa?"

PAPA (*who believes a little about all asking questions*). "What do you think they are for?"

WILLIE. "To taste my hat on with, I guess."

MINNIE. "When my mamma gets well, she's going to have everything new."

DOLLY. "Dat's nothing: our mamma has everything new every year. She gets a new husband every year."

SOMETHING NEW.

"We're going to have a new porch [illegible]."

"We've got new awning[s] [illegible] windows."

"I could beat both of you!" said the Grasshopper, as it jumped over the Beetle's head.

"You'd come with the fall," replied the Beetle, as it fell head over heels with laughter.

EXPLAINED.

HOWARD'S father is a physician, and one day when the doctor was out, Howard and a little playmate were "playing doctor" in the real doctor's office. Presently Howard threw open a closet door and revealed an articulated skeleton, to the terrified gaze of his playmate, but Howard himself was perfectly calm.

"Pooh, Walter!" he said to his playmate, "what you 'fraid of? It's nothing but an old *skellington*!"

"Wh-wh-where d-d-d it come from?" asked Walter, with chattering teeth.

"Oh, I don't know. Papa has had it a long time; I guess likely it was his first patient."

TOMMY. "Papa, you tell me to have big thoughts. If the thoughts I have *all my head*, how can they be any bigger?"

PAPA. "I don't think they fill it, dear, when they slip out so easily."

DODDLES. "Look at that mother sparrow, mamma. She flied into that tree with a mouthful of dinner for her little birdies six times."

MOTHER. "Isn't it nice for the bird mothers to find food for their little ones free just by searching for it? They don't have to work to earn money to buy things as people do."

DODDLES (*after long thought*). "And is that the reason, mamma, that our mothers call their babies 'dear' and bird mothers call theirs 'cheep'?"

BOASTS.

TOM. "I saw a mountain this summer so high that it was in the clouds."

JACK. "That's nothing. I saw a valley so deep it was in a lake."



AN ATHLETIC SCHOOL.

In an athletic school when a pupil broke a rule,
And the teacher from his desk in sternness said,
"Now, sir, stand up on your seat," he might stand upon his feet,
But he would not be worked if stand upon his head.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

MILLY AND THE ROBBER.

BY F. McELRATH.

MILLY had brought the baby out on to the porch in front of the ranch to watch her uncle Jim Coan hitch his two shaggy-coated ponies into the buckboard. He was going to drive his wife over to another ranch, eighteen miles away, and Milly had agreed to look after the baby during their absence.

Aunt Ruth was getting ready to go, and presently she came out of the house. "You're real good to mind Papsey for me, Milly," she said. "I wouldn't ask it of you to-day, only I do so want to see Mrs. Bebee, and I guess he'll be all right."

"Of course he will," said Milly, giving him a hug. She and Papsey were the best of friends, and she did not mind being left alone with him in the least.

Jim Coan came up to get his buckskin gloves. "Milly," he said, "I suppose you'd like to go to see the show at Miles next week?"

Milly looked upon a trip to the fifty-miles-distant



"WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

as a great treat, so she replied heartily, "Guess I

"Well," said Jim, "I'm going to take you if you'll

so very far."

Aunt Ruth kissed Milly and the baby and gave some parting directions, and Jim turned the wheels of the buckboard so that she could climb in.

"You won't be scared at anything, will you, Milly?" said Jim. "There ain't a thing on the prairie that would hurt you; if there was, I wouldn't leave you alone. Don't put any credit in what Tom Burton told last night about the robber, for I don't believe there's a word of truth in it."

"I wasn't listening, and didn't half catch what he said," replied Milly.

"Oh, he said that there's a man about the country robbing folks' houses. He says he got into Jones's house in town, and was drove out, and then he went to Pike's and stole Mrs. Pike's shawl, and day before yesterday Foales's folks lost a sack of grain, and they think he's about these parts now."

"What does he look like, so I'll know him if he comes here?" said Milly.

"Tom Burton says nobody has seen him plain, but they think he's a great stout fellow with a gray beard. But don't be scared, he won't come."

"Just wish he would," said Milly. "I'd rejoice to see him."

"You're awful smart, ain't you?" said Aunt Ruth, and they drove off.

Milly was a brave girl—brave as a boy. Sometimes she wished that she was a boy, and could have some of the wonderful adventures they had. She loved to read in books of their good times. I am afraid that many of the books she got on the ranch were a very wild kind of fiction. They were supplied to her mostly by cowboys passing through the country, who picked them up in town. It is hard to get the best reading matter on a ranch.

Jim Coan and his wife took care of the ranch for the + Bar Cattle Company, who owned it. In summer there was a great deal to do to keep everything in readiness for the cowboys, who stopped there as they went through the country looking after the cattle. Sometimes as many as fifteen would unexpectedly come at one time for a meal, and Mrs. Coan had to be always prepared with food for any number.

Jim Coan worked the garden that supplied the vegetables, and Milly helped her aunt.

Now the winter had come, and most of the cowboys had left the country, so there were few stoppers at the ranch, and Mrs. Coan and Milly had very little to do compared with the summer months.

A new partner named Melton had lately joined the cattle company for which they worked, and had come West now to look after some business matters, and it was he that Mr. and Mrs. Coan had gone to meet.

Mrs. Coan had made a number of pies and other good things to have on hand while Mr. Melton was there, and after Milly had fed the baby and put him to sleep she opened the trap-door in the sitting-room floor, and took them down the steep ladder into the cellar below; then she fried some bacon, and got a loaf of bread and a jar of blueberry jam from the cupboard, and had her lunch.

Milly, sitting in the ranch kitchen at her lunch, looked out of the window, and far across the prairie saw a great funnel-shaped cloud of dust coming towards her. She knew what that meant, and jumped up and flew about to see that all the doors and windows were tightly closed. And if they had not been she would hardly have had time to shut them, for almost immediately the storm was upon the ranch.

"Oh, my poor chickens!" she cried, and ran to the window just in time to see the chicken-house carried off its foundation and borne six yards away by a great sweep of wind. The chickens too were blown into the air, and every board and stick and loose thing lying around the ranch went whirling about the yard. The heavy log house itself shook and creaked, but it had been firmly built to withstand such storms, and it did not go over.

After half an hour the first wild rush of the storm was over, but the wind still continued, and the sky had become a heavy gray color, and presently it began to snow thick and fast.

Milly had had a good many such experiences, and she was not exactly frightened, but it was rather dull there all alone, and she was glad when Papsey woke up. She fed him and tried to make him play, but he acted queer and heavy, and soon fell asleep again.

Her uncle and aunt could hardly have reached Bebee's before the storm broke, and she thought at first that they might have seen it coming and turned back, but the afternoon wore away and it grew dark, and they did not appear. The snow was still falling, and Milly concluded that the weather was too bad for them to get home that night.

She lighted the sitting-room lamp, and sat down with a book to read. Her story was a highly colored one of adventure, which she thought very thrilling. It set her thinking of what her uncle had told her about the robber. Foales's ranch, where he was last seen, was only ten miles away. She wondered what she should do if he came to this ranch to-night. She thought she should not be so very much frightened. It would be quite a boy's adventure. She should just lock all the doors and window-shutters, and if he insisted on coming in, there was Uncle Jim's revolver. She knew where he kept it on a shelf in the kitchen, and she got up and lighted a candle, and went out to see that it was in its accustomed place. She was sure she could use it.

After a while she heard a strange little cry from her aunt's room, where Papsey was lying. She ran to him, and saw at once that something was the matter.

The baby lay on his back, and did not seem to know her. His round blue eyes were fixed upon the ceiling, and his fat arms and legs were rigid. Once or twice he gave a little cry. Something very dreadful was the matter; Papsey was having a convulsion! He had had convulsions once before, and Milly knew what to do for him. The best thing was a warm bath, so she fixed him among the pillows, and ran out to the kitchen to get some hot water. She found the kettle dry, and, to her dismay, there was not a dipperful of water left in the tin pail her uncle had filled before he left, and the only place to get water was from the well in front of the house. The well bucket was very heavy, and Milly never had been able to draw it up, and now it was deep under the snow. She thought, however, that it could not have frozen solid in this short time, so she took up the empty pail and opened the kitchen door and stepped out into the cold night, determined to do her best. The storm was passing off, but it was very cold indeed, and the well rope nearly froze her hands when she touched it. Papsey had become quiet now, but she knew that a second attack often followed the first, and at this thought she tugged away with a will.

Just then she heard something, and she stopped to listen. A horse was evidently approaching. It was inside the yard now, and was coming towards her slowly, as if the rider was picking his way very carefully. Milly's

heart gave a throb of relief. Here was some one to help her. "Say," she called out, "whoever you are, come here quick!"

The horseman hastened up to her. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Please haul me a bucket of water quick," cried Milly. "The baby's going to have a fit, and I want to give him a warm bath."

"Indeed I will," said the stranger, heartily.

He got off his horse rather awkwardly, and went to work at once. Milly ran in-doors and put the wash-boiler over the fire; then she went to Papsey. In a short time the man brought a bucket of water into the kitchen, and she called to him to pour it into the boiler. This he did, and then he came into the room where she sat holding the baby.

"Is this the child?" he said. "Poor little soul!"

Papsey began to stiffen out again.

"Where is your tub?" said the man.

Milly told him where it was, and when he went to fetch it her heart beat tremendously hard and her eyes grew very bright. For she was having her adventure. This was the robber.

She had seen at first glance that he was not one of the men of the country, and now she recognized him from her uncle's description of the robber—a great burly fellow with a gray beard.

The baby's condition seemed to have appealed to the robber's better nature, for instead of busying himself looking for valuables, he put more wood on the fire to hurry it up, and when the water was warm he poured it into the tub and brought it into the sitting-room.

Milly had undressed Papsey, and in a short time she was relieved to see that his trouble was yielding to the gentle influence of the bath. The robber didn't say much. In fact, they were both too busy to talk; but he helped her quite deftly with the baby. All the while they were bathing Papsey. Milly was planning.

"Let me take him now," said the robber, when at length she got the baby into his comfortable flannel night-gown.

She hesitated a moment, and then put Papsey into the man's strong arms, where he soon fell asleep. "Put him on the bed, please," said Milly; "and then would you mind getting me another candle from the swinging shelf in the cellar? This one is almost burned out."

She had already pulled up the trap-door, and the man said he thought he could grope about down there and find the shelf without a light, and he descended into the dark gulf.

Then Milly, who was waiting ready, clapped the door down, and had him a prisoner. She heard the man calling, but she didn't listen. She drew a heavy table on top of the trap-door, though that was not at all necessary, for the door was very heavy, and besides it fastened with a spring lock. Then she fetched her uncle's revolver and placed it on the table, though that was not necessary either. She felt quite gleeful and proud.

The baby slept peacefully, and she went and got herself some supper. Then she lay down beside Papsey, and finally fell asleep.

Everything was bright and clear in the morning, and before Milly was dressed she heard the buckboard rumble up to the ranch, and Jim Coan rattled at the door.

"Oh, Milly!" he cried. "You in there?"

She ran to let them in.

"We couldn't get home a moment sooner," said Aunt Ruth. "How's the baby?"

"He's all right *now*," said Milly.

"Hasn't he been so all along?" said her aunt, anxiously, as she took off her cold wraps before going to him, and Jim started into the kitchen to make a fire.

"Had a couple of fits last night," replied Milly.

"Oh, gracious! you don't say so?" cried Aunt Ruth. "What did you do for him?"

"Gave him a warm bath," said Milly, pointing to the tub of water still standing in the sitting-room.

"You don't mean to say you lifted that heavy thing yourself?" exclaimed Aunt Ruth.

"No," replied Milly, smiling enigmatically; "the robber did it for me."

"Land sakes! What are you talking about?" cried her aunt.

"Why, the robber, to be sure," said Milly, carelessly.

"Milly Pretton, you'll drive me stark crazy if you don't tell me at once what you mean."

"I mean that the robber Tom Burton told about came here last night and drew a bucket of water for me and helped bathe the baby. He didn't run off with anything, for he's here yet."

"Good gracious! Where?" cried Mrs. Coan.

"Locked down cellar," said Milly, triumphantly; and she proceeded to explain all about it.

"Goodness! I hope he hasn't eaten up all the pies and things I cooked for Mr. Melton," said Mrs. Coan; and she went into the kitchen excitedly, and told Jim what Milly had related.

Jim said that Milly was the pluckiest girl in the country, and that he thought he would go over to Briton Hill, a horse ranch owned by an English gentleman named Gore, about two miles distant, and get another man to help him secure the robber and take him to town. He was a good deal excited about the robber having been caught at his ranch, and as soon as the fire was started he went off, and after a while returned with Mr. Gore himself.

Mrs. Coan told them that the robber had been tapping at the trap-door since Jim left. "I guess he wants to get out," she said.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if he does," said Mr. Gore. "It can't be much fun down there."

Mrs. Coan and Milly had got breakfast ready, and now it was sizzling hot on the table in the warm bright dining-room.

"He must be awful hungry," said Mrs. Coan, "unless he's eat up my pies. Can't you let him come and have a bite of something hot?"

"No, I ain't going to eat breakfast with no robber," said Jim Coan, decidedly.

"Oh, come now, Jim," said Mr. Gore, "let's do as Aunt Ruth says." Mrs. Coan was "Aunt Ruth" to everybody in the vicinity. "He must have had a beastly bad night down there in the cellar."

"Well, if you wish it," said Jim, reluctantly; "but it ain't my style to eat meals with a robber. I saw a stray horse down by the stable; most like he's stole that too."

"He saved Papsey's life, Uncle Jim," said Milly, who was sitting by the fire with the baby.

"Well, that *is* so," said Jim.

He took the revolver and stood back of the trap-door with it levelled at the place where the robber would appear, so as to be ready in case he made an attack on them.

Mr. Gore undid the lock, and raised the door by the iron ring in it. "Hello, there!" he called into the hole.

"Good-morning," replied a cheerful voice.

And Mr. Gore looked down quickly and ejaculated, "Well, I'll be blowed!" It really was not Mr. Gore's habit to use such expressions, but just now he was so surprised.

The man came up the steps, and Mr. Gore held out his hand to him when he had reached the floor.

"What in the world are you doing down there, Melton?" he asked, laughing.

"That was just what I was going to ask you," said Mr. Melton, ruefully.

and Jim was trying to conceal

Mr. Melton did not seem to understand Mr. Gore's allusion to Mr. Gore explained it to him. Mr. Melton in turn said he had missed meeting the Coans in the storm, and had with great difficulty found his way to the ranch alone. He said he had heard a great deal about Western hospitality, but that this beat all he had ever heard.

Then Mr. Gore took him into the next room to breakfast, and after some trouble induced the others to join him. Jim and Aunt Ruth, who were not in any way responsible for his unusual style of reception, went in, but Milly declared that she would *die* if she looked at Mr. Melton. Then Mr. Gore, who was doing his best to straighten matters, said:

"He's just the best natured man in the world, and he'll soon think it all a good joke. He says he ate up nearly all of Aunt Ruth's good things, and really didn't have a half-bad night of it; so come in now like a sensible girl, do." And then he carried Papsey in himself, and Milly slunk after in a sheepish way, and shook hands with her captive.

If Mr. Melton had not been what Mr. Gore said he was, the best-natured man in the world, his reception might have had a serious effect on his opinion of the Coans; but he saw the fun of it, fortunately, when they had told him all that had occurred the previous day. And before he left the + Bar Ranch that night to go over to visit Mr. Gore, he made the whole party promise to return to Miles City with him the next week to see the "show" and spend a fortnight at the hotel.

Moreover, he became a good friend to Milly, and when he went back to New York he sent her a great boxful of books for Christmas, and Milly has come to the conclusion that robbers of his sort are very nice people to meet.

AFTER THE MATCH.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BOTH Nines could not beat, of course!
One must be the winner!
Shouting till our throats were hoarse,
Home we went to dinner.

And the little sister there
Met the Nine defeated
With so very sweet an air,
All their pain was cheated.

"Oh, such meanness!" she exclaimed;
"Why, your game was splendid.
Everybody felt ashamed
At the way it ended.

"You were *true*," she firmly said,
Beaming on her brothers;
"Such a fuss!" she shook her head,
[illegible] the others."



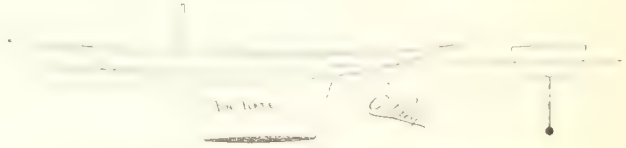
HINTS ABOUT RIGGING, ROPES, BLOCKS, STAYS, AND SHROUDS.

SUGGESTIONS ON SLOOP MODELLING FOR YOUNG SAILORS.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

THE building of the big 85-foot racing sloops to defend the *America's* Cup, that has been held by the New York Yacht Club since August 22d, 1851, and which originally belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, has given yachting in this country a great boom. There is not one of our young readers who is fond of boats who does not take great pleasure in sailing models; in fact, no one ever outgrows this sport. I have seen some of the designers of our speediest yachts sailing the model the season before the racer was built, and some of the most valuable discoveries our great expert yachtsmen have made were gained from models of yachts built in their younger days.

With the assistance of a few practical designs, drawn on a scale, the correct form of the newest sloop yachts in America can be easily shown to you in a way that will help any boy if he wants to build a model. They are divided into two classes, known as the regular and fin (keel); the latter is the latest thing in yacht designing. Look carefully at the plan of sail area and hull, and mark out your block, which should be of soft and well-seasoned pine free from knots. Take a fine rule and measure each part of the design; for instance, if the deck is 2½ inches, multiplied by 10 it would give your model 25 inches for



THE "FIN KEEL" MODEL.—SIDE AND END SECTIONS.

deck, or ten times the size of your draft. This is the way a yacht-builder constructs the vessel from the designer's plans. The easiest model to make and the fastest is the fin-keel. Take your block of wood and shape it into a form resembling a cigar; cut this in two lengthwise; be sure and have all your wetting surface take a slight outward curve; bring the stern down to a knife edge (see side view of hull), and give it a broad sweep on deck; put but a slight curve in the deck, fore and aft;

saw a slight slit in the bottom and centre of your boat lengthwise, and insert a brass plate (same shape as shown in design); it should be composed of one-sixteenth of an inch brass. Mould your lead bulb in white plaster of Paris. This is done in the following way: Make a wooden form of a half-section, coat it lightly with lard, and rub smooth; take a small wooden box, and fill it with wet plaster of Paris; even off the surface, and press the form to be moulded even with the surface, taking care to have the rounded part downward; leave it in this state for about two days, and upon removing the wood it will be found that the result is a perfect facsimile of the pattern, except it is the reverse; pour in your melted lead, and allow it to cool for three hours. Two casts will make a perfect bulb for the fin. These casts should be riveted on each side of the fin. Now pass the fin up through the slit previously made in bottom of hull; bore holes in the upper part of the fin plate, and rivet a block on each side from the inside of the hull. This will keep it in place. Screw the blocks to the hull.

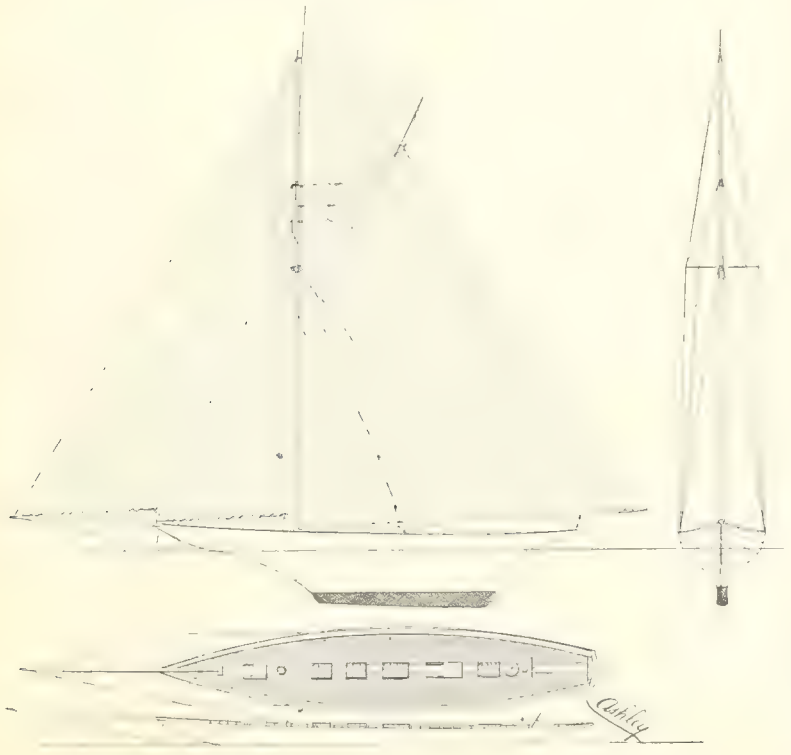


THE CUP-DEFENDER "VIGILANT"
Chosen to race the "Valkyrie" for the "America's" Cup.

Now put on your deck, and after that tack on a very slight strip over it, following the outer edges of the deck. The mast-hole is a little aft of one-third of the deck measurement. Put in a piece of brass tubing for the mast-step, and a smaller piece for the rudder sleeve. Before putting on the deck, put four slats across to form deck beams. The deck should be about one-eighth of an inch thick. Make your spars of pine. The boom and gaff should taper slightly at each end. Use only pine and brass in your construction, and do not attempt to use any but marine glue, as any other kind will give way when brought in contact with water.

When the hull is finished, paint below the water-line a light green, add a little varnish with the paint; above the water-line it can be painted either white or black, but it will be found that the latter color is the more practical. Give the deck and spars two coats of varnish. The sails should be of the lightest muslin. Mark with a soft lead-pencil the lines that are shown in the design, which will serve to show how the clothes are laid on a yacht's sails. If you wish wire rigging, buy a coil of three-ply picture wire, and when heated red-hot drop in cool water. This takes the temper out of it, and makes it easy to divide. To take the kinks out of it run it back and forth over a soft piece of pine. A very good substitute for thimbles used on a yacht can be obtained by using the old eyelets on a lace shoe.

Every yacht has its own private flag, and also a club flag. When racing, the club flag is carried at tip of the topmast, and the private flag is fastened on the mainsail leech, just below the gaff. If two or more models are racing, a number should be printed in black on a small piece of white cloth, say one and a half by three inches, and pinned on each side of mainsail, about four inches above the boom and two inches away from the mast. In case a race is arranged, ascertain in which direction the wind blows, and race directly against it, so as to return with a free wind. The other way is to make a triangular course. September and the first part of October is the very best time in the year to sail miniature yachts.



SAILS, SHEER PLAN, CROSS SECTION, AND DECK VIEWS OF THE KEEL BOAT.

TWO GOOD SHOTS.

DURING the war a chaplain in a Virginia regiment stood upon a slight knoll watching the operations of the enemy's batteries beyond. Several men were about him, lying on the grass and under the trees, also watching the firing. The great balls could be seen in the air as they rose and fell, and the soldiers about estimated very closely where they would light, and gave that spot a wide berth. Suddenly, as

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

HOW HO-TO-OTO BECAME A RECRUIT.

BY LAURA FITCH McQUISTON.

IT was a cold dismal day in early summer. The wind blew sharply from the north, the sky was dark and cloudy, the ground wet from the morning's sleet. Old Chief Troyka, driving home from the mission church, buttoned his long coat more tightly about him, and with a disgusted "Ugh!" at such uncomfortable weather, plied his whip vigorously over the backs of his two rough-coated cayuses. The ponies on feeling the lash looked, if possible, a little more unhappy than an Indian pony usually looks, but otherwise scorned to notice the indignity, and steadfastly refrained from hastening the gait they had themselves chosen. So Troyka, feeling unequal to a contest with them just then, gave another grunt of discontent, and settled back in his seat beside his passive squaw.

Wenatchee was not only passive, but was, in spite of disagreeable weather and obstreperous ponies, perfectly content. And why should she not be? Was she not arrayed in a new green woollen dress, with a tasteful blue shawl over it, and a wonderful "store" hat with red feathers? And wasn't she holding aloft a tremendous green cotton umbrella? Not that there was anything to hold an umbrella up for—neither sun, rain, nor snow; but then every one doesn't possess umbrellas, and though Wenatchee was not unduly proud, she did love to display her fine possessions. And above all else, was she not seated in the spring wagon by the side of her lordly husband, instead of trudging along the road as she had done in days gone by? Indeed, Wenatchee had nothing to complain of. Moreover, she had not Troyka's main cause of discontent. She knew well that neither weather nor ponies were disturbing the old chief, nor were his thoughts dwelling upon the sermon or the church they had just left. She knew that they were hovering angrily and painfully about the unpainted log cabin next to the church—the gloomy "skookum-house,"* in which at that moment his sister's son Ho-to-oto was confined.

It was only last week that old Holos-nin, a neighbor of Troyka's, who bore the chief a lasting grudge because he had once caused his son to be sent to the skookum-house for petty theft, met Troyka on the road by the agency, and said:

"How! Troyka! A cattle thief is worse than a plough-thief, isn't he?"

"Much worse," replied Troyka, astonished.

"And gets a longer time in the skookum-house, doesn't he?"

"Much longer. But you know, Holos-nin. Why do you ask?"

"I only wanted to remind you of it, so that you wouldn't forget when you came to try your sister's son Ho-to-oto for stealing my cattle—three of them."

"Stealing your cattle? Ho-to-oto? What do you mean, Holos-nin?"

"What I say. They've been stolen, and sold to a butcher in Davenport."

"Well, Ho-to-oto didn't do it."

"Who else did, then, tell me? Who would do it but Ho-to-oto, that good-for-nothing lazy Indian, who spends his time wandering over the plains while we are ploughing our land? We'll see what the other judges think!"

"They can think, and you can talk, Holos-nin; but it will take more than your word to put Ho-to-oto in the skookum-house. It will take a witness."

So Troyka had answered in his indignation, but his heart had been troubled; and when Wenatchee had chimed in afterwards, with abuse of Ho-to-oto for bringing such disgrace on his mother's brother, he had said nothing.

For Ho-to-oto *was* idle. He wouldn't go to school, and he wouldn't work. Ploughing and reading were alike distasteful to him. The wild flowers grew on his barren unbroken land, and his ragged tepee fluttered in the wind in sight of his neighbors' well-built houses. And because of these things the rest of the tribe had a contempt for him. For they were a civilized, thrifty, self-respecting set of Indians, who tilled their own farms, raised their own crops, sent their children to the mission school, and drove to church every Sunday in their own spring wagons and buckboards.

And Troyka was the big man of the tribe; the largest cattle-owner, the most prosperous farmer, and one of the three judges, as well as hereditary chief.

And now this proud old man, who had always respected himself and held his head so high, was to suffer disgrace through his nephew; for Holos-nin had found a witness, and the Indian police had accordingly brought Ho-to-oto into the agency the day before, and confined him in the skookum-house to await his trial the following Saturday.

Ho-to-oto had not stolen the cattle, for he was honest if he was idle, and at first he had laughed at the accusation; but when he heard there was a witness against him, he grew troubled, for he had spent that whole day wandering, gun in hand, over the brown barren plains that he loved, and he had not seen an Indian who could testify where he had been.

He wished now, for the first time in his life, that he had staid at home instead and ploughed his land, where the scrubby "grease-wood" of the prairie still grew. If he had only heeded his uncle's advice, and sometimes worked a little, instead of always following his own desires and going hunting or fishing!

Fishing! Ho-to-oto strained his ears to hear the roar and rush of the river below as it swept along, swirling past the rocks, dashing up against the big cliffs, and tossing about the great logs on their way down to the Columbia as though they were mere bits of bark. When would he stand on the rocks in mid-river again?

It didn't comfort him much in his imprisonment to know that his uncle, who was fond of him and believed him innocent, would be one of the judges. If the other two found him guilty, the majority would rule, and he would have to be punished.

And Ho-to-oto knew what the punishment would be—a long imprisonment in the skookum-house, shut away from the sunshine and the wide sweep of the prairies; away from the foaming water and the gleaming fish; where he could not feel the fresh air on his cheek or hear the wind making strange sounds through the pines, or roam at will over the hills.

Those were bitter thoughts to Ho-to-oto, yet even they were forgotten in the one bitterest thought of all—they would cut off his hair; his long, straight, black hair, that hung in thick matted strands half-way to his waist, would be shorn, and the short stubby ends would tell of his disgrace long after he would be out of prison.

The day of Ho-to-oto's trial dawned bright and fair. Early in the morning all the Indians of the tribe came thronging into the agency. A strange, picturesque-looking crowd they were, the men with their long hair and the squaws in their many-colored clothes. Indeed, these latter were wonderful to look upon, in skirts of every hue, with bright red, green, or purple plaid shawls and brilliant neckerchiefs, topped with gay head-cloths or still gayer hats.

But the Indians were not the only ones who were to

* "Skookum-house" is the Indian name for jail. "Skookum" means "good"; and it is said that the Indians first called the post guard-houses by that name, because they so enjoyed the good food and lodgings they had while in confinement there. Afterwards they applied the name to their own prisons.



HE DIDN'T EXULT LOUDLY, BUT WENT OUT AND SAT DOWN ON A LOG TO THINK.

be present at the trial. Over in the fort across the river a young cavalry officer swung himself on his horse and cantered swiftly down the line, followed by a stiff, solemn-faced sergeant, also on horseback. He was bound for the agency, under orders from his commander to see if he could induce any of the Indians to enlist as soldiers.

As the two men clattered down the long steep hill to the river, the Indians, having hitched their teams to the fence around the agency, passed into the court-room. The three judges took their seats on the platform at one end of the room, old Troyka in the middle, and an Indian policeman was sent to the skookum-house for the prisoner.

Ho-to-oto came and stood at the left of the judges, sunk in despair. Then, all being present, old Holos-nin was ordered to tell his story. Just as he commenced, the riders from the post reached the bridge, and after stopping a moment to breathe their horses, began the ascent on the other side.

When Holos-nin finished his long-winded account, Ho-to-oto was asked what he had to say. In a hopeless tone the poor fellow told how he had gone off that day far beyond Huckleberry Mountain and the big swamp, and had not gotten back until ten at night. Now Huckleberry Mountain was in exactly the opposite direction from the little town where the cattle had been taken to be sold, and no one could possibly get to both places on the same day. So one of the judges said:

"Did any one see you going to Huckleberry Mountain, Ho-to-oto? Have you a witness to prove you were there?"

"A white man, a soldier, saw me," replied Ho-to-oto, drearily. "He was hunting too, and I sold him four birds. I don't know who he was."

Several Indians in the room grunted contemptuously at this, and Holos-nin laughed.

"Have you a witness, Holos-nin?" next asked the judge.

"Yes," replied the old Indian; "here he is;" whereupon a young Indian in a brown coat stepped forward and told how he had passed Ho-to-oto driving the three cattle into Davenport.

The judges looked grave; Troyka's heart was troubled, and Holos-nin laughed again. He thought Troyka wouldn't hold his head quite so high after his sister's son was imprisoned.

At that moment there was a clatter in the doorway; a young cavalry officer and a solemn-faced sergeant came clanking into the room, accompanied by the Indian agent.

Ho-to-oto started forward, laughing himself now. "There he is!" he exclaimed, pointing to the new-comers. "There's my witness! There's the soldier who bought my birds!"

"Hullo!" exclaimed the sergeant, who didn't understand a word Ho-to-oto was saying. "Excuse me, sir, but that's a young chap who sold me some birds a week or so ago. He seems to be talking to me. What's it about, John?"

At this the Indian agent spoke up, and after translating what the sergeant had said, asked the judges of what Ho-to-oto was accused.

Explanations followed amid much excitement, and before long the brown-coated Indian, who afterwards turned out to have been the thief himself, was detained as prisoner in Ho-to-oto's place, and Ho-to-oto was set free.

He didn't exult loudly; he simply walked out of the court house, and seated himself on a log outside to think.

It had come home to him forcibly what a poor opinion the tribe had of him, that no one had volunteered a word in his behalf, and his heart was very sore.

Lost in his thoughts, he didn't notice that any one had approached till he felt a tap on his shoulder, and looking up saw the friendly faces of the young officer and the solemn sergeant, and heard the agent ask him if he wouldn't like to be a soldier.

And so it came to pass that one bright sunny day, two weeks later, old Troyka and Wenatchee got into the spring wagon again, and drove down to the bridge and up the steep hill to the post. And there, out on the green parade-ground, in all the glory of his uniform, was Ho-to-oto, marching and counter-marching, and bending and kneeling, and pointing his gun this way and that, in company with some half-dozen other Indian recruits, under the command of the young officer.

Troyka was immensely proud now of his sister's son as he gazed at him in his trim blue suit and important air. And as for Wenatchee, her opinion of him completely changed at sight of the brass buttons, and she chanted his praises in her soft guttural tones as enthusiastically as she had formerly abused him.

Ho-to-oto himself had learned a lesson, and showed it by his determination that the army should not suffer through any laziness of his. His drill was a serious matter with him; his uniform was even more serious; and as for his short hair—well, it is one thing to have your hair cut off because you are considered a thief, and quite another to be shorn for glory's sake, to mark you a soldier, a noble Indian recruit of the United States army.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER XII.

IN ROBINSON CRUSOE LAND.

"WELL, that's astonishing!" Larry exclaimed, when he heard that the schooner had sailed away without them. "Three months ago I should have felt like a child, Ferd, to be left on a strange island in this way. But we've grown so used to unexpected things that I suppose I don't feel as badly about it as I might. What do you think it means?"

"Means!" Ferd replied. "Why, I suppose it means that the man is mistaken. Anyhow, you don't suppose that father is going to sail away and leave us here, do you? If the schooner has really gone, she'll be back. We may as well wait at the hotel, Larry, where we can get something to eat."

They went up to the hotel, but they had not long to wait. Word was sent that the *Boca Grande* was in the harbor, and would be at the wharf in a few minutes. They went back, and by the time they reached the wharf the schooner was there.

"I just touched here this evening," Uncle Ben explained, "to see whether you might possibly have arrived. But Forefinger was in such an unsettled state of mind that I would not risk lying at the wharf and giving him a chance to go ashore, so I have been cruising back and forth outside. I have settled matters with him this afternoon, though, and do not anticipate any further danger."

They were soon out of the harbor, with the steady northeast trade wind carrying them southward. But whether they were to carry out their programme and stop at St. Lucia, or go on direct to Trinidad on account of Abel Forefinger, the boys did not know. They went into the cabin to inquire, and found Uncle Ben and Abel engaged in business. The cabin table was covered with papers, and both men were so deeply engrossed that they hardly noticed the entrance of the boys.

"Just as you like," Uncle Ben said, in reply to Ferd's question. "You need not hurry any more on my account, and I think we might as well follow our schedule and see St. Lucia. You need not stop long, you know, if you are in a hurry to reach home and buy that boat. But, with the single exception of Dominica, we have not missed an island we were to see. We have accomplished our purpose in every particular — in every particular." And he glanced significantly at Abel Forefinger.

So it was settled that they should make a brief stop at St. Lucia. On the voyage there the boys were left very much to themselves, for Uncle Ben and Abel Forefinger were continually together in the cabin or on deck, looking over papers, and talking, as Ferd said, as though their lives depended on it. But when they reached St. Lucia, Abel Forefinger went ashore with them, and a wonderful man he was to travel with the boys soon concluded. If any man in the world knew almost as much as Uncle Ben, surely that man must be Abel Forefinger.

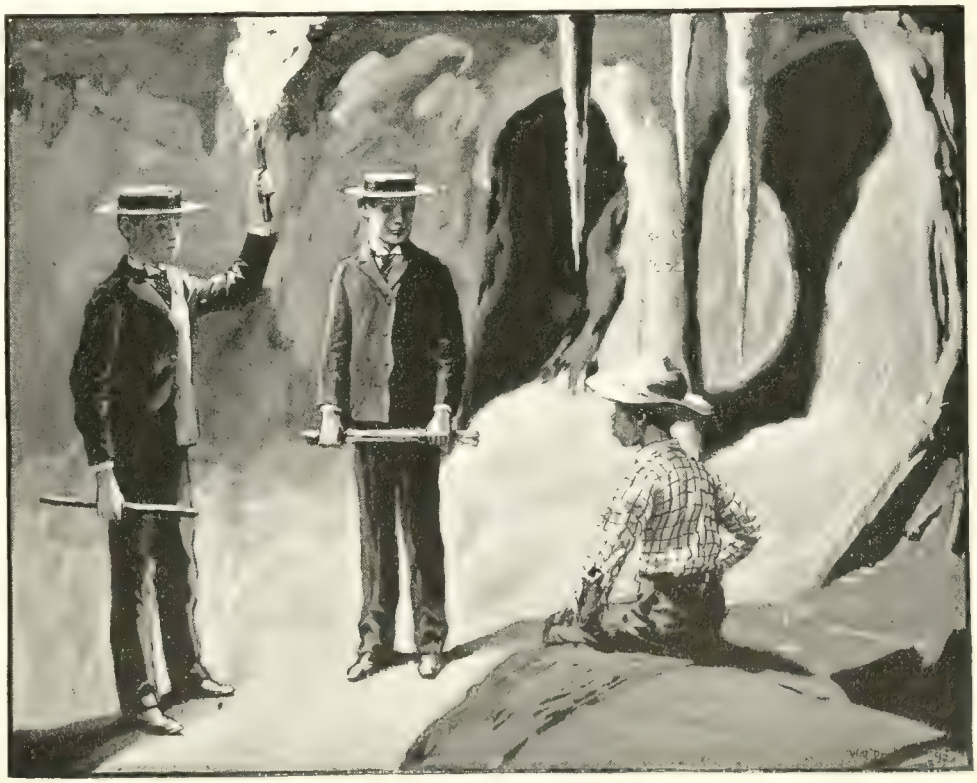
"You saw those twin peaks near the entrance to the harbor?" Abel asked them. "Those are called the Pitons. This town we are going into is named Castries, and a very poor town it is. The harbor is called the Carenage. Do you know why it should have such a name? In old times, when ships were much smaller than now, they used to come in here and be careened on the beach to have their sides cleaned. So the harbor came to be called the Careenage, and that has been shortened into Carenage.

"All these new works about us," Abel continued, "are British forts. This has recently been made the principal British naval station in the West Indies. Here you see all there is of the town, and we need not spend much time in it. I think I know what will interest you more. I'll show you one of the deadly snakes. You have heard of the *fer de lance?*"

"Oh, haven't we!" Larry answered. "Weren't we in fear of our lives from them in Martinique?"

"I think I can show you one without much difficulty," Abel went on. "You see, this main street runs to the foot of a steep hill, and then goes on up the hill. That hill is called the Morne Fortunée. You may wonder why there are so many French names here; it is because the island once belonged to the French. Half-way up the hill, you see, are some handsome residences. Nearer the top of the hill I think I can show you a *fer-de-lance.*"

They labored up the steep road toward the hill-top till they came upon a heap of piled-up logs. Abel armed himself with a stout stick, and cautioning the boys to stand back, he warily seized one of the under logs and



"OH! WE'S DONE LOS' IN DE CABE."

[illegible] and quickly de[illegible]

[illegible] raise their heads is the time to kill them."

Larry [illegible] at the black monkey [illegible] or six feet long, the brown that boat, and [illegible] Abel told them that [illegible] he could find them two or six of the [illegible], the boys were almost ready to go down the hill.

"But it would be fun to come back with high boots when we have our own boat, Larry," Ferd said, "and make a regular war on them."

Abel interested them with a brief account of the island on their way back to the schooner; how some of the great British naval battles had been fought in its waters, with such men as Rodney on the quarter-deck, and Sir John Moore and Sir Ralph Abercrombie on shore.

"You've read of the burial of Sir John Moore," he said.

"Oh yes, you have. Don't you remember the verses he [illegible]?

"'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note'?"

As they walked down the hill Ferd unfolded a new plan to Larry. "Father and I have intended all the time," he said, "to give you a little surprise down here; but we have said nothing about it, or it would have been no surprise. We are going to take you to Robinson Crusoe's island next."

"To Robinson Crusoe's island!" Larry exclaimed. "Why, you must be dreaming, Ferd! How can you take me to the island of Juan Fernandez, which is away down in the Pacific Ocean, off the west coast of South America?"

"Not quite as far as that," Ferd laughed. "So you have that foolish old notion, have you, that Juan Fernandez is the island Robinson Crusoe was wrecked on? Well, you're very much mistaken. No, sir; Tobago is the island where Robinson spent so many years. We're getting right into the Crusoe country now. I suppose you remember how the old fellow climbed a hill, and saw the mountains far off across the water, in the country the savages came from?"

"Don't I, though," Larry answered. "I know the story from beginning to end."

"And what country do you think those mountains were in?" Ferd asked.

"South America, I suppose," said Larry.

"Not a bit of it," Ferd exclaimed. "Those were the mountains of Trinidad, the very island I live on. Ask Abel Forefinger; he can tell you."

"Ferd is quite right," Abel decided, when he was appealed to. "Robinson Crusoe never had anything to do with the island of Juan Fernandez. It was Alexander Selkirk, the sailor whose adventures gave Defoe the idea of the story, who was wrecked on Juan Fernandez. But Robinson Crusoe was wrecked on the island of Tobago, which lies between here and Trinidad. That is made very plain in the story, if you read it carefully. He had been living in Brazil, you will remember, and Brazil is on the Atlantic side of South America. He started for Africa to bring back a cargo of negroes, and sailed northward until he passed the mouth of the river Amazon, and almost reached the Orinoco. Then, as the ship was leaking, 'we resolved,' he says, 'to stand away for Barbadoes.' That shows where he was. It was when they were in latitude 12°, almost where we are now, that a storm overtook him and cast him away on the island of Tobago. You will [illegible] in the book."

Larry looked at them both with a resigned expression [illegible] "Once I should have jumped out of my boots at the idea of going to Robinson Crusoe's island. But nothing can surprise me now. I suppose we shall see his cave, and the goats running about, and perhaps old Friday is still alive."

"I'm afraid Friday is a goner," Abel Forefinger said, [illegible] we shall probably see some of his countrymen, for Friday was a Carib, and there are still some Caribs in Tobago."

Between St. Lucia and Tobago lay two hundred miles of the serene Caribbean Sea, [illegible] as the tropical sky by day, brilliant with phosphorescence at night. Past St. Vincent and the little Grenadines the *Boca Grande* sailed, leaving Barbadoes far to the eastward; and on the second day out from St. Lucia, Tobago was sighted. At ten o'clock in the morning the schooner lay anchored in the little harbor of Scarborough, the capital of the island.

"Shall we take Fauqua and Abel Forefinger with us, Larry?" Ferd asked, while the men were lowering a boat to set them ashore.

"I think, if you don't mind, Ferd," Larry answered, "I'd a little rather we two should go alone. I feel very queer about landing on Robinson Crusoe's island. It hardly seems possible, you know. The story seems so real to me, and Robinson and Friday are such old friends, that I don't think I'd like to have any one with us. It's a delightful dream, and I don't want to have it spoiled."

"All right; then we'll go alone," Ferd replied. "And we're not to stay more than one night at the longest, for this is only eighteen miles from the coast of Trinidad, and father is growing anxious to reach home."

The boys concluded, as the boat carried them ashore, that they would not be landed at the wharf, but some distance from the beach, where they could have the wonderful island to themselves.

"It may have been on this very spot," Larry said, as they stepped upon the sand, "that Robinson was washed ashore. It would spoil everything to go into the town. We must see the island as he saw it, as far as we can. You know the waves washed him first against a big rock, which he clung to. There is a big rock just ahead of us; perhaps the very rock. Let us go and see it."

A minute later they were sitting on the rock watching the boatmen row back to the schooner.

"I really believe this is the rock he struck against," Larry went on. "His ship was driven in from the eastward, so he must have landed on this side of the island. It was on the other side that he found the footprint in the sand. How clear it makes everything seem, to be on the very island."

"Hist!" Ferd interrupted. "Here comes somebody. Why, Larry, it's a regular young Friday!"

"It is certainly one of the Caribs, at any rate," Larry answered.

It was a young colored boy they saw walking toward them down the beach, clad in a broad straw hat, part of a pair of short trousers, and a checked shirt that flapped in the wind.

"Gemmen, has you got a big copper to give a pore boy?" was the supposed Carib's salutation, when he reached them.

"Why, he speaks English!" Larry exclaimed. "I thought the Caribs were cannibals. But he must know the island, and we'll get him to show us the places we want to find. Johnny" (turning to the boy), "there's a little river here somewhere that we want to see. You remember, Ferd, how Robinson took his raft into 'a little river, with land on both sides.' Can you show us the way to the river, Johnny, where Robinson Crusoe landed?"

"Oh yes, boss," the young darky replied; "me show

you de ribber; show you de berry place where he land. Gimme two big coppers, boss?"

"We'll give you a shilling," Larry answered, "if you will take us to all the places we want to go to."

The boy's mouth and eyes opened almost as wide as the mouth of the little river he soon led them to.

"Isn't this as plain as day?" Larry exclaimed, when they stood on the sandy bank of the river. "First we find the rock he struck against; now here's the river he took his raft into; and there's the sand-bar on the other side, Ferd, where the raft ran aground and nearly tipped over."

Ferd had been in doubt for some time about his cousin's enthusiasm. He had always believed that Robinson Crusoe was an imaginary person who existed only in Defoe's brain. But Larry knew more about books than he, and Larry was so earnest in his search that Ferd did not know what to make of it. Perhaps Larry was right, he began to think; perhaps Robinson did really navigate his raft up that very river. He did not stop to consider that his cousin might be carried away with the romance of the thing, and that wiser people than Larry have spent their whole lives hunting for things that do not exist.

"And there's the hill!" Larry shouted, after they had admired the sluggish little river. "You remember, Ferd, he speaks of 'a hill, not above a mile from me.' There's the very hill, and from its summit he saw the distant mountains. Is that Robinson Crusoe's hill, Johnny?"

"Yes, sah; dat de berry place," the boy answered. "Dat Robinsum Crowsu hill. He don' lib dere now."

"Of course not," Larry exclaimed; "but that's where we want to go. Come on, Ferd."

It was hard work toiling up the steep hill in the hot sun. But at length they reached the summit, and there, far away across the blue water, were the hazy mountains of Trinidad, just as the book describes. The boys gazed at them long and silently, but for far different reasons. Larry was full of the romance of the shipwrecked sailor, and Ferd saw for the first time in months the mountains of his own beloved Trinidad.

"Now there is one more place we must see, Ferd," Larry said at length, "and then we can say that we have really followed in Crusoe's footsteps on his own island. It is on the northwest side of this hill, I remember. Of course, I mean the cave. Can you take us to Robinson Crusoe's cave, Johnny?"

"'Deed I can, maws boss," the boy replied. "I been dere many a time. Maws Crowsu he lib dere ebber so long, but he gone 'way now."

Ferd looked doubtfully at his cousin as the boy led the way along a rocky path toward the cave. Was it possible, he wondered, that Larry really believed that this ignorant colored boy knew anything about Robinson Crusoe? While he still wondered, they reached the mouth of the cave.

"And this is the cave where Robinson lived so many years!" Larry exclaimed. "What if we should find some relics inside, Ferd? One of his bags of powder, maybe, or a basket of dried grapes, or more likely the rusty barrel of an old gun? We must keep our eyes open when we go in."

"It seems to me it doesn't correspond very well with the description in the book," Ferd answered. "Didn't he build a sort of stockade by driving stakes into the ground and letting them grow into trees? I don't see anything of that kind here."

"You could hardly expect it," Larry retorted. "It was so long ago, and you know in these hurricane countries a whole plantation of trees may disappear in an hour. I think it corresponds very well. You know he enlarged the cave just inside the mouth, and afterward dug clear in till he made an opening on the other side of the hill. You see there is a path going up to the entrance. Who knows but it was worn by Robinson and Friday? You are sure this is Robinson Crusoe's cave, are you, Johnny?"

"Dead sho', maws boss," the boy replied. "Dis de berry cabe he lib in. It run clear t'ro' de hill, dis cabe. Me make torch and take you t'ro' if you want go."

"Of course we must go through it," said Larry. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. But how will you make a torch?"

"He'll do that fast enough," Ferd interrupted, "if he knows as much as most West Indian boys."

As he spoke he looked up at the neighboring trees, and pointing at one of them, he said to the boy, "There you are, youngster; I have matches in my pocket."

The boy went to the tree that Ferd pointed out, and began to break off branches as thick as his wrist. It was a gnarled and crooked tree, not high, but wide-spreading, and with little foliage.

"It's a gumalimi-tree," Ferd said, in answer to Larry's inquiring looks. "We call it the torch tree sometimes, because it is so full of gum that it burns almost like resin. The gum oozes out and sticks to the branches in little lumps, and boys often catch birds with it. If a bird once sets his foot in the gum he's a goner, for it holds him fast."

The boy soon returned with an armful of short thick sticks, and the party entered the cave. The opening was certainly a natural one, just as Crusoe described it, being a narrow passage between two detached rocks. They were hardly past these before the cave opened out into a width of eight or ten feet, and the light was so dim that they lit the first torch.

The blazing gumalimi stick threw a weird light about the damp cavern, and if the young explorers had looked closely at the colored boy's face, they might have seen that he rather repented of his bargain, and was frightened already, but they were too busy examining the cave to notice him.

"It looks to me like a natural cave," Ferd said, rubbing his hand over one of the walls, "and you know Robinson made the most of his with a pickaxe. Maybe it's not the right cave, after all."

"Oh, I'm sure of it!" Larry answered. "It is exactly what I imagined it to be, only darker. You see, this is soft limestone rock, and the water wears it very easily. In a few years the marks of the pick would all be worn away, and it would look like the work of nature. There ought to be some— Oh, Ferd! see here!" Larry had pushed on ahead in his eagerness to explore, and his exclamation was caused by a pillar of rock that he found in the middle of the path. "I was just going to say," he went on, as Ferd hurried up to him, "that there ought to be some stalactites and stalagmites in here, and here is one now. They're formed by the limewater dropping down and hardening, you know. This stalagmite is nearly five feet high and as big around as my leg. Hold your torch down here, Johnny, till we look at it."

Both the boys were familiar with stalactites and stalagmites, for they had seen them in the caves of Bermuda and Nassau. But this one was of more interest to them because it was in Robinson Crusoe's cave, and they examined it carefully.

"There's a rough place here on the front of it," Larry exclaimed, rubbing his hand over the pillar's wet surface. "It's all smooth but this one place. I wonder what makes these dents in it? Why, this feels like a letter or a figure." The stalagmite was covered with a colorless slime, caused by the water dripping from the roof; and in an instant Larry was on his knees before it, wiping the rough spot clean with hand and handkerchief. "Hold the light closer!" he shouted. "Here's a line of figures. Here's a one, and a six, and another one—no, hold on, this is a seven, and now a three. What does that make?"

"Why, 1673," Ferd cried. "Wait now till I figure up something. Robinson Crusoe says he was born in 1632,

darky. Both boys put their heads close to the pillar of rock, and there were the characters, plain as day

R C
1673

"Now do you doubt the cave?" Larry shouted, springing to his feet. "Robinson Crusoe 1673! Does that convince you that we're right? But don't let us stop; that is only the first discovery. We are sure to find some relics, after that."

Larry, still carrying the torch, dashed on ahead, and Ferd and the young darky followed. Ferd was almost stunned by the discovery. Could it be, he wondered again, that Larry was right after all, and that they were sure enough in the Crusoe cave?

Without making more discoveries they pushed on and on through the cave, occasionally lighting a fresh torch. When at length Ferd, looking at his watch, announced that they had been underground for nearly two hours without finding the second opening they expected, even Larry was forced to admit that it would be safer to turn back. On the backward track they came to diverging paths that they had not noticed before, and several times they were in doubt about which one to take. After an hour's fast walking, everything looked strange to them. The roof was higher and the passage wider than they had been before.

Clearly they had lost their way, and were not going toward the opening. Larry threw himself wearily upon a projecting rock.

"There's no use trying to fool ourselves, Ferd," he said, when the others came up. "This cave is a great deal bigger than we imagined, and we've lost our way."

"I've suspected it for the last half-hour," Ferd replied, leaning against the damp wall.

To make the situation still worse, the young darky set up a dismal howl.

"Oh, we's done los' in de cabe! We's done los' in de cabe!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY JAMES ELY TALLEY, M.D

OF course it was understood that it was a children's hospital. Everybody called it so, and the name was over the front door in big letters. Still, there was one thing above all others that impressed the fact upon the mind during the first day's experience, and that was the low gate at every door where there was any chance at all for a toddler to take a tumble.

To be sure, the majority of our young friends would not smile approvingly on hearing themselves referred to as toddlers, for the limits in age were two and twelve years. And the physicians used to consider that rule somewhat elastic if the case was interesting, if enough beds were empty to insure against need in case of a run of accidents, and especially—this is strictly confidential—if the secretary were out of town. It was fairly safe to admit them below two years, for they couldn't tell tales; and the Ladies' Visiting Committee would simply say, "What a wee one for two years!" But the ones above twelve weren't safe. Joe I. was one of these. He was



JANE.

put to bed—the bed was a little short and "12 yrs." was written on the treatment-card that hung at the head of his bed. Then he was told to roll himself into a ball and look as small as possible when any strangers came through. But Joe I. missed the point altogether. For one day through the ward came one of the members of the ladies' committee, who was immediately struck by the disparity between Joe I. and the bed. She scanned the chart, exclaiming, "What a large boy for twelve!" And Joe I. said, in the most injured way, that that chart was wrong, and always had been; and then he seemed to grow several inches as he confided that he was fourteen.

To tell that there was a new admission it was not necessary to see the child or the parents or the name on the book. The front steps always told the tale. A child that was brought in the arms of a parent or in a baby-coach was attended by a committee of only three or four urchins, and they usually lived near the hospital. An ambulance case with the horses on a jog only was good for an escort of from ten to fifteen. But the committee that attended a "hurry-up" ambulance or police patrol was limited only by the length of the run, the endurance of small legs, and the number of urchins in that part of the city. One accident case that acted as his own ambulance had perhaps the largest escort on record. Contrary to his parents' orders, Billy had been playing among the cars in the freight yard. The train started unexpectedly, crushing Billy's arm as he fell. Fortunately for him, it did not bleed. So, supporting the arm with the other hand, he started for the hospital, surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls that was fully sixty strong by the time it arrived, and represented all ages and conditions of dirt, frowsiness, and barefootedness. As the door closed upon him they took up their perch on the front steps, and chatted like a congress of blackbirds. Trying to dislodge them seemed useless; but something had to be done. The minute the door



TIRED, BUT GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY.

opened the hospital's arbitrator was greeted with a chorus of "Will it have to be tooked off?" As they promised to go away if they only knew, they were informed that such was the case, and a unanimous "O-o-o-h!" arose from the crowd. Then they moved off. In the evening a dozen returned to know the result; and during the following week, morning, noon, and night was the bell a-jingling, and when the porter opened the door, in would float, in childish tones, "How's Billy?" One day six of these ragamuffins were found ranged around Billy's bed feeding him penny bananas from the Italian's around the corner. Probably the porter was seeking revenge; but though Billy's temperature shot up that night, all ended well.

It was always expected that new patients would cry for at least half a day. Umberto was a rogue who seemed to take delight in prolonging this period of initiation. He was an Italian boy of three, with a large head, big brown half-wondering and half-roguish eyes, and the crookedest legs, which made him waddle like a duck. Once it was noticed that even on the second and third days after admission some children in his ward would be crying for home as in the very beginning—a thing explained only when the tricks of this young rascal were discovered. He would watch until all was quiet and the nurse had stepped out of the ward for a minute on some duty, and then would call to the new-comer, "Say, say, doan you wan' to see you' mudda?" Whereupon the flood-gates would open once more.

There were two periods of the day when it was especially pleasant to be among the children; that was at the "round-times," at 9 A.M. and 7 P.M. Of course, they began chirping with the birds in the morning; but at nine o'clock they were fresh from a good night's sleep, from bath, toilet, and breakfast, and, excepting the very sick ones, it would be hard to find a lot of brighter and happier faces. Taken as a whole, they came from a class of society that has no time or means to spend in coddling its offspring. The surroundings, the hygienic living, and the quiet, gentle, but firm treatment by the nurses are a new world to them, and unconsciously they appreciate it and are bettered by it.



EDITH I. AND EDITH II.

Let us go through the boys' ward. That pudgy fellow is Frank. He is always pale, but always fat and jolly, though he has been lying in bed for months. His idea of the sum of human happiness is to be the possessor of a baseball cap and a whip; and if asked forty times a day what his mother is going to bring him on visiting day, his rolly-polly cheeks as often hide his eyes as he replies, "A whop and a bateball tap."

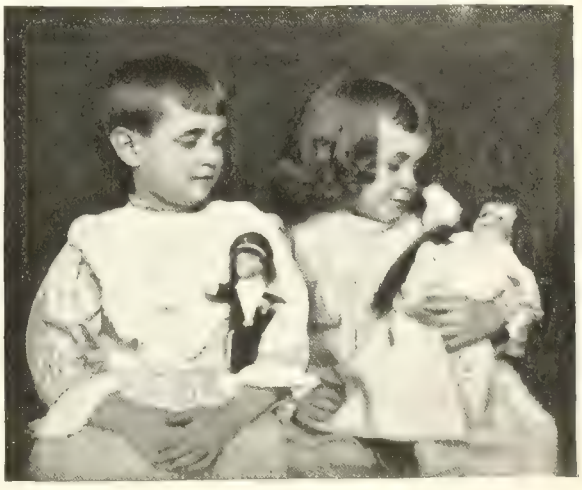
That is Master Bart—Bartholomew is too long for so small a boy—who had the misfortune to lose a leg by being run over by a street car. One day the ward was turned into a debating society. Bart and a few followers maintained that a new leg would grow on; some of the larger ones held this to be absurd; and the majority,



JOE AND UMBERTO

as usual, stood silent and ready to join the victorious side. One of the physicians was called in to decide the point. Bart himself asked the question in a way so wistful and pathetic that surely the sophistry of the answer will be forgiven. He was told that an artificial leg would in all probability find its way to the stump. The Bartholomewians held the day. "Artificial" was too much for their opponents' vocabulary.

That poor boy with the club-foot is Walter, whom the Children's Aid Society found away up in the country. His parents are good hard-working and honest German folk; but they accepted his deformity as a fact, and did not know that it might be remedied—in part at least—and that physicians and surgeons are not behind other people in rendering their services gratis. Walter had never been away from his native village, and no wonder that his honest sun-burned face had a look of bewilderment when a secretary of the Aid helped him out of a cab at the hospital. That big sombrerolike hat, that oil-cloth satchel, and those big staring eyes, as he hobbled up the steps, made a picture not soon to be forgotten. There was a tremor about his mouth more than once too, and a couple of big tears lost their balance and ran a race down either side of his nose. Dear simple-hearted fellow! how hard it was many a time to suppress a smile, he would



ANNIE AND SADIE

by the blacksmith shop. I mean the old

stores. I tell you, we are getting ahead of Jonesville!

Larry, just within the window, pricked up his ears. Some one without said, "Wonder if any are coming this way." Larry's hair began to rise. Chorus without: "Oh, there come two just as fast as they can! Let's run." And away they went around the house, while at the same moment Larry's yells pierced the air.

Joe H. had had, in his three years, afflictions that would have proved too much for even Job himself. Poor fellow! his spine was affected, so that he wore a plaster jacket almost all the time, and the greatest pleasure that Joe ever knew was to give himself a good scratching when a jacket was removed. One side of his face was paralyzed, so that his laugh and cry were very much one-sided. One eyelid was paralyzed, so that it wouldn't close well; and when he shut the other he looked very waggish indeed. One tear duct was closed, so that Joe always appeared to be chronically crying in one eye. And he had had a disease of the scalp, which left a goodly sized bald spot, and this gave him a sort of patriarchal air when he turned his back to you. He had had ear disease when very young which completely destroyed his hearing, so that he was a deaf-mute. And not being able to talk, he never could explain his reasons, but simply did or took things as it pleased his fancy, which often brought him into disrepute with his fellows. Poor Joe, afflicted as he was, seemed not to mind, and went on his way usually rejoicing. Fortunate in his friends, he has finally found his way into a deaf and dumb asylum where, no doubt, he will prove an apt pupil, for in imitation he was as quick as a monkey.

Probably the first thing heard on entering the door of the

Who could help loving Jane, who was wont to stalk around in all the chubbiness that a baby of two summers could possibly possess, carrying her old clock, and scolding at it by saying "bejoe' bejoe' bejoe!" when it stopped ticking long enough to recover from some new tumble. She had a new petticoat, and if you wished to keep in her good graces you had to admire that "pittypot" many times a day.

That hospital life should have a sad side every one expects. A children's hospital is no exception, for by no means does every child go on getting better; and there are many hours of watching and anxiety and sleeplessness, all to end in sorrow. The story of many a sad little life is unfolded. One poor motherless boy of eight, whose strength was fast ebbing, sat in the sunshine one day apparently lost in thought, and finally he put his thoughts into words. He wondered why every place couldn't be like this, with green grass and sunshine. Why was it that here whippings were unheard of, and at home they were so common? Why did every one here treat you kindly and never use harsh tones in speaking to you? Why were the grown-up people never heard quarrelling? And he continued, "There *are* people, after all, that like children, aren't there? You know I was in another hospital a year ago, and people said they were good there, but I don't think the nurse liked children. Maybe she didn't understand them, and we are a heap of trouble, aren't we? Anyway, my aunts always said so."

One afternoon one of the managers sat on the porch at the Country Branch surrounded by the whole bevy of children, for whom he was drawing funny pictures. Turning to the superintendent, and designating five-year-old Della, he said that he feared the changes here were progressing in the wrong direction; and continued, "I think the wings are even beginning to sprout." All at once Della looked up at him and said, "I know what you are talking about. You mean that I am going to be an angel, and you said that my wings were beginning to grow. We are all angels with wings when we die, aren't we?" To the eager questioning face he said, "Yes." She continued, keeping her face full upon his, awaiting an answer. "Then you'll be an angel too, some day, won't you?" The question was so ingenuous and yet so personal that he hesitated for a minute, and then answered, "Yes, I hope so. Anyway, there are two kinds of angels, you know." And Della thought she caught the point, for she said, "Of course; you would be a big man-angel and I would be a little girl-angel."

But most touching of all were the notes and sad-faced mothers that would come, saying that their little one was dead, and that they had baby clothes and toys that some poor child might enjoy. Then the bundles would come; and the toys showing evidences of use, the dog-eared books, and the partially worn shoes would tell the story of a lonely home more eloquently than any words.

AN INTELLIGENT ELEPHANT.

THE elephant at first glance appears to be a dull, heavy sort of a fellow, with a mind, if he has such a thing, about suited to the consumption of peanuts and nothing more. If we look into the elephant's eye, however, we shall see that it is a pretty bright sort of an eye, and more often than not it will be found to twinkle in a manner which indicates the possession of an idea or two inside of that mammoth head. This second glance will give us a more correct understanding of the elephant's intellectual qualities than the first; and as we never judge a man by his

clothes, so we should not attempt to estimate the elephant's intelligence by his personal appearance, which is not beautiful.

Many a time and oft, as the poet says, the elephant has shown himself to be a creature of very remarkable intelligence—quite as intelligent, in fact, as the horse, and sometimes more so than the dull-pated witless persons who have had him in charge.

In illustration of this point there is told a story of a large elephant which was sent some years ago to a remote country district in India to assist in carrying and piling timber. The owner of the elephant, suspecting that the native driver was dishonest, wrote a letter to the wife of a missionary, at whose house the elephant was lodged, asking her to watch the servant, and see that he did not defraud the faithful animal of his rice. The lady watched, and her suspicions being aroused by his conduct, she expressed her doubts to the servant. He pretended to be much surprised and very angry, and exclaimed, in his own language, "Do you think I would rob my child?"

The elephant stood quietly by, and appeared to understand what was going on. No sooner had the driver uttered his question than the animal threw his trunk round him, threw him down, and untied the unusually bulky cloth the servant wore round his waist. Out rolled a large quantity of rice which had been stolen by the servant out of the elephant's allowance.

We have frequently seen elephants that could waltz and ring dinner bells and play pranks with a circus clown, but this, we believe, is the first instance on record of one of these monstrous beasts turning detective and bringing a thief to justice. Furthermore, the circus elephant, smart as he is, had to be taught to do the clever things he does, while the bulky detective had to reason out his work of his own accord, relying solely upon his own intelligence to help him through.

DYING FOR THEIR COLORS.

BY PAUL HULL.

IN the southeastern part of Africa, bordering on the Indian Ocean, there is a small stretch of fertile country known as Zululand, whose people Rider Haggard has immortalized by such works as *Allan Quartermain* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The quarrel over the boundary-line which occurred in 1879 between the Natal (English) government and Cetywayo, chief of the Zulu nation, led to the war which deluged this waving land with the blood of ten thousand wild fearless men, and carried sorrow and desolation into many fair English homes. It did more than this; it wove in evergreen the number of a gallant regiment.

Several days following the death of the young Prince Imperial of France, who had gone out to Africa on the staff of Lord Chelmsford and had been ambushed with a reconnoitring party, twenty thousand warriors, led by the Zulu King, encircled the camp of the Twenty-fourth Regiment at a place called by the natives Isandhlwana. When discovered by the scouts just after daybreak, the Zulus were being moutied (doctored) by the medicine-men to render them invincible in the coming fight. Several hours were occupied in this ceremony, and it was not until the sun had climbed almost to the meridian that the camp was stormed.

The steady rolling fire of the infantry swept away the heads of the dense columns as they advanced through the long grass, and the hotly worked artillery ploughed into the mass; but the soldiers of Cetywayo closed up the gaps, and chanting their weird war-song, marched on in perfect formation, breasting the awful baptism of lead and iron, until at last Zulu steel was crossed with English bayonet. Outnumbered twenty to one, and melting away by whole companies before the onslaught of twice ten thousand spears, the brave fellows never gave back a foot, but fought stubbornly on, and fell like heroes, every man with his face to the foe.

"Let's shut our teeth and die hard, lads!" cried a Captain to the remnant of his company, as he drove his sword down upon a Zulu head. The next instant a shovel-shaped blade stood out its length between the officer's shoulders, and his men went down, pulling themselves together to fire their parting shot as the lifeblood gushed from gaping wounds.

At two o'clock in the afternoon two Lieutenants and a score of men, the only survivors of those who had defended the camp, threw themselves into the saddles of the powerful artillery horses, hoping to cut their way through the enemy and save the colors of the regiment. So desperate was the charge of this forlorn hope that one of the officers and several men broke through the Zulu ranks and gained the open plain. Here the speed of their horses made pursuit useless, and the Buffalo River, which divides Zululand from the Natal territory, beckoned them to safety only a few miles away. But the officer missed his color-bearing comrade, and looking back, saw him engaged with the Zulu chief, striving to regain the colors, which had been wrested from him, instead of making good his escape.

God alone is keeper of the thoughts that burned through the brain of the hero as he looked into the valley from whose shadow he had just escaped. Before him there were life and home and loved ones; back there in that whirlpool of savage passion there were only the greeting of the Zulu war-cry and the kiss of the Zulu spear. The troopers galloped on a short distance, then reined up to wait for their officer. They saw him lift his eyes for a moment to the blue sky as if in prayer, then, crying encouragement to his comrade, swing his sabre aloft and hurl his horse into the seething mass, which opened to that fierce rush of flesh and steel. An instant later the two officers, both wounded unto death, were side by side defending the standard to the last.

Some weeks later Sir Evelyn Woods's command identified the spot where the two heroes fell by finding the torn and blood-stained colors of the Twenty-fourth locked in a skeleton hand.

"MAY L'ANDERSON."

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

I THINK there's nothing at the Fair
In all Chicago can compare
With just one tiny Soudanee,
Who stands about—say two feet three.

A swarthy Turk obstructs her door,
And calls out, "Feefteen cen', no more;
It cos' you feefteen cen' to see
Our dancing baby Soudanee."

I pay and pass within, to hear
Such jarring music greet my ear,
Thumped by a full-grown Soudanee;
I feel a sudden wish to flee.

But soon there twinkles into sight
A graceful copper-colored mite
Who shakes her little self with glee
And dances *à la Soudanee*.

While dark musicians grimly beat
A dreadful discord, nimble feet
Turn it to softest melody,
So artful this fair Soudanee.

By the pure light that childhood sheds,
Those brutal faces, savage heads,
Refined, transfigured, seem to be
Through pride in their small Soudanee.

"Your name?" I ask her, half in fun;
She lisps me back, "May L'Anderson."
Nicknamed for our great actress, she,
This little dancing Soudanee.

I smile, yet as this baby stands,
A link between all mother lands,
We do her homage, even we
Americans to Soudanee.



A COAL BATH

"When [illegible] has a bath
It's awful nice—I'm sure they ought to be,
But I'm a little [illegible] boy, so we can't
Have the sort of [illegible] that's for me."

WHEN HE'D STOP.

THE other day Tommy's mother had occasion to whip him. He kept up his crying so long, that his mother, quite provoked, asked him when he was going to stop.

"As soon as the sting gets out of me," replied Tommy.

AN ARITHMETICAL DISCOVERY.

"ARITHMETIC's queer stuff," said Bobbie. "If you put two twos on top of each other like this , they make four, but when you add 'em together on the same line they make twenty-two."

A SAD STORY.

A SLED, a boy, a lovely hill
That runs a mile below,
And yet the boy's unhappy still,
Because there is no snow.

AMUSING THE BABY.

"TOMMY," said his mother, "can't you amuse your baby brother for a while?"

"Yes, 'm," answered Tommy, "if you'll hold him up at the window I'll get the boys to come and play in front of the house."

A HARD TASK ALWAYS

"WELL, Johnnie, how do you get on at school?" asked his uncle. "Do you manage to hold your place in your classes?"

"Yes," said Johnnie; "the only thing I don't seem to be able to hold is my tongue."

HIS SUGGESTION.

ROBBIE. "Mamma, may I go a-fishing?"

MAMMA. "No, Robbie, you might fall in and be drowned."

ROBBIE. "Well, then, mamma, may I go a-swimming?"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

WILLIE was put to bed the other day for being naughty.

"Lying in bed all day seems just like being sick," he soliloquized; "but there's one good thing about it: I haven't got to take any medicine."

[illegible]
[illegible] kindly tell
[illegible]
[illegible] that I've studied well
[illegible]"

COMPARISON.

"OH, mamma," said Clarence one day, as he looked intently at some [illegible], "don't they look just like little peaches?"

A CAUSE FOR WOE.

CLARENCE. "The little kangaroos must be very unhappy, mamma."

MAMMA. "Why do you think so, Clarie?"

CLARENCE. "Why, because they have pockets, but no tops or jack-knives to put in them."

A COMPROMISE.

REUBEN. "Mamma, will you give me a cent to buy a nice big green apple?"

MAMMA. "No, Reuben; green apples are very dangerous just now."

REUBEN. "Then, mamma, give me the cent, please, and I will buy a red one."



A LITTLE ROMANCE

It was a Frog and Heron met
One evening, chanced to meet.
The Frog had brought her fish along,
And Froggie thought his best;

And since they neither one could speak,
The tongue the other knew,
They could but wink and look at each,
And so the Heron blew

A pretty tune upon her bill,
While Froggie danced with glee.
He understood her music sweet,
His merry tripping she.

Full soon they fell in love, and ere
The rising of the sun
The Heron gobbled Froggie up,
And now the two are one

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

LITTLE JEM.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER I.

STONE COURT.

ALTHOUGH it was not half past seven o'clock, the waiting-room of the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia was well filled with travellers one June morning, when a gentleman entered, accompanied by a tall pretty girl of fourteen.

"Sit here, near the door, Edna," said he, "while I look for Mr. Page. We are early yet"—glancing up at the big clock over the news-stand. "Your train does not go until 7.30."

"Oh, papa, I wish you were going with me!"

"Oh, you will have such a good time with those five boy cousins that I dare say you will not be ready to come home the 1st of October," said her father. "You need not be in the least afraid of Mr. Page; here he comes now."

Edna Howland was on her way to Deerboro', Massa-



"AS SURE AS I'M ALIVE, IT'S A CHILD!"

[illegible] father had intended to take her on to Boston himself, but at the last moment [illegible] and he was forced to put her in charge of a friend who happened to be going on at that time; so Edna said farewell to all of her family that summer morning, and set out on her long journey with a lump in her throat. Her heart sank as she waved her hand to her father, who stood on the platform of the station when the train started out on its way to New York.

She glanced at Mr. Page, her escort, but he was absorbed at the morning prices that he did not at first pay much attention to his little companion, so Edna was left to herself, and she gazed dismally out of the car window at the flying landscape, her bright anticipations entirely swallowed up in a longing to turn the other way and go home again.

When they arrived at New York all was bustle and confusion. They hurried up the steps of the elevated road and took a train for Forty-second Street, spinning along on a level with the second-story windows, into many of which Edna could glance as they passed. At last they reached the Grand Central Depot, and when they were comfortably settled in the drawing-room car Mr. Page suddenly awakened to the fact that his small charge had scarcely opened her lips since they left Philadelphia.

He was a fussy little man, utterly unused to girls, and he glanced anxiously at this specimen of the race. "Er — er — are you quite comfortable?" he said, presently.

"Very, thank you," replied Edna.

"Er — warm day, isn't it?"

"I don't feel so."

This was not promising. Mr. Page cast about in his mind as to what else could be said or done. Just then a newsboy came through the train.

"This week's HARPER'S, *Puck*, and *Life*! Last chance to buy your reading matter before the train starts!"

A bright idea occurred to Mr. Page. He bought a copy of every publication the boy had, and bestowed them upon Edna. Then came a candy-boy, of whom he also purchased; a boy with Japanese fans, of which he selected the most gaudy and presented it to her. As the fan-boy passed on, a vender of travelling-caps appeared in sight. Mr. Page glanced doubtfully at Edna's blue sailor hat.

"Would a cap be more comfortable?" he asked.

"Oh no, I thank you," returned Edna, hastily. "Please don't buy me anything more. I am very much obliged."

Mr. Page thought that his active duties as escort were over for the present, so he subsided into his copy of the *Times*, while Edna looked over her illustrated papers and watched her fellow-passengers.

The day wore away, luncheon was ordered and eaten, and at last Boston steeples came in sight, and they had arrived. Mrs. Howland, Edna's "Cousin Alice," was waiting for her, and Mr. Page bade her good-by and drove to his hotel with a feeling of relief that his duties were [illegible]

"We go out of this same depot to Deerboro'," said Mrs. Howland, when she had warmly greeted her young cousin, "and we start in a very few minutes. I am glad that the New York train was on time;" and she led the way to a local train that was standing near. "Now tell me — your mother's — you look exactly like her — and your — [illegible] — something."

[illegible] making Edna feel quite at her [illegible] thought Edna. "What shall I [illegible]

In half an hour they reached Deerboro', a pretty town not far from Boston, and after a drive of a few minutes turned in at a gate and drove down a long shady avenue, past a beautiful lawn dotted with old trees, to a large stone house. A tall and stately hedge encircled the house [illegible] part of the lawn and the old-fashioned flower-garden at the left. At the back, beyond the barns, was a grove of tall pines, on the other side of which flowed the river.

"Welcome to Stone Court," said Mrs. Howland, as they approached the house. "I hope, dear, that you will be very happy here."

Not a boy was to be seen, but a bicycle leaned against the hedge, an empty football lay on the piazza, and some tennis rackets were on the steps.

"Where can they be?" thought Edna.

At that moment she heard the tramping of many horses, and down the avenue at a mad gallop came five ponies ridden by five boys of as many sizes and ages. With a rush they tore up to the piazza steps and flung themselves off, and then all stood in a row, caps in hand, bowing low to Edna, who stood on the piazza above them with their mother.

"Here they are," said Mrs. Howland. "Edna, this is Harry, the eldest; the next one is Winthrop; the third is Dana; the fourth is John; and the fifth is little Phil."

"Happy to meet you," said Harry, who was seventeen, with his best society air. The others for a moment were silent. Then five-year-old Philip piped out, in his shrill little voice:

"We're awful thorry you're a girl. Dana thayth—" His speech was rudely interrupted by Winthrop, who seized him and held him high in the air.

"See here, youngster, you shut up! We're very glad you have come," he said, turning to Edna; "but I think we must go and put up our horses now. By-the-way, do you like horses?"

"Yes, very much; but I don't know much about them."

"Oh, we'll teach you to ride. We have a donkey, and you might try first on her if you are afraid. This is my new polo pony. Isn't he a daisy?"

"I think my Thetland ith daithier," interposed Philip.

They all laughed, and then the boys led their horses down to the barn, while Edna went into the house with her cousin.

"She's not so bad," said John, "as long as she has to be a girl."

"It's an awful bore," said Dana.

"She's very pretty," remarked Harry.

"I like her," announced Winthrop, with decision. "I bet she's got lots of 'go' in her. We'll make her do."

Supper at the Howlands' was a merry affair. Mr. Howland, after his day in Boston, liked to have the boys talk as much as they pleased; friends were apt to drop in for a cup of tea, and it was always an informal, sociable meal. To-night there was no one there but the family, who were a large party in themselves.

Edna did not talk much, but looked from one to the other of her new cousins, wondering if she should ever feel at home with them. She sat beside Mr. Howland, with her left side next to Harry, who very politely helped her to butter and handed her the biscuits, but of whom she was somewhat afraid. He was rather short and slight, but he seemed much older than Winthrop, who sat opposite, though there was really but little difference in their ages.

Winthrop was tall and broad, with a sunburned face, honest brown eyes, and a general look of cheerfulness and good nature. He did not say much to Edna, but

smiled at her occasionally across the table, and she came to the conclusion that he must be a very nice fellow.

"We have decided to call you 'Ned,'" announced John to Edna.

"Very well," she replied, smiling. "I don't mind."

"We're going to call you that," lisped Philip, who had lost his front teeth, "to make you theem more like a boy. Dana thayth itth the only thing we can do to make the betht of it."

"See here, Phil! You shut up, will you?" growled Dana, who sat on the other side of Harry.

Mr. Howland looked up. "I think, boys, that you will find before many weeks are over that a girl is a very nice thing to have about, and "

He was interrupted by a short sharp squeal from Philip.

"What is it?" exclaimed his mother.

"There gothe another tooth. I gueth the leg of the fork hit it."

Everybody laughed, and Edna forgot her embarrassment caused by Philip's previous remark, while he was marched up stairs.

After supper Mrs. Howland suggested that some of the boys should take Edna to walk and show her the place. Harry and Winthrop immediately volunteered, so they started, accompanied by Max and Pete, the two dogs. Max was a Prince Charles spaniel, black and white, with large eyes and a funny little turned-up nose that gave him a most comical expression, while Pete was a cocker spaniel, black, with a beautiful head, and a solemn look that was quite impressive.

"Just look at Max!" said Winthrop. "He is attaching himself to Edna already. I never saw a dog so fond of girls. Just like his master. He is Harry's dog," he added, turning to Edna.

"He is a beauty," said Edna. "I do love dogs. Pete is handsome too."

"Yes; Pete is mine," returned Winthrop, with an air of proud proprietorship. "He's an awfully queer fellow, really eccentric. You never know what he is going to do next. He pretends he doesn't care anything for you and doesn't understand a thing you say, and then, the next thing, he does some act of wisdom that is quite astonishing. Hullo! What are they after?"

The boys had brought Edna to the pine woods at the back of the house. The trees grew straight and tall in a thick grove, the underbrush was kept entirely cleared away, and it was a charming place to walk.

The river was here at the bottom of a steep bank, and then curved away out of sight just above the boat-house. It was after sunset, and though the days were long now, in this grove it was already dusk. The dogs were standing on the top of the bank, barking violently.

"It is probably a boat," said Harry, as he called them off.

They did not want to leave, but finally obeyed, and then they all went out into the open, and walked down stream along the bank. When they turned and came back, the dogs again rushed to the same spot and barked as loudly as before, dancing and jumping about in such an excited way that Winthrop exclaimed:

"I am sure those dogs have got something. It's probably a woodchuck. Let's go see."

"Hark!" whispered Edna. "I heard something."

They all listened, but could hear nothing for some time but the barking of Max and Pete. Then, as the dogs paused for breath, came another sound. It was like the cry of a child.

Harry and Winthrop dashed towards the place where the dogs were, followed by Edna. At first they could see nothing in the gathering gloom, but presently came another cry, which this time sounded very near. Guided by it, they found under a tree, and almost hidden by a bush, what looked like a large bundle done up in an old gray shawl just the color of the rocks that were scattered about, and almost indistinguishable. The dogs stood at a little distance, wild with excitement and fright, and evidently afraid to venture nearer.

Again came the cry.

"It is that! it is that!" cried Edna. "It is that bundle!"

The boys bent over and examined it. "It's a child!" they exclaimed. "As sure as I'm alive, it's a little child!"

Winthrop picked it up, and drawing back the shawl that covered its head, showed the face of a child evidently about two or three years old, the eyes red and the little mouth puckered with crying. It put its head down on Winthrop's shoulder and fell asleep. The boys and Edna looked at each other.

"Let's take it in to mother," said Harry. "Where can it have come from?"

Just as they were turning away a dark object glided out from the neighborhood of their boat-house. Edna saw it and clutched Harry's arm.

"Look!" she whispered.

The canoe, for such it was, rounded the point and disappeared. Harry sprang up the hill and ran over the brow of the point, but he was too late; nothing was to be seen. The trees and branches overhanging the river hid the canoe, if it was still there, and discovery was impossible, so Edna and her cousins started for the house with their burden.

Mr. Howland was in the hammock on the piazza, smoking, while his wife sat near. Philip had gone to bed, and Dana and John were finishing a game of tennis on the other side of the hedge, although it had grown so dark it was almost impossible to see the balls.

"Where can the children be?" said Mrs. Howland. "It is getting late, and I don't know whether Edna is accustomed to being out at all hours. Don't you think she seems like a nice child, Henry?"

"Very," said Mr. Howland, heartily; "and I think it will be a very good thing for the boys to have her here. She is very pretty, too."

"Yes; those lovely brown eyes and that clear coloring she gets from her mother. They must be coming now; here are the dogs."

Max and Pete rushed up on the piazza and back again, and round and round the lawn, still very much excited.

"What can be the matter with them?" said Mrs. Howland, walking to the end of the piazza.

Coming towards the house, in evident haste and yet not running, were Edna, Harry, and Winthrop, the last-named carrying a large bundle over his shoulder.

"Where have you been, children?" asked Mrs. Howland. "And, Win, what have you there?"

No answer; but the three figures hastened on and up the piazza steps.

"Mother, come into the house," said Harry, in a low voice. "Tell father to come. Father, come into the house."

Edna slipped her hand through her cousin's arm and drew her towards the door. It was impossible to help being impressed by the manner of all. Mr. Howland threw away his half-finished cigar and joined them, while Dana and John came through the opening in the hedge.

"What's the row?" shouted Dana; but he could get no reply, so they also followed the crowd, which, led by Winthrop, entered the house and went into the large parlor, in which the lamps were lighted.

"Win, what is it?" cried Mrs. Howland. "What is this mystery?"

"It's a child," said Winthrop, solemnly.

"A child! What do you mean—that bundle?"

"The bundle," aroused by the light, began to move

girl, evidently about three years old, a pretty child with

"Pretty, pretty!" she whispered, putting her arms around Edna's neck.

"Boys, tell me at once where you found her," said Mr. Howland.

"In the grove on the bank just above the boat house," said Harry. "The dogs barked when we passed there as we were going, but I don't think she was there then. They were looking down at the water, as if they saw a boat. Then when we came back they rushed ahead of us, and were so wild we thought they had a wood chuck."

"Were there many boats on the river?"

"Not as many as usual; but after we found the child we thought we saw a canoe go out from the bank just by our boat house, and disappear."

"In which direction?" asked Mr. Howland, quickly.

"Up stream. I ran over the point to watch it, but it had disappeared before I got over the hill."

Mr. Howland turned to Dana and John. "Boys, run and find the men, and tell them to come to the house with all the lanterns they can find."

The boys were off like a shot.

"Harry, go and get our pistols."

"Henry!" expostulated his wife. "Pistols?"

"Yes; there is no knowing what we may find. Better be on the safe side," he added, as he hurried out. Presently he and his sons, with the five men who worked on the place, were off on a searching expedition, headed by Harry and Winthrop, who led the way to the spot where they had found the child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RACE OF SAN GERONIMO.

LAST Saturday—that is, September 30th—was a sort of athletic field-day in New Mexico. It was the occasion of the Harvest Festival of the Pueblo Indians, and the feature of the festival this year was a relay foot-race. So well known has this event become that hundreds of visitors watched it last week. Many of them were cowboys, in wide-brimmed felt hats and leather breeches, who had ridden many miles to see the sport. Others were tourists in carriages, who had come from points as distant as Denver, or who had arranged their journey through the West that they might be present at this celebration of the Indians.

Scattered through New Mexico are about nine thousand Pueblo Indians. Their houses are the most striking buildings that the traveller sees to-day. Just as in the feudal times in Europe people gathered in walled towns or in the vicinity of a castle for protection against enemies which were likely to put in an appearance at almost any minute, to steal anything they could lay their hands on, the Pueblos gathered for defence against the Apaches and other hostile tribes. They traded with these Apaches, who sold them skins, feathers, and bits of turquoise in return for blankets and earthen jars, but they did not trust them. They built great houses to hold an entire village, sometimes of seven or eight hundred persons, and at nightfall all who were not of the Pueblo tribe were obliged to leave. These houses were built from two to ten stories in height, each story receding enough from the wall of that below it to allow space for a promenade all around the pueblo. The taller of the houses, therefore, resemble pyramids. Some of them are built around a court, and in none of the old houses is there a door or window facing outward from the first story. The later houses have windows in the lower stories, but rarely a door, as, although the old dangers are past, the customs are slow in dying out. The inhabitants of the pueblos climbed up to the first promenade by



ALL READY FOR THE RACE.

means of ladders, and with the same ladders they ascended to the upper rooms. At night all the ladders were pulled up, and any foe who was foolish enough to attack the village was easily destroyed by the arrows, spears, and stones hurled from the roofs. Usually these houses were built upon the tops of hills or along cliffs; and it is supposed by some persons that the Pueblos are the direct descendants of the cliff-dwellers, whose houses in the almost perpendicular hill-sides of Arizona are one of the wonders of the West.

The Pueblos are Christians; but they are pagans too, and their religious ceremonies are a mixture of the forms of the Catholic Church and the superstitious rites of their forefathers. These ceremonies are endless. Sometimes the Pueblo is listening to mass or telling his sins in the confessional, and sometimes he is in a remote place in the wilderness, appealing to the gods of his tribe with feathered prayer-sticks. He wishes to be baptized, married, and buried according to the rites of the Christian, but he is as deeply interested in a rattlesnake-dance, which occurs every year, as he is in any ceremony of the Church. One of these interesting mixtures of Catholic and pagan ceremonies takes place on the 30th of September every year. It is called the Feast of San Geronimo. It is, in reality, largely foot-races, after the custom of the Pueblos of three hundred years ago.

The Pueblos are stocky, swarthy, well-built people, and some of their boys and young men are very handsome. The best of these athletes, thirty from each of two competing clans, are selected for the races, and it is doubtful whether the athletic young men of any American college could keep up with these lithe young Indians in a day's contests. They run by relays, under the direction of a captain, and all the inhabitants of the pueblo gather on the roofs to watch the sport. For some time in

advance rehearsals are held, and on the day of the race every man is in the best trim, and eager for his share of the glory. At twilight on the previous evening the last rehearsal is held about three miles distant from the village.

The services begin at the church early in the morning, but only the old people and the young girls take part, as all the other members of the clans are engaged in preparation for the day's athletic events. The ceremony at the church is very important, however, as there the prize of the day's sport, an image of San Geronimo, is blessed and then borne forth by young girls chosen for the honor, and carried to the judges' stand like a pennant or cup to be won anew every year. There are three judges—one from each clan, and one visiting Apache. The contestants, lightly clad in running costumes, and with bodies gayly painted, line up in front of these judges, and move past sideways, chanting a wild gay air. A half-dozen medicine-men follow the runners of each clan, groom them, pat their muscles, and cheer them with predictions of success. The men march in this fashion past the pueblo buildings crowded with their friends. At a signal all the young athletes take their places, fifteen from each side being at either end of a course of about 700 yards. When all are ready, the judges give the word, and two men dart from the end of the course nearest the pueblo, and run swiftly down to the other end. The instant the leader reaches the stone post marking the end of the course, another runner from his side, who has nicely calculated his exact time, rushes past him on the homeward stretch, followed at the distance between the first two runners by another athlete from the competing clan. The course is ankle-deep in dust, the sun is broiling hot, and the glory of winning belongs not to the individual runner, but to his clan. Nevertheless, the race is kept up with a constant succession of runners, until all have had one or more trials, and the result shows which side shall bear the statue of San Geronimo into its pueblo.



ONE RELAY OF RUNNERS STANDING READY TO RELIEVE ANOTHER.



THE PUEBLO BUILDING CROWDED WITH SPECTATORS.

SAVED BY A SEA-ANCHOR.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

HER name was the *Saucy Sall*, and she was one of the stoutest and sturdiest cat-boats that ever was launched from Cape Cod. She was a 25-footer, with a roomy cabin and a cozy cockpit. There were two bunks below, a convenient table, and sundry lockers and snuggeries for stowing away one's dunnage or duffle, and there was also one of the best stoves you ever saw for making a pot of coffee or cooking a modest dish of lobscouse.

The *Saucy Sall* was moored in the basin of the Atlantic Yacht Club, South Brooklyn. She was moored, I say, not tied up, as is the lubberly phrase in vogue hereabouts, which I trust all my young friends will avoid. You moor a boat. You tie up a dog.

Her sail was bent and she was ready for sea one afternoon last fall when three young fellows, all chums, were brought up all standing (to use a sailor's expression) by the smartness of the boat.

"Isn't she just stunning?" exclaimed Jack Foster.

"That she is," responded his chum, Charlie Bradford. "Wouldn't I like to go blue-fishing in her! I hear they're biting like six o'clock down below Sandy Hook."

"I think if we tried hard we might get her for a day," interjected quiet Tom Radcliffe, the youngest and smallest of the three. "She belongs," he continued, "to Colonel Quackenboss, who is an old friend of my father. He bought her for his son Ernest, who is an invalid, in

Saucy Sall, and see to it that the three boys came to no harm.

The boys were delighted at first and made [illegible] for their trip. There was such a laying in of stores as though they were bound on a transatlantic trip instead of a modest blue-fishing expedition off the Long Island coast [illegible] as fortune favored good weather expectations [illegible].

And then there was the fishing tackle to look after and overhaul, squid to buy, and a canful of unctuous and strong-smelling "moss-bunkers" to procure in case trolling was not successful and it became necessary to "chum."

On the eve of the great day behold our three heroes in the cabin of the *Saucy Sall* making the final preparations for the cruise. All the stores were laid in. There was a plenteous supply of hardtack, cold beef, pickles, coffee, and other eatables and drinkables, including a breaker of fresh water containing about twenty gallons. They had [illegible] to purchase a big chunk of ice the next morning and stow it away in a zinc-lined locker built for that purpose right in the eyes of the boat.

All was snug below. The cheerful rays of the cabin lamp illumined the vivacious countenances of the young navigators, who were eager for the daylight. It had been arranged that they should sleep aboard the cat-boat, and that old Captain Bailey should join them as soon after dawn as he could manage to turn out.

"I move that we go into secret session," said Jack Foster, who was the acknowledged leader of the expedition.

"Agreed!" exclaimed Charles and Tom, who had not the slightest idea of what was coming.

"I tell you what it is, boys," said Jack Foster, rapping for order with a sardine box on the cabin table, "that bothersome Old Bailey is going to spoil all our sport to-morrow. He is the crustiest old beast living, and is never so happy as when he is domineering over and persecuting a lot of boys. I move that we go to sea without him in the morning. I can sail this boat as well as he can, and I know my way down to Sandy Hook Light-ship perfectly. What do you say, boys?"

"A splendid idea," responded Charles Bradford. "Of course Old Bailey will be a regular wet blanket. Let's give him the slip. We can bring the boat back all right, and Bailey will get his pay just the same. Nobody will be the wiser. What do you think, Tom?"

Now young Radcliffe was an old-fashioned kind of a lad, and believed in obeying his father. He argued that as the Colonel had been kind enough to lend them the boat [illegible] ought to [illegible] and his instructions. He urged these views with the pertinacity of a young sea lawyer, and declared he would be no party to the deception.

This aroused the anger of his two associates. They scoffed at him, and called him a wretched little coward. They said he would enjoy being at home lashed to his mother's apron-strings more than blue-fishing in the *Saucy Sall* free from the [illegible] of Old Bailey.

At last, goaded to desperation by their taunts, he shouted: "I'm no more a coward than you are. If I was to do right, I should go to the Colonel and tell him what you propose to do. I can't do that. It would be the act of a sneak, or at any rate you would say it was. If you want to give Old Bailey the slip, why, go ahead, [illegible] harm will come of it."

"Bravo!" said Jack Foster. "I knew you would [illegible] to my way of thinking. Let's [illegible] in and get forty winks, for we'll have to get out [illegible] before Old Bailey comes [illegible]."

[illegible] an ancient mariner, but, as a matter of fact, he knew precious little about the handling of a boat. Young Tom Radcliffe was by far the better sailor, having taken many a cruise in a thirty-foot cutter owned by his father the sea-captain. As for Charles Bradford, he hailed from an inland town, and this was to be his first experience at sea, with the exception of a few trips in the Coney Island boat, which gave him no opportunity of learning even the rudiments of boat-sailing.

"Before I go to sleep," said Tom, "I have a little business to do ashore," and he slipped out of the cabin and up on the dock with the agility of a monkey.

"Do you think he has gone to tell the Colonel?" asked Charles.

"No, I'm certain he hasn't," was Jack's reply. "He is true-blue, is Tom. I would trust him with my life."

Tom went home, and quietly creeping up to the attic where sundry stores belonging to his father's cutter, which had not been put in commission, were stowed away, he grasped a canvas bag almost as big as himself, and by dint of considerable exertion got it down to the dock, and lowered it on to the deck of the *Saucy Sall*. After stowing it away snugly in the cockpit, he entered the cabin, where he found his two shipmates fast asleep. It was not long before he too was in the Land of Nod.

In the gray dawn next morning, long before respectable poultry thought of leaving their roosts for the duties of the day, Jack Foster, who was fresh from a course of Clark Russell's delightful sea tales, roused up his shipmates with a cheery: "Heave out there, my lads! Bear a hand, unmoor ship, and make sail!"

And out they jumped in double-quick time. The first thing they did was to put two reefs in the mainsail, as the wind was puffy from the northwest. This was at the suggestion of young Tom, who assured his friends that the blue-fish wouldn't bite if the boat went too fast through the water. This is quite true of the blue-fish, but Tom also knew that it is always easier to shake a reef out than take a reef in, and the clouds had a remarkably windy look.

Setting the mainsail in a seamanlike manner, they cast loose from the dock, and with the boom over to starboard, the *Saucy Sall* soon gathered way, and heeling over to the smart breeze, with Foster at the tiller, darted out through the entrance to the dock, and pointed her nose for the Narrows.

Just as the cat-boat passed through the piers a man was observed rushing down to the dock, and waving frantically to the boys to return. It was Old Bailey.

"Let us pretend not to see him," suggested Charles Bradford. And out to sea they went, with the foam curling up under the lee bow and a shining furrow astern. The joyous boat danced right merrily over the rippling billows. There was a fragrant snap of ozone in the cool northwester that was simply delightful, and it soon roused the keen appetites of our young adventurers. A pot of steaming coffee was brewed, and all hands satisfied their hunger on juicy corned beef, sardines, and hardtack. And how they did eat! Just like cormorants, as Jack Foster remarked. He was holding on to the tiller with one hand, while in the other he grasped a couple of well buttered biscuits, with a generous slice of beef sandwiched in between.

"Isn't this just fine?" said Charlie. "I am so glad we got rid of Old Bailey in the neat way we did."

Down through the ship channel the saucy little craft

darted, and over the bar, where there was quite a little sea on. After standing seaward for some time, they trimmed the sheet flat in, and hauled sharp on a wind for Long Beach, off which place, by the aid of a capital pair of binoculars, they could see the blue-fishing fleet at work. The boats seemed to be having pretty fair luck too, as every now and then they were observed hauling in the glittering fish over the stern. It was evident that a big school had been struck.

The blue-fish come up the Atlantic coast in enormous shoals every summer, pursuing their natural prey, the menhaden. They fall victims to fishermen with nets and fishermen with hook and line. They are perhaps the most valuable food fish we have.

Out went the lines from the *Saucy Sall* one right astern, and one on each quarter. For half an hour the shining squids trailed in the water without a responsive bite. But just so soon as the cat-boat came up with the other craft, which were keeping on the edge of the school, the fun began, and the three boys were kept busy pulling in the greedy monsters.

The fish were biting so briskly that it was not long before the boys grew weary of the sport. It is, in fact, quite tiring to drag in from the sea a heavy, struggling blue-fish weighing perhaps eight pounds, and pulling against your efforts like a young whale, while the well-laid cotton line cuts deep furrows in your fingers, which the salt-water makes smart and tingle. The wise blue-fisher always equips himself with a pair of stout rubber gloves, and avoids unnecessary pain and annoyance. Our three fishers, however, had neglected this salutary precaution, and they looked ruefully at their cut fingers.

At this point Radcliffe proposed that some fried blue-fish wouldn't be half a bad idea, and soon some plump and savory slices were sizzling in the frying-pan on the top of the stove in the cabin, which seemed to have magical qualities, never smoking, but always burning clear and bright. Blue-fish fresh from the ocean is not at all like the insipid dish one gets in a New York restaurant, and our three heroes vastly enjoyed the creamy flakes which Radcliffe had cooked to perfection. The *Saucy Sall*, it may be remarked, steered herself when close-hauled, if the tiller was so secured as to give the handy boat a trifle of weather helm. Thus the boys were able to enjoy their lunch together in the cabin. After a hearty meal, it was decided to steer for the Sandy Hook Light-ship, from which memorable mark all the outgoing steamships take their departure.

And thither they steered with the wind just abaft the starboard beam, and increasing in strength as the day grew older. But the *Saucy Sall* had been built to withstand the hard winds and the heavy seas of Cape Cod, and didn't mind it a bit. It was indeed glorious sailing.

And so the hours passed by. After circling round Sandy Hook Light-ship, they shaped their course past the Highlands of Navesink, and as far to the southward as Long Branch. It was now about four o'clock, and time to be thinking of returning to Bay Ridge. The homeward passage was, however, destined to be more hazardous than our young sailors expected.

The wind piped more fiercely than ever from the northwest. The sea began to rise. When the puffs were hardest, the helmsman had to luff the boat so as to spill the wind out of the sail and prevent the boat from capsizing. Dead to windward a dark bank of clouds looking full of wind, lowering and threatening, was forming. Vivid flashes of forked lightning made things appear still more serious. It was evident that a savage autumnal tempest was brewing, and that only the most seaman-like handling could save the *Saucy Sall*.

To make things worse, Jack Foster seemed to have lost his head, while young Bradford grew pale about the gills and showed unmistakable signs of fright and seasickness.

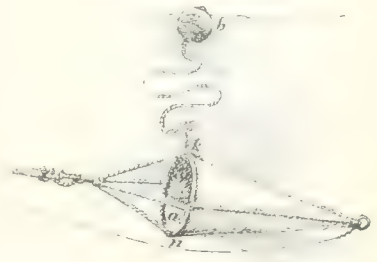
Little Tom Radcliffe was the only one of the three that kept a stiff upper lip. He realized that if the squall struck the boat with her sail set, there was great peril of being either dismasted or capsized.

"Now, Jack," said he to Foster, "that sail has got to come down in quick time, and we must ride head to wind with a sea-anchor."

"A sea-anchor? What's that?" asked Foster.

"Why, there is one in that canvas bag in the cockpit," was the reply. "I brought it aboard last night." And opening the bag, he hauled out a conical contrivance of canvas and iron such as is shown below.

It took young Tom only a few minutes to make fast the end of a stout Manila line about eighty feet long to the bridle of the sea-anchor. The other end he fastened to the mast with a round turn and two half-hitches, stopping the end back securely with a spun-yarn stop.



THE SEA-ANCHOR IN USE.*

"There must be no slippery hitches about this job. Our lives depend on this sea-anchor," said he.

Just at this time a more savage gust than ever struck the boat, and she careened until the water poured in over the coamings of the cockpit.

"Luff, Jack, luff!" exclaimed Tom. "There isn't a moment to lose. The squall is right here."

Jack put the helm hard down, and as the cat-boat came head to wind Tom let go the peak and throat halyards, and down came the sail on the run, flapping and slatting and making a fearful racket.

Tom then threw the sea-anchor overboard, paying it out handily as the craft gathered sternway until all the line was out.

"Now," said Tom, "let us roll up the sail as snugly as possible before the rain comes, and then we shall be all right."

This the two boys did as well as they could, but it was a poor job they made of it.

They finished not an instant too soon. As they passed the last turn of the gasket a blinding rain-squall struck the boat with hurricane violence. It grew almost black as night. Thanks to the stout sea-anchor the *Saucy Sall* rode head to sea, breasting the big waves like a duck.

The two boys sought shelter in the cabin, joining poor Charles, who lay on the floor prostrated by seasickness and terror. They tried their best to cheer him up, but the howling of the wind, the pelting of the rain on the deck, and the swish of the spray combined made him think that the boat was doomed, whereas she was riding out the storm "as easy as an old shoe," as a sailor would say.

Tom looked at the compass, and took note of the direction of the wind. This was where his sea-training under his father stood him in good stead.

The lamp in the cabin was lighted. It was quite dry below, not a drop of water finding its way down. Jack and Tom munched some hardtack. Poor Charlie moistened his parched lips with a little cold water.

For more than two hours the rain-squall lasted, and

* The sea-anchor consists of a hinge-jointed galvanized ring about two feet in diameter. A conical bag made of stout canvas is sewed to this ring, and roped as shown in sketch. A bridle is fitted to the ring, to which the riding hawser is bent. *D* is a tripping-line, *b* a cork buoy to prevent the anchor from diving. When thrown overboard the mouth of the anchor, *a*, opens and fills. To hoist the anchor on board, the tripping-line *d* is hauled on. When not in use the ring is folded together by the joints at *k* and *n*, and the bag made fast snugly around it.



"LUFF, JACK, LUFF!"

then the stars shone out, and it became dry and clear, but the wind settled down into a hard and steady gale, the *Saucy Sall* drifting further and further into the broad Atlantic.

Meanwhile boys lived it with the parents of the three boys, who were all neighbors at Bay Ridge. When the squall burst with sudden fury over the City of Churches Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Bradford were much alarmed. They hurried to the house of Captain Radcliffe for comfort. The old sailor told the two tearful women not to be alarmed, that the boat the boys were in was a splendid one, and that Skipper Bailey was the best boat sailor in Brooklyn.

While he was in the act of administering such solace as he could there was a hurried ring at the bell, and in rushed Bailey himself, storm-beaten, and dripping wet.

"So you've got back, I see, Bailey; where are the boys? How did you dare put to sea in the squall?" roared Captain Radcliffe.

"It was about the boys I came to see, sir," said Bailey, and he told how they had given him the slip in the morning.

This was dreadful news. All but the Captain gave up the boys for lost. He had a good deal of faith in his son Tom, having seen him in many a tight place, both ashore and afloat. But it was a sorrowful night that the families of the missing boys passed.

The *Saucy Sall* weathered the gale right gallantly. When morning broke the wind had moderated considerably, and the sea was fast going down. The sea-anchor had saved her. Had it not been for young Tom's forethought the cat-boat would certainly have foundered. As the sun rose the spirits of the young sailors went up also. No land could be seen, but Tom calculated that during the night they had drifted about fifty miles, and that Sandy Hook Light-ship bore about south-east.

At eight o'clock the wind was due north, enabling them to lay their course homeward. Seasick Charles was infected with the general joy. They hauled in the trusty sea-anchor, shook the reefs out of the sail and set it, and, trimming the sheet well in, headed northwest. The *Saucy Sall* was bothered at first by the head sea, the result of the gale, and a good deal of spray came aboard. Her crew knew that her bow was pointed for Bay Ridge, and they realized that their folks were mourning them as lost. By twelve o'clock Sandy Hook Light-ship was in sight, proving that the calculations of young Tom had been correct. It was only then that they consulted together as to the yarn they should tell when they got home. Tom advised that the truth should be told in its entirety, and that they should throw themselves on the mercy of the court.

Jack Foster acknowledged that he was the ringleader in the escapade, and in a generous way promised to take all the blame.

The *Saucy Sall* fairly scooted when she got into smooth water. By four o'clock she was in the Atlantic Yacht Club basin, with her sail furled and all her running gear snugly coiled down, looking none the worse for her tempestuous experience.

When the boys reached home their parents were too glad to see them to scold them much, but they admitted that it would be a lesson for them for life to avoid the pitfalls of disobedience. Captain Radcliffe was secretly proud of his son, but he gave him a serious talking to that brought tears to his bright blue eyes.

As for Old Bailey, who was not half such a bad fellow as he had been painted, why, he was mollified with a ten-dollar bill.

THE MYSTERY OF ABEL FOREFINGER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

THE boys had carried themselves safely through so many dangers that they did not look upon their new trouble with much alarm. They had torches enough in reserve to last for a number of hours, and they were not suffering for food. As for water, there were little pools of it all around them. They silenced the colored boy with threats of summary punishment, and determined to rest a few minutes before making any further effort to find their way out of the cave.

"Of course we'll get out," Larry said, leaning back against the wet wall and clasping his hands contentedly around one knee; "we always get out of a scrape, you know, and we've been in worse ones than this. Indeed, I rather enjoy it. Why, there are fifty thousand boys up home would give a year's pocket-money to be lost in Robinson Crusoe's cave. We'll soon find the right path."

"Light up two or three more of the torches, Johnny," Ferd said to the boy. "If we must stay here awhile, we may as well see where we are."

While the boy was at work at this, both Larry and Ferd started up suddenly and listened. The sound that they both heard or thought they heard at the same moment seemed so impossible a thing that neither was willing to assert positively that he had really heard it.

"Hist!" Ferd whispered, holding up his hand. Again they heard the sound, this time so distinctly that there was no mistaking it. It was a voice calling:

"Lar—ry! Ferd!"

They barely had time to shout a reply before a gleam of light appeared around a turn in the cavern, and an instant later they saw Abel Forefinger approaching them, holding a torch above his head

"Why, Mr. Forefinger!" both boys cried. "What brings you here?"

"I came to call you back to the schooner," Abel coolly answered. "There's a beautiful easterly breeze sprung up that will carry us home in fine style."

"But how in the world did you find us?" Ferd asked. "We had just lost ourselves in the cave, and did not know how we were going to get out."

"You could not have been very badly lost," Abel replied, "for you are not a hundred yards from one of the entrances. There are several entrances to this cave. And I could not very well have missed you, for I knew precisely what you would do on shore, and where you would go. But come out into the air, and I will tell you just what you have been doing."

Under Abel Forefinger's guidance they were out of the cave and in the sunlight in less than five minutes. Much to their surprise, Abel seemed to know every turn and twist of the dark cavern.



"HOME AT LAST!"

rst you engaged a native to

"Oh, then you've been through the cave!" Ferd exclaimed, "and you've seen that inscription."

"Sure," Abel answered. "You may depend on it I cut those letters and figures myself when I was about seventeen years old. I lived on this island when I was a boy, and cutting that inscription was one of my youthful jokes. It was a foolish thing to do, but I had a great deal of sport out of it for a few minutes, most of the natives [illegible] were once such a man as Robinson Crusoe, and that he actually lived in this cave."

"I thought it was all fiction," Ferd broke in, "but Larry seemed so sure it was all true that I hardly knew what to believe. Then you were fooled all through, Larry—about the rock and the hill and everything."

"Not at all," Larry replied, seriously. "Of course I know that there never was a Robinson Crusoe. But the story has always seemed so real to me, that when we were here on the island that Defoe had in mind when he wrote it, I determined to take everything for solid truth, and make a regular Robinson Crusoe day of it. And I tell you I have enjoyed it, too. But it *is* singular, though, that we should find the rock and the river and the hill and the cave, just as they are described in the story. For Defoe never crossed the ocean, and he could not have known that they were here."

"That part of it is not so curious," Abel Forefinger answered, "because Defoe doubtless knew that this was a limestone island, and those things were sure to be here. Of course there would be a rock on the beach, and a river or some little stream running down into the sea; and all limestone countries are full of caves. Knowing the distance from Trinidad, it was easy to guess that the mountains could be seen from a hill-top. What is much more curious is the exact way he described the climate, the rainy and dry seasons, the fruits and grains that would grow, and all those little things that are correct in every particular, without having seen the island. Everybody here is familiar with the story, and most of the ignorant people believe it to be true. They call this Crusoe's Cave and the hill is Crusoe's Hill, and the little river is Crusoe Creek. So when I cut Robinson's initials in the rock, and they found it, they thought they had made a great discovery. It is good enough to be true, the whole thing. But come; we must get aboard the schooner."

"Can't we see the cave before we go?" Ferd asked.

"Don't let us go near the town," Larry hastened to say. "Though there is no Robinson Crusoe, we know this to be the real Crusoe island. Let us remember it just as we know it in the story, with no towns, no natives, no civilization at all. I'll own up that I was almost staggered when I found the inscription on the rock; but a joke's a joke, even in Crusoe land. Let us go straight to the schooner."

Don't forget to pay your Carib guide, Larry," Ferd laughed, when they reached the beach

ed there either," Larry retorted. "I knew he was just an ordinary darky boy, but I had correspond."

exclaimed. "A fine speci I've seen this boy before. His grandmother is a full blooded African from the Congo [illegible] each cheek for beauty

"What a wonderful man Abel Forefinger is!" Larry [illegible] when they were on the schooner again, and [illegible] "He seems to know everything. If Uncle Ben was after information, it's no wonder he wanted to find Abel. Don't you think your father would tell us now what it's all about, and why he was so anxious to find him?"

"I shouldn't say a word to father about it," Ferd replied. "If he sees we are curious about it, he'll keep us in the dark all the longer, just to tease us."

A few hours of smooth sailing brought the high mountains of Trinidad into view, and Ferd and Uncle Ben plainly showed their delight at approaching their home. Larry too was full of expectation, and Fauqua was in ecstasies. Abel Forefinger alone showed no signs of joy.

"There! there!" Ferd cried, as the land drew nearer. "There is the Boca Grande, Larry, from which the schooner is named—the great entrance to the Gulf of Paria. We shall go through it in an hour or less. We sail in between these two mountains; the one on the left is Trinidad dear old Trinidad. Oh, it never looked so green and pretty before."

"And the one on the right, the mainland?" Larry asked. "What country is that?"

"South America, to be sure," Ferd answered. "That is Venezuela to the right, and as we sail through the Boca Grande we will be so close to both shores that you might hit Venezuela with one stone and Trinidad with another. Port-of-Spain, where we land, is on the Gulf of Paria, into which the northern mouths of the Orinoco River empty. Oh, just wait till we get our boat, Larry! We can sail up the Orinoco hundreds and hundreds of miles if we like."

"Here is some of the Orinoco water in front of us," Ferd went on. "Do you see that line before us—all muddy water beyond it, all clear sea-water on this side? That is where the river-water flows out of the Gulf and tries to make the ocean back down; but it never succeeds."

They were soon well into the Gulf of Paria, and by the middle of the afternoon the *Boca Grande* was moored to the wharf in Port-of-Spain. Ferd took Larry into the main street to see what a handsome town it was, but they had little time to spare, for Uncle Ben was engaging a small sloop to take them five miles down the coast to the plantation. Half an hour before sunset Ferd sprang from the sloop's deck to his father's own little wharf, and shouting "Home again! hurrah!" fell to embracing the score or more of darkies big and little, light colored and dark, who had seen them coming and had gathered to welcome them home.

"Bring along the baggage, boys!" Uncle Ben shouted to the negroes after he had shaken hands with them all. "Bring Mr. Forefinger's trunk. Everything up to the house! Come along, Larry! Come, Forefinger! This is home at last, and there's no place in all the world like it. Ah! that's something like!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into one of the rocking-chairs on the piazza and motioned the others to follow suit. "Two thousand miles you are from New York, Mr. Larry Kirkwood; I won't say from home, for we'll try to make you at home here. Four thousand five hundred miles we have travelled, as I reckon it, through storms and calms, among Spaniards, Frenchmen, English, and Mexicans, and you boys have seen a bit of the world without breaking any bones. You're in latitude 10 here, remember,

only 700 miles north of the equator, so don't take too many liberties with the hot sun. Ferd, go tell that cook not to keep dinner waiting on our account."

Larry was in hopes when Uncle Ben began this little address that he would go on and explain the mystery of Abel Forefinger, but he did not, perhaps because Abel was with them. Nor did he say anything about it that night.

"All in good time, Larry," Ferd said, when they were in their own big room, preparing to enjoy comfortable beds after the hardships of sea life and travel. "He'll tell us about Abel when he's ready. Don't bother about that, but think of the jolly times we have in store. There's the boat, to begin with; that's to take us up the Orinoco and over to Barbadoes, and wherever we want to go. Then there's the ponies—for we have plenty of them—that shall take us about to see the sights of the island. Then there's the plantation, where you shall see nearly a thousand acres of bananas growing, and loading the ships, and plenty of fishing and swimming, and—oh, I think we'll pass the time all right."

"Ferd, it's like a dream," Larry replied. "It doesn't seem possible that it can be real, our adventures in Bermuda and Nassau, Cuba and Mexico, Porto Rico, St. Kitts, Martinique, St. Lucia, and Robinson Crusoe land. Pinch me, will you, till I see whether I'm awake. Do you remember the runaway car in Mexico, and how you tried to kill me off with yellow fever in Porto Rico?"

The boys might have spent the night in recalling their adventures if sound sleep had not come in, perhaps with the cool breeze, through the open windows. But they were astir early in the morning, and before breakfast Larry was taken over a large part of the plantation. They noticed that already Abel Forefinger was at work taking charge of a gang of men who seemed to be clearing a place for a new building. Soon after breakfast, in the cool of the morning, Abel took one of the small boats and started for Port-of-Spain, and Uncle Ben called the boys to him on the shady piazza.

"There goes the mystery, boys," Uncle Ben said as they saw Abel sail away. "But he's coming back again. He is only going to town to buy the lumber for a larger building than any we now have on the place. Now you're both dying to know why I wanted you to find Abel Forefinger—I know you are; and as the deed is done, there's no reason why I should not tell you. What do you say to a pot of gold buried by Captain Kidd under the third cocoanut-tree to the west of the packing-house and only Abel having the secret for finding it?"

"No, that won't do," Ferd laughed. "No pots of gold for us, sir."

"I'm not so sure of that." Uncle Ben went on. "I hope through Abel to find more than one pot of gold. But they're not buried under cocoanut-trees, boys; no such nonsense as that. I'm sorry to spoil your romantic ideas about Abel, if you have any, but the fact is, I wanted him for a simple matter of business. It is so very plain that you will have no trouble in understanding it. He knows how to make a flour out of bananas that will last as long and as well as any other flour, and he is the only man in this world, as far as I've seen, who does know how. That's why I wanted Abel Forefinger, and I've got him, thanks to you boys.

"Now you will ask," Uncle Ben went on, "why in the world I want to make banana flour—or banana meal, as we call it. Well, I'll tell you that too. You saw as we came down through the islands how many people are raising bananas to sell. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of acres are planted with them, and all the markets of the world are overcrowded with the fruit. That's going to take the profits off. But here comes along a new use for our bananas. When they are dried and ground they make the very best flour in the world. People have found it out, and there is a demand for it, but there is one great trouble; the flour will not keep. It soon turns musty, and spoils. Abel Forefinger, who is the smartest colored man you ever saw in your lives, has invented a process for making this flour so that it will keep for years. He came to me with it two years ago, but I was not ready then, and foolishly let him go away. He was in Jamaica negotiating with some other banana planter; he was in Martinique on the same errand; but thanks to you boys I caught him in time, and here he is. It was to find Abel Forefinger, more than for anything else, that I went on this voyage.

"Now I'll not keep you much longer; but I must say, boys, in giving you these checks (here is your $500, Larry—and yours, Ferd) that you have not only done me a great service by finding Forefinger, through which I hope to make a good deal of money, but that you have both done yourselves proud in your first encounter with strange countries. It does my old heart good to see how manly and self-dependent you have both become. We owe you a great deal, Larry, for your good influence over Ferd. I can see better than you what an immense benefit you have been to him."

"Why, Uncle Ben!" Larry exclaimed, "how can you say that! I think it has been just the other way. Ferd is one of the best fellows in the world, far beyond learning anything from me."

"Don't you believe it!" Ferd interrupted. "You see, I knew about the letter father wrote, and knew that he expected you to be a good example for me. And you were, though perhaps you didn't know it yourself. Just the knowledge that you were supposed to keep a cool head made me very careful. Many a time I should have let myself loose if it hadn't been for you. I soon found that a fellow could keep his temper if he watched himself, and I think we have done very well. We both know more now than when we started."

"Indeed we do!" said Larry, thoughtfully. "I never learned half as much in three months before."

"Well, don't be too proud of yourselves," Uncle Ben laughed. "You'll find that keeping cool won't interfere with your sports at all. You must try to give Larry a good opinion of our island, Ferd."

How well Ferd succeeded in doing this is made evident by Larry's latest letter from Trinidad, dated March 15th:

"I am so glad father says I need not hurry home," he wrote to Imogen. "Though I want to see you all, I do not like to think of leaving this beautiful place. Ferd has bought the handsomest sloop-yacht I ever saw. She is called the *Orinoco*, after the great river that empties into this gulf. We are to start next week on a cruise up the river into the heart of Venezuela. A few days ago we rode over to the great pitch lake. It is just like any other lake, only it is full of black pitch, instead of water. It made me think of home to see it, for Ferd says that most of the walks in our New York parks are made of pitch taken from there. They call it Trinidad asphalt.

"Wonderful to relate, Uncle Ben received a package a few days ago from Mr. Pouvert, the sugar-planter we visited in Cuba, containing both of our watches.

"The new mill is going up fast, and Uncle Ben and Abel Forefinger expect great things from the banana flour they are going to make.

"Do you know, I have more than half a mind to try a little banana-planting myself if father would consent to it. There is money to be made at it, and, you know, I have my $500 check for a beginning. I wish you would mention it to him, and let me know what he says when you write again. Ferd is anxious to go into partnership with me, and you have no idea what a capital fellow Ferd is. He takes after Uncle Ben, and that is saying a great deal."

THE END.

HOW WE CARRIED THE GREAT CABLE

I [illegible] a passenger on the steamer [illegible] I had walked [illegible] house to obtain a better view of a large schooner stand[illegible] our bows like a huge ghost or phantom ship.

[illegible] Suddenly there came from the schooner three sharp [illegible] of a horn. [illegible] old Captain White appeared at the pilot-house window and waved his cap to [illegible]. Then he pulled the whistle cord and sent three loud blasts [illegible] salute.

"That's Captain Jessup's schooner the *Liberty*," remarked Captain White, as he resumed his seat in the dark [illegible]. "I've sailed many a voyage with him, bless his heart, since the days we were boys and made a band of music all by ourselves."

"How was that, Captain?" "Spin us the yarn," and similar requests coming from the darkness, showed that the Captain had plenty of company.

"Well, that schooner standing in toward Sackett's Harbor lights does remind me of one, and I will spin it, just to pass the time.

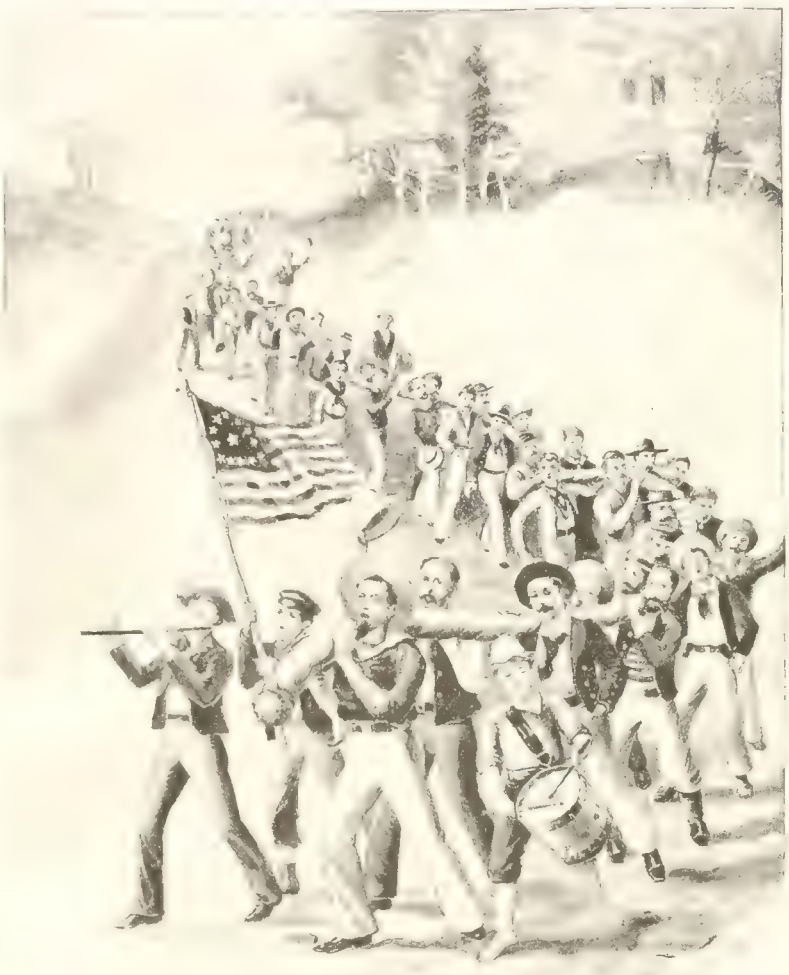
"It was in 1814, during our war with England, that Jessup and I were farm-boys near Sackett's Harbor.

"There lay the fine American frigate *Superior*, nearly [illegible] and all the time very closely watched by the British forces on the water and on the Canadian shore.

The stores, cannon, and sails for the British ships were easily brought all the way from England by water, but we Americans had to load and unload ours a dozen times before we could get them by the way of the Oswego River from the Atlantic seaboard.

Everything had gone well, and all the fittings for the frigate had arrived except the big cable. The other stores had been shipped round at night in boats, but by the time the cable arrived the British guard-boats were [illegible] there lay the great cable [illegible] eight inch rope, weighing 9600 pounds, and 600 feet [illegible] still sixteen miles from its destination. No cart was strong enough to carry it through the woods, yet it could not remain there, as the enemy would certainly try to capture it. What was to be done? The stirring times and sight of so many soldiers and sailors had inspired us two boys with martial ardor, and as Bennie Jessup could play on his father's fife and I was possessed of an old snare-drum, we had often spent our spare time together, practising, and did very well.

[illegible] bright morning in May that Bennie bounded into the lot where I was hoeing, crying: 'Hurry up, Frank, and bring your drum. They called for volunteers in the village this morning to carry the cable over to Sackett's, and two hundred men have volunteered. Farmer Smith says I can go to blow the fife, and the men are calling for you to bring your drum.'



THE BOY FOLLOWED LIKE AN ADMIRING SLAVE.

"In ten minutes we were down at the tavern. There lay the cable stretched along the path, with the men standing at each side of it. There were sailors, soldiers, farmers, and farm-boys, and a half dozen Oswego Indians, and Lieutenant Smith running up and down, giving orders and telling every one to hurry up, as every moment was precious. 'Hooray for the band! here they are!' shouted the men, as Ben and I appeared, quite out of breath.

"'Go up front,' ordered the officer. 'All hands lift cable. Forward, march!' and as we struck up a lively quickstep with fife and drum, no two boys were prouder than we. What a sight it was! That immense rope lying on the men's shoulders like the back of some leviathan serpent, and the four hundred legs of the men moving back and forth like those of a centipede, as away they went over hill and dale to the tune of fife and drum, while one of the village boys carried a flag. The man who led off was a gunner by the name of Joalsson, who was on his way from the coast to join the *Superior*. He had a fine voice, and kept the men amused by singing sea songs and cracking jokes.

"Of course the work was very hard and galled some

shoulders, so the men rolled up their jackets for cushions, while at every resting-place some who were used up dropped out, to be replaced by others.

"At last Sackett's Harbor was in sight, and the people came out to meet us. Such a hurrahing and banging of guns was never heard in that town before as we proudly marched, Bennie and I playing a tune very popular then, to which all hands sang the following chorus:

"'Now I hear the redcoats say,
"We'll strike our tents and run away."
Up they jump and away they run,
Without a bayonet or flag or gun.
Over the border, *sans parade*,
Peacock feather and red cockade.
Red cockade and peacock feather,
We Yankee lads will fight forever.'

"'Helloa, boys! You are not going home right away, are you?' called out cheerily handsome Lieutenant Smith to Ben and me. 'Those are fine lively marches you play together. I want you to stay and enlist with us on the *Superior* as fifer and drummer. It won't be for very long, and you will find it much easier than farming.'

"Bennie and I looked at one another inquiringly, but as he was the oldest I let him speak for both.

"'What is the pay, sir?'

"'Five dollars a month and found.' Those were big wages for boys those days, but Bennie was cautious, and asked,

"'How often will you salmon us, sir?'*

"'Oh, not at all,' laughed the officer, heartily. 'Salmon are not in ship's stores, for sailors are not farmers.'

"'All right, sir. Then we will join,' replied Bennie, and in a short while we were both enlisted as volunteers on the fine frigate *Superior*, bound out on the lakes to fight for our country, and to witness the greatest lake battle in history."

"Oh, Captain White, tell us the rest of the story," implored a dozen persons in the pilot-house.

"No, boys. No. It's too late now. That will do for another yarn."

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

VI.—JOHN LAW AND THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"I CAN calculate," said the great astronomer Sir Isaac Newton, "the motions of wandering stars, but not the madness of the multitude." It would indeed take not an astronomer, but a prophet, to predict to what heights of folly the crowd will go if they only have a leader who makes them big enough promises. What has passed into history as the "Mississippi Bubble" is a remarkable instance of this.

When the long and splendid reign of Louis XIV. at last came to a end, it left France in a very bad way, in fact, with almost no money on hand. The whole public service reeked with corruption. The frauds of men in office and of their allies in the trading community had crippled the resources of the country, and brought its commerce almost to a standstill. The tillers of the soil were taxed to the utmost limits of human endurance, and the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, was at his wits' end as to how to carry on the affairs of state with an empty treasury and no visible means of filling it.

In this emergency there came to him a middle-aged man with a strange history and a still stranger scheme. The son of a wealthy Edinburgh goldsmith, John Law,



JOHN LAW.

in the heyday of his youth, went up to London, where he took high rank among its fops and gallants, squandered all his fortune, killed a man in a duel, was put in prison for the offence, and contrived to effect his escape. For the next twenty years he scoured the Continent, seeking in a clever and systematic course of gambling to retrieve his fortunes and to prepare the foundation for the great enterprises he was planning in his singularly inventive and daring mind. Firmly convinced of the soundness of the financial theories he had conceived, he expounded them to all the princes of Europe in turn. But he met with slight encouragement from any of them. "I am not powerful enough to ruin myself," was the chilling reply of the King of Sicily. Louis XIV., although his exchequer was nearing exhaustion, took no stock in the Scotch adventurer. At length in the Regent he found a sympathetic listener, through whose influence he was allowed, in May, 1716, to establish a circulating and discount bank with a capital of six million livres.

This bank at once had very great success, and was of such real service that in the course of a year its notes were actually worth more than gold and silver money, which was liable to depreciation at the whim of the crown. The favor Law thus won with statesmen, courtiers, and common folk made easy the adoption of a greater project, the Mississippi scheme, which he promptly proceeded to set on foot.

It got its name from the noble river which ran through the richest part of the French colony of Louisiana. France was by this time beginning to grow somewhat tired of her American colonies. They were costing her a mint of money and making little return. Law now revived the old idea that under the prolific soil of the vast vague territory of Louisiana there was boundless wealth in gold, silver, copper, and other valuable metals. He proposed that a company should be formed to develop this wealth, that miners and traders should be sent out, and that with the proceeds of their toil the French exchequer, so wofully depleted, should be replenished. His proposal was eagerly accepted, and in 1717 the *Compagnie d'Occident* was formed, with a capital of one hundred million livres. Soon afterwards this company was united with the bank, which then blossomed out into being the Royal Bank of France.

By means which it would take too long to describe, the shares of this Company were put upon the market in such a way as to awaken a spirit of the wildest speculation among the French people from peer to peasant. In the year 1719 the company was reorganized, and granted

* When a boy or hired man engaged to work for a farmer in those days he often stipulated that he was not to be fed on *salmon* more than a certain number of times per week. Salmon were very plentiful and cheap, and the farmers "tabled" them *ad nauseam*. Oswego salmon are now scarce and protected by law very strictly.



AN OLD CARICATURE OF JOHN LAW.

per cent. They were all taken up within a few weeks. The country people crowded up to Paris to invest their hard-earned savings, while every second citizen joined in the insane rush. Mr. Fox Bourne tells us that Law's house in the Rue de Quincampoix was besieged from morning to night by an excited rabble of dukes, duchesses, merchants, milkmaids, and all other representatives of the *noblesse* and *bourgeoisie*. So many were there crushed to death or maimed for life that Law had to remove to the Place Vendôme, and at length to take the great Hôtel de Soissons, the garden of which, covering several acres, scarcely sufficed to accommodate the frantic speculators.

All day long were the antechambers of the financial hero of the hour crowded with persons of all ranks who waited for their turn to obtain the coveted shares.

"My son was looking for a Duchess to escort my granddaughter to Genoa," writes Madame the Regent's mother. "'Send and choose one at Madame Law's,' said I; 'you will find them all sitting in her drawing-room.'"

So soon as shares were obtained they were taken into the great market in the garden, there to be traded with among the thousands who were ready to pay any price that was asked for them, and who generally sold them again at very much higher rates. This frenzy of speculation, which lasted for a whole year, has hardly a parallel in the history of money-lending.

Curious and entertaining stories have been preserved of [illegible] during the height of the mania. A lucky cobbler whose stall stood near Law's headquarters gained 200 livres a day by providing desk accommodation for the speculators; and a hunchback whose deformity was his only stock in trade made a small fortune by [illegible] a movable writing-desk. A [illegible] had long in vain sought access to Law's [illegible] an original plan for meeting [illegible] to run up against a post [illegible] financier in the streets, [illegible] ntly for three days before Law [illegible] At last she caught sight of him approach [illegible] she cried. "Upset me!" The coachman obeyed, and his mistress was tumbled out on the pavement. Law at once ran gallantly to her assistance, and then learned that the lady suffered from no[illegible] of Mississippi shares, and so he was induced to allot her a number.

Hardly less ingenious, though not so successful, was another lady, who, failing to secure an invitation to a house where Law was dining, drove past the door with her coachman and footmen shouting out "Fire! fire!" at the top of their voices. Of course all the guests, and Law among them, rushed to the windows to see where the fire was. The moment the lady saw Law she sprang out of her carriage and tried to speak to him, but he, seeing through her ruse, at once vanished.

Of course, in the midst of this furious speculation, there were those who by quick and daring action suddenly sprang from poverty to great wealth. The list of *Mississippeans*, as those were called who thus distinguished themselves, contained the names of more than one hundred persons who during the continuance of the mania, acquired fortunes exceeding 20,000,000 livres. André, the son of a Montelimart skinner, overwhelmed by debt in the year 1718, and so utterly worthless that one of his creditors offered notes of hand signed by him to the amount of 10,000 livres for a breakfast, in 1720 found himself possessor of 70,000,000. Dupin, a servant of the banker Tourton, retired with 50,000,000. A Savoyard named Chambéry, a porter and furniture-polisher, amassed 40,000,000; and a bar-tender, named Gabriel Bourdon, realized 30,000,000, went over to England, and returned after the excitement had subsided, to play in Paris the rôle of milord, with carriage and servants galore.

One of the best stories is told in connection with Law himself. One day his coachman appeared before him, accompanied by two capable-looking men. "I am going to leave, monsieur," said he, "and you will need some one in my place. Here are two men whom I know, and can recommend. Take your choice. *I will engage the other for myself.*"

All ordinary occupations were neglected during this period of frenzy, save those by which the shrewdest of the people grew wealthy in catering for the extravagant ways of living that prevailed. The most lavish luxury was indulged in. Paris was flooded with pictures, jewelry, and the like, which were sold for fabulous sums.

But of course this state of things could not endure long. It was inevitable that Law's scheme should soon reach the end of its tether. It never had any substantial foundation, and presently it became necessary to bolster it up first with expedients to sustain the public interest, and later on with edicts forbidding the holding of gold and silver in large quantities, in order that the bank might have control of all the specie in the country.

One of the expedients resorted to was to bring from the banks of the Mississippi eleven Indians as specimens of the inhabitants, the chief of the party being a woman, who was reputed to be a Queen of a renowned tribe called the People of the Sun. They created quite a furor by their appearance, and among other things hunted down before the eyes of the King and court a stag which was released in the Bois de Boulogne. They also gave exhibitions of their native dances in the Théâtre Italien.

Now, while the public were amusing themselves with these trifles, some far-seeing men were arranging a marriage for her dusky Majesty which would prove a bond of union between the two countries. She was youthful and attractive, and had but one drawback, viz., that as a daughter of the sun she enjoyed the privilege of killing

her husband whenever she wearied of him. Notwithstanding this, there were many suitors for the fascinating Indian's hand, and from among them she chose a handsome sergeant of the Guards named Dubois. The marriage was duly solemnized, and the happy pair set sail for their dominions. But, alas for poor Dubois the First, King of Missouri! He had hardly landed when his faithless spouse had him killed, and probably he was eaten by her tribe.

In spite of expedients and edicts, however, Law's mighty fabric began to totter, and wilder panic to take the place of wild speculation. The following lines, which were sung by the mob, expressed the experience of the majority who had yielded themselves to the gambling fever:

"Lundi, j'achetai des actions;
Mardi, je gagnai des millions;
Mercredi, j'ornai mon ménage;
Jeudi, je pris un équipage;
Vendredi, je m'en fus en bal;
Et Samedi à l'hôpital."

The English being somewhat like this:

"On Monday I bought share on share;
On Tuesday I was a millionaire;
On Wednesday I took a grand abode;
On Thursday in my carriage rode;
On Friday drove to the opera ball;
On Saturday went to the pauper's hall."

Of course Law himself no less than his mischievous system came in for a great deal of hard feeling, and one day his carriage, which fortunately for him had no occupant, was set upon by an angry mob and broken to pieces right in front of the Palais de Justice, where Parliament was then holding a morning session. The President, having occasion to leave the chamber for a moment, was told of what had happened. Hastening back, he struck a dramatic attitude, and recited the following impromptu verse, which had great celebrity at the time:

"Messieurs, messieurs, bonne nouvelle!
Le carrosse de Law est reduit en cannelle."

It has been very well translated thus:

"Sirs, sirs, great news! What is it? It's—
They've smashed Law's carriage into bits."

But the collapse of the great Mississippi bubble was no subject for joking. In proportion as the elation and extravagance produced by its growth were great beyond precedent, in like manner were the depression and ruin wrought by its explosion woful beyond description. "It is inconceivable," writes a contemporary historian, "to those who were witnesses of the horrors of those times, and who look back upon them now as on a dream, that a sudden revolution did not break out; that Law and the Regent did not perish by a tragical death."

As it was, utterly ruined and disgraced, Law fled the country, and died a pauper's death in Venice, leaving poor overcredulous France burdened with a debt of more than three billion livres, and with her trade and capital so disorganized that the mischief could never be adequately repaired. Such was the lamentable result of the famous and unfortunate Mississippi Bubble.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

A HUNDRED years ago the unfortunate people who came into the hands of the surgeons, generally soldiers or sailors who had been hurt in action, were forced to undergo the operations necessary to the prolongation of life without taking ether or chloroform, as is now administered to make the patient unconscious, and so free from pain attendant upon the operation. To secure quiet often the subject had to be bound by ropes, so that much as he might desire to wince he was utterly unable to do so. Occasionally patients would show remarkable fortitude at the crisis of their troubles, but none ever showed more than a soldier, who, on the morning after the battle of Yorktown (19th October, 1781), was brought into the hospital, having been shot in the knee. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, and the surgeon ordered the nurses to bind the man fast pr to the operation.

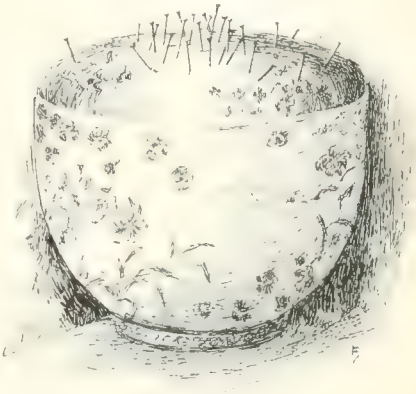
"Never!" protested the soldier. "You may tear i from my breast, but you shall not bind me! Can you get me a fiddle?"

His request was complied with, and he proceeded to tune the instrument, after which he said, "So, doctor, now you can begin." And he played during the whole of the operation, which lasted forty minutes, without uttering a single false note or disturbing his features in the slightest.

A DAINTY PIN-CUSHION.

THE time is fast approaching when we all want to begin to make Christmas presents for friends and relatives, and nowadays it is not an easy matter to think up new gifts that can be made at home without much expense and that are pretty and attractive. Yet, with a little thought, a girl can make simple little articles that will be quite as acceptable as much more expensive but less useful presents.

A pin-cushion, for example, is always a desirable thing to have at hand. The one that the picture shows is quite novel and very pretty, and as it is also very easy to make, it is a good model to choose.



First select a dainty china bowl of about three inches in diameter; if you are making the cushion for a blue room, let it be blue and white; if you do not care for that, choose any color you prefer, only make sure that the china is fine and the coloring delicate.

Cut a round of card-board that will exactly fit the bowl at a distance of one-half inch below the rim. Pile up on it, upon one side, strands of wool wadding or fine curled hair, till you have a perfect mound; then cover it with a soft bit of white cloth, exactly as you would cover a button-mould.

Cut a disk of fine white linen one inch larger round than the board, and embroider upon it any tiny flower in keeping with the bowl. Those in the drawing are forget-me-nots, and the china is blue and white, but what is best for your purpose you alone can tell.

When the flowers are worked, press them thoroughly, and make an outer cover for the cushion of the embroidered linen. Take care that it is quite smooth and tight; then paste round the inner edge of the bowl and drop the cushion in. When it is dry, it will be firm and ready for use.

A NOTE ABOUT WATER.

WHERE does all the water in the sea come from, is a question that many a small boy has asked his father, and which many a father has found himself utterly unable to answer. Some idea of where it comes from may be gathered from a glance at the following table of the hourly quantity of water discharged into the sea annually by some of the best-known rivers of the world. It was compiled by an expert, and may be accepted as accurate:

River.	Million cubic feet discharged per hour.	River.	Million cubic feet discharged per hour.
Amazon	3700	Nile	560
La Plata	3100	Rhine	230
Mississippi	2070	Elbe	100
Volga	1120	Seine	80
Danube	960	Thames	40
Ganges	700		

This, of course, throws the question back a step. The question becomes, where does the water in the rivers come from? When that is answered by the statement that it comes from the hills, we have gone about as far as we can go. Water is an element, and what its original source may be, no man knows.



THE MONKEY'S SUGGESTION.

[illegible]

AT SEA SUNSET.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Percy the other day, when he saw a huge bluefish which had just been caught, "look at the poor fish trying to breathe through his ears."

A QUESTION.

LITTLE PHILIP (*who has just begun to study natural history*). "Papa, which do you think is worse—for a tadpole to think about to-morrow, or for a frog to remember yesterday?"

FATHER: "Why, my son, it seems to me it would be a great relief to either not to have to think of *to-day*."

"LOOK, papa, look!" said little Harwood, pointing to the new moon. "There's been a fuss up in the 'sky.' The moon's all broke!"

LLOYD (*at dinner*). "Mamma, what makes us eat soup first and then fish? Is it so the fish can *go in swimming?*"

"YES," said the Caterpillar, "I'm invited to the party. I only wish my legs were longer."

"And so am I," said the old Grandaddy long-legs, "and I only wish my stomach were bigger."

LOMMIE. "Mamma, I think it's awful funny to say papa's eating' ox tooth. I think it'd be a heap better to say her teeth are cotton 'oo gapes."

"YOU'D better be good," said nurse to naughty Sarah Peg, "cause if you don't the sandman will get you and beat you up."

When Sarah Peg went to bed that night she thought about what nurse had said, but she couldn't unmake me, because when all [illegible] soul.

[illegible]

LITTLE GIRL. "Aunt Clara, do you like cake?"

AUNT CLARA. "Yes, dear, very much indeed."

LITTLE GIRL. "Then just watch me eat it."

A SHORT VOYAGE.

[illegible]

When it was finished, said he,
"Now I'll paddle clear over the sea;"
But he didn't go far,
For along came his mar,
Who paddled *him* over her ne.

R. W. M.

AT STUYVESANT PARK.

AUNT LILLA. "You'll have to take Fido back, I'm afraid. The sign says, 'No dogs allowed in this Park.'"

LILLA. "But, auntie, Fido is not a loud dog. He's the most silentest little fellow in the world."

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

FRED. "Papa, I don't fink it's fair for tall mens to wear their trousers as *long* as they can, an' for us boys to wear ours as *short* as we can. I fink grown mens might meet us half-way."

TODDLES (*looking at a live lobster*). "Mamma, if a lobster had the headache, he'd be awfully sick, wouldn't he?"

"MAYBE I have an ugly color, as you say," said the Carrot to the Beet, "but when I am gone I hope some one may say a good word for me. It seems to me a dead Carrot has a better chance for respect than a *dead beat*."

And the Beet turned even redder in the face and had nothing more to say.

JOHNNIE. "Papa, when you set the hen on 'picked eggs,' will she hatch out *picked chickens?*"



THE GOSLINGS' REQUEST.

[illegible]

"For she has said when she is well
She's going to punish me

"So, Doctor, do your level best,
Prescribe the things you know
Are sure to keep her here until
I've had a chance to grow."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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DONNY DUNCAN'S VOLCANO.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

IF ever the glory of the Caribbean Sea and its radiant islands breaks upon you, and you breathe the warm moist air and see the cloud-tipped peaks of St. Kitts or St. Eustatius, you will hear the story of Donny Duncan's volcano. People there like to tell it over and over, laying great stress upon the shower of stones that threatened to destroy all the houses, and pointing out the peak from which the fire and ashes burst; for Donny Duncan's volcano was a real one, with nothing cheap about it.

Donny Duncan and his friend Frank Sturges were two hearty American boys from Maine, who went down to the West Indies to have a good time, and if half the stories told about them are true, they must have had it. They had every chance to enjoy themselves, having a great stock of American health and spirits, more money than they really needed, and the best state-room in the ship. Donny's father was principal owner of the new three-mast schooner *Sea Urchin*, of Eastport; and when the vessel loaded with ice for St. Kitts, with orders to bring a cargo of sugar from Antigua to New York, Donny and his friend went along.

The only thing in the world that troubled Donny was his name. His real name was John Duncan; but when he was a very small boy he called himself Donny, and the name is likely to stick to him as long as he lives, particularly since it has become associated with the volcano which he encountered.

One day while the *Sea Urchin* lay anchored in the roadstead at St. Kitts, Donny went up on deck with a big cushion in his hand and threw it down in the shade of the after-deck house. In that hot climate such a proceeding meant that he was about to lie down and compose himself, and that was what he did.

A fairer scene than he looked upon, as he lay there resting his head upon his hand, never met the eye of man or boy. There beside him was St. Kitts, its velvety green peak, called Mount Misery, reaching up into the clouds. Far away to the eastward was Antigua, from that dis-



"THERE'S NO MAKE-BELIEVE VOLCANO ABOUT THIS."

life," he said to himself, as he lay there in the shade. [illegible] people! I suppose it's because they are mostly Dutch and can't know any better. [illegible] ing an island away down here in the West Indies! I owe that island a grudge, and I'll pay it with good solid interest if Frank will stand by me."

At that moment, when it would have been for [illegible] he had kept out of sight, Frank Sturges appeared on deck.

"Frank," Donny called, "you're just the man I want to see. I have a little excitement on hand for that beautiful Dutch island of Saba. I'll drive every man, woman, and child off of it within three days if you'll go in with me."

Frank looked at him in astonishment. "Why," said he, "there are two or three hundred people on the island. Do you propose to turn the *Sea Urchin* into a man-of-war? The people are mean enough to be driven into the sea, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work."

"No," Donny laughed. "I'm not going to bombard them; but we owe them a scare, and it would be undignified in us not to pay it off. Didn't we go there peaceably in the Captain's gig a few days ago, to visit our Dutch neighbors? And didn't we stop in a melon patch because we were hot and thirsty? And didn't the inhospitable old Dutchman who owned the melons (though he couldn't have been a Dutchman, either, because he spoke English) —didn't he and about fifty of his friends rush at us with clubs and stones? And wouldn't they have murdered us on the spot, and perhaps eaten our flesh afterwards (they being Dutchmen, and therefore no doubt cannibals), if we hadn't taken to our Yankee heels and reached the boat and pushed off? Answer me that, will you, Mr Frank Sturges?"

"It's all very true," Frank replied. "They're a mean lot over there, and I've no doubt they would have killed us for the sake of two or three melons. But Saba is twelve or fifteen miles away, and there are several hundred people on the island. How do you propose to drive them off?"

"Just as easy," Donny answered, "as lying here and watching that gray cloud tangle itself in the top of Mount Misery. There are several hundred people there, as you say, but they are all slow, ignorant old Dutchmen [illegible]"

"They were fast enough when they started for us the other day," Frank interrupted.

"No steamer ever touches there," Donny went on, "and as there are no schools, of course the people are ignorant. Ignorant people are easily scared, and I intend to give them a good scare, if you're with me."

"Of course I'm with you," said Frank, "but how are you going to scare them?"

"Do you see that conical peak with the hollow top?" said Donny, pointing to the extinct volcano on Saba. "That was once a howling, fire spitting volcano. The people there all know it, and you may depend upon it, the thing they fear most is that the volcano may break out again. I'm going to set the old volcano at work."

"Now you're talking nonsense, Donny," Frank replied. "You know very well that nobody can set an old volcano going."

"I don't mean really to set it going," said Donny, "only apparently. Did you ever hear of such a thing as gunpowder? Do you know anything about Greek-fire [illegible] gunpowder drilled into a [illegible] to shake that little island [illegible] much red fire burned in [illegible] think would make them [illegible] en out again, and drive [illegible] be worth a year's [illegible] eed that came after us with a club scared out of his boots getting away in a boat? He's [illegible] to frighten. I don't care anything [illegible]

[illegible] beside the cushion, and [illegible] Donny declared they were both nearly smothered. "[illegible]" he cried at length. "But do you think we can do it? Where could we ever get the powder? And what a job it would be to lug all the things up to the top of that old crater!"

"It can be done very easily," Donny replied, "and without any trouble to us at all. All we'll have to do will be to pay the bills, which won't be large. Here are eight sailors aboard this schooner doing nothing, and won't have anything to do, likely, for a week or two. You know we can have the Captain's gig whenever we want it, and it will be the easiest thing in the world to get the gig and two good men to go off sailing and fishing for two or three days. Then we'll let the men into the secret, and pay them well for doing the work."

"That's the ticket," Frank shouted; "you've hit it exactly."

"Oh, I have it all thought out," Donny went on. "We'll not even go up to the crater ourselves; not a bit of it. Let the men go up, and we'll stay below and see the fun. But we must be careful where we buy the powder and red-fire, or we'll give the whole thing away. We'll need about two kegs of powder, and it won't do to buy so much in St. Kitts. We'll sail over to Antigua and buy one keg there. It's lucky these islands are so close together, isn't it? We must land the stuff after dark, of course, and the men can carry it up the mountain, and perhaps drill holes for the blasts the same night. Then the next night we'll go back and set her off. There's a big hollow up in that crater, so they say, and the men can work there without danger of detection. You see, Frank, the Saba people are in constant dread of that old volcano, and the minute they feel a shock and see the flame up there they'll be wild."

How well the boys carried out this dangerous plan can be seen best from the results. Several nights later they and two sailors from the *Sea Urchin* landed upon the island of Saba, close by the foot of the extinct volcano. They carried no bundles, for all the preliminary work had been done the night before; but they made careful plans about meeting at the boat before daylight, a tall cocoanut-tree on the shore being the landmark to guide them to the spot where she lay well hidden in a little bay.

After separating from the sailors, the boys moved leisurely along toward the only settlement on the island, a collection of fifteen or twenty stone huts inhabited principally by fishermen. There was no need to hurry, for it would take the sailors some time to reach the summit of the mountain and begin operations.

Quiet Saba was fast asleep. Occasionally the boys passed a rude house, but there was no light in any window. The tropical moon, which when they landed had made the island almost as bright as day, disappeared behind a black cloud and left them in total darkness. But they did not complain of this; it was all the better for their purpose.

"A jolly dark night for a volcano to show what it can do," Frank whispered.

"Yes; and we're near enough, too," Donny answered. "Here's the place for us to watch, in the corner where these two stone walls meet. We can see everything that happens from here."

They were climbing the nearest wall—not a high one, but so loosely built that the top stones rolled off under their weight—when the whole island shook with a tremendous crash.

Crash! crash! There were two terrible shocks, about thirty seconds apart, that were heard from St. Eustatius to Antigua, and on Montserrat, forty miles away. They seemed so near that they alarmed even the boys, who were expecting them. Donny and Frank rolled pell-mell behind the wall.

"That'll fetch them," Donny whispered. "Now watch for the light."

It seemed like an hour to the excited boys, but in reality it was not more than sixty seconds, before a tiny star appeared upon the mountain-top. In ten seconds more the star had grown into a bright red glare. And such a glare! It was brighter than the deepest sunset glow, and it illuminated the mountain-side, and set the whole island ablaze. It was so thrilling and ghastly that the boys trembled and took hold of one another.

"Who ever saw red-fire make such a terrible glare before?" Frank whispered.

"Half of it's reflection," Donny answered. "There's a great black cloud directly over the crater, and that reflects the light. Hark! what's that?"

A man's voice, shouting, was heard a long way off. It sounded unearthly in the still night, under the red glare.

A nearer voice shouted. Then a confusion of voices in the little settlement; and in the midst of it all—

Crash! Crash!

Two more blasts had gone off, one-third of a keg of powder in each. Instead of shouts now there were shrieks about their ears. Lights appeared in the little houses. A big bell began to ring.

Ding-dong! ding-dong! There was a small church in the settlement, and somebody was ringing the bell to arouse the people. But what need of that, when everybody was awake and shouting? Men and women, half clad, were running about like mad. A dozen of them passed the spot where the boys lay.

Crash! Two more blasts.

"That's the last of the blasts," Donny whispered. "There were only six. I'm glad of it, for I'm getting enough of this thing. What's that?"

Both boys made this exclamation together, and seized one another tight. For this crash did not die away like the others. It rolled and rolled and echoed and rumbled, but it did not stop.

The earth continued to shake. Under their very feet the solid rock upon which they crouched began to tremble. No shock from a blast, that long-continued quiver. It was a slight motion, but sickening to the stomach. The boys, as close together as they could be, looked anxiously each in the other's face.

While they looked, the light changed. It was no longer red, but yellow. The whole island now was yellow instead of red. Together they looked toward the mountain-peak. Instead of a steady red glare, the mountain was belching forth yellow fire and red-hot rocks. A shower of something pattered upon the ground beside them; some of it touched and scorched their faces. It was ashes. Scores of people were running past them toward the boat-landing, shrieking.

"It's the volcano!" Donny shouted. "The blasts have started it, sure enough. Run for it, Frank! We must reach the boat!"

They leaped the wall and ran, and five seconds later a shower of heavy stones fell where they had been crouching. They were with the crowd now, but nobody took any notice of them.

"The men!" Donny cried, as they ran. "Oh, what will become of our sailors on the mountain?"

"Get to the boat!" Frank panted.



THEY LEAPED THE WALL AND RAN.

No trouble now to see the tall cocoanut-tree that pointed their way. Flame was bursting from the mountain as though fired from a mighty cannon. Hot stones were rolling down the steep slope. As they ran, they saw that their hands were black with smoke and ashes. It was life or death now to reach the boat. Donny was in the lead, and was first at the cocoanut-tree. But no boat lay ready for them, for the rope was cut.

"Gone!" Donny wailed. "Oh, Frank, Frank, the boat is gone!"

"Up the beach, then—up the beach!" Frank shouted. "There are plenty of boats at the landing. Somebody will give us a lift. Keep your pluck, old fellow."

Once more they were in the crowd. There were hundreds of people now instead of scores, and all wild. There were plenty of boats, but in the panic twenty or thirty people were crowding into sail-boats that should have held no more than six.

A little further up the beach, apart from the crowd, the boys saw two men spring into a boat, while a third man was shoving it off. They made a dash for it, and caught the boat and clambered in.

"Plenty of room, lads," said a hearty English voice. "Why, you be the boys who were in my melon patch a week ago. But it's all one now; we'll never see the sun shine again on poor old Saba."

The boys looked at each other, but said not a word. It was not necessary, for both saw that the man for whose benefit they had started all this terror was the very man who had rescued them from it.

[illegible]

It was the voice of one of the sailors, and there was the Cutter lying alongside. The boys felt as though a huge stone had been lifted from them to find the two men safe. They were soon in their own boat and out of the little fleet of fishing smacks that hovered as close to the shore as seemed safe. If they could only be sure now that none of the islanders had been killed!

"Erupt'on," said one of the sailors. "Well, I should say so. There's no make-believe volcano about this. You heard the last two blasts? We were half-way down the mountain when they went off. It must have been the heat fired them. We felt the old mountain begin to tremble, and made up our minds it was time for us to vacate. We thought you'd be gone by that time in some of the other boats, so we pushed off. We've given the Dutchmen something to talk about for the next fifty years. Best head for the schooner, hadn't we, sirs?"

"No, no!" Donny cried. "I shall never go back to the schooner and never dare look anybody in the face again if any of these people have been killed or hurt."

"We must lie by here and see it through," said Frank. "It was an accident, of course; but then it was all our doing, and if there's any damage done we must face the music. Did you notice, Donny, that the very fellow we wanted most to scare, the English-Dutchman who drove us out of his melons, was the man who helped us away?"

"Oh, don't speak of it," Donny answered. "I'm all of a tremble yet to think of what we've done. I never want to hear of a volcano again. Every house on the island must be destroyed, I'm afraid."

"Well, it looks as though it was most over, anyway," said one of the sailors. "See! the mountain has nearly stopped spitting fire, and the air is clear of ashes. Some of the boats are going back to shore."

"I dread to see them go back," said Donny. "Suppose they should find a lot of people killed! Do you know, Frank, I've a great mind to own up to the whole thing when they all get ashore."

"Then you'd best not, sir," one of the sailors interrupted. "It 'd go hard with you with them people, sir. Best wait and see what's happened."

For the next hour Donny and Frank were in terrible suspense. Hanging was the least punishment they could think of to fit their case if anybody had been killed. When the day broke and they could see over the island, there did not seem to be any great change. Smoke was still pouring from the crater, but all the houses in sight were standing as usual. The sailors volunteered to go ashore and reconnoitre, and the boys were glad to have them do it.

"We're in great luck! There's no damage done, and not a soul hurt. You couldn't have done it up better, gentlemen, if you'd managed the real volcano yourselves. Back to the schooner now, sirs!"

"Yes, as fast as you can go," Donny answered. "I never want to see Saba again, after such a night."

Many pledges of eternal secrecy were made, but after the danger was over such a story was too much to keep. It reached the Captain's ears, and somehow found its way into St. Kitts; and to this day if you go down there and ask one of the islanders to show you Donny Duncan's volcano he points straight to the green mountain on the southwest corner of Saba.

A LITTLE ALASKAN ESKIMO.

[illegible]

As the Alaskan steamer moved slowly out from the beautiful many-islanded harbor of Sitka, I leaned against the rail, taking a farewell look at the fascinating old northern town. I was thinking of Baranoff, the robber Russian Governor, and of the many strange scenes witnessed by the green spire of the queer Greek church, when it was lifted above the surrounding forest, when my reverie was interrupted by something soft and furry that came tumbling against my legs.

"Hello! What's this?" I exclaimed, looking down at what I for a moment thought was a young bear.

"Hello!" came back, politely, in a childish treble. Then a little hand was imperatively extended, and with my aid the tiniest mite of fur-clad humanity I had ever seen scrambled to its feet.

"Who are you? To whom do you belong? and where are you going?" I asked, greatly puzzled to account for the presence on that south-bound steamer of this midget in fur, who so evidently belonged to the frozen North.

The only answer I got was a merry laugh, accompanied by a mischievous twinkle of dark brown eyes. Then the little one pulled away her hand, and scampered to meet a gentleman who was approaching.

I recognized him as Mr. Miner W. Bruce, a government agent, who for nearly two years had been engaged in domesticating Siberian reindeer in Alaska. I also knew that he was in charge of a party of Eskimos who were on their way to the World's Fair, and who had just been transferred from the Unalaska steamer to our ship. Knowing these facts, I asked him if the little one now clinging so confidingly to his hand was one of that party.

"She is and she isn't," he answered, smiling. "She



EINA BRUCE



IN THE HARBOR OF SITKA.

is a full-blooded Eskimo, and is going to the World's Fair; but she is also my adopted daughter, Miss Rina Bruce, not quite three years old, who is on her way to the States to be educated. When I bring the others back to this country next spring I shall leave her somewhere, perhaps at Carlisle, where she will be kindly cared for and taught the ways of civilization."

With this, Mr. Bruce said something to Rina in her own language, whereupon she made a demure little bow, cried "Hello! Good-by!" and kissed her hand to me.

"That very nearly exhausts her present stock of civilized accomplishments," continued her adopted father; "but she is very bright, and before we reach Chicago I am confident she will have picked up a number of words and phrases."

"But how does she happen to be your daughter?"

"It came about in this way," replied Mr. Bruce. "You see, the Eskimos who dwell away up beyond the arctic circle in northern Alaska have for some years been in a state of semi-starvation. This is owing to the relentless pursuit and destruction by white hunters of the walrus and whale, which until recently have formed almost their sole means of subsistence. Now the walrus is practically extinct, and whales are so driven from their former haunts that it has become a rare thing for the natives to catch one. Yet upon these two animals they depended for food and fuel during the long dark winters, for material from which to build their boats and sledges, to make their spears and other implements, and, in fact, for most of the necessaries of their simple life. Without these, starvation and death stared them in the face.

"About three years ago, as the revenue-cutter *Bear* was on its way to Point Barrow, the northern extremity of United States territory, and the place at which the government has established a house of refuge for wrecked whalers, she was boarded by several Eskimos, who came out in an oomiak, or large skin-boat, from a small and until then unknown native settlement. By means of signs these people conveyed the information that they were starving. Captain Healy, the commander of the *Bear*, immediately sent an officer ashore to investigate their condition. Upon his return the officer reported that while some of the natives were already dead and dying from starvation, the survivors were eating their dogs, their most valued possession, and the one with which they will not part save in the last extremity.

"A subscription was immediately taken up among the officers and crew of the *Bear*. One hundred dollars was thus raised, and the ship was headed for the distant trading port of Fort St. Michaels, where the entire sum was invested in hardtack. With this supply of food the *Bear* returned, as fast as steam and sail would carry her, to the starving people who had called upon her big-hearted crew to aid them.

"Captain Healy's report of this destitution, and of the many similar cases that he encountered during that cruise, caused the authorities at Washington to investigate into the condition of these most northern wards of the nation, and devise measures for their relief. It was finally decided to import and domesticate reindeer from Siberia, as these animals could be protected from hunters, and would at least assure the natives a supply of food and clothing. I was placed in charge of the reindeer experiment station or ranch at Port Clarence, not far from Point Barrow, where I have now been for nearly two years, and where the complete success of the undertaking has been demonstrated. In a few years we confidently expect to be feeding our now starving Eskimos with an abundance of reindeer meat.

"In the mean time numbers of them visit our station to beg for food, and among others came Ardarta and Nubeeya with their four children, of whom Rina was the youngest. She was so bright and cunning that I took a great fancy to her from the first, and one day, rather in jest than in earnest, I asked Ardarta if he would give her to me. After a short consultation with his wife, he replied that as they had many children, with but little to eat, while I had plenty to eat, but no children, I might have her, provided that I would always feed her when she was hungry, and would return her to them when she reached the age of fifteen. That is how Rina became my adopted daughter, and having thus accepted the charge, I am determined to fulfil it to the best of my ability.

"When I was authorized to take a party of representative Alaska Eskimos to the States in order that they might be seen at the World's Fair, at Washington, and in several of the Eastern cities, I determined that the trip should be the beginning of Rina's education. With its completion I trust that she will return to her own people a competent and well-equipped missionary of civilization. That is all, and now it won't be Rina's fault if you don't become well acquainted with her before our voyage together is ended, for she dearly loves to make

[illegible] I forgot to tell you that my little [illegible] mixed, and generally s[illegible]

[illegible]
I pray the l[illegible]

For many days we sailed to the southward, until [illegible] and we finally came to a great city of the white men. [illegible] ishment, and whisper to each other in awe-stricken tones; [illegible] there was so much [illegible]. But the end is not one [illegible] anything else sees. She [illegible] with [illegible] and makes [illegible] every day. Her only unhappiness is when she is made to wear, for a short time each day, that she may gradually become used to them, a white dress and shoes and stockings and a straw hat, in which she looks very cunning indeed. She does not look one bit happy, though, until she gets once more into her own comfortable hooded arctica and little trousers of soft reindeer-skin, which she considers the only really sensible dress for a girl to wear.

As the lines that will serve to introduce my little Eskimo friend to thousands of my dear YOUNG PEOPLE friends are being written beside the far western waters that stretch away to her distant northern home, and as she is already on her way to the East, many of you will doubtless have seen her and made her acquaintance in Chicago or Washington before they can be printed.

LITTLE JEM.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND

CHAPTER II.

JEMIMA.

MRS. HOWLAND and Edna, left with the cause of the excitement, began to examine her more closely. "We will take her up and put her to bed," said Mrs. Howland, her motherly heart warming towards the little foundling. "I doubt if they find any one, and the poor little thing should be cared for. I wonder if she is hungry?"

The house-servants were hovering in the distance, having heard the news, and come in to see for themselves.

"Bridget, suppose you warm some milk," continued Mrs. Howland.

The waitress hurried off to get the milk, and the chamber-maid lifted the little one to carry her up stairs, while the fat cook stood in the background with her hands on her hips, "oh dear-ing" and "alack-ing," with a broad Irish brogue and much trepidation of mind.

"Alack, but it's all shot they'll be, the min and the byes and Mr. Howland himself by the varmints that's a-lurkin' round this place. I allus said as sumthin' 'd happen here some day; and now, shure enough, it's gone and happened. It's that lonely on the river-bank that there moight be a murther ivery night, and no one 'd be the wiser!"

In the mean time Mrs. Howland undressed the child, assisted by Edna and Kate, the maid. They had given her the milk, which she drank eagerly, apparently not having had food for some time.

"No woman, no matter how cruel or how careless, could have put a child's clothes on like this," said Mrs. Howland, as she cut hard knots and took out crooked pins. They gave the child a bath, and put one of Philip's little night-gowns on her. She did not say much, but submitted silently to their ministrations, clinging to Edna whenever it was possible.

"May I have her with me?" pleaded Edna. "Do, Cousin Alice! It will remind me of the children at home. I often have little Bess in my room."

So a crib that Philip had outgrown was brought down [illegible] Edna's room, and there the [illegible] slept peacefully all night.

The searchers, meanwhile, had found no clew. Not a [illegible] beyond the footprints of a man on [illegible] the river beyond the boat house, and the breaking of the earth in one place on the bank, where [illegible] some one had climbed up. On the footpath to the boat-house there were no marks. They searched carefully under the bushes where the canoe had disappeared, but nothing was to be found. Of course it had gone up-stream long since.

"I never saw the river so deserted," said Mr. Howland. "It is because it is a dark night, no moon, and a storm coming."

Low mutterings of thunder had been heard for some time, and now a few drops of rain were falling.

"We may as well give it up," he added, turning towards the house; "the villain, whoever it is, has effectually hidden himself and escaped. We shall have to try advertising."

The next morning when Philip came down to breakfast he was greatly surprised to find a small stranger, dressed in one of his cast-off frocks, sitting in his own high chair.

"What is that?" he demanded, standing on the threshold and staring at the alien.

"A little girl that has come to make us a visit," said his mother.

"Did Ned bring her in her trunk?" Trunks were objects of great interest and mystery to Philip. "I gueth she thought she'd need 'nother girl 'mong thuch a lot o' uth fellerth," he continued, drawing himself up with an air of importance, and walking towards a place on the other side of his mother.

"I shall drive to one or two places before I go to town," said Mr. Howland. "Notices must be put up everywhere, and I shall have advertisements put in the Boston papers, as well as in the Deerboro' *Times*. In the mean time the men must keep a lookout on the river, and Edna and the younger boys had better keep away from there."

At first no one could think or talk about anything but "the child."

"What do you suppose her name is?" said Edna.

Strange to say, no one had thought of that before, and they proceeded to try to find out, but it was no easy matter. She was just as silent as she had been the night before, and would not answer any of their questions.

"What shall we call her, then?" said John.

"We might name her Trovatore," remarked Harry, who had been to the opera.

Edna would have liked to ask for an explanation, but was too shy. John felt no such hesitation.

"Why?" he asked, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Because she is a 'found one.' That's the Italian of it."

"Oh!" said Edna, while John remarked, "I say we stick to English!"

Every sort of a name was suggested, from Gladys and Marguerite by Edna, who was somewhat romantic, to Diana, Berenice, and Rowena by Winthrop, who had been reading Scott. Dana wanted it to be Alice for his mother, and John suggested Gertrude Marian Jones for a child he had met at the sea-shore the summer before.

Finally the matter was settled by the little one herself, whom they had forgotten in the heat of the discussion.

In clear, unmistakable tones, and with her usual solemn air, she said, "Jemima wants some more milk."

"Jemima!"

"We shall have to call her Jem," said Winthrop; "it's the only thing we can do with such a name as that!"

Nothing more could be drawn from her as to where she

had lived or who had brought her there. Mrs. Howland thought that probably some sleeping-draught had been given to her before she had started on her journey, whatever and from wherever it was, for she apparently remembered nothing. She seemed very happy and contented, trotting about with Edna when the boys took her to the barns to see the horses and donkey, and to the various objects of interest on the place, holding her tightly by the hand, and looking up in her face in a loving way that delighted Edna.

This exciting episode had brought the cousins together in a much shorter time than would otherwise have been possible. The boys felt as if they knew her well now, and that she was quite one of them, while Edna herself felt perfectly at home with them, and chatted freely and merrily as they wandered about the place, even Dana unbending to the despised girl. It was Saturday, so the boys were not at school.

"Let's get up a tournament," said Winthrop, suddenly, still thinking of Scott, called up by the discussion about names.

"Tennis? Well, all right," said Harry.

"No, not tennis at all. A real old-fashioned tournament, with knights and lances and prizes and queens and everything."

"What fun!" exclaimed Edna. "Did you ever have one?"

"No, never. We will celebrate the 17th," continued Winthrop, who was prime mover in all the sports. "Suppose we rest here and talk it over."

So they sat down, Edna against a tree, with little Jem close to her, while the boys and the dogs lay about on the grass.

"We'll have the grand stand, otherwise known as the 'pavilion,' for the ladies to sit in down behind the barn."

"No; the roof of the carriage-house will be the very place," cried Harry, entering into the spirit of the idea.

"So it will. Fine view of everything. Then, as I suppose the *mater* would object to a fight, we'll have races and tricks on the ponies and sports of all kinds—oh, everything, but all in the style of ancient tournaments."

"I wish we could have a fight on horseback with lances," said Dana, who was usually known as "The Dane," partly for short, and partly because he was so fond of fighting.

"She won't let us," said Harry, with conviction, "and we had better not ask her. We'll have enough without that. Win, shall we ask the other fellows?"

"Oh yes—Joe Martin and Dick Sherman; it will be more fun. Ned shall be queen, and bestow the prizes, dressed in white, with a veil and a crown."

"Haven't you got queens a little mixed up with brides?" asked Edna, laughing.

"Well, maybe I have, but no matter," rejoined Win, easily; "it's all the same. Let's go in and consult the *mater*."

So off they all trooped to the house. Mrs. Howland was willing, as she always was when the boys had plans of this sort, and they immediately set to work to make out a programme for a fine affair. Winthrop consulted *Ivanhoe* for the most approved method of carrying on a tournament, while Edna flew to the attic, accompanied by her cousin Alice, to look up some costumes suitable for the occasion. There was a large chest there full of ancient garments, and being a true maiden, her heart beat high at the thought of "dressing up."

It was the 10th of June, so the 17th was only a week off—that holiday which is kept to celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill, as every Massachusetts boy knows, if not every American. School was not yet over, but the afternoons were long and were given to preparations for the coming event. Tennis was forsaken, while the boys practised jumping hurdles, riding in all sorts of strange attitudes, gymnastic feats of astounding agility, and tricks of all kinds.

Joe Martin and Dick Sherman rode in every afternoon, and great were the doings down behind the barn. Edna was not allowed to be present at these rehearsals, as the boys wanted to surprise her, so she consoled herself with Jem, who continued to be her devoted follower. The finding of the child had been widely advertised, but with no result. No suspicious-looking characters were reported as having been seen either before or after that Friday night, and where she had been brought from no one could possibly imagine.

"We shall have to place her somewhere," said Mr. Howland to his wife. "There are plenty of good homes." Edna looked up quickly. "Homes with a capital H, I mean," he continued.

"I have thought sometimes that it would be nice to keep her with us," said Mrs. Howland, slowly.

"Oh yes!" cried Edna, in her impulsive way; "don't send her away!" and then stopped as quickly as she had spoken, remembering that she had nothing to do with it.

"You know we have no little girl," added Mrs. Howland, "and she is a dear little thing."

"I know that," said her husband, "but I do not approve of adopting children, particularly when you don't know where they come from. It would not do at all. The child must have some relatives or people belonging to her in some way, the very ones who brought her here, and they would be sure to turn up and give us trouble, apart from every other consideration."

"Very true," said Mrs. Howland; "you are quite right, Henry, but I would like to keep her through the summer and send her somewhere in the fall."

"I am perfectly willing to do that," said Mr. Howland, at which Edna looked relieved, and stole up stairs to see if Jem were sleeping comfortably.

The 17th dawned clear and bright. The boys were up early, and were out long before breakfast, making such mysterious preparations that Edna was consumed with curiosity.

She and Mrs. Howland had been told that they and Jem must be ready at four o'clock on the piazza. They were also requested to provide six prizes, of whatever size and kind they should find most convenient, but the larger and nicer the prize, of course, the better would the boys be pleased.

Joe Martin's mother and sister and Dick Sherman's mother had been invited to be present, and they also were to assemble on Stone Court piazza at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"It is all so exciting," cried Edna, dancing about, "that I can scarcely wait. Do the boys always have such good times as this?"

"Very often," said their mother, smiling. "Win is very ingenious, and gets up all kinds of unusual things."

"It is the most perfect place!" exclaimed Edna. "Dear Cousin Alice, I am having such a lovely time! You are so good to me, and I had no idea boys could be so nice," and she threw her arms around her cousin's neck.

"Mother, mother, where are you?" was shouted from below, and Dana and John appeared in hot haste. "Ned, would you mind not listening? We must consult mother about something, and we don't want you to know."

So Edna had to retire from the scene. She consoled herself by going to her own room and writing a long letter to her family at home, telling them so much of her good times that her little sisters began to think that Stone Court was a sort of fairyland.

When the letter was finished, she and Jem went down stairs and out to their favorite tree, which was within the enclosure marked by the hedge. The dogs were nowhere to be seen, as of course they were in close attendance on



EDNA WAS SHOWING THE LITTLE ONE HOW TO MAKE CURLS.

the boys, and Jem did not know just what to do without them.

Edna had her work, a bit of embroidery that she was doing, and did not want to give it up, and she was quite at a loss as to what she should do to amuse the child.

"I will tell you a story," she suggested.

"No, Jem does not want a story."

"We will play house."

"No, Jem does not want to play house."

"I'll tell you what we will do; you pick dandelions and bring them to me, and when we get twenty-five we will make some curls."

This plan seemed to please Jem better than anything, and she trotted through the opening in the hedge to look for dandelions on the lawn beyond. She soon returned with a good many, and Edna was showing the little one how to make curls of the stems, when she was startled by a movement on the other side of the hedge. She looked quickly towards it, but it was so high and thick that nothing could be seen beyond. Presently she was conscious of it again.

"Did you hear anything?" she asked Jem.

"No," said the child, who was absorbed in her dandelions. So Edna supposed it was the breeze stirring the leaves that she had heard, and as she was not at all timid, she thought no more about it.

"Run, get a few more dandelions, Jem," she said, after a few minutes, and the child trotted off. She had scarcely gone through the opening, when she gave a loud scream, and flying back, she cast herself upon Edna.

"Grand-dad! grand-dad!" she shrieked, in an agony of tears.

"What do you mean, Jem?" cried Edna. "What is the matter?"

"Grand-dad! grand-dad!"

"Who? Where?"

"Grand-dad!" That was all she would say. Edna tried to console her.

"It is Ned, dear; Ned who loves you. There is no grand-dad here."

"Yes, yes, grand dad!"

Edna rose from her seat. "I will go and see," she said.

"No, no!" screamed Jem, growing more and more excited. "No, no! Grand dad!"

There was nothing for Edna to do but remain where she was and try to quiet the child. Mrs. Howland came to the door.

"What has happened?" she asked in surprise, for Jem had not been known to cry since the night she arrived. When Edna told her, Mrs. Howland looked startled.

"Did you hear any one about?"

"No, no one. Oh, I remember, I did think I heard a sound on the other side of the hedge, but I supposed it was only the breeze."

Mrs. Howland went to the opening and looked about. The lawn spread away in the distance, and the trees which dotted it were too far apart to afford a hiding-place for any one. To the left was the flower garden, which was partly surrounded by the hedge, and in which there were a number of thick-growing bushes and plants. Beyond the garden was a corn field, and then the woody pasture-land sloped to the river.

No one was to be seen, but, as Mrs. Howland thought, it would be easy enough for a man to come up from the river, and, creeping through the garden, reach the shade of the hedge. The fancy made her uncomfortable.

"We shall not be able to keep the child," she said to herself; "it is too unsafe for the other children. Where are all the men? I remember, now, they are working in the far meadow. The boys, of course, would see nothing from behind the barn even if they were not so absorbed in what they are doing. But I will make light of it to Edna, for I do not want her to be frightened."

She went back to the children, and said that she could see nothing. Jem was quieter now, and Mrs. Howland suggested that they should go into the house and see about dresses for the afternoon.

"Shall I be the only person in costume?" asked Edna, as she gazed with delight at the array spread out on the bed.

"Wait and see," said her cousin, nodding her head mysteriously and wisely. "There are to be great doings this afternoon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THROUGH THE CONEWAGO FALLS.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

"WHAT a royal appetite a fishing trip gives a fellow!" said Tip Harker. "There goes the last bite of my fifth sandwich. I can't stand another, though. I'm too full. What shall we do next—hunt arrow-heads or take a look at the lines?"

"It's too soon to overhaul the lines," replied his companion, Maurice Brant, "and I don't care about tramping along the shore in this scorching sun. For my part, I'd rather lie here in the shade awhile."

"Lazybones!" exclaimed Tip, in a tone of good-humored scorn. "But for once I agree with you. It's just the afternoon for a nap. Let's take forty winks apiece."

Tip and Maurice were sturdy, sun-bronzed lads of seventeen. Early that morning they had pulled two miles down the Susquehanna from their home at Buck's Lock, bent on a day's outing, and provided with lines and bait. Now, after a keen attack on their lunch-basket, they lay idly under a clump of bushes on the lower point of Duffy's Island. Their boat was dragged partly out on the sandy beach. Tied to the stern by a short painter was their floating fish-box, which held almost a dozen fine bass.

Nearly a mile down the broad stretch of river a line of tumbling waves, reaching half-way across from the eastern shore, sparkled and flashed in the sunlight. This silvery line marked the commencement of the famous Conewago Falls. The boys could hear the sullen roar of the water very plainly. It sounded like the rumble of a distant freight train.

It is a well-known fact that no more dangerous spot can be found along the entire course of the Susquehanna. Raftsmen dread it, though during the spring floods there is always a tolerably safe and well-defined rafting passage. Venturesome boys and over-confident men have frequently been drowned there. In summer-time, when the channel is thickly studded with gaunt rocks, no boat can pass safely through the falls, nor has one ever been known to do so. The rapids are nearly half a mile long, and in that comparatively short distance there is a drop of twenty-five feet. Only half the width of the river is taken up by the falls. Across the other half extends the dam that furnishes water-power to the York Haven paper-mills, some distance below. The broad flat crib of the dam juts into the upper corner of the falls. Immediately below it a narrow island covered with rocks and undergrowth stretches down the centre of the river, bounding and keeping parallel with the drop of angry waves.

Tip and Maurice knew all about the falls, and though long familiarity with the spot had not exactly bred contempt for it, they thought nothing of venturing close to the edge in their trusty boat. That very morning they had placed two out-lines in the deep water that lay just this side of the danger line; for here the largest bass and salmon were to be had.

The forty winks that the boys purposed taking grew to a whole hour. Maurice woke first, and observing that the sun was not shining, he walked to the point of the island and looked up stream. Off in the west a mass of pearl-gray clouds were gathering, and slowly mounting higher. There was nothing alarming about this, but the afternoon was sultry and breezeless, and Maurice knew by experience in what short time a thunder-gust can collect its forces. He returned to the bushes and wakened Tip.

"It looks as though we might have a storm after a while," he said. "Anyway, we'd better go down and lift our lines."

"Oh, bother your storm!" muttered Tip. "Is that all you wakened me for? I was having such a jolly dream. I thought I was trolling for salmon, and got a tremendous strike. Now I don't know what I hooked."

"You can finish your dream later," replied Maurice, laughing. "Seriously, Tip, there's danger of a storm."

"I don't believe a word of it. Why, there comes the sun out as bright as ever."



MAKING A TRUMPET OF HIS HANDS, MAURICE SHOUTED LUSTILY.

Nevertheless, Tip arose, stretched himself, and good-naturedly followed his companion into the boat. Maurice took the oars, and pulled so swiftly down stream that the fish-box had a broad boat of water. When within forty yards of the falls he slackened speed and swung the boat around so that Tip could catch the buoy floating over the verge. The roar of the falls was deafening now, and it was no pleasant sight to look down the slope of foaming waves and rocks. But the current continued sluggish for some distance, and the boys would not have feared to venture still nearer. They ran the first line, taking off three bass and a salmon. They lifted it into the boat, anchors and all, and then took hold of the second, which led a little to one side, and was stretched directly above the mouth of the tail passage.

"We've got some big fellows this time," exclaimed Tip. "I can feel them jerking."

"So can I," replied Maurice. "Look at that one splashing. He's a three-pounder, I'll wager."

The next minute the big fish was safe in the boat. Another one speedily followed. Tip sat on the bow seat, pulling the boat along the line from link to link. Each fish as soon as it was taken off was transferred by Maurice to the floating box.

Three-quarters of the line yielded seven bass and salmon. The end was now in sight, and the few remaining links held one good-sized fish. It struggled hard to escape as the boat slowly approached.

Carried away by excitement, the boys had failed to observe the inky-black clouds that already concealed the sun and most of the sky. The ominous mutterings of thunder were drowned by the ceaseless roar of the falls. Just as Tip reached for the link that held the fish a puff of wind whipped the smooth deep water into fretful wrinkles. This gave the boys the first intimation of their danger. They looked up to see the sullen black clouds and the misty sheets of rain that dimmed the western horizon and were driving swiftly down the river. Forked lightning was playing along the purple crest of the Kittatinny Ridge. Up on Duffy's Island the bushy tree-tops bowed and quivered before the force of the gale.

"We're in for it," shouted Maurice, springing to the oars. "Don't stop to fool with the line. Let it go."

Tip instantly obeyed. The line slipped off the bow of the boat and vanished. "We're just above the worst part of the falls," he cried, hoarsely. "Pull straight up, and do your best." Stepping past his companion, he dropped down on the stern seat.

Maurice did not reply. He set his teeth grimly, and pulled a mighty stroke; another and another. The boat moved perceptibly up stream, cleaving the short choppy waves. Then, swift as a hurricane, came the full force of the gale. It lashed the water into angry white-capped billows, amid which the boat pitched and careened dizzily.

With long muscular strokes Maurice bent to the oars. A minute went by, and his face suddenly paled. "Tip, we're losing ground!" he cried. "I'm doing my level best, but this awful wind is driving us straight on the falls."

"I know it," groaned Tip. "Pull to one side; it's our last chance." He shuddered as he looked behind him at the dizzy slope of rapids, now frightfully near.

Maurice jerked hard on the right oar, and swung the boat's head diagonally up stream.

"The fish-box is dragging us back," he shouted. "Cut it loose."

Tip drew a knife from his pocket and severed the rope. He watched the box regretfully as the waves bore it off to the edge of the falls. Such a choice lot of fish were not to be had every day. An idea occurred to him, and cutting the anchor stones loose from the out-line, he flung them overboard. Relieved of these encumbrances, the boat actually moved a foot or two up stream. Tip breathed easier, and a smile of triumph hovered on Maurice's lips. The danger which had been so imminent but a moment before now seemed over.

Suddenly a fierce spurt of wind swung the boat broadside to the waves. Maurice dropped the right oar, and with both hands jerked savagely at the left. He put too much strength into the effort. A sharp crack was heard as the oar split just above the blade. One half flew out of the rowlock. The other part was whirled off on the waves.

It all happened in less time than it takes to tell. The boat swung straight toward the falls, and the boys looked at each other in speechless horror. Down came the rain in drenching torrents, and the wind at once subsided a little. But nothing could save the boat now. It lunged swiftly on to destruction.

Tip snatched a long iron-pointed pole that was under the seats and tried to get a hold on the bottom of the river. His efforts were vain. The depth was too great and the current too strong.

"Drop that!" cried Maurice. "Hold to the gunwales for your life!" He jerked off his shoes and coat, and Tip had presence of mind enough to follow his companion's example.

The boat was now within a dozen feet of the falls, and fortunately its head was down stream. One swift dive, and it shot over the verge, tumbling porpoiselike from wave to wave. What followed was almost a blank to the boys. The stupendous roar of the raging waters drowned their cries. Jets of foamy spray splashed up to right and left and ahead, hiding everything in a mist. From the black clouds above came the drenching rain. It was a terrible and awful moment, and the worst was yet to come. With a thumping and crashing that threatened to rend its timbers apart the boat struck the submerged rocks. Then, caught by a jagged bowlder, it capsized in the twinkling of an eye and went whirling over and over down the rapids.

Maurice had a brief glimpse of Tip's agonized face. Then he went far under water, and though he struggled desperately with hands and feet, he feared he would never come to the top again. But just when he could hold his breath no longer his head shot above the surface. There was brief time to fill his lungs with air, for the waves tossed him about like an egg-shell, and the pelting spray blinded him. Once more he was sucked under, and when he next came to the top his hands touched something hard. He clung to it desperately, and after a dizzy rush that may have lasted half a minute he found himself floating in a comparatively quiet eddy, and was able to look about him. It was the boat that had saved him. His hands were tightly clasped over the bow. His first thought was for Tip, and he looked up and down the mad stretch of rapids. All in vain! No trace of his luckless companion was visible.

The knowledge that Tip was lost made Maurice indifferent to his own safety. But this reckless feeling lasted only an instant. Life was sweet, after all, and when he saw that the boat was moving swiftly to the lower verge of the eddy, where lay the most dangerous portion of the rapids, he determined to save himself. Letting go of the boat, he swam to a flat rock that rose out of water on the island side of the eddy. He reached it safely, and sat there a moment to recover breath. Thirty feet distant, and diagonally down stream from him, was the outer edge of a long reef of rocks. The channel lying between ran like a mill-race, and was broken here and there into leaping waves by submerged rocks. But Maurice was a good swimmer, and did not hesitate to make the venture; moreover, his very life depended on it. Plunging from the rock, he swam with lusty strokes straight across the channel. The current bore him rapidly down, and he made a narrow escape from hitting the submerged rocks. It was by a still closer shave that he gained the reef.

His finger-tips clutched the edge, and for a moment the fierce current threatened to break his frail hold. Then he got a firmer grasp with one hand, and dragged himself to a place of safety.

The worst was now over, for the reef stretched clear to the island, broken here and there by narrow gaps. Maurice lay still for a little while, resting his aching limbs and panting hard for breath. At length he rose to his feet, and as he glanced out on the water a sharp cry burst from his lips. He saw something clinging to a rock that lay in the very midst of the falls, and about half-way to the upper end. That something was Tip—not a doubt of it. He must have caught the rock when the boat capsized. His face was turned up stream, and occasionally his arms stirred feebly.

In frantic haste Maurice tore across the reef, wading some of the gaps and jumping others. The last impediment was a foaming channel a dozen feet wide. Again and again the current swept him off his feet, but he persevered doggedly, and at last gained the island. He dashed up the rocky shore to another reef forty yards above, and made his way to the other edge, swimming and wading from stone to stone. He was now directly opposite the rock to which Tip was clinging, but the interlying channel was thirty or forty feet wide, and was utterly impassable. It was one of the worst spots in the whole length of the falls.

Making a trumpet of his hands, Maurice shouted lustily. Above the roar of the waters Tip heard, and turned his white agonized face to one side. He was submerged to his breast, and the rock about which his arms were wrapped was very smooth and slippery. It was evidently a severe tax on his strength to keep hold.

"Help! help!" he cried. "I can't stand this long."

"Let go and swim across channel to one of the eddies, like I did," answered Maurice. "I'll come out on the rocks and help you to shore."

Tip shook his head. "I can't swim a stroke," he shouted back. "My knee feels as though it was broken."

He struggled to climb higher up on the rock, but the effort was futile. He was too weak and exhausted to get a fresh hold, and unless aid speedily reached him he would be swept into the raging falls and drowned.

Maurice was almost beside himself with pity and despair. Could he do nothing? Must he stand idly by and see his companion lost? He groaned and wrung his hands. If he could only swim that raging channel!

Suddenly, as he glanced up and down the river through the driving rain, an idea flashed into his mind. It was a slim and desperate one, but he would have risked his life ten times over on a chance of saving his companion.

"Hold fast, Tip," he shouted with all his might. "Hold fast to the rock for your life. I'm coming to rescue you. Be ready to swim, if it's only a couple of strokes."

"I'll do my best," Tip answered. "Hurry up, though."

Maurice waved his hand, and hurried back to the island over rocks and through raging channels. His breath was nearly spent when he reached the upper point, and scrambled from thence on to the crib of the dam. He glanced quickly up the river and toward both shores. No chance of aid there. Not a boat was in sight. He must depend on his own efforts.

He looked down into the falls and saw that Tip was still clinging to the rock. Then he ran to the outer end of the crib and hunted for a loose plank that he had noticed on a previous visit. He found it, and lifted it up. It was well suited to his purpose, being about ten feet long by two in width.

Lightning still flashed across the sky and the rain was falling heavily. But there was no longer any wind, and the water above the falls was smooth and sluggish—a very fortunate thing for Maurice's plan. He did not pause to think of the slight chances of success or of the terrible risk that he was about to run. At all hazards he must save Tip.

The crib, as has been said, jutted out toward the commencement of the falls and at a short distance above them. Maurice lowered himself and the plank to the base of the crib, where there was barely standing-room on a narrow rock. He straddled the one end of the plank, his weight throwing the other end slightly out of water. Then with hands and feet he paddled up stream like a frog, swung the plank around, and headed it straight down stream in a line with Tip's head, which he could dimly see through the waves. What he planned to do was to steer the plank alongside the rock and catch hold of Tip as he shot by. Then he hoped to get into one of the side eddies, and from there gain the island.

But the instant the plank took the dizzy plunge over the verge of the falls Maurice found that he was utterly unable to control it. The waves pounded him from all sides, and threw him into a panic of fear and confusion. He was so low down in the water that he could see nothing. He dashed blindly on, holding tight to his frail support, and expecting every moment to be pitched off.

That he did not come to grief on the sunken ledges during the first twenty-yard dash down the rapids was little short of miraculous. But in spite of the danger to life and limb, his uppermost thought was of Tip. Would he pass close enough to the rock to save him, and, in that event, would they succeed in reaching one of the eddies?

As these questions flashed through Maurice's mind, the plank rose suddenly to the crest of a high wave, and he caught a brief glimpse of the rock, with Tip still clinging to it, a short distance ahead and to the left. He shouted with all his might, and just then a second glimpse showed him that the rock was empty. Down went the plank again, and the dashing waves cut off the view. As he shot swiftly on, a bobbing head rose just beside him, and reaching out one hand impulsively, he caught Tip's arm. How he got his companion on to the plank Maurice never knew; but in some way it was accomplished. Side by side the two lads were swept on through the raging waters. Any attempt at steering was out of the question. It kept them busy to get their breath between the blinding showers of spray that pelted them in the face, and to keep hold of the plank as it twisted from side to side.

That ride seemed interminably long, though it was really very brief. Midway down the falls the plank struck a rock, and whirled clear around. It hovered for an instant in a patch of quiet water. A little to one side the rapids were more shallow, and bare ledges cropped out thickly. Maurice saw his chance, and bidding Tip take a firm hold on his shoulder, he swam with him across the stretch of deep and turbulent water, and safely gained the outermost reef. From here they pushed on to the island, and after a severe struggle, during which they had to swim more than once, they reached the lower point. Both were thoroughly exhausted, and Tip's knee proved to be severely bruised.

The storm was now over, and after resting awhile Maurice helped his companion up the island and across the crib of the dam to shore. Here they borrowed a boat, and pulled slowly homeward.

The story of their perilous adventure spread through the neighborhood, and Maurice found himself quite a hero—especially in Tip's estimation. It was a pretty costly experience for the boys in more ways than one, since they had lost their coats, shoes, fishing-tackle, fish-box, and boat. The next day they found the boat, bottom up, on a grass bar half a mile below the falls, but it was so badly battered by the rocks that they did not think it worth the trouble of repairing.

They had a new boat before the summer was over, but in future they will give the Conewago Falls a wide berth.



ST. LOUIS OF TO-DAY

THE BEGINNING OF ST. LOUIS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ST. LOUIS has had a picturesque but not an exciting history. She has been French, Spanish, and American, but it minded those changes little more than any other baby would, and even the wars that have racked our part of the continent disturbed it very little. It was French when we fought our Revolutionary war, and it did not care who whipped. When we again fought the British, in 1812, it was American in name but not by nature. When we had our civil war the city was used for camp and hospital purposes but saw and felt no fighting. A lucky city, say I, even if it had been a little sleepy up to that time.

It was born in 1764, and an English army officer saw it in 1768. He said it was the headquarters of the French, and was set up by merchants who traded with the Indians. He found there a large house and stores, and about forty families living in as many houses. There was a company of French soldiers there, but they had no fort. The fact was that a fur-trader from New Orleans named Pierre Laclede had come up the Mississippi to establish a fur-trading post. The rivers were the great roadways for travel and trade, and this was the best place for a trading-post, because it was near the junction of the Missouri—which led almost to the Rocky Mountains—and the Mississippi, which was part of the highway between Canada and New Orleans.

At about that time France surrendered Canada and all her lands east of the Mississippi to England. This helped to make St. Louis a lively village, because the French moved over from British soil to the west bank of the river, where St. Louis stands. Laclede did so, and many others went where he did. He named the place after his King, Louis XV. Great was the surprise of all these Frenchmen when they heard, a year later, that their King had given the country west of the river to Spain when he gave the rest to the English. It took two years for the people to learn this, and then it took five years more for Spain to send men to govern the country.

After the Spanish took possession in 1770 St. Louis remained very quiet for thirty years. We can yet see, in the wilds of Canada, just such villages as it was then. It consisted of a little cluster of houses around the trading-post and the store-houses for furs and goods, and there was a tall palisade or stout fence surrounded the village. There were towers of sod—and one stronger tower that was used for a prison—at different points along the palisade, and the little farming the people did was carried on outside the palisade. The place had less than a thousand inhabitants when the century opened, and the furs that were bought of the Indians were sent to Europe by way of Canada. In 1804 St. Louis became French again, because Spain gave back to France all that vast middle of our country that was called Louisiana.. But the French, never dreaming that it would be richer and would contain more people than France itself, sold it all to us for fifteen millions of dollars. Napoleon ruled France then, and Mr. Jefferson was our President.

Washington Irving has described St. Louis as it appeared in 1810. Among the queer folks who were to be seen there were the French-speaking natives, the sharp Yankee traders, the rude backwoodsmen of Kentucky and Tennessee, the Indians, and the half-breeds. The boatmen were stranger still. There were Canadian half-breeds in fur caps and buckskin clothes, singing and drinking and wasting their hard-earned money, and there were the flat-boat men of the Mississippi and other rivers—a very peculiar people, bragging, noisy, and rough. Hunters clad in leather, with guns on their shoulders and knives in their belts, strode through the streets, and very many negro slaves completed the queer mixture. The streets were very narrow; but even then some stores were built of brick, and some of the already rich French families lived in fine mansions. A big fur-trading company, called the Missouri Fur Company, had been established there, and had its posts along the Missouri for hundreds of miles. John Jacob Astor started an expedition from St. Louis to go overland to the Pacific Ocean in 1810.

A description of the way in which this expedition journeyed up the Missouri shows that boating was very different from what we would imagine it. Sometimes the boats were rowed, sometimes it was worth while to set sails on them when the wind was right, and sometimes they were poled along. At times the men "bushwhacked"; that is, they pulled the boats along the side of the river by hauling on the bushes. Another way was to throw grappling-irons, on the ends of long ropes, to catch in the bushes or stumps, so that the boats could be pulled along that way. In shallow places the men leaped out and shoved the boats, and when they could do so they walked on shore and dragged them by means of ropes. Think what a blessing steamboats proved to be when they were put on the Mississippi in 1817! They soon became numerous, and St. Louis grew to be a great steamboat centre, with scores of swift and fine steamers lying along the river-side, and bringing a great amount

of business and numerous travellers to her stores and hotels.

In 1846, Francis Parkman, the historian, started from there to cross the continent. He says that was a busy year in St. Louis. It was the last city on the way to the frontier. Emigrants from all over were preparing for the overland journey. Santa Fe traders were buying goods to sell in the Southwest, and the gunsmiths and saddlers had all they could do. Steamboats crowded with passengers for the frontier were constantly leaving the city. It seemed a notable place then, but to-day it is really great. It is larger than Boston, and has half a million souls. Bridges have been built to it across the Mississippi. Railroads reach it from every point. Its steamers and barges form a great navy, its hotels are like palaces, its parks are famous, and it is still growing like a weed.

A SIBERIAN TIGER HUNT.

BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

RUSSIA has always been proud of her soldiers, on account of their well-known bravery in war-time. That Russian soldiers can also be heroes in time of peace this story will, I think, very plainly show.

The Czar has been building, for several years past, a great railroad across Siberia, which penetrates through wild, lone regions. It is called the Trans-Siberian Railway, and when completed will bring Russia and America nearer together in a commercial sense than ever before. So for that reason its progress is watched with much interest in this country. The first section of the railway, at the eastern extremity, passes through the southern Ussuri district, which, on account of its wild and irregular scenery, forms an unusually promising stamping-ground for savage animals. It is full of wooded glens, gloomy gorges, deep valleys, and mountainous caverns. Far and wide, for hundreds of miles, the rugged landscape is bare of human habitations, the only native living things being dangerous beasts of prey. Now, it is quite a remarkable fact that the tiger, which we ordinarily expect to find only in African wilds or Indian jungles, also roams through Siberia's northern latitudes, as the laborers employed on the Trans-Siberian Railroad have recently had excellent opportunity to discover. These workmen are largely composed of Chinese and Kirghiz immigrants. Unlike the Russian gold-seekers who migrated there just after Ussuri became a part of the empire in 1858, these poor oriental toilers come not in quest of splendid fortunes, but to earn the bare means of supporting life. In another sense, however, they resemble the former gold-seekers, for many of them will never return to their homes, having perished in the wilds. They were killed and eaten by the tigers, who descended upon their camps to spread death and destruction. The terror caused by these marauding monsters was so great, and they carried off so large a number of workmen, that work had to be stopped some months ago until a plan for protection should be devised. The animals had grown so bold that they no longer confined their attacks to the night-time, but even in broad daylight, and while the unsuspecting laborers were at their work, would prowl stealthily upon them from the caves and forest glades, leap into the deep cuttings and pits of the railroad works, and carry off their victims beyond hope of rescue. Finally the Governor of Eastern Siberia decided to send for a corps of marksmen to systematically hunt down these terrible tigers and rid the vicinity of them forever.

I must explain that to most Siberian regiments are attached companies of sharp-shooters. These are picked men. They are raised in the wilds of Siberia, and from childhood are accustomed to the use of fire-arms and to



THE RUSSIAN HUNTERS.

hunting. Their nerves are like steel, their eyes as keen as [illegible] hawk, and their aim sure as death. They are known as "Okhotniki," or hunters, and act, when attached [illegible] or pursuing [illegible] instinct and natural [illegible] a proclamation [illegible] by [illegible] savage regions [illegible] have to live. In short, they form [illegible] to these regions.

When the Governor called for and against the tigers, every man who belonged to an Okhotnik Corps wanted to volunteer. Finally, after much competition, three officers and four men were selected for the task. Their names were Sub-Lieutenants Truboff, Schmidt and Malcheesky, Corporal Stepanoff and Aksenoff, and privates Nestossoff and Byerkoff. They were drawn from the third and fourth battalions, Siberian Rifles.

Going quickly to the scene of action, these men did wonderful service, and it is entirely due to them that to-day the laborers on the Trans-Siberian Railroad are able to work without having to dread the attacks of a savage and cruel foe. I have not space in this little article to record one-half their brave acts, but I can manage to describe one or two of the most exciting encounters.

The knowledge the soldiers' early training gave them of the habits of the tiger enabled them to form a correct idea of the exact places where the beasts were at lair, and from whence they might be expected to make their attacks. In this way they succeeded in shooting a number of them from ambush and snaring others by means of pitfalls—deep square holes sunk in the ground, baited with fresh meat, and covered with a roof of boughs sprinkled lightly over with earth. Everything was done with the utmost military precision. A favorite scheme was to build a fire upon the railroad track and roast the carcass of a horse. The toothsome horse-flesh browned nicely over the flame and scented the air, and the wily soldier hunters concealed themselves, rifle in hand, amid the brushwood close by, whence they could watch the tiger, while he could not see them. Presently the majestic animal began to move in the direction of the bright fire in eager search of his dinner. But alas for his calculations! He is even licking his lips in anticipation of a feast, when, hark! a puff of blue smoke rises from the thick underbrush, a sharp crack rings out upon the still night air, and the man-eater leaps forward and upward, then falls dead in his tracks. It is the unerring Okhotnik's rifle, which never misses its aim.

There was one very exciting encounter which the sharpshooters had with the enormous tiger, ten feet long from tip to tip, and weighing over 300 pounds, which is shown in the picture, and in the capture of which gallant Sub-Lieutenant Truboff nearly lost his life. It was on July 15th last that the soldiers struck the trail of a beast whose movements they had been watching for several days. The pursuit led them into a wooded district some distance from the railroad camp, and towards nightfall, finding themselves belated, they resolved to halt and bivouac. First of all, they built a cheery fire, and were standing in a circle around the ruddy blaze, when an ominous crackling noise in the brushwood caused each man to grasp his rifle. In another instant, almost before they had time to think, the underbrush parted, and like a flash there sprang out of the gloom the brilliant striped terrible form of a gigantic man-eater. Falling like an avalanche upon Truboff, the ferocious animal bore him to the ground, fastened its teeth in his left shoulder, and would soon have crushed out his life, but for the courageous action of his comrades. Aksenoff threw himself flat upon the ground, and taking exact aim, sent a ball through the tiger's eye. Had his hand once faltered, he must have killed or maimed poor Truboff, who lay prone and helpless in the animal's grasp. Hardly had Aksenoff's bullet gone home, when Private Schmidt, rushing forward, buried his long hunting-knife in the beast's neck directly below the skull. Truboff was saved, and the dead tiger carried in triumph to camp. By this time its magnificent skin has become the property of the Governor of Eastern Siberia, who will keep it as a trophy. The two brave privates will be rewarded with promotion.

During the two weeks of their campaign fourteen tigers, ten males and four females, were shot by the Okhotniki, and so far the vicinity of the railroad works is effectually relieved of the scourge.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A PIRATE.

BY PAUL HULL.

THE brig *Hyacinth* sailed from New York in the summer of 1822, bound to New Orleans. She was commanded by Captain Joshua Tyndell, of New London, Connecticut, a young man of much promise, who had held a commission in the United States navy, and being ordered to a foreign station for a term of years, had resigned rather than experience the pain of long separation from a young and beautiful girl to whom he had been married but a few months. His ability as a seaman and navigator was so well known, especially in his native town, that the command of a fine new brig belonging to the then flourishing and important seaport of New London was offered to and accepted by him soon after his resignation from the government service. Mrs. Tyndell accompanied her husband on the *Hyacinth*, preferring to share the dangers and inconveniences of an ocean voyage to saying farewell to one who had willingly sacrificed his dreams of naval glory for her sake.

In the year 1822 the West Indies and Gulf of Mexico were infested with pirates, who captured peaceful merchantmen, murdered their crews, and after sacking the ships of whatever they found valuable, turned them adrift with their holds on fire. Although the United States kept several men-of-war in those waters to hunt down the scoundrels, the superior fleetness and rig of the pirate vessels made their capture impossible unless the red-handed outcasts could be taken by surprise and brought within range of the man-of-war's guns. Even then, knowing that if taken they would be immediately hung at the yard-arm, they often fought their vessels with such desperation that they were able to inflict enough damage to the cruiser's spars to insure their own escape, when they would steer direct to one of their lairs, repair damages, and quickly take to the seas again. Merchant ships in those days always went armed, and it was not unusual to see a small trading brig or schooner pierced for six carronades. A sufficient number of muskets and cutlasses were also provided, so that every man in the crew might be able to defend the vessel against the fiends whose flag was a square of black with a white skull and cross-bones, and whose motto was "no quarter."

An agreeable and quick run was made by the *Hyacinth*, until the island of Tortugas, in the Gulf of Mexico, was sighted on the fourteenth day out from New York. All through the Bahamas and West India Islands one of the crew had been stationed aloft both by day and night to give warning of any suspicious sail, and the heavy charges of powder and grape-shot that had been rammed into the cannon before Crooked Island Channel had been reached were yet in the guns. After passing into the Gulf, however, the main danger was believed to be over. About one bell in the first dog watch (4.30 P.M.), the mate stumping the deck at the time, one of the men sung out "Sail ho!" and pointed to a fore-and-aft schooner stealing around the lee side of the coral island. One look was enough to determine her character. Long for her beam, the black

paint on her sides bringing into relief the lean and hungry look of her lines, high bulwarks with numerous portholes, lofty spars, and a generally wicked look from the tip of her long flying-jib-boom to the end of the great main spar that overhung her taffrail at least twenty feet, she had no need to run aloft the death-head bunting to prove herself what she was—a Spanish pirate.

There was a fine breeze from the southward and eastward at the time, and as the brig's course was something to the west of north, the *Hyacinth* was bowling along with royals set, the wind gushing over the starboard quarter. This was her best point of sailing, so, without altering the direction of the vessel's head, studding-sails were thrown out, and the brig tore through the water with every spar and rope creaking and straining, while the royal poles appeared ready to snap off and pitch overboard under the tremendous pressure. When first sighted the pirate was about two miles away, and for some little time it seemed that she did not gain on the brig, but after the chase had lasted about half an hour the schooner was seen to spread a large maintopmast stay-sail, which bellied out between the masts like a balloon, and drove the sinister-looking hull through the dancing waters with such power that the distance between the two vessels rapidly shortened.

"There is no good in racing, Mr. Thomas," cried the Captain; "she will be alongside of us in no time. We must fight for our lives!"

The guns were at once cast loose, arms served out, and every preparation made for a stubborn defence. The pirate came on until she was within half a mile of the brig before she fired a gun; then, as this invitation to heave to and get their throats cut was not accepted by the *Hyacinth's* crew, the pirate evidently proposed to waste no more powder, being assured of shortly laying the merchantman aboard. The schooner kept overhauling the chase until the two vessels were within pistol-shot range; then the pirates swarmed out on the bowsprit and jib-boom, ready to leap on board the brig the instant that their Captain, who was at the wheel, should swing his craft alongside. At this point Captain Tyndell led his wife below, so that she might not be exposed to the shot that would soon be flying about the decks. Hardly had he descended the companionway when several of the pirates discharged their muskets at the man who was steering the *Hyacinth;* but the stern of the brig lifting to a sea at that moment, the balls flew too low to hit the human mark at which they were aimed. The crew of the brig stood by the guns with matches lighted, waiting impatiently for their Captain to appear and give the order to fire at the schooner, whose jib-boom was now parallel with the other's course, and only about fifty feet off the weather-quarter. Suddenly the second mate called out,

"Are we to stand here like a row of belaying-pins until that pirate there pitches his men on our decks?"

"No!" roared the first officer. "I'll fight this craft, if the Captain hasn't time to do it! Take good aim at their jib-boom, lads, and give 'em Davy Jones!"

A stunning volley from the brig was followed by the sound of splintering wood and howls of pain and rage from the pirate, and a moment later, when the smoke blew to leeward across the deck, the schooner's jib-boom was seen to be shot away close to the bowsprit and dragging under her bows, being held by the back-ropes, while the head-sails, torn and riddled, were thrashing around as she ran up into the wind, owing to the loss of balancing power forwards. A dozen heads were to be viewed bobbing about in the pirate's wake, while frenzied cries for succor were hurled after the unmanageable vessel that drew farther and farther away, leaving them to their fate.

A great cheer burst from the crew of the *Hyacinth* when the effect of their fire was realized, and they begged the mate to wear ship and let them bring the leeward battery to bear on the disabled foe, but Mr. Thomas prudently refused, determined that while the schooner was making repairs he would get as far away as possible, and escape by altering the course under cover of the night, which was now fast closing in. Remarks concerning the Captain's cowardice were now openly exchanged between the members of the crew, and the two mates took little pains to conceal the disgust and contempt with which the master's conduct had inspired them. After waiting some little time for Captain Tyndell to appear, the mate went to the companionway and bawled,

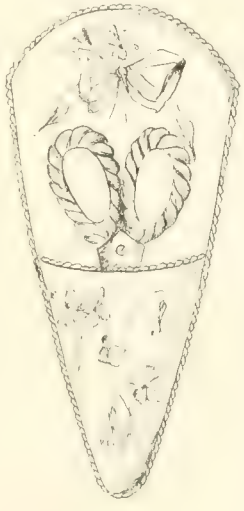
"You can come up now; we've licked the pirates, and the danger's over!"

No response being made to this, Mr. Thomas descended the stairs, and immediately his voice was heard calling to the crew, who entered the cabin to behold their commander lying dead on the floor with a bullet-hole in his forehead, and the lifeless form of his fair and lovely bride beside him. The shower of lead that had been fired at the brig's helmsman had entered the open cabin ports, and struck down the Captain and his devoted wife.

A HANDSOME SCISSORS CASE.

A SCISSORS case is a welcome addition to any work table or basket; but for the girls who do fine needle-work it is even more—it is an essential aid to the safe-keeping of necessary paraphernalia.

To make one like that shown in the picture, cut two pieces of card-board in the shape indicated, one for the back and one for the pocket. The back should measure seven inches in length, and three and a quarter in width at the widest point. The pocket should be three and a quarter inches long and should fit the back at the point, but must be one-eighth of an inch wider at each side of the upper edge.



If you wish to use heliotrope Suède and violets like the illustration, purchase the necessary quantity of fine leather from either a dealer in materials for fancy-work or a manufacturer of gloves. If you prefer silk or any other color or flower, you can easily settle all those details for yourself. In any case cut the covering slightly larger than the boards, and embroider them with care, as the drawing indicates. Then cover the two boards neatly and line with silk. Overhand the edges of the pocket firmly to those of the back, and finish the entire edge with a fine silk cord. Slip in as handsome a pair of medium-sized scissors as you can afford, and when your case is finished you will be well pleased with the result.

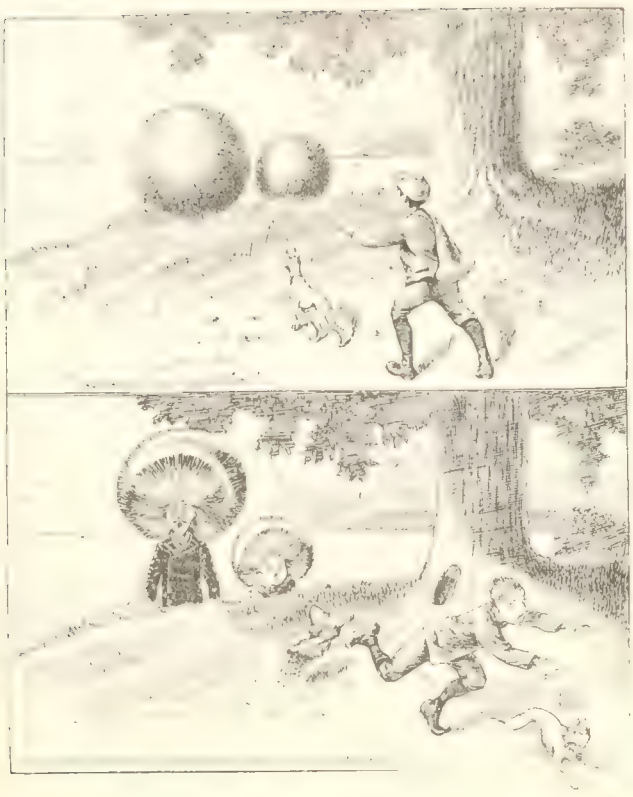
TOMMY'S MEDICINE.

THIS horrid medicine I've got to take,
And really I can't see
Why some sweet mixture they will never make
For little boys like me.

This grown-up medicine is awful stuff,
Which I cannot endure;
For little boys it would be well enough
To have a candy cure.

Then all my ills would up and fly away,
Like birds across the dell—
I'd take a whole box in a single day,
And then I'd soon be well.

R. K. M.



OSCAR'S MISTAKE.

OSCAR. "I always thought, Uncle John, that cigars came only by the box."

UNCLE JOHN. "And why do you now suppose that they come in any other way?"

OSCAR. "Because I saw some at the grocery yesterday, and as they were tied up in bunches, I asked the grocer if they were a new kind of asparagus."

AT SEASONSETT.

FREDDY. "The sea is awful rough to-day, mamma."

MAMMA. "Are the billows rolling high?"

FREDDY. "Yes, indeed they are, and they are rolling up the beach like a lot of seidlitz-powders."

AT NANTUCKET.

WILBUR. "Are those great white things whales' teeth?"

NURSE. "Yes, Wilbur, those great things are whales' teeth."

WILBUR. "My, but mustn't the whale have awful big toothaches!"

A PHILOSOPHIC QUERY.

TOMMY. "Are you going to whip me, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, I am, Tommy."

TOMMY. "You said the other day that whipping never did me any good, didn't you?"

MAMMA. "I believe I did."

TOMMY. "Then what's the use of whipping me again?"

UTILITY.

WILLIE. "Uncle Tom, the old shanghai can't fly a bit, he is too heavy for his wings."

UNCLE TOM. "Then of what use are his wings, Willie?"

WILLIE. "I suppose they are only good for him to flap in hot weather when he wants to fan himself."

HARRY'S VIEW.

HARRY. "Mamma, I have just been throwing stones at the old gander out in the pond."

MAMMA. "Don't you know that it is very cruel to hit the poor old bird with a stone, Harry?"

HARRY. "I suppose it is, mamma, but I didn't hit him; I missed him every time."

"When I am a lady," said Anna,
"I'll teach girls to play the piano."
And yet, the sad fact is,
She never would practise,
So now she's a cook in Savannah.

TONY'S MEASURE.

"PA," said Tony, as he and his father were passing through that part of Seventh Avenue so largely given over to the trade in cast-off shoes, "all these signs say 'new and second *hand* shoes. Now wouldn't it be more properer to say 'second-*foot* shoes?'"

"It might be," said Mr. Butler, laughing—"it might be more fitting, but the expression wouldn't *wear* well, I'm afraid."

WILLARD'S APPETITE.

MAMMA. "Won't you have some beef, Willard?"

WILLARD. "No, I thank you, mamma."

MAMMA. "Won't you have some cauliflower?"

WILLARD. "I don't think I'm hungry enough for cauliflower, thank you."

MAMMA. "What has become of your appetite, anyhow?"

WILLARD. "I think it is out in the kitchen, mamma, and will come in with the pudding."

A HINT.

MAMMA. "Bobby, why do you make such faces every moment?"

BOBBY. "On account of the nasty medicine I took this morning."

MAMMA. "But didn't I give you a lump of sugar after it?"

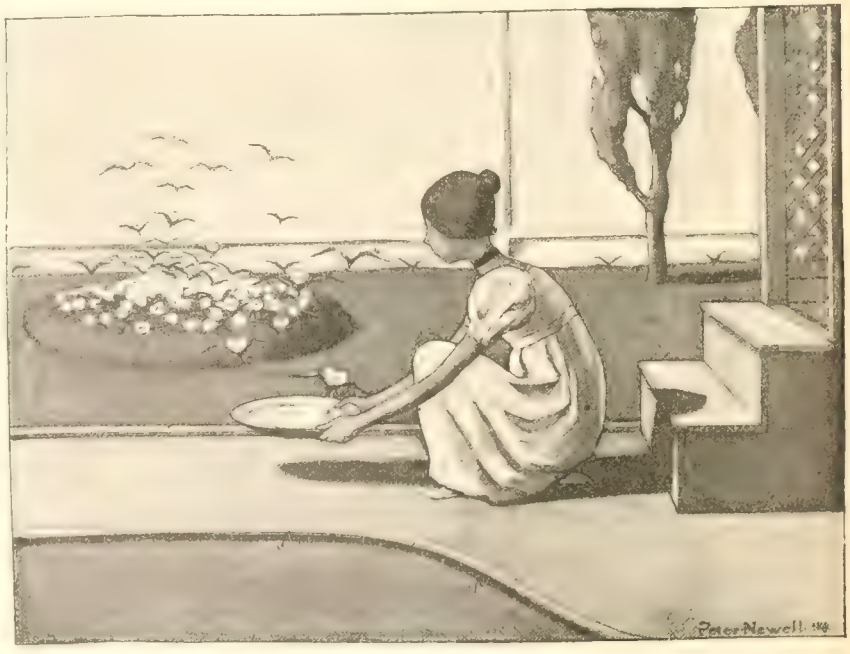
BOBBY. "Yes, mamma, you did; but I think such awful medicine as that must require two lumps."

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

LLOYD. "Papa, don't the word *walk* mean *gait*?"

PAPA. "Yes, my son. Why?"

LLOYD. "Well, ain't a walker a gaiter too?"



WATERING THE FLOWERS.

THERE is no sight that gladdens more the drowsy summer hours
Than Susy Ann with brimming pan a-watering her flowers.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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"HOLD ON TIGHT, SONNY," CRIED A STRONG VOICE.—[See "Twinkle and Harold," Page 858.]

TWINKLE AND HAROLD.

BY W. O. "PEDERSEN"

"HE will certainly break his neck some day," said Mrs. Pettibone, in an aggrieved tone.

"Why, Ella," responded Mr. Pettibone, smiling, "you speak as if that would be a personal insult to you."

"Nonsense, Frank; you know very well how I feel about it. Harold tortures me half to death with his constant risks. He's always where I think he will fall, or get cut, or drowned, or something dreadful, and I'm worn out with anxiety. If he would only behave like other people's children, I—"

"But he does," interrupted Mr. Pettibone. "Harold is simply and entirely a boy, and he acts just as other healthy boys do."

"I don't believe that other boys keep their mothers on pins and needles all the time," said Mrs. Pettibone, very confidently.

"Neither do I," answered her husband.

Mrs. Pettibone looked at him with a puzzled expression, and shook her head.

"There's no telling what you mean, Frank. One moment you say that Harold behaves just as other boys do, and the next moment you declare that other boys don't give their mothers continual anxiety."

Mr. Pettibone smiled kindly, and laid his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"My dear," he said, in a gentle tone, "I mean that I do not think that other boys' mothers indulge in quite so much anxiety as you do."

"I can't help it, Frank."

"I think you could if you would only look facts squarely in the face. Has Harold ever had a bad accident?"

"Why, he broke his finger playing behind the bat in a baseball game."

"Well, I don't think a broken finger a serious matter. And I'm sure he didn't, for I had all I could do to keep him from playing before it was well."

"But why couldn't he play somewhere—out in the field, isn't it?—where he wouldn't have to catch such hard balls?"

"Because he's a sturdy, plucky little chap who is not afraid of anything, bless him."

"Oh, you encourage him in it all!"

"Yes, Ella, I do, because I am glad my boy is brave and strong now, for I'm sure he'll continue to be so when he grows up. The courage which he shows in his sports now he will show in the struggle of life hereafter, and if he plays straight and fairly and boldly now, he'll do so then. There's nothing small about a boy who goes in heartily and bravely for out-door sports."

"Perhaps that is all true, Frank, but still I can't help being worried."

"I wish you had two or three boys; then you'd grow used to it."

"Oh, Frank! One is enough."

"And here he comes."

"Oh, Harold! Harold! what ever have you been up to now?"

"Been in a fight," said Harold, calmly.

"Oh, you never did such a thing before! Look at your face."

"I don't want to," said Harold.

"I should think not," said his father, gravely. "How did you come to get into a fight?"

"You know Pete Barclay? Well, he took Packy Gibbs's 'safety' away from him, and went riding on it, and broke one of the pedals. Packy cried, and Pete punched his ear. So I punched Pete, and that's the way it began."

"Packy is much smaller than Pete, isn't he?" asked Mr. Pettibone.

"Half a head."

"So are you, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not sick, and Packy's sickly."

Mrs. Pettibone stooped and kissed the grimy face, and told Harold to go and wash himself. Mr. Pettibone walked to the window, pushed his hands down into his trousers pockets, and stood gazing out till his wife came and stood beside him.

"When he does a thing like that," she said, softly, "I just worship him."

"Same kind of stuff, dear, as it takes to play good football, and you know you don't worship that."

"No, I think it's disgraceful."

"And you don't like his riding, either."

"I do not dislike his riding in the school where the master is at hand to watch him, but I can't consent to his going out into the Park alone on that fiery little pony."

"Well, I admit that Twinkle has a will of his own and good heels, and he's a sweet jumper. But, Ella, you can't expect Harold to stay inside the riding-school walls all his life."

"No, I don't. But he ought to stay there till he's old enough to go out alone."

"And when will that be in your estimation? Why, dear, he'd be an old man, and you'd still think him a child."

"Nonsense, Frank! I'm not a child, anyhow. But please don't let him go out alone yet."

"Well, dear, I won't just yet."

Harold, however, had ideas of his own as to going out alone on his pony in the Park. He saw other boys doing it, and no matter how much he thought about it, he was unable to discover any reason why he should not do as they did. If he had been a little less eager to have his own way, perhaps he would have perceived that most of those other boys were much larger than he. But Harold had a rather large opinion of his own size and strength, and maybe his father encouraged the growth of this idea. Nevertheless, Mr. Pettibone, in accordance with his promise to Harold's mother, took the boy aside that day and said to him:

"Harold, you must not go out alone in the Park till I tell you that you may."

"Very well, papa, but I hope you'll tell me very soon, for I'm sure I can ride just as well as George Converse, and he's out every day. He laughs at me because I have to go with the teacher and the class."

"I do not think it will be long before you may go alone," said Mr. Pettibone, "and in the mean time don't mind George's laughing. When you do go alone, you can ride away from him on Twinkle."

"That's so," replied Harold, with a cheerful smile.

Week after week passed away and the boy anxiously awaited the much-coveted permission. It did not arrive. Mrs. Pettibone could not make up her mind that it was safe to allow Harold to ride alone. The boy bravely kept his promise to his father, and made the best of his rides with the teacher.

The autumn was wearing away and the leaves were nearly all off the trees. One fine bracing afternoon the riding teacher went out accompanied by half a dozen boys, one of whom was Harold. The crisp cool air made Twinkle dance, and the boy laughed with delight when the mettlesome pony reared and plunged. As a matter of fact, Harold had a seat like a West Point cadet, who, according to many good judges, are the best riders in the world.

The little cavalcade had not gone far when George Converse passed them, riding in the opposite direction.

"Hello, Harold!" he called. "Haven't you learned how to ride yet at your school?"

Harold disdained to answer, but he rode slowly, with

his head hanging in thought, and presently the rest of the party passed out of sight around a bend where the road separated into two branches. The next moment the patter of hoofs was heard behind, and George Converse came up at a full gallop. As he passed Harold, he leaned over and gave Twinkle a smart cut with his whip, crying:

"Come on, baby!"

Twinkle gathered his slender limbs under him and shot forward so suddenly that Harold almost lost his seat. Not quite, however, for a true rider is never taken by surprise. He drew in the rein and tried to check the pony; but it was no use. Twinkle's blood was up. He caught the plain bar bit between his strong white teeth and set off after George's pony. The breeze carried Harold's hat whirling into the bushes. The trees and shrubbery flew past, and Harold's blood arose as the pony's had done.

"I'll beat him!" he exclaimed.

Then he suddenly noticed that they were going down the road opposite that which the teacher had taken, and the honest little fellow, eager to keep his word given to his father, tried to stop Twinkle's mad rush. But his effort was vain. Faster and faster went the pony, and it was plain that he was rapidly overtaking George.

"Out of the way, George!" cried Harold. "I can't hold him."

George turned his head and saw in an instant that Harold's pony was running away. Greatly alarmed, he pulled out to one side of the road as Harold flashed past. But the boy was not going to lose his chance, and as he went, he called back:

"Here's your baby!"

Twinkle was going like the wind now, and in a minute was out of George's sight. And then Harold, to his surprise, heard the clatter of hoofs behind him once more. Nearer and nearer they came, and Harold said to himself:

"Can it be possible that George is going to catch me?" He turned his head, and found to his great astonishment that a Park policeman was after him. "Why, I'm running away!" exclaimed Harold. At that instant he heard a scream, and was conscious of the fact that his father and mother were standing on the walk overlooking the bridle-path. "I'm all right!" he cried, as he dashed by.

The next moment the clattering feet of the other horse were close behind him.

"Hold on tight, sonny," cried a strong voice.

Harold braced back in his stirrups and pulled with all his might, and in an instant more the powerful bay horse of the policeman came alongside. The officer leaned forward. There was a sudden tug, and Twinkle's great run came to an inglorious end.

"I'm all right," said Harold to the policeman.

"Yes, but you wouldn't have been if I hadn't stopped you."

Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone came running down into the road, and both were overjoyed to find that no harm had been done.

"Harold," said Mr. Pettibone, "I forbade you to ride alone in the Park."

"But Twinkle ran away," said the boy.

At that moment George Converse came cantering up. "It was all my fault," said he, and he explained everything to Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone.

"There," said Harold, "you see I didn't break *my* word. But Twinkle, he doesn't know any better."

And the next day Harold received permission to ride alone; for his father declared that no matter what Twinkle did, Harold would stay on his back.

FATHER. "Why, Johnny my boy, do you persist in standing on your head?"

JOHNNY. "Papa, I'm giving my shoe-pegs a rest. They've been standing on their heads all day."

THE DOUBLE-HEADED DRAGON ON THE "MIDWAY."

BY H. G. PAINE.

"HOT! hot! hot! All hot! all hot! Nice Turkish salabia, sweet, all sweet and hot!" cried Yussef about nine o'clock one night in the Midway Plaisance. "Hot." The word sounded attractive, for the weather was growing chilly at night as the World's Fair drew towards its close, and Jack didn't have an overcoat. What fourteen-year-old boy would think of wearing an overcoat in September?

But Jack's hands were in his pockets, though he would never have acknowledged that he was cold, and the fingers were in contact with some small United States coin. "How much?" he asked of Yussef.

"Five cent. Hot! hot! hot! All hot!" repeated Yussef; and a rapid exchange of commodities took place as Jack produced the nickel and Yussef opened his griddle and produced therefrom a smoking disk.



FOO LING YU IN THEATRICAL COSTUME.

"Why, say, it's a waffle!" said Jack.

"Nice Turkish salabia! all hot! all hot!" remarked Yussef in a tone that served at once as a comment on Jack's exclamation and to advertise his business to passers-by.

"Only it's thinner and got more flavoring, and the sweetening's inside," Jack added, after he had taken a bite.

"Hot! hot! hot!— Golly! I'm tired!" said Yussef, as his voice broke on the last "hot." "I been calling 'hot' since ten 'is morning," he put in, confidentially to Jack, in whom he detected a sympathetic nature.

"Well, say, why don't you quit?" asked Jack.

"You bet!" said Yussef, as if the idea had struck him with peculiar force, and at once began to make preparations for closing up. "This business terrible hard on 'e voice. Now my brot'er got a fine easy job. He ride about on a camel all day, and play on 'ose two kettle-drums over at Cairo Street."

"Oh yes! I've seen him. He must have a snap," said Jack. "He can make as much noise as he wants, and the more he makes the better the boss likes it. Say, I'd like to meet him. What's his name?"

"Mussèd Ben Ali. Mine's Yussef. What's yours?"

"John Amos Prall; but I'm always called Jack."

"Well, come along, Jack; we'll find Mussèd," said Yussef. "Want to have some fun?"

"That's what I'm here for," replied Jack.

Jack Prall was looking for an adventure, and it seemed to him that perhaps he was on the brink of one. Like most boys who live in small country towns, his life had not abounded in exciting incidents, and his visit to the World's Fair was the most important event in it.

His mother had only let him go on the pressing invitation of his uncle Fred, who was connected with one of the big State buildings, where he had a room which he promised Jack should share with him, and be under his constant care and protection. But the very day before Jack arrived his uncle had been unexpectedly called away on business, and for three days Jack had been living in high state alone in his uncle's room, and taking in the sights of the great exposition on his own responsibility. The first two days he had been so tired that he could just drag himself to bed after supper; but a telegram from his uncle that he would return in company with a party of distinguished foreign commissioners

about ten that night somehow made Jack feel that perhaps this might be his best opportunity to spend an evening alone on the Midway. He thought that among so many odd people something interesting might happen to him. The strange sights and sounds allured him, and he wanted to wander among them, and to rub up against them and to absorb them without any older person to direct his attention to the "educational features."

He had begun to think that, after all, perhaps there was too much Illinois and Indiana and Iowa on the Midway when he had unexpectedly made this new acquaintance. Somehow it seemed to transport him right into the bosom of Egypt.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jack, as they dodged around the people passing up and down on their way across the Midway to Cairo Street.

"Oh, 'at Algerian conjurer, 'at fellow wit' a donkey and two monkey ride him, he don't like my brot'er, 'cause he attract so much attention wit' his drums. Mohammed say he kill his business, and he name his donkey after Mussèd. Now we get even wit' him."

"How?" queried Jack.

"Come, I show," said Yussef, as he led the way.

They soon found Mussèd, who was expecting his brother.

"Mussèd not speak much American," said Yussef, as



MOHAMMED AND MUSSÈD, THE DONKEY, IN FULL DRESS.

the three hurried down toward the west end of the Plaisance by the great Ferris Wheel ablaze with electric lights. "He tell me he won 'e dromedary race 'is afternoon. Mohammed donkey come in last; Mohammed say he sick, and leave him out to eat grass. He down here somewhere."

All three peered about among the buildings to see if they could descry the little animal. Suddenly, as they came around from behind the Indian encampment, they were surprised to find a party of gentlemen seated on a couple of benches drawn up in front of the entrance.

"Hot! hot! hot!" cried one of the party, who appeared to recognize Yussef.

"How d' do, Baron?" laughed Yussef. "W'at you waiting for? I guess no more show to-night."

"Dear me, that's too bad. However, perhaps we'd better wait. In case there's a rush to see it to-morrow we'll be first for reserved seats," said the gentleman who had been addressed as Baron.

At that instant Mussèd, the man, shouted something in Arabic, and started on a run for the enclosure where the [illegible] been held that afternoon. There grazing se[illegible] Mussèd the donkey.

"See 'at funny donkey; he hasn't come in yet," cried Yussef. "Now be very careful. We want to come all around him, easy, and grab him. 'En we take and hide him away somew'ere. Mohammed not find him."

This seemed to promise sport to Jack, and he eagerly joined in the round-up. Mussèd, the donkey, paid no attention to his would-be captors, but went on calmly chewing the cover of a pasteboard lunch-box. Just as they were about to seize him his paint-brush tail assumed a horizontal direction, his head was raised toward the north star, his mouth opened, and he emitted a bray that caused the window glass to rattle in Old Vienna opposite.

"I say," said Jack, "you can't hide this bird anywhere in the Midway where his master can't find him if he starts to sing. Let's make him finish his race."

Jack gave a jump on Mussèd the donkey's back, and shouted, "Gedap!" and Mussèd, the man, gave his namesake a resounding thwack with his rattan. Mussèd, the donkey, took three steps, buck-jumped, and Jack found himself on his knees in front of his steed, his arms around his neck, while his donkeyship was unconcernedly sampling Jack's hat for dessert.

A roar of laughter greeted this performance, and Jack looked up to discover that the party of gentlemen had stopped to see the fun, and now were watching Yussef, who was trying to ride in Jack's place.

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars, and here it is!" said one of the gentlemen whom his friends addressed as "Commissioner," as he mounted a settee and waved a new Treasury note in the air, "to any gentleman or lady who will ride this intelligent animal once around the ring. Only once around, and you win ten dollars! Here it is!"

With shouts of laughter the crowd watched the efforts of two or three men who essayed to win the prize. But the Commissioner had made a safe offer. Mussèd, the donkey, did his part to perfection, and would not allow any one to ride more than ten or twelve feet at the utmost. Suddenly from the crowd appeared a quaint little figure. He wore black silk pajamas, a silk cap, a long queue, and his slanting almond shaped eyes proclaimed that he really was, as he appeared, a Chinaman.

"Lat ten dollal b'long my," he said, with a faint smile. "Lat lillee donkey only cally monkey, not cally men. See!" The Chinese boy twisted his face up into a queer grimace, which was so monkeylike that it set the people into convulsions of laughter. Then he began to make a chirping sound so like the chatter of a monkey that Mussèd, the donkey, turned around, with an inquiring look on his face, and met the monkeylike visage of the boy. He looked a little doubtful, but the young Chinaman kept up the chirping, and in a few moments Mussèd, the donkey, seemed to accept the situation, and went on unconcernedly grazing as before. The Chinese boy now crept up behind the donkey, still keeping up his chatter, slipped off his sandals, and mounted lightly on Mussèd's back, standing on all fours, just as a monkey would. Then he took the end of his long queue and gave the little animal a slap with it. Immediately the donkey started off on a brisk trot around the enclosure, and if ever he seemed to want to stop, attracted by such delicacies as scraps of brown paper or a half-eaten sandwich, a volley of chatter from his rider and a crack or two with his queue would keep him up to his work. Just at the finish it looked for an instant as if the Commissioner would save his ten dollars after all. Mussèd, the donkey, caught sight of the half-devoured under-crust of the lunch-box, and stopped short. Shouts and cheers arose from the assembled by-standers. Jack, who had watched the contest with intense interest, and with all his sympathies on the side of the clever little Chinaman, gave the dainty morsel a kick across the finish-line, and Mussèd, with a jump which nearly unseated his rider, was after it amid the

wild acclaims of the throng and the laughter of the Commissioner's friends.

The Commissioner turned to Jack, as he paid over the money to the Chinese boy, and said, with a laugh, "Remember, young man, you owe me ten dollars."

"Lat's all light," said the young Chinese, who had assumed a dignified solemnity of face in great contrast with his recent monkeyshines; "lat's allee joke. My name Foo Ling Yu. My clomic actor in China Theatre," he added, with a tone of pride.

But the Commissioner insisted that the money was fairly earned, and Foo was forced to take it, but immediately invited Jack and his friends to take supper with him at the Chinese restaurant.

Jack would have liked to go, but he remembered that he had agreed to meet his uncle at ten, and so was obliged to decline.

"I've got to meet a friend at the west gate," he explained, "in a few minutes."

"So have I!" exclaimed the Commissioner. "Let's meet our friends and all come back to supper. We'll take the donkey with us, and they can take turns riding back." The Commissioner was a jolly fellow, who seemed to want to get as much fun out of life as the youngest of the party.

"This is my last chance for a good time for quite a while," he explained. "I'm going to have my young nephew under my care for the next week or two, and I'll have to be sedate and set him a proper example."

With a laugh at the Commissioner the party set out together, but the donkey, as soon as he found himself in the roadway, kicked up his heels, and before he could be stopped was going at a breakneck pace down the street. All followed him with shouts of merriment, when suddenly he turned and ran into the Chinese building to escape his pursuers, but finding himself confronted with the head of the great Chinese dragon that the men carry in the processions, he gave a snort of fear, turned tail, and disappeared around behind the building in the darkness.

"Here's an idea!" exclaimed Jack, who was carried away with the excitement of the moment. "Let's meet our friends in style. Here, Mr. Commissioner, what do you say to taking the dragon down if we can't get the donkey?"

"That's a good scheme," said the Commissioner; "get



MUSSÈD, THE MAN, AT HIS "EASY JOB."



FOO TOOK THE GREAT BALL AND WENT AHEAD.

under, fellows." And the laughing throng of men and boys took hold of the rods on which the great bamboo frame of the dragon is supported, the gaudily decorated affair covering all but their legs. Jack and the Commissioner held up the head, and then followed Yussef, the original Mussèd, the Baron, and all the rest of the Commissioner's party and several people who had joined in to enjoy the fun.

Foo took the great ball—supposed to represent a delicious morsel which lures the dragon on and prevents him from stopping to dine on any casual spectators—and went ahead; Jack and the Commissioner, under the dragon's head, followed Foo in a winding course, which gave a peculiar sinuous movement to the long body of the dragon, just the way they had both seen the Chinamen carry it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, as they neared the west gate. "I wonder what my uncle will say when he sees how I have come to meet him?"

"Say, young man, are you going to meet your uncle?" asked the Commissioner, suddenly coming to a full stop and eying Jack as closely as possible under the dragon's head, while the rest of the dragon closed in upon itself like an accordion.

"Yes," replied Jack, "but he isn't here. I don't know him by sight, but he was to stand over by that hydrant and wear a red flower in his button-hole."

"My boy," said the Commissioner, "I was to meet my nephew Jack at that very hydrant, and if you will observe, I have a red rose in my button-hole."

"I say, Uncle Fred," laughed Jack, as the dragon again lengthened out and took the direction of the Chinese restaurant, "I'm glad we didn't recognize each other before. We'd both have lost a lot of jolly good fun."

But they still had a jolly time at supper, and when, half an hour later, Jack put his tired head on his pillow he and his uncle were as good as old friends—and all on account of the Chinese Dragon.

LITTLE JEM.

BY [illegible]

CHAPTER III.

THE TOURNAMENT.

MR. HOWLAND came out from Boston early that [illegible] as it was a holiday. When he heard his sister's account of the morning's doings he looked very grave.

"It is a serious thing," he said. "Why did you not have the place searched at once?"

"There was not a man within reach," replied Mrs. Howland. "By the time I could have sent word to them it would have been too late."

Mr. Howland went down to the boys, and questioned them closely. They had seen nothing on the river, for they had not been near it. Joe Martin had gone down behind the bank, on this side of the boat-house, to practise on the bugle, where he could not be heard at the house. So Joe was called, and Mr. Howland asked him the same questions, but he also had seen nothing to attract his attention. There were plenty of boats and canoes out, as it was a holiday, but he had seen no suspicious-looking people.

"It is remarkable," said Mr. Howland when he went back to the house; "and I shall not feel at ease until the matter is cleared up. This mystery must be solved."

Four o'clock came at last, and long before that time Edna was ready for the festivities. The boys had chosen her to be "Queen of Love and Beauty," as was the style of ancient tournaments, and she was dressed in a short-waisted white muslin gown that had belonged to Mr. Howland's grandmother; her hair fell in long waves over her shoulders, and on her head she wore a white lace veil surmounted by a crown of gold paper.

Mrs. and Miss Martin and Mrs. Sherman had come, and they, with Mrs. Howland, were in light summer clothes of a modern style. Little Jem had been decked by Edna in all sorts of gay things found in the attic, and was highly excited about the whole affair, though, as usual, she was very quiet, and simply gazed with solemn eyes at the proceedings.

Presently the notes of a bugle and the barking of dogs were heard, and a gay procession was seen coming up the drive from the barn. First appeared Phil heading the procession on his Shetland-pony. He wore a helmet made of pasteboard and covered with gold paper, and a glittering shield (a very highly polished pewter plate), and carried the flag of his country, which he waved proudly on high.

Dana and John followed on their ponies, also in helmets and shields, and armed with what were supposed to be lances, but were really fishing-rods covered with tinfoil, that glistened in the sun like burnished steel. Behind them walked Winthrop, leading Slow, the donkey, who was gayly caparisoned in scarlet trappings, a band of gold across her forehead, and a side saddle, over which was thrown a red camel's-hair shawl. Winthrop was dressed as a Highlander in kilt and plaid, but carried a lance, and wore helmet and shield like all the others.

Following him was Harry, in the same costume, leading Robin, the old white horse, harnessed to one of the Stone Court carriages—a low open affair large enough to hold four, and covered with gay-colored shawls. Joe Martin and Dick Sherman followed, Joe playing the bugle with quite a professional air. Their shields were very effective, being large shallow tin pans, and they wore short scarlet cloaks thrown back over one shoulder in cavalier style. Instead of helmets they wore, jauntily cocked on one side of their heads, the last winter's hats of their sisters, which were large and trimmed with waving plumes. Max and Pete, in gold collars and bright-colored bows, barked and danced in attendance upon the whole.

The procession drew near the house, and walked once around the circle in the driveway, and then stopped at the end of the piazza, where there was a platform from which to step into a carriage. The spectators clapped their hands and expressed their admiration of the pageant.

"What ho, sirrah!" cried Winthrop. "Hold the palfrey while I bow myself at the feet of the Queen of Love and Beauty."

Thus summoned, John flung himself from his pony, and leaving him with Dana, took the donkey's bridle, while Winthrop, with stately tread, walked towards Edna.

"O Lady Edna of the Curling Locks!" he began, bowing almost to the ground. "To unworthy me has been deputed the proud duty of escorting thee to thy palfrey. Deign, fair lady, to accept my hand as thy support, and know that thou hast been chosen the Queen of Love and Beauty."

Upon which he led the blushing Edna to the platform and assisted her to mount Slow, the donkey, who was evidently growing more and more mystified at the strange actions.

Robin was then led up, and with less ceremony but much circumstance the other ladies and Jem were helped in, and then the procession started for the scene of festivities, where Mr. Howland was waiting, and the men were grinning in the background.

All went well until the party were about to pass the stable. Slow saw the open door, and knew that her box-stall was within. Go beyond she would not. She planted her four feet wide apart and firmly in the road and refused to stir. Winthrop tried persuasion and then force. He forgot his courtly phrases, and commanded her to "get up!" The knights flocked to his assistance and prodded Slow with their lances. They did not do it very hard, it must be confessed, though it was a broad-enough hint for any well disposed donkey to have accepted; but Slow was anything but well disposed. There she was, and there she would remain until parades and tournaments should turn to thistles, for aught she cared.

"There is no help for it; the Queen of Love and Beauty must walk the rest of the way!" sighed Winthrop at last, so Edna dismounted, amid much laughter, and went on foot the short distance that remained.

The roof of the carriage-house, which had been chosen by the boys to serve as the pavilion, was admirably adapted to the purpose. There was such a fine view from there that Mr. Howland had caused a railing to be built around it and seats placed there, which were reached from the ground by a long flight of steps. The boys had rigged up an old awning for a canopy, and had decorated the place with flags and gay-colored stuffs procured from the inexhaustible attic, which had given it a gala look that was quite imposing.

A carpet of cloth of gold (a bright yellow rug) was spread at the foot of the steps, where the Queen of Love and Beauty had been expected to dismount if Slow, alas! had not decreed otherwise. The ladies were led to this spot with much gallantry, and then went up the stairs, which they were obliged to mount without their escorts, the steps not being wide enough for two people to go abreast. When they were comfortably seated, and Mr. Howland had joined them, the performance began.

The first event on the programme was a hurdle race. The ponies all jumped easily and gracefully, and loud was the admiration expressed in the pavilion. Philip was the only boy who did not take part in this, he being too small as yet, though he loudly declared that he was going to do it next year.

Then came some wonderful circus feats. Harry, Winthrop, and Dana could all stand in their saddles, as could also Joe and Dick, and their fancy costumes and the gay trappings of their ponies made the scene highly effective.

Edna clasped her hands with excitement.

"Aren't you afraid?" she asked her cousin Alice.

"Oh no," replied Mrs. Howland; "I am used to this. The ponies are sure-footed, and the boys understand them perfectly. Besides, it would not hurt them to tumble off on that soft grass."

She was certainly the right woman to be the mother of five boys.

The ponies were put through some very pretty tricks, and then they were led off, and the boys had a race on stilts. Mr. Howland was called down from the pavilion to take his place on the judge's stand—which was a chair mounted on a box in the shade of a tree—and the boys walked to a given point and back on stilts. It was very amusing to watch them, and quite exciting to see which would win. Joe Martin came off victorious.

Then they had a three-legged race. Joe and Harry, being almost the same size, had their legs bound together, which thus left each of them one free leg, while Winthrop and Dick were partners, and John and Dana.

The winners in this were John and Dana, for they had practised together by the hour, and were quite perfect in the art of running with only one leg each could call his own. Then there were exercises on the bar, running matches, and the entertainment closed with an Indian war-dance, in which the boys excelled, and which had long been their favorite game. Loud were their whoops and yells and wild were the antics they cut as they pranced about on the grass, and Edna thought she had never seen anything so entrancing as that afternoon's performances.

Winthrop then approached the pavilion, accompanied by Joe, who acted as herald and bugler combined.

"What ho! What ho!" he cried. "*Largesse, largesse,* noble dames!"

Upon which Mrs. Howland rose and said, "If the noble knights will accompany the ladies to the house, *largesse* will be freely bestowed."

Then the party went down the steps, and as it was less trouble to walk than to get into the carriage, they all went to the house on foot, where ice-cream and strawberries in abundance were served, and the prizes—boxes of candy tied with gay ribbons—were bestowed upon the victors in the races by the Queen of Love and Beauty.

"I never had such a good time," said Edna when the guests were gone and the Howland family had resumed their every-day clothes. "Have you always been doing this sort of thing?"

"Never just like this," said Harry. "We don't usually spend much time dressing up, but Win thought it would please you, as you are a girl, and it was great fun for us all. The Fourth will be the next spree."

"Oh, what are you going to do then?" cried Edna.

"Races at the boat club. But that is nearly two weeks off."

The Fourth of July, as Harry had said, was to be celebrated with canoe and boat races at the Deerboro' Boat Club, and there were to be grand fireworks in the evening. Harry was to be of a crew in the boat-race, and Winthrop had entered for the canoe contest.

"I'll take you out on the river this morning, Ned, if you want to go," he said one morning. "I must do some hard paddling this week if I want to stand any chance of winning that race. Come down to the boat-house in half an hour."

"Very well," said Edna, who had come down late, and had not yet finished breakfast. "But, Win, would you mind taking Jem too? She sits very quietly, you know."

"Oh, she's quiet enough. No, I don't mind taking her, for she won't add much to the weight. But you must not think that you've got to tell her stories all the time. If Jem goes, she's got to entertain herself."

"Then you will have to entertain us both, though it is not very complimentary to me that you can't stand hearing my stories," Edna called after him, laughing, as he went off.

Winthrop's canoe, a beautiful little craft of red cedar, was the pride of his heart. His father had given it to him on his last birthday, and his mother had added to it the pretty cushions of dark blue plush and the rug which covered the bottom.

The morning, though warm, was a fine one for the river, and Winthrop paddled briskly up the stream. Edna sat in the bow, lying in luxurious ease among the cushions, while Jem was settled in the middle of the boat, contentedly playing with her doll, and telling it long and interesting tales that only Miss Dolly could hear.

"If you can keep up this speed you will certainly win the race," said Edna. "It is perfectly fine to spin over the water this way."

"Oh, wait till you see those other fellows; I am a mere snail compared to them. I may come in for honorable mention, but I don't believe I'll get a prize. I wish Harry could win the boat-race. That crew have practised together a lot, and they ought to do something worth looking at."

"Oh, Win, how lovely it is here! I have never been so far up stream before. What a perfect island! It would be nice to have a picnic here."

"So it would," said Winthrop. "We'll do it some day. I do believe it is somewhere near here that the hermit lives."

"The hermit? How exciting! A real true hermit?"

"Yes; haven't you heard of him? And they say he is a miser, too. Two curiosities rolled into one."

"I wish we could see him. I should love to see a real miser."

"So should I, for I have never seen him, either, and always wanted to. I'll tell you what we will do. We will have a family picnic up on this island—come up in boats, or mother can drive up if she likes it better, and cross to the island in the canoe. Then, when we get a chance you and I will slip off and go hunt up the hermit."

"How perfect! It will be another adventure. When can we do it?"

"Not until after the Fourth, for there will not be time. But I say, Ned, don't you say a word about it. We'll just keep the hermit part of it to ourselves, we two. If we tell the boys they will be for going too, and it will make too many. We shall have to manage very carefully and creep upon the miser unawares."

"If I were only on land I should dance for joy," cried Edna. "I do love anything that is weird and mysterious like this."

"Well, only don't jump here," said Winthrop, "or we shall be upset, and that would be an end of seeing the hermit, though it is not deep enough to drown us, here. See how shallow it is."

"Yes, I see; but, Win, tell me more about him. Where does he live?"

"Ever so far back from the river and up that hill somewhere. It is called 'Rattlesnake Hill.' We shall have to hunt for him. Some fellows I know were shooting up here somewhere last fall and ran across him, but people don't see him very often, as he is very mysterious in his actions. He goes to the town occasionally and asks at the post-office for letters. They say there never are any for him, but about once a year he goes there. He paddles down the river when he does go, but I have never had the luck of meeting him. Some one said they saw him this summer down near Deerboro'."

"Poor man!" said Edna, compassionately. "I wonder whom he expects to hear from? He must have a history."

"I should say he had," laughed Winthrop, "but what it is no one knows."

"Win," said Edna, suddenly, "did you call that 'Rattlesnake Hill?'"



"HARK!" SAID EDNA, IN A WHISPER, "WHAT'S THAT?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose there are snakes there?"

"I believe there are."

"Aren't you afraid of snakes?"

"Afraid of them? Pooh! not a bit. What do you take me for — a girl?"

This was too much like one of Dana's speeches to please Edna. She was very much afraid of snakes herself, but if only girls had any fear of them she would never acknowledge the feeling. So she said, airily:

"Oh, girls are not all afraid of them, by any means. I only thought I would ask you."

They paddled a good deal farther up the river, until it became quite narrow. The trees and bushes hung low over the water, and the rocks in the river-bed showed above the surface, and made rapids a little higher up the stream.

"This is about our limit," said Winthrop, pausing. "We should have to 'carry' here if we wanted to go farther up. The river widens out again beyond the rapids. Suppose we tie up here for a while."

"It is the loveliest place I ever saw," cried Edna; "and we must come here again."

They were silent for a few minutes. Little Jem had fallen asleep.

"Hark!" said Edna, in a whisper, "what's that?"

A crackling in the bushes near them, on the other side of the river, could be plainly distinguished.

"I wonder if it is a fox?" whispered Winthrop, excitedly. "There are some about here, I believe. Or perhaps it's the hermit!"

"It is coming nearer!"

"Hush!"

While they were watching, a man's figure appeared at the spring, stooped over, filled a kettle that he was carrying with the clear cold water, and moved away. It was a tall man, with long gray hair hanging about his shoulders, and carrying a stick. They did not have time to see how he was dressed.

Not a word was said until the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, and then Winthrop broke the stillness.

"I do believe it was the hermit himself!"

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Edna; "what luck!"

"Don't say a word about it, and we'll come see him again. We will have that picnic, and make a business of hunting him up. What a lark it will be! Only remember, Ned, not to say anything at home about seeing him. It would spoil the whole thing to have a whole crowd of fellows on the trail. Promise!"

Edna was only too delighted to have a secret with her favorite Win, so she very readily promised not to mention the glimpse of the hermit.

They remained where they were for half an hour, and then Winthrop paddled out into mid-stream, and started for home. Jem was now awake, and, refreshed by her nap, sat up and looked about her with interest.

"What are those things?" she asked, pointing to a rock near the bank.

"Turtles," said Winthrop.

"Jem wants a turtle."

Winthrop never could deny the child anything, so he steered for the rock and tried to capture a turtle. As he leaned over to get it, Jem suddenly gave a loud scream and threw herself to one side of the canoe. In an instant the three were in the water.

As it was very shallow, there was not the slightest danger of drowning, and Winthrop was soon on his feet. He seized the canoe, which was bottom side up, and kept it from floating away, while he helped Edna and Jem, who was screaming louder than ever, and was trembling violently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN THE GALE, SEPTEMBER 11TH.—[See Page 866.]

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THE "VALKYRIE."

YACHT RACING is perhaps the best of all sports, but few people stop to think of it as dangerous. How many of us know what daring deeds are inspired by the [illegible] for the *America's* Cup? Now that the exciting races are over, it is worth while to consider the great risks sailors gladly run to meet when they undertake to sail for that old trophy of silver that belongs to the best sailing nation in this world.

Whenever a yacht is to race for the *America's* Cup she must do so after a yacht that has sailed across the ocean. It will not do to put the racing craft on board an ocean-liner, and carry her as tenderly as one carries a model cutter in a Park lake row-boat. One of the clauses in the deed of gift by which the cup is maintained as an international racing prize is that the yacht that challenges for it must go under her own sail from her home to the home of the club holding the cup. She cannot even be towed across.

The voyage of the *Valkyrie* across the stormy cyclone-swept Atlantic in September will long be remembered as one of the most dangerous ventures of this kind. She is above all things a racing machine. To journey in her from Southampton to New York at this time of year is about as exciting and perilous as a trip from New York to New London in a four-oared racing shell would be. Although Lord Dunraven's boat is narrow and deep, she carries very heavy spars. She is very little better adapted for ocean sailing than a Long Island oyster-boat. Her deck sits no higher above the sea than the deck of a harbor tug.

The sailors were pitched about and buffeted by the ocean for twenty-nine days, eighteen hours, and fifty-two minutes. They slept and snatched their food—you could not call it eating meals—when they could and how they could. During most of the time it was all hands on deck, everybody stamping about in rubber hip-boots and suits of yellow oil-skins. Raging seas swept the little cutter's deck, fierce gales seemed bent on sweeping her off the face of the sea, but she came flying into port at last without the loss of a single spar. "And there wasn't as much as a finger bruised," says Captain William Harvey.

The *Valkyrie* left Cowes, the Isle of Wight, in the English Channel at 6.20 A.M., August 23d, and beating against a westerly wind, under cruising spars and canvas, slowly made her way toward the west. She was light rigged. Her gigantic racing spars and sails had been sent to New York by steamer. Everything was made secure, for all good sailor men know how rude the Atlantic is in September. Lord Dunraven was not aboard. His state-room was filled with boxes, blocks, tackle, old sails, and all sorts of seafaring odds and ends. The other state-rooms, used by his guests during ordinary cruises, were also used for packing spare gear.

Off Southampton a pigeon, prettily marked in black and white, flew aboard, and made friends with every one he met, especially the cook. The poor fellow was an ordinary bird, not used to long flights, and fatigue and hunger made him very tame. You may be sure the sailors used him well. Men who live on the sea are always fond of pets. They named the pigeon Jake, and told him he belonged to the starboard watch. His arrival was greeted as a sign of good luck.

Nevertheless, light and baffling westerly winds and a heavy sea held the cutter back for the next four days. There were always tremendous waves to climb, and the breezes were dead ahead. Nothing worse than the pitching and rolling was encountered until September 2d. The sun had set in an angry red sky the evening before, and there followed heavy showers which became more frequent towards morning. The sailors on watch told one another that it was a "dirty" night, which meant that not a star was to be seen, and that rainy squalls often soused them. All the light that greeted their eyes was the gleam from the binnacle, where the compass kept up its uneasy dance, with now and then a faint whiteness from the foam of a giant surge as the gallant yacht plunged into it and sent the water boiling.

The wind hauled to the westward, and was squally and capricious. Now a gale came shrieking at the yacht, whipping off the tops of waves, and filling the air with white water-flakes that slapped men's cheeks and made them red. Again it fell almost calm, and the wind seemed to have been charmed away. Then the yacht rocked giddily as she leaped from wave to wave. With no uplifting wind to ease the blows she was receiving from the waves, she was pounded and bruised for hours. It was not safe to set sail enough to take advantage of the light air, for when it was least to be expected, the wind would rise and a terrific squall come bounding and hissing out of the west, driving before it showers of fine rain that stung the flesh like shot. Next day (September 3d) saw no improvement.

The wind was from the northwest, the *Valkyrie* beating up into it with jib, stay-sail, and main-sail double-reefed, and making poor headway. On the following day a heavy dreary rain deluged the ship, and drove everybody's heart far below the keelson. On land one may find diversion in the heaviest rain-storm, but in the middle of the Atlantic a September downpour is even more gloomy than rain in a country church-yard in December. To make things worse, the struggling ship encountered a cross swell, which showed that they were crossing the path of an earlier storm. Every time the *Valkyrie* ran down the dizzy side of a mountain of green water, she plunged her bow far under the surface before climbing the next slope. It was not spray, but a solid green wave that came surging aft every time this happened. Nothing was left lying loose about the deck, for any loose stuff would have been whirled overboard in a moment. Only seventy-seven miles were covered this day. Next day was quite as bad. The yacht labored mightily. She staggered like a mortally wounded creature. Her timbers groaned and creaked from the racking and twisting that she had to endure. These were anxious days for the navigator and his crew. Not only were they in danger from the storm, but they must protect the racing craft as well as they could from every strain. A strained, loose-jointed vessel is not nearly so fast as a stiff stanch boat. The rule applies even to racing shells. College crews race in new shells every summer, because the tension of racing has loosened the framework and made their last year's shell slow. So here this was an added difficulty. The men at the tiller were relieved every hour. They had no idle moments. They scanned every wave that approached, and put the helm up or down, so that the ship's bow might veer to port or starboard and she might ride the swell with as little harm as possible.

There was no mending the weather. The westerly gales grew worse, if possible, on September 8th. All sail was taken off forward and a storm try-sail was set. Compared with the *Valkyrie's* main sail the try sail is as a towel to a table-cloth, yet even this tiny bit of sail had to be reefed. The vessel was having a bad time. Great green seas kept coming aboard at the bow and rolling aft with a force that threatened at times to wash the crew overboard. Had such an accident happened, the man overboard must have been lost. Putting about was out of the question, and launching a small boat would have been simple suicide. At last the *Valkyrie* was hove to. That is, she surrendered to the overpowering strength of the mighty seas. Her bow was brought up in the wind as far as possible, and the tiller lashed so as to keep her in that position. The wind blew her backward, so that she

went perhaps two miles per hour, travelling stern first. For hours she lay quiet, making no effort to go forward, but at length the waves and wind quieted somewhat, and she once more began to move toward America.

As if there had not been enough misfortune, the *Valkyrie* plunged into a thick fog on September 9th. A warm southerly breeze rolled vast clouds of vapor around the little vessel. The lead was heaved and found bottom in twenty-eight fathoms. Captain Harvey consulted his chart, added together the number of miles his boat had travelled each day, and concluded that he was off the banks of Newfoundland. At any moment some blundering steamship might run him down, giving no time to put off boats or even to strap on life-preservers. True, the yacht was south of the steamship "lanes," but any careful steamship captain might take it into his head to go southward and avoid the possibility of meeting icebergs while racing through the thick mist. The *Valkyrie* was in the position of an unarmed man who stands, blinded by the smoke of battle, in danger at every moment of receiving a fatal shot.

The fog lasted only an hour, but for two days slight progress was made, and then came the worst storm of all. September 11th proved the most memorable day of the voyage. Only sixty-one miles had been covered in the twenty-four hours preceding noon of that day. A hurricane swooped down from the north at nightfall. There was little time to make ready for it.

"Strike the main-sail! Bend on the storm try-sail!" roared Captain Harvey. A dozen nimble fellows ran to do his bidding. The hurricane shrieked and bellowed. The distressed yacht heeled far over under it. Great seas went leaping and crashing past her counter. At every plunge she drove her bows under and took a tremendous quantity of water aboard. The fore-hatch and cabin hatch were battened down as tightly as sealed envelopes. All hands were on deck that night. Slowly the ship's head came around until she was hove to. That made her roll somewhat less, but she pitched frightfully. She deliberately rose on every wave, crossed its crest, and apparently fell head first into the very trough of the sea. The men at the tiller were lashed fast. They had need to be, for the incoming waves would have swirled them away in a moment. The rest of the crew hung on to life-lines that were strung about the deck. A wooden storm-rail, supported on temporary wooden stanchions, had long ago been rigged along the vessel's sides. This was a last resort to prevent men from sliding overboard should they let go the life-lines when in the grasp of the waves. An awful wave came over the port bow, and, making a clean sweep of the deck, smashed away the starboard storm-rail, stanchions and all. It also bent the *Valkyrie's* stout iron tiller so that it could hardly be used. There were white faces in plenty on the black racer then. Shortly before midnight the storm jib was blown out of the bolt-ropes, and flew away over the sea in tatters, rent asunder by the terrific gale. Everybody was on deck until dawn. Then the gale abated a little, but the sea still pounded the cutter viciously.

Another gale beset the racer at midnight on September 16th. It split the try-sail at the leech (the outer edge), and a wave smashed the side of the yacht's small boat. The wind carried away the brass binnacle top. It went bounding over the waves like a lost hat over the cobble-stones. There were eighteen hours of fog on September 16th and 17th, but no harm came of it. Finally the brave little *Valkyrie* came up abreast of the Scotland Light-ship at four o'clock Friday morning, New York time, and although sore beset by gales and seas, she had suffered nothing more than the opening of a few seams and the wrinkling of several copper plates in her sheathing. It was a memorable voyage, and the captain and his crew will not be the first to forget it.

GILL NABBY AND THE WONDERFUL MARE.

BY IDA PRESTON NICHOLS.

ONCE upon a time when this country was young, when the jolly Dutchmen fished in the waters of the Hudson River and hunted in the forests along its banks, in the days of magic and witchcraft, when all sorts of unusual things were really expected to happen, there is said to have lived in the woods bordering a little river not far away an old woman who had a very beautiful daughter.

This old woman was supposed to be a witch—a state of affairs, we are told, quite usual in those days.

The witch, then, lived far back in the deepest part of the forest with her daughter, and as she was seldom seen by the inhabitants of the village, no one exactly understood how it was she became possessed of the mare-with-a-bell-to-every-hair. But it was well known that those persons who slept lightly during the small hours of the night when the moon was in its last quarter had often heard the tinkling of the bells above the chirruping of the crickets and the call of the katydids.

In the mountains lived the charcoal-burners, dark, swarthy men with decidedly sooty exteriors. Many strange tales were told of these men, and of the wonderful power they possessed of picking up diamonds from the ashes under the charcoal—tales which we should consider somewhat exaggerated in these days of geological research; but, as I have told you, strange things were really expected to happen in those early times.

Now there was a young man living in the village named Gill Nabby, a stalwart, handsome young fellow, fond of fishing, hunting, and all sorts of manly sports.

He had heard from childhood of the reputed treasures of the charcoal-burners, how they dug silver and gold out of the mountains by night and hoarded it in vast caves, the walls of which were hung with jewels which gave light like the stars, and as he grew to manhood he determined to possess some of it if possible.

One day Gill Nabby was hunting in the deepest part of the forest, and chanced to see a maiden sitting upon the mossy bank of a spring.

The maiden was so beautiful and smiled so sweetly upon him that from that day he forgot all about the treasures of the mountains and thought only of her.

Unfortunately, Gill Nabby was poor, very poor; but the maiden, as he could see from her attire, was rich. "Possibly," thought he, "the daughter of the Governor."

But, as they met very often by the spring in the days that followed, it happened that in course of time the maiden told him that her rank was no higher than his own; that she was the daughter of an old woman who lived far back in the deep forest, quite at the foot of the mountains.

"My mother," said she, "always has plenty of gold and silver, although we live in such a shabby little hut. She often goes up among the mountains on a wonderful horse which the charcoal-burners have given her, to do cooking and mending for these strange men, and always returns with a small bag of gold slung to her saddle-bow. Now I am tired of living so far in the dark gloomy forest. I would rather be out in the sunlight, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing, and since I love you quite well enough to be your wife, I will do all I can to help you get some of the treasures from the mountains, and then we will go away together to the Land of Sunshine and be happy."

Since this plan exactly corresponded with Gill Nabby's wishes, of course he was quick to agree to all that the beautiful maiden proposed. So he replied, heartily,

"Only tell me what to do, and I will defy all the mountain men if necessary."

"Well," returned the maiden, "it seems to be a very

some matter. You have only to catch the mare with a rope to every hair and mount her, when she will rush away with you as swift as the wind to the caves where the treasures of the charcoal-burners lie. While there you must manage to get whatever you can, then mount the mare again, and whisper the direction which you wish to take in her left ear. I am sure of this, because I overheard the person who gave the mare to my mother tell exactly how to manage her.

"And now I have told you all that I know of the matter, and if you are not able to accomplish it I will have nothing more to do with you; but should you be successful, meet me at this spring as you come down from the mountain, and I will go away with you and become your wife."

Saying this, the maiden left him, and Gill Nabby at once set his wits at work as to how he should gain possession of the wonderful mare.

As soon as it was night he crossed the river which came tumbling down between the mountains and ran through the forest, and after walking about a mile found himself close by the hut of the witch.

He listened, but hearing no sound, concluded that she must be sleeping soundly; so he went quietly around to the rude stable adjoining where the mare was kept. Stealing up beside her, he gently placed the bridle around her neck, and began to lead her out of the stable, thinking all the while that if the witch's daughter thought she had set him a difficult task she was greatly mistaken.

As Gill Nabby turned the mare around, one of the tiny bells with which she was covered broke off and fell to the floor with a soft tinkle. Hearing it fall, he groped around in the straw till he found it, and slipped it into his pocket, when all at once his courage rose still higher, and he began to whistle gayly in defiance of the witch.

But although everything seemed to go so smoothly at first, no sooner was the mare outside of the stable door than suddenly all the little bells, which had before been silent, began to ring with a will. The sound awoke the witch in a trice. She jumped up and ran to the door, and perceiving that some one was leading her mare away, ran up and whispered in her ear, "Return to the stable." Whereupon the mare turned back again in spite of all that Gill Nabby could do, for he had entirely forgotten to whisper anything to her.

Of course the old witch was in a towering rage, and, being by her witchcraft possessed of great strength, she threw a rope around Gill Nabby's waist, led him to the tallest oak-tree in the forest, and proceeded to tie him up to it.

"I'll teach you to come stealing my mare," she exclaimed, angrily. "You shall stay here till the crows come and pick your bones." Then she went back to her hut and to bed.

Now Gill Nabby soon began to feel hungry, and as he felt in his pockets for a crust that might have been left over from his supper, his fingers accidentally touched the little bell which had dropped off the mare-with-a-bell-to-every-hair.

Instantly he felt his muscles increase in size, and as he took the tiny plaything from his pocket and held it in the palm of his hand, a wonderful strength seemed to pass up his arm and diffuse itself throughout his whole body, so that he soon found himself wondering why he should stand stupidly tied to a tree when he might as well go home and get his breakfast.

This he at once proceeded to do.

On Gill Nabby went without once glancing behind him, and the tree, pulled up by its roots, came dangling and scraping after, hewing down other trees in its path, till a roadway was made through the forest wide enough for a general and his army to ride one hundred abreast.

This was all very well so long as he remained in the forest, but as he approached the open fields the reapers began to shout to him in the greatest alarm to stop and not ruin their corn fields. Whereupon Gill Nabby looked behind him, not having once thought of the tree in his eagerness to get home to his breakfast. But now, perceiving the mischief it was doing, he seized the rope with his hands and broke it off as easily as if it had been packthread, thus leaving the oak at the edge of the forest.

The next night Gill Nabby resolved to make another attempt.

When the old witch was fast asleep, as before, he stole softly around to the stable, and succeeded in getting the mare as far as the door, but, as on the preceding night, she had no sooner stepped over the threshold than all the little bells began ringing like mad, which again awoke the witch. This time her rage was even greater. Seizing Gill Nabby, whom she had supposed to be safely tied to the tree, she cried,

"Oho! so you are at it again, trying to steal my mare!" And she took some stronger rope than before, and dragging him into the village, tied him up to the church steeple, saying, "You may stay here till the crows come and pick your bones," then went back to her bed in the hut.

Now it so happened that Gill Nabby had forgotten all about the little bell. In fact, he did not even know that it was a magic bell, or that it had given him his extraordinary strength of the night before; but as soon as the witch left him he began to search his pockets for a knife with which to cut the rope, and in doing this he accidentally touched the bell, when, as before, his muscles grew till it seemed that there could be no feat of strength too great for him to accomplish.

He could not find his knife, but just then perceiving faint streaks of dawn across the eastern sky, and feeling hungry, he said to himself: "What a goose I am to stand here so idly! It is morning; I must go home to my breakfast."

So he began to whistle, and started gayly off, with his hands in his pockets, still unconsciously grasping the little bell. And so eager and impatient was he that he never noticed that the church steeple fell crashing to the ground and came bumping and ploughing along after him.

Very soon he met some people, who called out: "Stop, stop! Don't you see you are tearing down the whole village? What can induce you to be so destructive?"

But when Gill Nabby looked around and saw the church steeple trailing along the ground behind him, he only laughed, and replied, good-naturedly: "Oh, never mind! I'll mend it in a moment, and pay for the damage it has done just as soon as I get some of the gold from the charcoal-burners' caves." Whereat everybody laughed at him for a boaster. But never heeding, he quietly lifted up the church steeple, placed it carefully in position again upon the steep roof of the church, and marched gayly homeward to his breakfast.

This time nobody laughed, but all stood staring after him in speechless astonishment.

Now when the witch heard that Gill Nabby was at large again, and when the news of his wonderful strength reached her ears, she exclaimed: "Surely he must have one of the magic bells from off my mare. Next time I catch him he won't get away so easily."

So when night came, and Gill Nabby went, as twice before, to the stable to lead out the mare-with-a-bell-to-every-hair, she lay in wait, and caught him before he had time even to open the door.

"Now, my fine fellow," said she, "I think you will whistle a very different tune before I am through with you this time;" and thrusting her hand into his pocket, the witch drew out the little bell, and placed it in her own, so that now Gill Nabby was helpless indeed.

Then she dragged him to her hut, and producing a



THE REAPERS SHOUTED AT HIM IN GREATEST ALARM.

canvas bag, very large and very stout, she pulled it over poor Gill Nabby's head and down around his feet, and then sewed up the bottom fast and tight. Next she threw the bag down upon the floor, and muttering direful threats, which Gill Nabby could only half understand, muffled as he was in the bag, she left the hut, and went out to a swamp near by to cut some of the stout willow whips which grew there in abundance.

"Now is my chance," cried Gill Nabby to himself as soon as the sound of the witch's footsteps died away in the distance. And he took out his knife, which was fortunately in his pocket this time, and making a slit in the bag with it, crawled out.

Then he looked around to see what he could find to fill the bag with, so that the old witch should not suspect that he had escaped. First he put in all of her dishes which he saw in the cupboard. Then he went out behind the hut, and found her turkeys and chickens and her little pig, which was fast asleep in its pen. There was exactly room enough in the bag for everything, and after it was quite full Gill Nabby carefully sewed up the opening, so that it looked the same as before. Just as it was ready he heard the witch coming back. He glided quickly in behind the open door, and peeped through the crack to see what would happen.

In her arms the old witch carried a bundle of whips so long and so stout that Gill Nabby trembled to think what he had escaped, and selecting one at a time, she began to beat the bag with all her might. Immediately there was an uproar. The chickens began to squawk.

"Oh, you may squawk!" cried the witch. "I'll teach you not to come stealing my mare!"

The turkeys began to gobble.

"Oh, you may gobble, gobble. I'll teach you not to come stealing my mare!"

Then the pig began to squeal.

"Oho, then, I'll make you squeal if you *will* come stealing my mare!"

After a while the squawking, gobbling, and squealing were still, and the dishes began to break.

"Aha, now I'll break your bones!" cried the witch.

Now while all this noise and confusion was going on in the hut, Gill Nabby quietly stepped from behind the door, and crept noiselessly out to the stable. In a trice he had bridled the mare and led her out. The old witch could not hear the bells this time, amid all the hubbub she was creating, so he had no difficulty in mounting and riding away as swift as the wind up the mountain.

When she became tired, and the whips were all used up, the witch thought she would open the bag. But when she did so, and found, instead of Gill Nabby, her chickens, her turkeys, and even her dear little pig dead and almost beyond recognition, and her dishes all broken into bits, her anger and chagrin knew no bounds.

She rushed to the door, but was only in time to hear the last tinkle of the bells as the mare flew up the mountain-side.

On, on rushed the mare, with Gill Nabby on her back, till they finally arrived at the caves on the mountain. The charcoal-burners were all out at work in the forest, so Gill Nabby looked around and found huge chests full of gold and silver and precious stones—more wealth than one could count in a lifetime. And since there was no one to hinder, he filled a bag with as much of it as he

could lift, slung it across the back of the mare, and rode [illegible]

True to her promise, there sat the witch's daughter by [illegible] She accepted [illegible] and [illegible] they crossed the river and rode triumphantly [illegible] village. [illegible] a part of the gold and silver into [illegible] village pastor to be distributed among the poor. Then he whispered softly into the ear of the [illegible] stroked her silvery hair and she bore them swiftly [illegible] away out into the Land of Sunshine, where, I have no doubt, they are still living.

PHOTOGRAPHING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

OLD people always will draw on their memories, so I may say that when I was a lad, if I had seen a boy going around with a box, and carrying under his arm a kind of long-legged thing, I should have wondered what he was up to with his peep-show business. If he had said "lenses, negatives, developers, dry plates, slides, prints, tones," it would have been gibberish.

Whenever you go out nowadays, you are likely to see young people and many old ones carrying around cameras and tripods, and discussions as to the merits of various processes of photography are common.

We all, little and big, become accustomed to the marvellous march of science, and try to keep in step with it. Perhaps some of the older people who have watched the progress photography has made in the last thirty years wonder how far it will go.

To me the use made of photography in studying the heavens is the grandest of its recent applications. The camera, the lens, the sensitive film, record what the human eye can barely discern. As the tiny ray of light in the dark blue vault of heaven reaches the earth, its image is indelibly printed in the observatory. The action of the camera, the telescope, the entire apparatus, seems almost automatic.

You must not, however, when you read of these recent methods of mapping out the places of the stars in the sky, be too willing to talk too much about what is apparently automatic. If you did that, you would be inclined to place the machine ahead of the man. You know that these instruments were made by human hands, after they had been thought out by human brains; therefore the man that God has endowed with reason will always be master of the instrument and superior to it.

Now that we can map the starry hemisphere and probe its immense depths, what can we do with the sea, not at its surface, but under its level?

Will it ever happen that we shall see young lads going to the sea side dressed up in diving-suits with metal helmets and glass-goggle eyes, carrying with them the constant camera? Will they talk of the chances of getting a snap shot at a mermaid?

The illustration shows a diver at the bottom of the sea, with his camera all focussed, in the act of taking what will have to be called an "under-waterscape."

A highly intelligent Frenchman, Monsieur Louis Boutan, made a thorough study of such marine life as exists in the Red Sea, that is to say, at the surface of the water. That did not, however, satisfy him. He said to himself, "If at the water-level there are such curious animal and vegetable growths, how much more marvellous must be that life that is fathoms deep under the surface!"

Monsieur Boutan knew that at short distances under water light penetrates, and it was possible to take a picture there, but how was he to get light in the sea hundreds of feet below?

The Frenchman studied it out. "What will work in the open air," said he, "can work, too, under the sea, that is, with proper management."



A SNAP-SHOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

What if he tried to burn a magnesium light under water? What was to prevent the use of oxygen in quantity? He could get supplies of oxygen from above, just as he did the air necessary for the life of the diver.

What this ingenious man did was to have a vessel shaped like a barrel and properly weighted lowered into the sea, and this was filled with oxygen. This gas is, as you know, one of the necessities of combustion. On top of the barrel he placed a bell glass, and in that glass, which was water-tight, he put an alcohol lamp and a supply of magnesium. It was the flash-light. By a simple mechanical device he could light his lamp in an atmosphere of oxygen and feed the magnesium to it. There was at once, whenever he wanted to have it, a brilliant light sent through the water, illuminating the object he wished to photograph. Having set up his camera at the bottom of the sea, he fired his magnesium, and the photogravure accompanying this article is one of the submarine pictures thus taken.

The exact spot represented is at the bottom of a deep bay on the French coast, just at the mouth of a river. Here the deep-sea photographer found a vast prairie of weeds, which grew higher than his waist. The rocks were clad with verdure. There was motion everywhere, intensified at times when some strong current swept the depths. The silence was painful. There was flutter of green leaves, but no pleasing rustle as on the earth. Fish, crabs, and creatures with strange forms seemed not

a bit disturbed. The view was glorious, such as no man had ever seen before.

I need not descant on the weird picturesqueness of this sea bottom, for the print shows it. In a scientific point of view it looks as if some of the hidden secrets of the fathomless seas are to be revealed to us.

KENNIBOY'S TASKS.

BY KENNIBOY'S PAPA.

MY boy thinks I can do all things—
At least that's what he says.
Sometimes he sets a task for me
That truly much dismays.

For instance: one cold winter's day
He said, "Pa, build a town
All made of cards that no earthquake
Can ever make fall down."

And yestere'en he came and said
He wanted me to take
Six marbles and a worsted ball,
And turn them into cake.

Quite often in the early morn,
When I would fain repose,
He cries, "See if you cannot find
A penny in my nose;

"A real steam-engine in my mouth,
An organ in my ear;
And, papa, toss your pillow up
And make it disappear."

Once in a while he seeks my side,
And sits upon my knee,
And thinks I'm mean because I won't
Turn pencils into tea.

But, worst of all, the things he asks,
The very worst I know,
Is, "Papa, draw a choo-choo car,
And make it so's 'twill go!"

ECONOMICAL PEOPLE.

THERE are thousands of people in this world who delight to put everything they find to every possible use. You may have heard of the economical father who declined to buy his boy a drum, not because he objected to the noise a drum would make, but because there were plenty of objects already in the house upon which a noise-loving boy could make all the din he chose without further expense.

"There are one or two empty lard pails in the kitchen which you may use to make noises with if you please," he said, "so what is the use of my spending money to buy you a drum?"

Another man who wishes to get the greatest possible good out of everything he uses is said never to throw away the stumps of burnt matches, using their blackened ends first to write memoranda with in his note-book, and then when all the black is used up in this way he sharpens the end of the remainder of the stub so that it can be used as a toothpick.

There are others whose schemes for economy are equally funny, but the person who takes the palm for suggesting changes for the sake of utility is he who some years ago wrote as follows to an English newspaper. Said he:

"What is to hinder the introduction of rubber lamp-posts of sufficient elasticity to permit of their being pulled down to within three feet of the pavement? Lamp-posts made of this material would prove invaluable. A man could consult his watch on the darkest night by bracing one foot against the base of the post and drawing the lamp down within a few inches of his head. In order that the glass in the lamp might not be broken, the man, having lighted his cigar or noted the time of night, would have to cling to the post during its period of relaxation, and slide down its side when it had assumed its normal rigidity. All this would prove wholesome exercise to the man, and serve to put the little twinkling public light to manifold uses."

After this there is no reason why we should be surprised if some economical housewife, desirous of saving the expense of ropes, shall request the government to pass a bill giving householders a right to hang their week's washing out to dry upon the telegraph wires.

ECCENTRICITIES IN PALACES.

THE King of Siam, who, according to late reports, has had a palace constructed which he can submerge in the sea at will and so live under water whenever he chooses, is not the only monarch who has indulged in eccentricities of this sort.

For instance, history has preserved the memory of the ice palace built by the Russian Empress Anne, who punished several of her dainty courtiers by compelling them to pass the night in this great chamber of state, where they were almost frozen to death.

The Czar Paul, ancestor of the present Emperor of Russia, constructed a room formed entirely of huge mirrors, where he spent hours walking to and fro in full uniform—a singular taste for the ugliest man in Russia.

One of the native princes of Java cooled his palace by making a stream fall in a cascade over the gateway; and the Indian despot Tippo Sahib placed beside his dinner table a life-size figure of a tiger devouring an English officer, the roar of the beast and the shrieks of the victim being imitated by hidden machinery.

A PRETTY WATCH-STAND.

ALMOST every girl owns a watch, and every watch should have a resting-place of its own, so that this pretty stand printed below will no doubt please you all. It is a capital yet inexpensive Christmas gift as well.

To make it, you will require, first of all, two thin bevelled boards four inches and a half square. These you can get from the nearest carpenter for a few cents. When they are cut and smoothed you will need a bit of fine white linen, some narrow ribbon, and embroidery silks.

The stand which the picture represents has a wreath of buttercups worked upon each side. You can either copy that or substitute any flower you prefer. In either case the process is precisely the same.

Cut two pieces of linen, each one inch larger all round than your boards, and in the centre of each embroider the wreath in the real gold-color of the natural flowers.

Stretch over each board one layer of white cotton wadding, and over that the embroidered linen squares. Pull the linen quite tight and smooth, and sew it fast in place by taking long stitches from side to side on the under side of the board. Paste over the back of each a square of plain white linen, the edges of which you have turned. Then sew fast to the top of each, one



at either end and one in the centre, strips of gold-colored ribbon three-eighths of a yard long. Tie the opposite ribbons together in three pretty bows, and make them fast with a stitch in the centre of each. Three inches below the upper edge of each side sew fast a two-inch ribbon strap, which will keep the boards from parting, and will steady the stand. Screw into each board just above the wreath a small brass hook, and when that is done you can hang your watch without fear of harm.

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

TOMMIE. "Papa, I know why the clock comes out when I [illegible] to bed. It's to tell [illegible] time, but [illegible] so the spiders can't crawl in. Isn't that [illegible]?"

PAPA. "Yes, I suppose."

BOTH RIGHT.

TOMMY (*to cook, who has just baked a pie*). "Mamma, cook and I have been arguing. She says the middle part of the pie is the tasting and I say it's all filling. Which one is right?"

MOTHER (*laughing*). "Well, my boy, I should say you were both right."

FRANKIE. "Papa, I've just been looking at a grand-daddy-long-legs and thinking."

PAPA. "What have you been thinking, my dear?"

FRANKIE. "I've been thinking that if he took the rheumatism in his legs, there'd be very little wellness left."

CONSIDERATE OF RUPERT.

RUPERT. "Aunt Julia, may I have a piece of this plum cake?"

AUNT JULIA. "No, you may not, Rupert."

RUPERT. "What was this cake made for, Aunt Julia?"

AUNT JULIA. "To eat at the table."

RUPERT. "Well, I'll eat it at the table if you'll only give me a piece."

HOW HE FELT.

ROBBY. "Papa, I ran all the way up Long Hill to-day."

PAPA. "And how did you feel when you reached the top?"

ROBBY. "I felt just as if I had a stomachache in my feet."

HIS HUNGER.

TOMMY. "I've just been playing ball, and I'm awful hungry."

COOK. "How hungry is that?"

TOMMY. "Well, I'm not hungry enough for bread and butter: I'm just hungry enough for a piece of pie."

HE WAS WONDERING.

WILLIE. "I was just wondering about the old hen and her ten little ones."

MAMMA. "What were you wondering about them?"

WILLIE. "I was just wondering how the old hen gives them a bath."

LABOR.

REGIE. "I heard papa say the other day that labor is sweet and noble."

MAMMA. "So it is, Regie."

REGIE. "Then, mamma, why does papa hire a man to cut the grass while he sits on the piazza and only looks on?"

WHAT HE'D LIKE.

MAMMA. "You've been a very good boy to-day, Andrew, now what would you like to have?"

ANDREW. "A big piece of pie that can't catch up to my appetite."

GRANDPA (*to grandson who has just come from a visit to the Natural History Museum*). "Well, Sammy, where have you been to-day?"

SAMMY. "Oh, we've had a fine time, grandpa. We've been to a *dead circus*."

FLYING-FISH.

MELVILLE. "I have just been reading that flying-fish have wings, is that true, Aunt Ida?"

AUNT IDA. "Yes, Melville."

MELVILLE. "And do you have to catch them with guns?"

A WISH.

TOMMY. "I wish I could go to night school."

PAPA. "Why, Tommy; you go to school all day."

TOMMY. "Well, if I did, I could play ball all day."

A PROPOSITION.

WILFRID. "I'd like to stay home from school to-day."

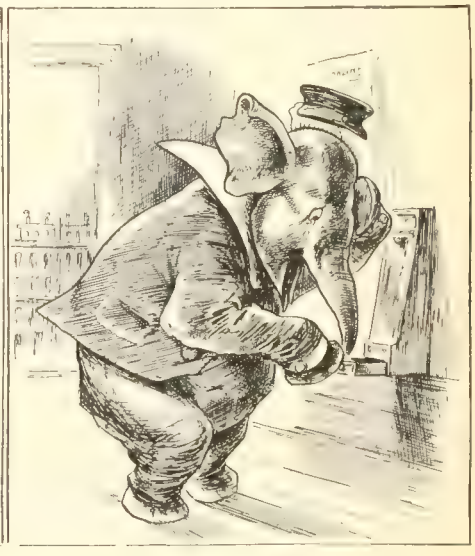
MAMMA. "Do you feel sick, Wilfrid?"

WILFRID. "No, mamma; but I'll take a big dose of castor oil if you'll only let me stay home."

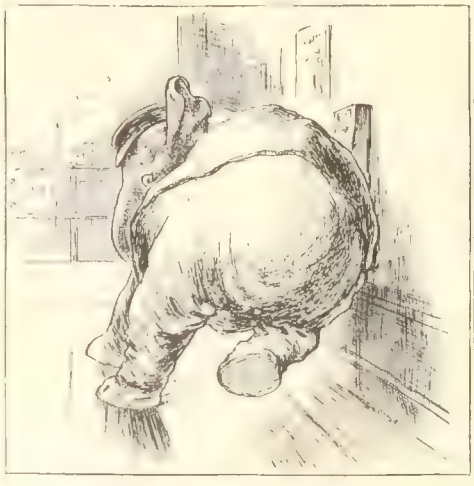
FRED (*at hotel table*). "Papa, I know why they put this little piece of macaroni in my soup. They wanted me to see that they *knew about it*, but they didn't *want any in*. See?"



Young Ellie dropped his nickel in
That he some chewing-gum might win;



But when the coin was in the slot,
Alas! the chewing-gum was not.



Then Ellie, with an angry shout,
Cried, "Fraud! just watch me wipe you out!"



And when at last he left the wall,
There was a hole there—that was all.

THE ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

ABE'S PROMISE.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"OH, let her go, Mrs. Corley."

"We'll promise to take care of her, Mrs. Corley."

"And this will be the last picnic this year, you know."

"*Do* let her go; she wants to so much—don't you, Jessie?"

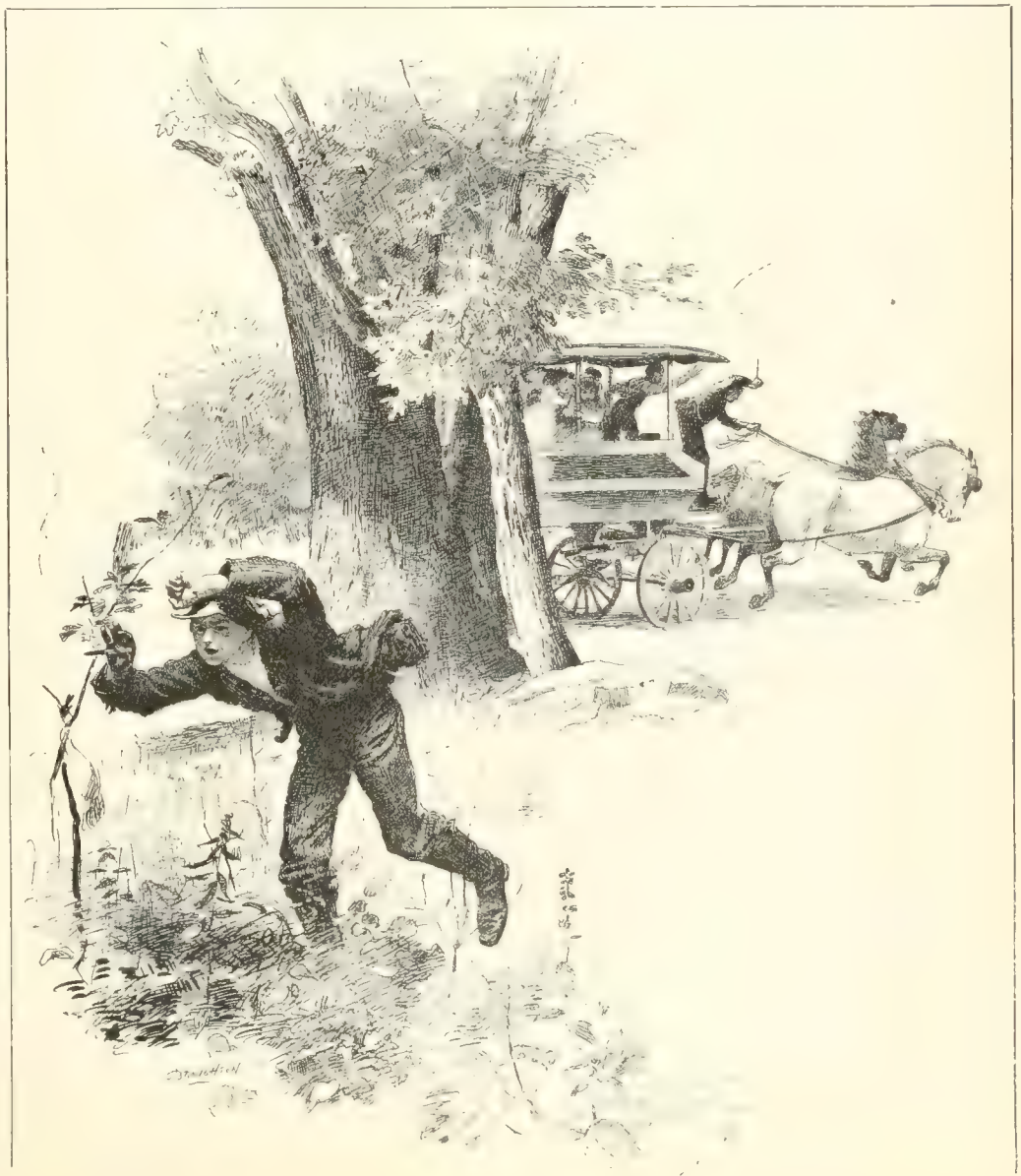
Mrs. Corley shook her head, and glanced from the big wagon with its merry party of picnickers to the little golden-haired girl standing beside her at the gate. Jessie was lame, and her mother didn't feel willing to trust her for a whole day to these heedless girls and boys.

"Let her go, Mrs. Corley, and *I'll* look out for her."

It was Abe Saunders who said that, and all the boys in the wagon looked at him as if they thought it very impertinent of him to have uttered a word. For Abe was working in Dill's livery-stable, and was going to the picnic only as driver of the powerful gray horses. He wasn't expected to take any part in the pleasures of the day.

But evidently Mrs. Corley didn't see the impertinence. "Oh, well, if *Abe* will see after her, perhaps I can let her go," she said, for she knew Abe, who had worked for her three months after the death of his parents, before he found the place in Dill's stable. She was well aware that when Abe made a promise he could be trusted to keep it.

Little Jessie went limping toward the house as fast as



"I PROMISED TO TAKE CARE OF HER," CRIED ABE, DASHING OFF.

possible to get her cape and sun hat, and Mrs. Corley insisted her to pack a basket of lunch. So she didn't have a chance to see the look of resentment on the faces of the boys nor hear Lew Starr's sneering laugh.

"Awfully complimentary to us," he whispered to Jennie Ralston. "I think our driver needs to be taught his proper place."

The whisper was not so low but that Abe heard every word. He only gazed straight ahead of him, however, and snapped his long whip gently. He had learned self control since he had had to earn his living, and knew it wouldn't do to take any notice of Lew's remark.

"Now, Mrs. Corley, you needn't worry about Jessie at all," Lew said, when the little girl and her mother appeared again. "I'll engage that nothing shall happen to her."

"Oh, I suppose there is really no danger," Mrs. Corley rejoined, but she exchanged a look with Abe as Lew was helping Jessie into a seat, and Abe nodded reassuringly, then cracked his long whip in earnest, and the horses started off at a round trot.

Mrs. Corley stood at the gate and watched the wagon until it disappeared in a cloud of dust. "I don't know why I feel so uneasy," she murmured. "Of course there is no danger, and it seemed a pity to refuse to let her go, poor child. Still, I am glad Abe promised to see to her."

And at that very moment Lew Starr was saying to Jessie: "Your mother made an awful fuss about nothing. To hear her talk, one would imagine that Crabbe's woods were full of Indians and wild beasts."

"And all of us fellows a lot of sneaks and cowards," added Jim Fenton.

"Oh no," said gentle Jessie. "She never thought so for a moment, I'm sure; and she has so much confidence in Abe. She knows him so well, you see, for he used to live with us."

"Abe Saunders doesn't happen to belong to this picnic," said Lew. "He is paid to come along and drive for us, and that is all he has to do with it. If you run into danger of any kind, there are enough of us to take care of you without calling on him."

And again Abe heard and was silent. He only cracked his whip as before, and gazed straight at the ears of the off horse.

Seven miles lay between Brandon and Farmington, and the country road was dusty and the sun very hot. It was no wonder that little Tomaso Veddo grew tired and cross, and jerked impatiently at the chain he held in one hand.

Barco was lazy to-day and dragged behind. He was a very good-natured bear, and he loved little Tomaso, but he was tired of being taken from town to town, and forced to dance, stand on his head, and perform other "specialties" taught him by his ill-tempered master, Benito Frachi, who was cruel and merciless, caring for his big brown companion only so far as he earned money for him.

Benito had business which made it necessary for him to return to a town which he had visited with Barco only the week previous, so he directed little Tomaso to take the bear to Farmington, promising to join him there.

Tomaso had slept late that morning, not having been roused at dawn, as usual, by a blow or a kick from his employer, and by the time he had fed the bear and eaten his own breakfast the sun was high in the heavens.

A stone bruise on one foot and a deep cut on the other made walking painful to Tomaso, and after limping along in the dust and sun for about five miles, he felt too weary to go any further without a rest, and the woods looked so cool and shady that he concluded to find a good place where he could lie down for an hour or so. It would be time enough to get to Farmington by dusk.

He went deep enough into the woods to feel secure from observation should any one pass by on the road, and after fastening Barco's chain to a little sapling he lay down under a tree, and in five minutes was sound asleep.

Barco slept too, for about an hour; then he woke, and feeling restless, he amused himself by gnawing at the sapling to which he was tied, and after some time spent thus there was very little of the sapling left and the chain lay on the ground. But Barco had been a captive so long that he had no desire to take advantage of the liberty he had obtained, and it was only when he heard the sound of many voices not far away that he roused himself to activity. A crowd of people meant pennies in his tin cup, and Barco had been trained to have an eye for business at all times. As Tomaso still slept, it was clearly his duty to take matters upon his own shoulders, and therefore he walked away at once in the direction whence the voices came, and in five minutes appeared suddenly in the midst of the picnic party from Farmington.

What was his amazement to see the crowd, instead of applauding the agility with which he rose on his hind legs, scatter before him like leaves before a high wind. With wild shrieks and cries they rushed pell-mell toward the place where the wagon and horses had been left, and Barco found himself with an audience of only one, and that a little golden-haired girl, who gazed at him with frightened eyes from her seat in a big swing, and who simply shook her head when he advanced toward her holding out his tin cup beseechingly.

Abe had just finished hitching up the horses when the picnickers rushed upon him. Into the wagon, breathless and excited, they climbed with all haste, the boys dragging in the frightened, exhausted girls, several of whom were sobbing with terror.

"There's a bear in the woods," said half a dozen voices at once. "Get up and drive like mad, Abe," shouted Lew Starr.

Abe gave a quick glance around. "Where's Jessie?" he asked.

"We left her in the swing. We didn't have time to stop for her. I tell you the brute charged upon us so that we had no time for anything. Hurry up, Abe. We've got nothing to fight with, and the sooner we get out of here the better."

"Drive on, then. I'm going back for Jessie."

"It's no use; he's got her by this time," said Jim Fenton. "I'd go back with you, but I know it's no use."

"I promised to take care of her, you know," rejoined Abe, dashing through the woods, and taking out his pocket-knife as he ran.

The wagon drove off with a rush, Lew Starr holding the reins, and urging the horses onward with repeated lashes from the long whip.

"Abe's a fool to go back," said Phil Dewees, trying to convince himself that he hadn't shown the white feather. "One's enough to be sacrificed, in all conscience."

"Oh, poor Jessie! poor little Jessie!" wailed the girls.

The town was soon reached, and within fifteen minutes every man, woman, and child in it had heard that there was a savage bear in Crabbe's woods, and that a party armed with pistols and guns, and headed by old Mr. Small, the proprietor of the rolling-mills, had started out to rescue the two young people left to the brute's mercy.

Several neighbors went in to stay with Mrs. Corley, who was nearly distracted with grief and suspense, but who clung valiantly to her faith in Abe.

"He'd die to save Jessie, I know," she repeated many times.

Meanwhile the rescuing party in the big wagon, to which a fresh pair of horses had been attached, was on its way again to the woods. Jim Fenton and Lew Starr

had joined it, feeling wonderfully brave now that a dozen grown men with fire-arms were with them.

"I can't believe it was really a bear. More likely a Newfoundland dog or a calf," said Mr. Small.

"I'd stake my life on its being a bear," said Lew,



A CROWD OF PEOPLE MEANT PENNIES FOR HIS TIN CUP.

"and a terribly fierce one at that. I could hear him growling as he chased after us."

"In that case we needn't expect to find much of poor little Jessie," said Mr. Small. "He'd make short work of her, poor child."

"Or of Abe; and a better, braver boy never lived. He's too good to waste his talents in a livery-stable," said Mr. Dill.

"You boys should never have deserted him," said Mr. Small, severely, bending his gaze on Jim and Lew.

"It wouldn't have done any good to stay," rejoined Lew. "The creature was evidently starved, and wild for food. If I'd had a gun, now—"

"What's that coming?" interrupted Mr. Dill.

All looked eagerly forward. Two boys, one an Italian and the other Abe Saunders, were coming slowly along the dusty road. Between them ambled a big brown bear with a tin cup hanging from his neck by a string; and on his back, holding his heavy chain in both hands, was seated a little golden-haired girl, whose laugh rang out merrily as she saw the approaching wagon and recognized its occupants.

The boys who had gone on that picnic party never heard the last of that bear story. Everything they had asserted in their excitement about the fierceness of the animal and his mad pursuit of them was recalled, and told over and over, until worn threadbare; and Lew Starr and Jim Fenton, who had had the most to say, were glad when they left for college and did not have that bear joke sprung upon them at every turn.

The incident had good results, however. Mr. Small's attention was attracted to Abe, and he gave him a place in his rolling-mills, where he had a chance to work up to a good position, while little Tomaso was taken in charge by Mr. Dill.

For Benito Frachi never came to Farmington to meet Tomaso and Barco, as he had promised, and after a time it was learned that the Italian had been taken ill with a fever in the town to which he had gone, and had died without leaving any directions concerning Tomaso and Barco.

The kindly old bear became an institution in Farmington, and as long as he lived had a home at the livery-stable, where he was always willing to dance and stand on his head whenever a crowd gathered around him, and enjoyed the petting he received from the children, who were not afraid of him when they learned that he had no teeth worth mentioning. When he was found dead one morning in his stall there was not a child in the place who did not feel a sense of loss.

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

IT was a fine Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1670. London was slowly rising from the ashes of the great fire that had laid it in ruins four years before. England and Holland were fighting hard for the empire of the sea, sometimes one side winning, sometimes the other, and many brave men being killed on both. France was watching them jealously, and Austria was watching France.

In the midst of all these great events, but neither knowing nor caring anything about them, a small, brown-haired, keen-eyed boy of nine (who little dreamed what a figure he was one day to make in England's political quarrels) was lying upon a grassy bank on the outskirts of London, deep in a big old-fashioned book full of quaint and curious engravings.

So completely taken up was he with his reading that he never heard, until it had called three or four times, a voice among the trees behind him shouting his name:

"Dan! Dan!"

"Hello! is that you, Bob?" cried the young student.

"Yes, it is I, sure enough," said Bob, issuing from the bushes that fringed the small lake below him, "and a pretty job I've had to find you."

Master Bob certainly looked as if he *had* had a hard job in hunting for his school-fellow. His face was red as fire, and bleeding from more than one scratch. His hair looked as if it had been tossed with a hay-fork, his hands were as black as ink, and the thorns had made sad work with the sleeves of his jacket, while a long smear of clay upon the knees of his trousers showed that he had had at least one tumble, if not more.

"But, I say," continued Bob, "what on earth are you doing with that big book there? Don't you get enough of books in school, but you must go fussing with them on a half holiday?"

"Well, it *does* look queer, I know," replied Dan, apologetically, "but I'd got to such a good place that I really couldn't leave off. It's Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*, you know—that old boy who went all over the world, and lived for years and years among the Tartars, and went for a soldier with the Emperor of China. He must have seen some queer things in his time, and no mistake. Just listen to this:

"'Now in another land that is nigh unto this one there be certain men called Plantopodes, the which have but one foot. Now this foot is passing broad, even a fathom (six feet) in measure; and when the sun shineth exceeding hot, then do they stand upon their heads, and thrust up their one foot toward the sun to shield them against the heat thereof; and that is great marvel.'"

"My eye!" cried Bob, "what boots the fellows must wear with a foot six feet across! And then, by-the-bye, if they've got only one foot they'd have to hop! Why, they must make a row like a ton of bricks falling every time they come down!"

"And see what guys they look!" said Dan, pointing to the picture; "just like a lot of mushrooms sticking up!"

"And just think what foot-prints they would leave," added Bob, "with feet as big as that! I say, Dan, suppose we were on a desert island and saw one of those fellows coming to the rescue, what would you do?"

"Run off as hard as I could tear, most likely," answered Dan frankly, "although now I come to think of it that wouldn't help me much on an *island*, where I couldn't get away. But talking of desert islands, I'll tell you what we'll do."

"What?"

"Do you see that little island yonder in the middle of the lake? Well, here's an old tree floating just alongside of the bank; we'll both get on to it, and shove it along with this broken pole that somebody's left lying here. We'll be a crew of shipwrecked sailors on a raft looking out for land; and then we'll catch sight of that island all of a sudden, and we'll go and land there and take possession of it, like Columbus did at St. What's-its-name!"

"Capital!" cried Bob; "come along!"

The two young mariners were soon afloat, and the log, propelled by vigorous pushes of the pole (for the lake was very shallow), glided swiftly along.

"Hello there!" shouted Dan, who, as the inventor of the game, naturally assumed the rank of captain. "Jump for'ard, some o' ye, and see if there's any sign of land."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Bob, doing his best to imitate the hoarse tones of a real sailor. He scrambled to the end of the log so briskly as to almost capsize it, and after a short pause, announced that there was nothing to be seen.

A few minutes later Captain Dan hailed again: "Look-out ahoy! Anything in sight yet?"

"Something like land showing up to the nor'east, sir—looks like an island," answered the whole crew (*i. e.*, Bob) with one voice.

"How does it bear?"

"Two points on the starboard bow, your honor."

"Bring her head round a bit."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The new island, having been only twenty yards off at the time of its "discovery," was soon reached, and Bob, springing ashore, waved his cap triumphantly and shouted: "*I* landed first—the island must be called after *me*."

"All right," said Dan, graciously; "take the pole and write your name in the sand."

Bob seized the pole eagerly, and traced, in huge sprawling letters, the words "BOB CRUSOE."

"Hollo!" cried Dan, with a scandalized air; "*that* won't do, you know. What do you go putting 'Bob' for, when your name's Robinson?"

"Well, everybody *calls* me Bob, anyhow," remonstrated the discoverer.

"What does that matter? When you take possession of an island, you've got to do it in proper style. Do you suppose that Columbus signed his name as 'Kit Columbus,' or that Sindbad the Sailor ever called himself 'Mr. Sin'?"

Such authorities were not to be disputed, and Bob, scratching out the offending name, put "Robinson" instead. "Ah! I only wish I could do that with a *real* island!" cried he, excitedly. "How jolly to see on all the maps, 'Robinson Crusoe's Island,' and then to write a big book and see everybody reading it!"

"Well, old fellow," said Dan, "*I'm* going to write a story one of these days about desert islands and savages and all that; and if you like, I'll call it after you, *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*."

Every boy knows how that promise was kept; and we may hope that Bob Crusoe lived long enough to see his name carried to the ends of the earth by the genius of his old playmate, Daniel Defoe.*

* That one of Defoe's school-fellows at Stoke Newington *was* named [illegible] and how far this fact influenced the shaping of his famous romance is still an open question.—D. K.

MODERN LIGHT-SHIPS, AND LIFE ABOARD THEM.

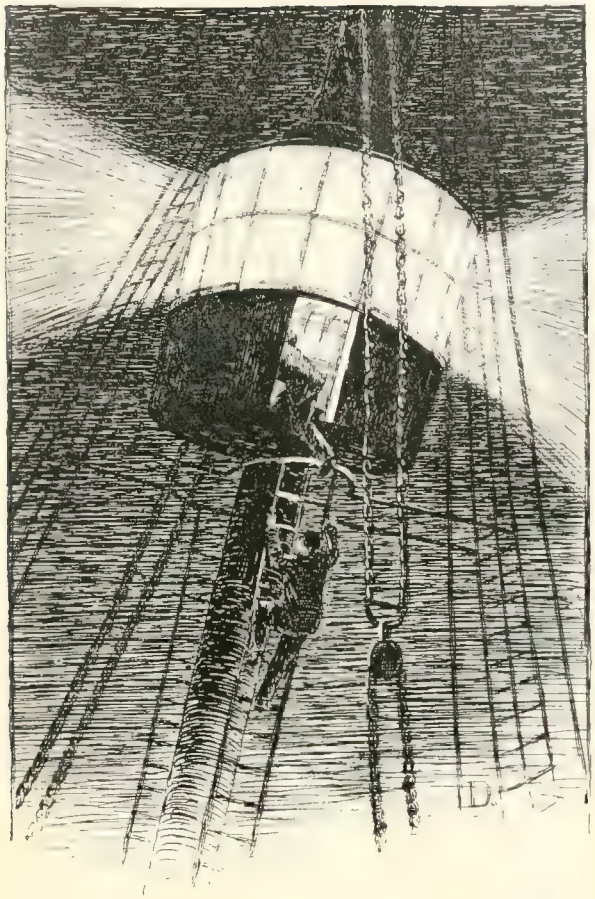
BY [illegible] E. MATTHEWS

IT has always been a matter of much pride to the French people that they have been foremost in marking by buoys and lights the dangerous places on their coasts and the channels leading to their harbors. For two hundred years they have been experimenting with this matter. They claim the merit of having invented the system of lights that turn, showing now one color, and now another. They also assert that the system of range lights is theirs in its origin. Their light-ship system was begun in 1860, and year by year it has been improved. At first their light-ships were floating pontoons built in the shape of ships, and anchored securely. They placed nearly a dozen of these in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, but these "ships" have become so battered of late years that two of them have been replaced by splendid specimens of naval workmanship. One of these is the *Ruytingen*, situated in the Atlantic off the port of Dunkirk.

These new light-ships of the French are thirty times more powerful as dispensers of light than those they replaced, but they are very expensive. The French government, in its restless spirit and desire for progress, is planning to replace some of the minor ones of the old-fashioned kind with a series of illuminating buoys, gas being used for light. These require much less attention, it is said, and practically light the approaches to some channels better than the light-ships, because, costing less, they may be strung out a long distance, and, like guide-posts, mark the way, almost mile by mile, into port.



TEN PERSONS COULD BREAKFAST IN IT EASILY.



THE TASK OF ENTERING THE LANTERN AT NIGHT IN A HOWLING GALE.

The poetry of the sea, the fascination every one feels for it during a storm, the charm that it has during pleasant weather, the mystery that is connected with it at all times, have been so much dwelt upon by writers that perhaps some of the boys who have run away to sea should not be blamed, after all. If one should judge entirely by the illustrations with this article, where a party of officials is seen preparing to breakfast in the round signal ball at the top of the *Ruytingen's* mast, which serves the same purpose by day that the light does by night; or if one should be delighted with the difficulty that the task of entering the lantern at night in a howling gale must bring—life on a light-ship would seem to have attractions equal to those of the traditional roving sailor's life. A few days' sojourn on the *Ruytingen*, or any other light-ship, for that matter, whether on our own coast or on that of another nation, would soon dispel these ideas of pleasure and comfort. Talk about rolling and pitching! No vessel rolls, pitches, and plunges like a light-ship. Its anchors hold it firm to the shock of the waves. There is no yielding, no graceful swaying to the swelling of the seas. There are days, too, when a fierce fog-horn torments the ear with a noise such as Nature in her angriest moods never invented. There is always a glare of light at night. There is no constant expectation of reaching port, and life soon becomes a dreary monotony. We are so much used to comforts in these times because of the self-denial, watchfulness, and care of others in the past, or perhaps in the present, that we almost forget how much labor this comfort of ours means to somebody. For example, who in these days of easy railroad travel thinks of the nervous strain on the locomotive engineer, or who ever thinks of the engineer at all as the train swiftly glides along the rails? Yet it is due to this man's ceaseless vigilance, steadiness, skill, and good judgment that the passenger owes his safety and the peace of mind that enables him to forget the engineer. Comparable to the locomotive engineer is the sailor on these light-ships, and the character of the men and the usefulness of their mission are well expressed in their motto: "Patience, Promptness, and Devotion."

Let us see what sort of a vessel a light-ship like the *Ruytingen* is. It is made of steel, is about 90 feet long, 20 feet broad, and draws about 12 feet of water. It is practically as big as one of the yachts in the recent great race for the *America's* Cup. It is anchored in about ten fathoms of water, and has about 900 feet of anchor chains to use. It has two anchors of the new kind, which look like an open umbrella with great claws on the under sides. On the mainmast is the illuminating apparatus, thirty-six feet above the deck. It consists of nine immense lamps, in groups of three, and all are fitted with splendid reflectors. This system of lights turns about the mast, and shows a bright red light every twenty seconds. Twenty-five feet above the light is the iron sphere that is the day signal. It is painted red and black, and small as it appears to be, ten persons could breakfast in it easily. The light may be seen seven or eight miles, and the signal sphere a mile or two further.

In case the light-ship should be cast adrift, it has been fitted with sails which will enable it to hold its own in storm and stress. The hold is fitted with spacious storerooms and sleeping-quarters, and a machine for compressing the air which blows the fog-horn. These fog-horns are what are known in this country as "siren" whistles. They are called sirens probably because that is what they least resemble. They begin their noise with a very low note, and rise rapidly in a sliding scale to a very thin high note that distresses the ear. Then they descend to the low note, and up and down in rapid succession the shrieking demonlike noises race. One French writer has said that the possibilities of this fog-horn are such that he wonders that some music-leader has not introduced it in the orchestra when the Wagner operas are



TALK ABOUT ROLLING AND PITCHING!

peal. A compressed-air trumpet, he thinks—and it is just possible that there may be a little national prejudice in his opinion—would go well with mythological characters and dragons and unearthly storms and noises. This writer says the fog-horn is simply a "terrible instrument," and therefore in time the Wagnerians must adopt it. A big bell is placed on the ship for use in case the fog-horn should break down or scare itself useless.

Each of these new light-ships has a crew of eight men, every one trained for his calling, familiar with handling lights, and knowing every shoal and rock on the coast. They are relieved every fifteen days when the weather will permit. Even in smooth seas this is a difficult task. Not only must the men be transferred, but great quantities of stores, some of them in heavy barrels, must be changed from the lighter or its tender to the heaving light-ship. It is almost impossible at any time to fasten the relieving boat to the light-ship, and on leaving or entering the smaller craft the swell of the sea must be watched, and the step out or in be made at exactly the right instant.

Each of the crew gets $200 a year and eight months on shore. Most of the men have medals for heroism in life-saving. Nearly all have one accomplishment, the art of making a ship under full sail in a glass bottle. They do this in their leisure hours. It is their chief diversion, and it also adds a little to their income. When on duty, however, their daily routine is scrub, paint, polish, or polish, paint, scrub, whichever way you like. But if you should ask one of them what his ideal in life is, he would point to the motto of the ship—Patience, Promptness, and Devotion.

VERY OBJECTIONABLE.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"I WISH folks wouldn't pat your head,
And say 'Good little boy';
I b'lieve they do it just to see
How much they can annoy!

"I wish that when you come about
They wouldn't *always* say
That 'Little pitchers have big ears;'
And motion you away.

"I wish they wouldn't say 'You must
Be seen, but never heard;'
Of all the foolish, silly things,
That is the most absurd!

"I wish they *sometimes* wouldn't ask
How far you've got in school;
And if you've learned to read and write,
As though you were a fool!

"I wish— But it's no use to wish,
When folks don't care a pin
What's going to rile a fellow up,
Or what would tickle him."

LITTLE JEM.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

UP THE RIVER.

THE canoe was righted, and their possessions collected and put in, Winthrop looking at them disconsolately.

"My beautiful cushions!" he said. "They are ruined, and so is the rug. Jem, you had no business to behave so. What is the matter?" Winthrop spoke crossly, and the child cried harder than before. "Come, hurry up and get in," he continued. "Squeeze out your clothes as well as you can or we shall be swamped. I can tell you we were pretty lucky to get spilled here instead of farther down the river."

They got in, three dripping creatures. Edna could do nothing with Jem, who lay on the floor crying and kicking.

"You must stop or we shall all be drowned," she said. "Jem, I should think you would be ashamed of yourself! Please, *please* stop!" she implored, but with no effect.

Finally Winthrop's patience, of which he did not have a very large store, gave out. He knelt in the bottom of the canoe in front of the child, and said, in a low voice but with great force: "See here, Jem, you just listen to me. If you make another sound, I'll pick you up and throw you overboard. It is better for one to be drowned than three. You are to keep quiet!"

This terrible threat seemed to make an impression. The kicks and screams ceased, and nothing was heard but an occasional sob. After a time Edna ventured to ask what had frightened her; but the question proved unfortunate, and the storm was about to burst again had not Jem glanced at Winthrop's face, which looked so threatening that she controlled herself, and shuddered in silence.

"It is a good thing it is such a hot day," said Win, as he paddled swiftly along, going at even a faster rate than that at which they had come up, as they were travelling with the current, "otherwise you would take cold. I am all right, as I am exercising. Do you feel chilly?"

"Not a bit," said Edna.

No more was said until they reached their own landing.

"Don't forget not to breathe a word about the hermit," whispered Winthrop, as they went up to the house after having put up the canoe.

Mrs. Howland was on the piazza. "What has happened?" she exclaimed, when she saw them; water dripped from all parts of them, and their shoes gave forth a "squshy" sound at every step. "Have you been upset?"

"I should say we had," replied Winthrop, "and that Jem is at the bottom of it all. No one knows why she did it, but she suddenly gave a loud yell and upset the canoe. I was leaning out to get her a turtle, and could not right it in time."

There being no danger now of another upset, Winthrop did not spare the culprit, who again began to cry, and cast her dripping form upon Mrs. Howland, who lifted her up into her lap, without regard to the damage that was being done her pretty gingham dress.

"My poor child, you are shivering! I am afraid that you have taken cold. Come right into the house; you had better go to bed. And you, Ned and Win, hurry up stairs and change your clothes."

Nothing could be drawn from Jem as to the cause of her fright. All she would say between her sobs was, "Jem so scared! Please take care of Jem! Hold Jem tight and don't let her go away!" And this she repeated over and over again. She was ill for a day or two after this, but it was more the effect of the alarm, whatever it was, than of the sudden bath. No one suffered from that, it being such a warm day, except, as Winthrop said, the canoe cushions.

The Fourth of July was as hot as it always is, but no one minded that. The boys were early at the boat club, and Mr. and Mrs. Howland, with Edna and Jem, came later and took their places among the spectators. They sat on the upper piazza of the club-house, from which place they could see up and down the river, and have a fine view of the races.

The club-house was gayly decorated with bunting, flags floated on the breeze, the ladies in their pretty summer costumes added to the brightness of the scene, while on the river all sorts of craft darted about, from the conceited little steam-launch, with its impertinent whistle, to the stealthy canoe which glided along without a sound. Parties were embarking to follow the races, others were wandering about on the bank looking for a good place to sit, and above the hum of voices and gay laughter sounded the strains of the Deerboro band, which had been engaged

for the occasion. Dana and John, of course, were down among the men and boys, who were excitedly walking about or talking in groups, all in white flannels, with "D. B. C."—for "Deerboro Boat Club"—embroidered in blue upon their shirts.

"If Win could only win!" said Edna, and then laughed at her unpremeditated pun.

"I am afraid that he will not justify his name," said Mr. Howland. "He is younger than the other men, and his muscles are not so developed. Harry stands a better chance of taking a prize, for his crew are in fine training. I think they are going to start now."

The crews of the various boats took their places, and rowing out into mid-stream, awaited the signal to start. When it was given, they darted on, rowing with smooth measured stroke and startling rapidity to a given point down the river, where they turned and came back, the victorious crew, of which Harry was one, passing the judge's stand a boat's length ahead of the others, amid cheers and hand-clappings from the spectators.

Then came the canoe race. Winthrop paddled valiantly, but, as his father said, the superior muscle of the older men left him without much chance; and although he was by no means the last, there were three ahead of him.

"I am glad one of the family did something worth looking at," said he, as the boys and Edna walked home through the woods.

"I had to knock a fellow down on your account this morning," said Dana.

"How was that?"

"He said you would get beaten, and I said you wouldn't. I knew you didn't stand much chance, but I wasn't going to have him say so, so I just knocked him down."

"Who was it?" asked Harry.

"Tom Adams."

"Why, Dane, he is twice your size!"

"Oh no, not quite; and, besides, he hasn't got much to him. Just give him a punch and he's down before you know it. But I can tell you I felt pretty mean, Win, when you got beaten after all."

"Well, I'm sorry on your account if not on my own," said Win.

The day ended with some fine fireworks, and after their own had been set off, the Howlands went up to the roof of the carriage-house and watched the rockets and Roman candles that were being sent up all over the country.

"To-morrow we will begin to talk up that picnic," said Winthrop to Edna, as they went into the house at bedtime. "You have not said a word about the hermit, have you, Ned?"

"Not a word," replied Edna.

The next day at breakfast Winthrop remarked to his mother,

"Mater, we want to have a family picnic."

"Win! Haven't you had enough to do? Do let us recover a little from the effects of the Fourth."

"But mayn't we have it some time?"

"'Some time,' yes, but not for two weeks at least," said Mrs. Howland, who was hurrying off to Boston with her husband.

They had heard of some one who wished to adopt a little girl, and were on their way to tell her of Jem.

"But we will keep her through the summer, Henry," said Mrs. Howland. "I cannot give her up until the fall."

"The longer you keep her the harder it will be," said her husband.

They called upon Mrs. Ashurst, the lady of whom they had heard through a mutual friend, and gave her a full account of little Jem—of the finding of her, and of the child's character as well as it could be judged, not omitting mention of her sudden attacks of apparent fright. Mrs. Ashurst was so pleased with the description of the little one that she determined to come and see her, and agreed to spend the day at Stone Court the next week. This she did, and then took such a fancy to the child that she wanted her at once; but Mrs. Howland persuaded her to wait until the 1st of September.

So Jem's future was apparently settled, much to the relief and gratification of all her friends, though Mrs. Howland and Edna dreaded the thought of giving her up.

In the mean time Winthrop had "entered the thin edge of the wedge," as he said, in regard to a day up the river, and he proceeded to talk the matter up, until finally the idea of the picnic became an accepted fact, and one morning towards the end of July saw the Howland family, armed with kettles and baskets, on their way to the island. Mr. and Mrs. Howland drove with Jem and the provisions, Dana, John, and Philip rode on their ponies, followed by Max and Pete, while Harry, Winthrop, and Edna went in the canoe, starting ahead of the others, in order to get there in time to ferry them over from the mainland to the island. It was a delicious day, warm, but with a pleasant breeze, and all started off in fine spirits, Winthrop and Edna in a state of intense excitement at the thought that their scheme was at last to be carried out.

The canoeists were the first to arrive, and landing, they chose a good spot for a fire, which always formed a part of the Howland picnics, and then they wandered over the island, waiting for the others to come.

Presently shouts from the bank of the river attracted their attention, and they saw that the rest of the party had come, so Winthrop paddled over and brought them back, two at a time, until all had landed upon the island. Then he brought the luggage and Max, Pete swimming across with a calm superiority to boats.

Mrs. Howland had brought her work, and was soon settled. "It is like an easy-chair," she exclaimed, leaning back among the cushions, which were propped against a rock, another large stone covered with shawls forming the seat. "I shall take my ease here, and leave all the work for the rest of you."

"The first thing to do is to make a fire," said Mr. Howland, "for it will take a good while for the kettle to boil. By-the-way, shall we have to use river water? I don't like the idea of that."

"There is a spring a little farther up," said Winthrop, glancing at Edna. "I saw it when I was up here the other day. I'll paddle up, and get some water." And he took the kettle and was off before any one had time to go with him.

"Bring back some firewood if you see any," his father called after him. "We may not find any here," he added; "but you boys had better gather what you can."

They found a quantity of it, and started the fire.

Time went on, and still Winthrop did not return.

"Where can that boy be?" said Mr. Howland, going to the end of the island, but for some time not a sign of him could be seen. The canoe and Win seemed to have completely disappeared. At last he came around a bend, not very far up the river, and paddled towards them, the boat laden with dead boughs. He pushed ashore, and carefully lifted out the pail of water, and carried it up the bank.

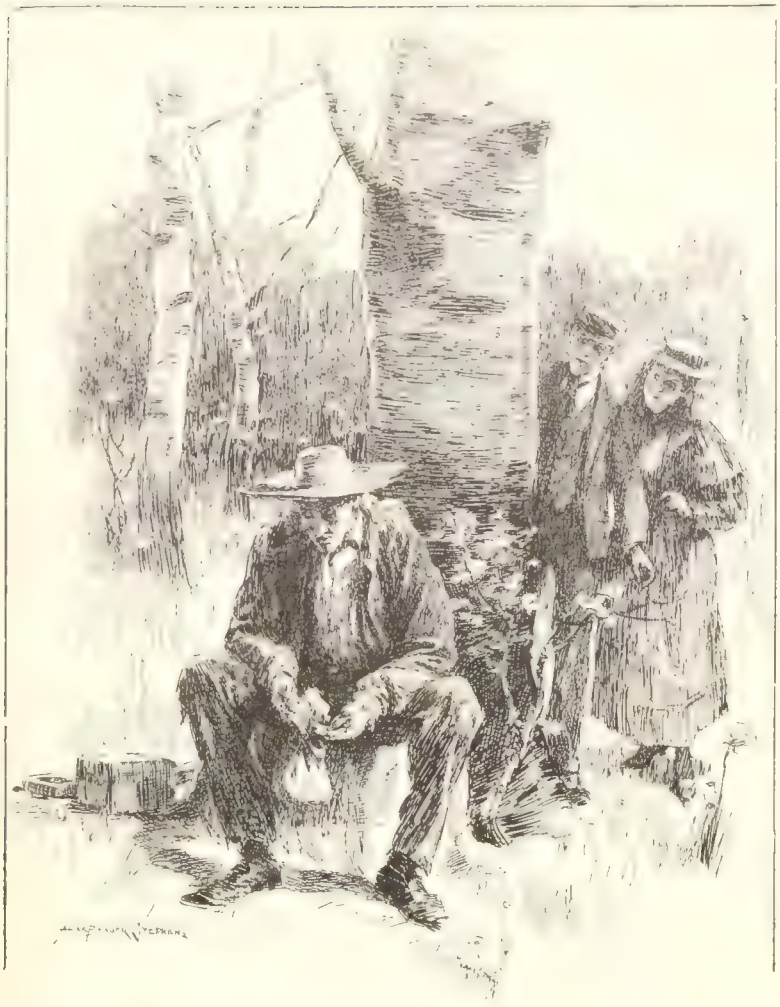
"Where have you been all this time?" said Mr. Howland.

"Gathering firewood," Win replied, as he ran down to unload it.

Afterwards he took Edna aside. "I saw fresh prints of a man at the spring," he whispered, "and I followed the trail a little way while I was gathering the sticks. I think I can take you right to his den."

"Oh," sighed Edna, "it is too perfect! I can hardly wait."

The kettle at last began to boil, and then Harry made



"NINETY TWO, NINETY THREE, NINETY-FOUR," HE WAS COUNTING.

the coffee, while Edna spread the cloth on the ground, and, assisted by all the boys, arranged the eatables, decking the impromptu table with pretty fern and leaves. Then Mr. and Mrs. Howland and Jem were summoned, and the feast began. Who cared whether a spider helped herself to a cookey, or an ant tried the taste of the ginger? "That only added to the 'picnicky feeling,'" Edna said. The potatoes, baked in the ashes, were mealy and delicious; the coffee was the best they ever tasted; and as for the sandwiches, the hard-boiled eggs, and the cold chicken, they were fit for a king

"It is just like everything you have here," said Edna, when the last crumb had been devoured—"simply perfect."

After luncheon had been cleared away, Mr. Howland and the boys got out their fishing-rods.

"Now is our chance!" whispered Winthrop to Edna. "Ned and I are going up the river a little way," he said, aloud.

"Win, aren't you going to fish?" exclaimed Dana. "What a mutf you are!"

But Win did not heed their remonstrances, and embarking in the canoe, he and Edna were soon off. Pete, of course, wanted to follow, but was ordered to go back, and finally obeyed, gazing after them with a woe-begone expression that would have moved a heart of stone.

They paddled up to the spring, and drawing the canoe up on the bank, where it was partly hidden by the bushes, left it there, and began their walk. The path, which in the soft ground near the spring was marked with footprints, led through underbrush and a thick wood of birches. It followed the course of the river for some time, then branched off towards the hills.

Winthrop and Edna walked rapidly, but were frequently obliged to stop and look about them, the undergrowth being so thick that the path at times became invisible. For a mile the walk was comparatively level, but after that they began to ascend the hill, and it was harder work.

"Win, do you suppose we shall ever get there?" asked Edna, thinking of the snakes.

"I don't think we are so very far off now," returned Winthrop; "but, I say, Ned, don't make any more noise than you can help. We've got to creep on him unawares."

Edna's heart beat high with excitement. What would the girls at home say to this? She followed close upon Win, who was leading and gazing anxiously ahead. Suddenly the path became more open, and they had a glimpse of the surrounding country. The river could be seen winding away in the distance, and far off were the bright greens of cultivated fields. All about them was a wilderness. Above, farther up the hill, rose a faint trail of smoke.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Winthrop; "it must be where he lives!"

They entered the wood again and followed the path, which was now more distinct, the trees on each side having been cut away, until they heard a new sound. All had been absolutely still before, with the exception of their own footsteps and the rustling of the bushes as they passed along. Now they could hear a man's voice speaking monotonously with measured regularity.

Winthrop grasped Edna's arm, and put his finger to his lips. They crept a little nearer, scarcely making a sound, until they were able to hear what was said.

"Ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four!" he was counting. Then they heard the jingle of coins as they were poured into a bag. "Another hundred! That makes six. Six hundred dollars—six hundred dollars! Ah! I'll pack it away," the voice continued. "I'll bury it deep, and after I am dead they'll not be able to find it. Right here, at the root of the big white birch. That is the place for six hundred dollars." They heard the sound of a spade, which continued for a few minutes. "Ah, summat heavy for an old man like me. Six hundred dollars! Carefully, carefully, in she goes—the pretty box with six hundred dollars in it." Then the listeners heard the rattling of loose earth as it was thrown upon something which sounded like a tin box, and then the thud, thud of the spade as it packed the soil and made it solid. "Now I'll roll this stone over the top, and then I'll leave the pretty dollars and go to the spring for water. She would have cost too much. Yes, she would have cost too much, though she was Jemima's daughter. Jemima was a nice girl, and well I remember the day she told me she was going to be married. Yes, she would have cost too much!"

Winthrop and Edna looked at each other. What was he talking about?

"We must hide more," whispered Winthrop. "He is coming down the path to get water!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW A BLACKSMITH'S BOY BECAME A KNIGHT.

BY PAUL HULL.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS, Baronet; Captain in the Royal Navy; Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Massachusetts Bay; Governor of Massachusetts.

What do you think of all those titles for one man to wear? Surely, you say, he must naturally have been a great man to deserve so much distinction; and again you think that the conditions of his life must account for such honors; that he must have been of gentle birth, reared in luxury, his education carefully attended by excellent masters, and great influence brought to bear upon his King to advance him so far on the highroad to fame. Well, let us see if facts will sustain this thought.

William Phipps was born on the second day of February, 1650, in a wretched log house on the banks of the Kennebec River. His father, an honest but ignorant blacksmith, was more dependent upon his rifle and fishing-line to supply his family with food than upon the occasional shilling that found its way into the smoke-begrimed interior of his rude workshop.

Without education himself, the father was unable to instruct his children beyond the simplest rules of arithmetic and the plainest spelling and reading, but these he drilled them in as perseveringly as he did in the terrifying religious catechism of that day. In the course of years, when William developed into a robust, courageous lad, he shared with his parents the duties of providing for his sisters and brothers by either shouldering the heavy fire-arm and plunging into the dark Maine forests in quest of game, or in taking his father's place and beating out the iron sparks, while the sturdy smith dropped a temptingly baited hook into the swiftly flowing stream.

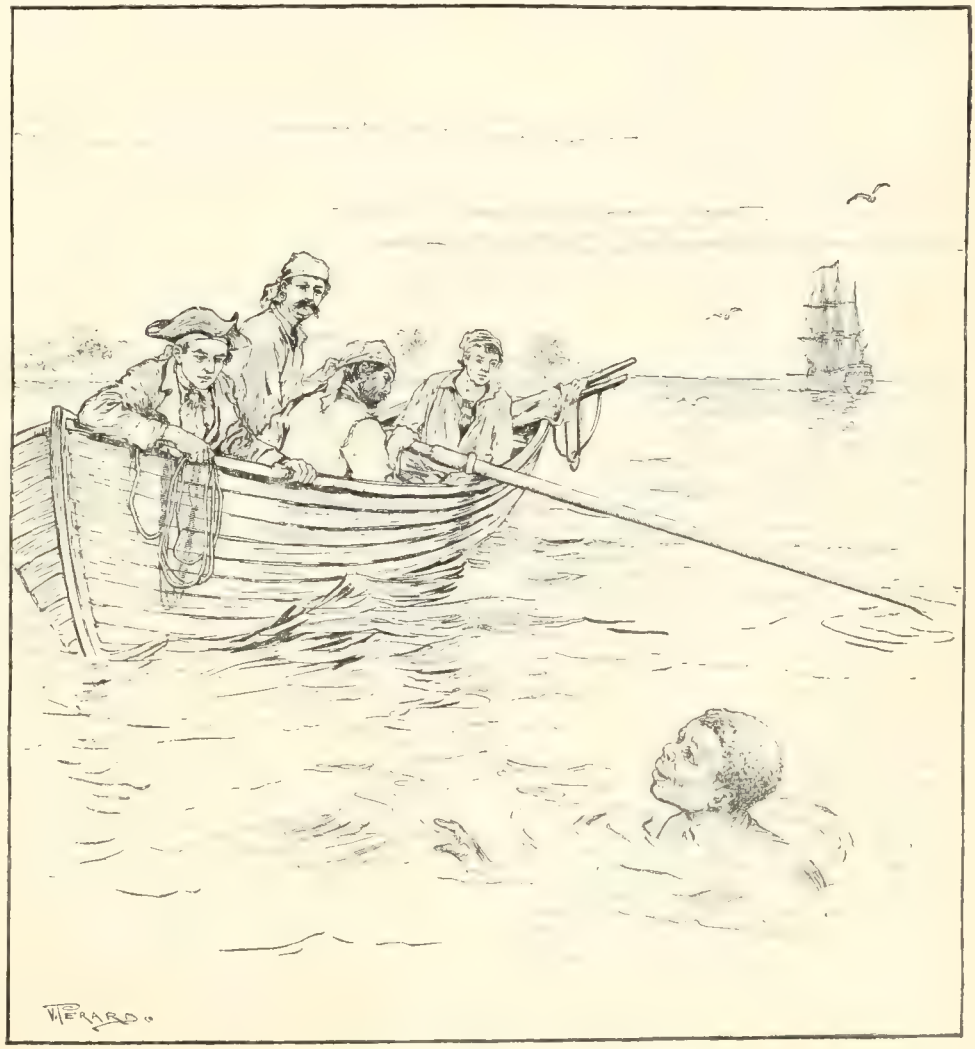
In the year 1676, in his twenty-seventh year, the hero of our story received his parents' blessing, and left home for the purpose of seeking his fortune. With a hopeful heart and an exceedingly light pocket he made his way to Boston, and found employment in the blacksmith shop of one Roger Spencer, whose pretty daughter Charity soon won the heart of her father's handsome, stalwart helper.

So far we fail to find very much in the way of gentle birth, luxury, education, and influence. But then, you may ask, how, under such circumstances, could he ever have risen so high? Let us follow his career.

His lack of worldly goods was made the excuse for refusing the offer of his heart and hand that he made to the fair Puritan, and in the hopes of improving his fortunes he forsook the forge and shipped on board of a merchant vessel to follow the adventurous life of a sailor. When saying farewell, he gave his promise to return in a few years with money enough to build a fair brick house for his lady-love in one of the green lanes of Boston.

The ship in which Phipps sailed carried a cargo to the island of Jamaica, then cruised between that port and England for several voyages. Owing to his industry and ability as a seaman, Phipps was after a time advanced to the position of mate. A voyage or two following his promotion he fell in with an old seaman who claimed to be the only survivor of a Spanish vessel containing immense treasure that had been wrecked on one of the coral islands in the West Indies some years before. It appears that this treasure-ship had sailed from the coast of South America, freighted with a cargo of silver which had been dug out of the mines and cast into bricks to be conveyed to Spain. The sailor assured Mr. Phipps that the exact location of the wreck was known to him, and agreed, for a certain share of the profits, to conduct an expedition to the place where the vessel had gone down. Believing the story to be true, the mate bound the seaman to secrecy, and gave him a berth on board his vessel.

Upon arriving in London, application was made by him to the King for permission and aid to fit out a ship for the purpose of recovering a great treasure that had been lost by the sinking of a Spanish galleon in the West Indies, claiming that he had accidentally learned of the



"HIM DOWN THAR, MASSA CAP'N; HIM DOWN THAR!"

[illegible] of the vessel, and that he would guarantee to [illegible] the precious cargo. After considerable delay, a ship called the *Algier Rose* was placed under his command, and, with a crew of ninety men, he set sail. Upon reaching the West Indies a mutiny broke out among the forecastle hands, and Captain Phipps found it necessary to put into Jamaica, discharge all hands, and ship a new company. He now started for the scene of the wreck, but, a day or two following, the carpenter informed him that he had overheard the sailors plot to capture the vessel as soon as the treasure was recovered, and use the craft thereafter as a pirate. The Captain immediately decided to return to England, where he arrived after a stormy passage. Under the patronage of the Duke of Albemarle the ship was refitted, and a trustworthy crew put on board.

The second voyage across the Atlantic was pleasant and speedy, but just after entering the Caribbean Sea a new danger threatened the adventurers, for early one morning they encountered a large Spanish frigate, which at once started in chase of them. Captain Phipps addressed his crew, telling them that if they permitted their ship to be captured they would be sent into the interior of the country as slaves, to drag out their lives in the silver mines. He bade them fight bravely if they wished to enjoy home and freedom ever again. The superior speed of the Spaniard soon enabled that vessel to open fire on the *Algier Rose*, which so heartily returned the compliment that some of the foreigner's spars were shot away, making her fall astern of her saucy enemy, who now succeeded in escaping. Without further trouble the treasure-hunters reached the island on whose treacherous coral reefs the silver-ship had been wrecked. Here the *Algier Rose* was safely moored, and search commenced for the sunken wealth.

The small boats were used to explore the reefs, and served as platforms from which the best swimmers in the crew would dive into the channels between the walls of coral on the lee side of the island, endeavoring to locate the spot where the galleon had been carried before she struck. As the water in these places seldom exceeded twenty feet in depth, the bottom would have been plainly visible from the boat had it not been for the continuous rippling and foaming of the surface water. Several weeks were passed in a vain pursuit, and at last, worn out and discouraged, the men positively refused to continue the work. By agreeing to abandon the enterprise and set sail for England at the end of another week unless some success was met with, the Captain prevailed upon several of his seamen to aid him for that length of time.

Day after day went by, and the seventh and last day specified in the agreement arrived. Two of the divers had broken down under the strain, and now when the final trial was to be made the Captain called for two men to go in their stead, but no one responded. He then appealed to their manhood, asked them if he had not shared all their labors, and asked them to give him but one day more. The dispirited sailors made no response to the appeal, but the cook volunteered to go if some one would take his place in the galley. This man was a negro about thirty years of age, and had been shipped in England to act as a cabin servant on board the *Algier Rose*, but the ship's cook having died on the passage out, he had been sent into the caboose to take the former's place. Possessing a powerful physique and being an excellent swimmer, he stood by his Captain that day, the sole remaining hope, and seemed tireless in his efforts to find for the disheartened commander some evidence of the treasure, which the seamen swore existed only in the capsized brain of the man whom they could see out yonder under the broiling sun guiding the boat in and out of the channels, while the laughing leaping waters tinkled against the bows and ran in gurgling mocking glee along the sides. The negro would dive into the sea, and a few moments later reappear; then as he swam toward the boat he would shake his head in answer to the anxious questioning look in the Captain's eyes. The boat would move on again a short distance, and while the rowers held it stationary a dark form would part the water and sink down and down among the startled fishes, that flashed away in affright from the strange creature, whose darting arms seemed to grasp at them as they shot for safety among the branches of the coral underbrush.

The morning has passed gloomily away, and the negro plunges over the side for the last time before the men shall row back to the ship for dinner. Suddenly a black face in which is set two wildly rolling eyes bobs up alongside the boat, and a voice choking for breath and broken with excitement manages to gasp: "Him down thar, Massa Cap'n; him down thar!"

The great treasure is discovered!

No more despondency now. No more aching limbs. Splash, splash, splash! The rowers have torn off their scanty clothing, and jumped over the side to prove with their own eyes the story brought up to them from the bottom of the sea. One by one the men reappear, and their recovered breath is used to send such a glad shout across the reefs that their shipmates hear it over a mile away, tumble into the boats alongside, and pull madly out to them; then learning the joyful news, they break into cheers, kick off their garments, and overboard they also go to see the glorious blocks of treasure scattered over the white sand amid the torn and broken remnants of the wreck.

During the two weeks that followed, the crew of the *Algier Rose* worked zealously at recovering the wealth that the Spaniards had taken such pains to garner from the mountain range just back of the coast. A shallow net-work bag was hitched together by the seamen for the purpose of holding the shapes of silver that the divers would throw into it. Those manning the float that had been constructed would lower the rope cradle until it rested on the bottom, then the diver would thrust his feet into a pair of heavy lead slippers, and drop through the hole in the centre of the raft which was anchored above the wreck. An instant later, when the bed of sand was reached, the diver would quickly select and throw a brick of metal into the basket, drop his clumsy foot-gear into the same receptacle, and then, relieved of the weight which had held him down, he would shoot up to the surface of the water. Accepting his reappearance as a signal, the men on the float would haul up the net, lift out the treasure, and pass it into the small boats to be carried to the ship. At the end of a fortnight, when the divers reported that the last bar had been gleaned, the Captain calculated that he had recovered fully thirty tons of pure silver.

The stone in the lower hold was thrown overboard to make room for the noble ballast, which was carefully stowed and wedged in its mean and gloomy quarters under the decks. The *Algier Rose* now sailed for England, where she arrived safely five weeks from the day that her anchor had been hove up from its resting-place on the white coral bed off the treasure island.

Captain Phipps's share of the profits was very large, but the exact amount is unknown. In addition to a princely revenue, the King was so much pleased with him for bringing such wealth into the country that he conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and to reward him still further for having beaten off the Spanish man-of-war, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a commission as Captain in the Royal Navy.

Sir William soon sailed for Boston in command of a fine frigate, and a reunion with the now-envied Charity was speedily followed by the tying of a true-lover's knot before the altar of the old meeting-house near the fort.

A few months later the former blacksmith's boy redeemed his promise by presenting to my lady "a fair brick house in one of the green lanes of Boston." This residence, which was erected on Salem Street, stood until a few years ago, being last used as an orphan asylum for boys. In 1690 Sir William was named by the King, Captain-General and Commander-in Chief of Massachusetts Bay, and several years later received a royal patent as Governor of Massachusetts.

JUNO, OF THE "MANHATTAN."

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

AS it is a special performance, in which the sun is a prime factor, I look at my watch. It is 6 P.M. Now the sun, according to astronomical calculations and the naval regulations, must go to bed this evening at exactly six o'clock, sixteen minutes, and fifteen seconds.

I am on board of the anchorage patrol-boat of New York Harbor. The vessel is the United States revenue-cutter *Manhattan*. It is this cutter's duty to cruise up and down the North and East rivers and the harbor of New York, so as to keep the track clear. It is her special business to watch that vessels do not anchor in the regular channels. If the *Manhattan* was not always bustling around, accidents to ships and steamers going in or coming out of New York would be frequent. The officer of this cutter has the right to say to the master of a vessel anchored in the wrong place, "Move on; you are blocking the way." It is because this vessel is so watchful that a steamer can come into New York of nights without any unnecessary risks.

On this revenue-cutter there are thirteen officers and men, attached to the United States revenue service, and Juno and Juno's puppy. All hands seem so fond of Juno and her puppy that I am sure not one of them will feel offended because I rate these dogs as regularly belonging to the cutter.

Juno is a mongrel—for I have to be truthful about her—and so would stand little chance of a medal at the dog show. But for all that she would take a prize for her brains, for she combines the qualities of the Gordon setter and collie, and that means that Juno has a kind temper and wonderful intelligence.

I am seated in the cabin, and I hear a little bark, and the officer in charge calls, "Puppy! puppy! Juno!" And in bounds Juno, followed by a lank black puppy. Juno is so glad to see the officer that she laughs. The puppy attempts to catch his mother's expression, and tries a broad grin, but signally fails. He takes it out, however, in wagging his tail so vigorously that he loses his balance.

"Be seated, Juno," says the officer; and the dog jumps on a chair.

"Express your opinion on matters in general, Juno," is the request made her.

Juno at once begins, and talks with many delicate inflections of voice. Now, people not up in doggish would only hear barks and yowls. What I make out of it is that Juno is telling us what a bad time she and the pup had when there was that heavy gale in September, and how the pup came near being washed overboard. "Not having his sea-legs on yet, gentlemen," was very distinctly phrased, as was the wind-up: "And would you believe it, when we came home that night, that cabin-boy never as much as gave me an extra mutton-chop bone? He did not seem to appreciate how I had exerted myself trying to keep up the spirits of the crew under singularly depressing circumstances."



AS SOON AS THE FLAG WAS HAULED DOWN THE DOG SHOWED IMPATIENCE.

While Juno was telling all this, the puppy kept on cocking up his ears and blinking. Perhaps, as he was so young, it was beyond his comprehension. It may have been that he asked for an explanation, for he yelped a little. Juno eyed him severely, and wound up by telling me: "Pray excuse his youth and indiscretion. If nipping the puppy will make him more polite, be quite assured nipping will not be spared him."

"You are dismissed now, Juno; so hustle out the puppy," said the master. Juno at once obeyed orders. She

[illegible] accompanied by the puppy. [illegible] awaiting their dinner, for it was now [illegible] I took my station at the stern of [illegible] as the flag staff, from where the cooks were dining. I glanced at Juno. The cook had given her a scrap of meat.

Just then "boom-m-m!" went the evening gun at Governor's Island, and as the cloud of smoke was being blown away down came the stars and stripes across the channel. It is a habit all forts, posts, and vessels have, belonging to the United States army or navy, to haul down their flags at sunset. It is a kind of curfew business, and dates back to the remotest antiquity.

The instant the sound of the cannon was heard, on came Juno on the full tear, the puppy doing his best to follow her. She jumped on the grating at the stern, and she bounced around until the quartermaster came, whose duty it is to lower the cutter's flag. Juno followed every movement of the man. Just as soon as the flag was hauled down and untied from the halyard, the dog showed impatience. That flag had now to be neatly folded up, and as it was a big flag—some seven feet by four and a half—another man came to help the quartermaster. Juno made a number of snaps at the flag before it was snugly rolled up. Her mouth is not a very big one, and the bunting made quite a large bundle. With her jaws stretched to their utmost, it was all she could do to take it. Juno did manage it, however, and then she stalked along the deck, as if impressed with the importance of her duty.

There was now a little procession formed. The parade was made up as follows: Juno was in the lead, with the flag in her mouth; then the puppy, who seemed a trifle awed. Then came the two sailors, and in the rear the artist and the writer of this. We all marched in a dignified manner to the bow of the craft, where there was a small cabin with a door to it. Here Juno came to a full stop. The quartermaster opened the door, and Juno, still assuming a stately and preoccupied mien, with great solemnity dropped the flag in a box. It was a real ceremonial. Juno did not wait for congratulations. She went off like a streak to the cook's galley once more.

When I quit the ship, Juno and her puppy were still waiting patiently for their supper.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

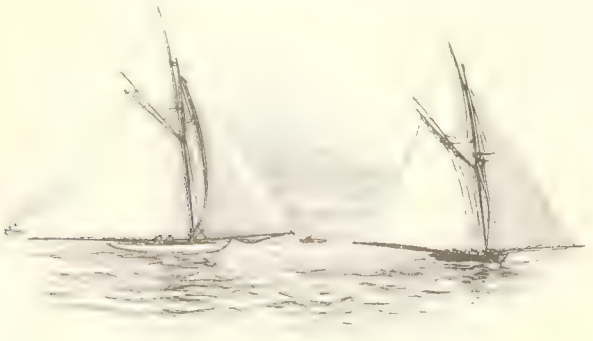
EVERY American boy should know something about the international yacht-race that was finished last week outside New York Harbor, for the prize at stake was the world-renowned *America's* Cup, which has been called the blue ribbon of the ocean. Although this cup is far from being handsome, and cannot be worth over two hundred and fifty dollars, it has been the yachting bone of contention between England and America for forty-two years, and over five hundred thousand dollars has been spent this year alone in the efforts of the British to win it and the Americans to defend it. It is shaped like an old-fashioned vinegar cruet, and on its sides are engraved records of all the contests of which it has been the object. All the available space is very nearly filled now, and no one knows where room will be found to record future results.



THE AMERICA'S CUP.

This cup, which represents the yachting supremacy of the world, was won by the schooner yacht *America*, owned by Commodore Stevens, the first Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and designed by George Steers, the most famous of our early designers—in 1851, at the regular regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England. It was the year of the World's Fair in England, and the Englishmen, who believed we knew nothing of yachting, and had no fast boats, thought it would be an excellent opportunity for us to see a real racing yacht and take a few object-lessons in sailing such a craft. So they sent us an invitation to attend the exposition and bring along the fastest boat we owned. At that time we had not, to be sure, many pleasure yachts, and very little, in fact almost no, attention had been paid to racing except among our pilot-boats, which had a reputation for being pretty lively. But we had been keeping our eyes and ears open, as is customary with the American, and the organization of the New York Yacht Club had set things astir somewhat in the limited yachting circles of the forties.

When this invitation, therefore, came from the mother country, Commodore Stevens and designer Steers put their heads together, and the result was the *America*. She sailed for England, carrying the blessings of all American yachtsmen, who hoped against hope for her success in a land where yachting was already a time-worn sport. Her departure was known to the British yachtsmen, and she had hardly anchored on the other side before one of the swiftest of the British fleet greeted her and desired a short trial spin to see what she could do. Well, the *America* showed such clever work that the eyes of all England opened wide with astonishment, and nothing more was heard of a match race. To be brief, Commodore Stevens offered all kinds of terms and all sizes of wagers to induce the Britishers to make a race with him, but they had seen the *America* move, and seen enough evidently to convince them that the Yankees did not need any lessons in either race-yacht designing or sailing. Finally, when Commodore Stevens realized he could not get on a race with any one of the British cracks, he determined to enter the *America* in the regular regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron and sail against the entire English fleet for the 100-guinea cup offered. And this he did, against a fleet of fifteen yachts, all larger than the American boat, with one or two exceptions. The *America* sailed over the Isle of Wight course, admittedly the most difficult to a stranger, and won with an ease



[illegible] OCTOBER 5, 1858.

that dumfounded all yachting Europe. The cup won in this race became the actual property of Commodore Stevens, and on his return home he presented it to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual international yacht-racing trophy, and thus the cup originally offered by an English club passed into American ownership, and re-christened the *America's* Cup, after its winner, became the world's championship trophy.

The *America*, the old schooner to first carry the Stars and Stripes to the fore in an international yacht-race, is still in commission (as a boat in active service is said to be), and has quite a history. After her great race in British waters, Commodore Stevens sold her to an Englishman, who used her as a pleasure yacht, until our civil war, when she was fitted out as a privateer, and after a short service sunk in the St. Johns River, Florida.

After the war she was raised by the government and fitted out as a school-ship for the "middies," and when the first challenge came for the *America's* Cup in '70, she was refitted as a yacht, and sailed with the fleet against the Britisher, crossing the line fourth, while the English boat was tenth. Afterwards the *America* was bought by General B. F. Butler, and on his death passed into the possession of his son, who still owns her. Thus you have in a nutshell the history of the *America's* cup.

Since that first race in 1851, when we first gained possession of the cup, it has never been taken from us. Six times England and twice Canada have sent their fastest yachts to wrest it from us, but we still hold it. The first challenge came from England in 1870, followed by another the next year. Five years later Canada built a boat to win the cup, and five years afterwards tried again. Then there were no more challenges until '85, when the *Genesta* came over, followed in '86 and '87 by the *Galatea* and *Thistle*. The next race was the one finished last week, when the *Valkyrie*, built especially to win the cup, proved unequal to the task against our defender, the *Vigilant*.

With every race there has been increased interest in the contest, and more money spent on the representative boats. In the first struggles the best existing yachts were chosen for the challenge and the defence, but in the last few races boats have been designed especially for the event. This year witnessed the greatest outlay of all. England sent the *Valkyrie*, which had been built especially to race for the cup, and had beaten every boat in British waters, and we spent upwards of $400,000 in building four yachts, from which to pick the ablest defender. Of these *Vigilant* proved herself the most worthy, and in a series of the best three out of five races defeated the British challenger, and again demonstrated the superiority of the American racing yacht.



THE WAY PEOPLE SAW THE RACERS THIS YEAR.



THE AMERICA.
The yacht in her latest rig.

EVA MARSH'S BRAVERY.

"GIRLS haven't any spunk, anyhow!" exclaimed Frank Marsh.

"I don't know what you mean by 'spunk,'" replied his sister Eva, gently.

"Oh yes, you do. Don't put on airs, Eve; we're too poor to use fine words."

"Oh no, I think not. Because papa is only a clerk and hasn't a great deal of money, we need not speak bad English."

"Well, girls haven't any courage, then," said Frank.

"I don't think that is quite true," said Eva.

"Well, if you had any courage, why didn't you tell the tramp to get out instead of screaming?"

"He came upon me so suddenly, Frank, that I screamed before I could stop to think. Besides," she added, in a still more humble manner, "it doesn't follow that other girls have no courage because I haven't."

"Well, it's a good thing I was just coming home with my baseball bat in my hand, anyhow. That scared him pretty well, didn't it?"

"He went away," said Eva, simply. "Perhaps he didn't mean to do any harm, even if he hadn't gone."

"Oh yes, he did. Those fellows are always up to mischief. Anyhow, it's all right now."

And Frank swung the bat over his

[illegible] and passed into the house. Eva sat down under the [illegible] old apple-tree that leaned wearily over the little white gate, and looked across the velvet [illegible] the clack of the reaping-machine told of the harvest time.

"I wonder if I am more of a coward than other girls?" she mused. "And I wonder how a girl can be very brave anyhow. I'm sixteen years old, and I don't scream when I see a mouse, and I'm not afraid of cows. A girl can't go out and play baseball and 'pick up hot grounders,' as Frank calls it, and she can't go to war, because girls don't go there, and there isn't any war, anyhow. I wonder if a girl can't show courage in some other way?"

Sweet, simple-minded Eva Marsh, living on the outskirts of a small suburban town, had not had any wide experience of life, and her notions of courage had been largely formed by Frank's imposing conversation. Frank was fifteen, and he thought himself something of a man. It was only a day later when Eva's courage came to the surface, and staid there. She and Frank had been to do an errand for their mother. Their path homeward lay along the banks of the little stream which ran through the town. They were so careless and happy that they did not notice the rapid approach of a storm, till a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder brought them to a pause.

"Oh my!" cried Eva, "we're going to have a storm."

"Let's run," said Frank; "it's coming up very fast, and you know mother will be frightened if we're out in it."

"I'm afraid we're bound to be caught," said Eva.

A sharper flash and a heavier peal of thunder were followed by a freshening breeze, and the gray-edged blue-black clouds came swirling over their heads. A few drops of rain fell.

"We're in for it," said Frank.

In another moment the rain was falling in torrents.

"Here, Frank! Here's a shelter under this rock."

"But it's only big enough for one," he said.

"Yes, yes; get under it!" she cried, pushing him.

A terrific clap of thunder caused the boy to spring forward and cuddle under the projecting rock.

"Come in, Eve!" he cried. "You can squeeze in."

"No," she said, "I'll go on," and she ran forward.

The storm was short and fierce. Once after a great report of thunder Frank thought he heard a faint cry. As soon as the rain diminished he crept out and started homeward. Half-way there he found Eve lying senseless.

"Eve, Eve!" he cried. "Get up! What's the matter!"

But she did not move. He ran home and brought his mother, and together they carried the girl to the house. The doctor was sent for, and when he had examined her he said: "She has been struck by lightning."

"Will she die?" cried her mother.

"I think not."

Eva did not die; but when she recovered consciousness she could not see. She had been stricken blind.

A great awe fell upon Frank when he heard the dreadful truth. He went and took his sister's hand, and as the hot tears fell from his eyes, he said,

"Dear Eve, as long as I live I'll never speak an unkind word to you again."

"Why, Frank," she said, with a sweet smile, "you've always been good to me."

And the boy dried his tears; but the mother's heart would not be comforted. Mrs. Marsh wept and wept, till Eva gently remonstrated with her.

"Mother dear," she said, "I know you cry because you think this is going to make me so unhappy. But it's not. I'm not going to be unhappy; I get so much love I can't help being happy. You mustn't cry any more, mother."

And Mrs. Marsh, seeing that her own grief was a source of sorrow to the girl, strove to conceal it. But occasionally Eva heard a muffled sob, and her heart was sore for her mother's sake.

"I must make mother see that I am happy," said the girl to herself.

So, to Mrs. Marsh's great surprise, Eva began to sing. She would sit by the open window, with the warm sunlight shining on her sightless eyes and sing homely old songs and Sunday-school hymns in a strong clear voice, till her mother thought one day, "Why, Eva sings more than she ever did before."

One beautiful morning, while Eva was singing by the window, a gentleman with a great tawny beard and big blue eyes half hidden behind gold-rimmed spectacles was walking slowly along the road. When he heard Eva's voice he looked about him with an expression of mild surprise.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, "vat is dat I hear?"

He continued to look about, as he walked forward, till he caught sight of Eva sitting at the window.

"De bootiful young fräulein!" he exclaimed. "Und my gootness, how sveet she sing!"

He stood and listened to her for a few moments; then he shook his head and muttered:

"But she know not how. She vill shpoil dot bootiful voize, und it must not pe shpoilet."

He entered the gate and advanced up the short path toward the house.

"Good-morning," he said.

Eva stopped singing. "Did some one speak?" she asked.

"I shpeak myzelf," said the old man.

"Who is that?"

"Of you loog, you vill see an old Sherman shendleman," he said, smiling.

"I can't look," said Eva, gravely. "I am blind."

"Ach!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Und you haf sug' a bootiful voize. Don'd you know dot voize is goot for money?"

"Good for money? What do you mean? Who are you? Wait till I call my mother."

Mrs. Marsh came in answer to her daughter's call.

"I haf heard your tochter's voize," said the old gentleman. "Vot does she do mit id?"

"Sings all the day, as if she were the happiest girl in the world," said Mrs. Marsh.

"Shust for fun?" asked the old gentleman.

"Just for pleasure," answered Mrs. Marsh.

"But she gould earn much money," said the old gentleman, earnestly. "Of she vould shtudy, she vould pe a fine zinger, und she vould pe very happy, pecause she would haf zome oggupation alreatty."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Marsh, thoughtfully; "but we cannot afford a singing teacher."

"Mein liebe Frau," said the old gentleman, "I am myzelf de Herr Professor Schmelz, von de Cosmobolidan Gonservadory. I vould pe moch rejoized to deach de young Fräulein, und she gan pay me ven she shall get paid for zinging mit dot lofely voize."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Eva.

"Would it make you happy, dear, to have some work in life?"

"Oh yes, mother," said the girl.

"I hardly know how I am to thank you for your offer, sir," said Mrs. Marsh. "I shall speak to my husband when he comes home, and I am sure he will consent to anything that is for Eva's happiness. But we shall be deeply indebted to you, a stranger."

"Nein, nein," said the old gentleman, earnestly. "De goot pubil atvertises de deacher, und so he geds more pubils. You zee I am oxdremely zelfish ven I dry to ged dat voize for myzelf."

But the Herr Professor's smile was benevolence itself. The result of the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Marsh later in the day was favorable to Eva's hopes.

"I don't suppose the earnings will amount to much," said Mr. Marsh. "But perhaps they will pay for the

teaching, and Eva will have something to occupy her mind. She has been so brave and patient in her terrible affliction that I would sacrifice a good deal to give her what she wants."

"God bless you, dear," said Mrs. Marsh. "I don't think that Professor Schmelz will charge her much for the lessons. He has a very, very kind face."

So a few days later Eva began to study singing. She soon learned to read raised music with her fingers, and as she had received some instruction in piano-playing, she was able to strike the few simple chords necessary for her accompaniment in practising. It was a touching sight to see her sitting at the old-fashioned piano, feeling the pages with her sensitive finger-tips, and conscientiously striving to produce the tones as the old professor had directed. Week by week her voice grew fuller and richer, its compass extended, and its quality grew more even throughout. The Marshes did not know it, but Providence had sent them a man whose head and heart were full of the finest knowledge of the Italian and German schools of song. He had studied with Garcia and with Madame Stockhausen, and had in his day been a wonderful singer of *lieder*. His whole heart went out to the patient young girl whom he had first seen sitting at her window singing. He lavished his knowledge and his care upon her. Not a song was she allowed to sing during the first year and a half of her course with him. She was given only exercises to develop the beauty and flexibility of her voice, and to teach her its proper use.

"What's the good of all those scales and things?" demanded Frank. "Nobody wants to hear such singing. Why don't you give us 'Annie Rooney'?"

And even Mrs. Marsh sighed and wondered how the girl was ever going to earn enough money to pay for all those wearisome lessons. But Eva's patience never faltered.

"I must develop the muscles before I attempt the feats of strength, the Professor says," she told them. "You know, Frank, one must train before trying to win a race. And it is such a pleasure to study this beautiful art."

So they let her alone and listened to her scales and trills, till one day she came home with a beaming face.

"See, mother," she cried, "the good Herr Professor has given me a song to study. He has shown me how to phrase it, and oh, he has made it so interesting!"

And the next morning they heard her singing Schumann's "Widmung."

"Well, I don't see why you can't sing English," said Frank.

"No," said Eva; "the Herr Professor says that German songs should be sung in German. He will give me an English song some time, and maybe an Italian one."

Such music as Schumann's was new to the Marshes, and while they felt that it was better than what they had heard, they did not care for it. And they had less and less faith in the outcome of Eva's study. But finally, some two years and a half after the lessons had begun, Eva announced, with much excitement, that a month later, on the Sunday before Christmas, she was to sing an offertory solo in the fashionable Episcopal church. The organist, a friend of the Herr Professor, had consented to give her this opportunity. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and Frank, of course, had to promise the happy girl that they would go to hear her. When the eventful day arrived it had somehow become known to the congregation that a blind girl was to sing. So when Eva stood up, while the collection was being taken, trembling with excitement, scores of persons in the church were staring up at the choir loft. Somehow she felt that this was the case, though she could see nothing, and she was frightened, and the first notes of her solo were tremulous and weak.

"Pe prave, my tear," whispered the Professor, who sat behind her.

"Girls haven't any spunk," came back Frank's words to her.

Why, what had she been studying for? To fail now? Never! Her nerves became as steel, and her perfect control of her voice returned. As the grand, rich notes, so full of reserved power, so fresh, so vibrant, so intense with the deep feeling of a young spirit shut within itself by the impenetrable curtains of those sightless eyes, rolled through the Gothic arches, a great hush fell upon the congregation. And when she ceased, there were some wet eyes in the church. She turned and sat down. The members of the choir congratulated her. The organist was enthusiastic. But she waited for the Herr Professor's voice. With the tears rolling down his cheeks, the old man said:

"Ach! Dot bootiful voize! Dot is mein own shveet child vot I haf raised myzelf. Gott pless you, my tear. I gan deach you no more."

The very next day Eva was offered a position in the choir of a large church at a salary of $2000 a year. When Frank heard that, he whistled. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were breathless with astonishment. It was as large a salary as Mr. Marsh himself received.

"Now Frank shall go to college!" exclaimed Eva.

"Now you can pay the Professor," said Mr. Marsh.

"I can never do that," said Eva.

"Ach, ja!" declared the Professor, who had himself brought the offer. "I am paid alreatty. Ach, dot bootiful voize!"

SILVER POUCH BONBON BOX.

THE silver pouch bonbon box is made to imitate the little leather pouches or purses used for holding silver coins, and forms a wonderfully strong and durable little box without even a ribbon to hold it together. No pattern is needed for this; simply draw a circle on your paper nine inches in diameter, cut it out, and directly in the centre place a round box lid measuring three inches in diameter. Let the box lid lie top down at first, hold it down with one hand, while with the other you draw the



FIG. 1.

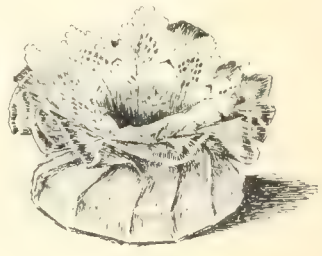


FIG. 2.

paper up over its sides in folds as shown in Fig. 1. When the paper is pleated all around and stands up like a cup, turn the box lid over and press the pleats down on the top, making a sharp edge where it turns over the box lid. When the folds all meet in the centre, turn them back again as you see them in the illustration. Should the edges appear too uneven, trim them off a bit with the scissors. The box must be tinted after it is folded, as it takes from its firmness to open it out after it is once formed. It looks very pretty left white with a dashed-on border of gilt if one does not happen to have the colors. In Fig. 2 the lace-edged paper is added; but the effect in not complete without the silvered candies, which are the appropriate contents of the silver pouch bonbon box.

COULDN'T PRONOUNCE IT.

MINNIE (*six years old*). "My mamma maked my dress. She sewed it herself."

BETTY (*aged five*). "My mamma maked mine on the sewin'-mac'ine. Listen to me sayin' mac'*ine*; I can't say *machine*, so I call it *mac'ine*."

A QUESTION.

[illegible]

"No, thank you," said the elephant to the expressman, "I can't eat an ounce."

MISTRESS. "Do you mean to tell me, Bridget, that you let baby eat seven bananas?"

BRIDGET. "An' sure, ma'am, didn't yez tell me, the last thing goin' out, to 'mound the baby,' an' sure he ordered the whole siven."

"WHY do you whip me?" said the long seam little Maggie was sewing in the dress she had torn.

"Because I hate you and you keep me from play," replied angry Little Maggie. But presently she remembered the way her mother spoke to her on occasion, and she said, "I whip you, my dear seam, for your own good, so that you may grow strong and not rip and tear as you have done."

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"I WISH it was as easy to learn something as to forget it," sighed Margie, "because then I'd know an awful lot."

"MAMMA," said Toddles, "I didn't know doctors were policemen."

"Neither did I, dearie. Why do you think they are?"

"Because when I was sick, the doctor said he was goin' to *arrest* the fever, and I'm sure he did, because it never came back."

"YOUR bark is very rough," said Rover, as he scratched himself against the oak tree.

"If my bark is rough," replied the oak. "If my bark was as rough as yours, I'd never make remarks about my neighbors."

"OH, I am so happy!" said Johnnie, "because I am going to the Sunday-school picnic."

"And I am so miserable," said the turkey gobbler, "because I am going too."

TODDLES. "Mamma, the circus people tell awful stories."

MAMMA. "Awful stories? How, my son?"

TODDLES. "Why, the man said he was going to show us the most wonderful *feat*, and he walked on his *hands*."

YOUNG TURKEY (*to old Gobbler*). "What is in that song, father, that makes your comb and whiskers turn suddenly white? It is only the Sunday-school children practising their hymns."

OLD GOBBLER. "They are practising Christmas Carols, my son."

TURNED ABOUT.

"TOMMY," said his teacher, on the first day of school, "have you forgotten all you knew?"

"Well," replied Tommy, doubtfully, "I don't exactly know all I've forgotten."

ZOO TALK.

"I WOULDN'T take you for a gift," growled the bear.

"Maybe you wouldn't," replied the monkey in the next cage; "but you might for a boon, 'cause I'm a baboon."



It was a festive cinnamon
Whose appetite was big;
He thought 'twould please his palate if
He breakfasted on pig.

But when the little pig was caught,
The cinnamon found out
'Twixt cup and lips are many slips,
Beyond a shade of doubt.



And in such trouble did he get,
[illegible]
He wished he'd never heard of pig
In all his life before.

Now, shut up in an iron cage,
In Central Park, New York,
He cries, "Bring me for breakfast, please,
'Most anything but pork."

TOO MUCH PORK.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE SEAMEN BEING DRIVEN ALONG WITH THE CAMELS.—[See Page 890.]

CAPTURED BY ARABS.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PAYSON.

ONE of the most thrilling stories in history of shipwreck and capture is that of the American ship *Commerce*, commanded by Captain James Riley, of Middletown, Connecticut, that sailed from Gibraltar a number of years ago bound to the Cape Verd Islands. Instead of keeping well to the westward, in order to avoid the current which sets in towards the African coast, the Captain proposed to "cut off corners," as the saying is, by standing to the southward, passing inside of the Canaries. At midnight, on the sixth day after leaving Gibraltar, during a thick mist and heavy sea, the ship ran ashore near Cape Barbas on the west coast of Africa. Various experiments were tried to save the vessel, but with no success. The sea broke heavily, causing her to pound upon the rocks, and in a short time the masts were carried over the side. By passing the night in the cabin with the companionway securely closed the crew saved themselves from being swept away.

When morning broke the sea had gone down to such an extent that the vessel rested quietly, and the waves no longer washed over the decks. Within a short distance of the ship the land showed as a narrow line of beach, backed by almost perpendicular cliffs without a sign of vegetation or life. Knowing that the vessel was liable to go to pieces with the first gale of wind that blew on shore, an attempt was at once made to save from the wreck a quantity of provisions and water. A barrel of pork and one of beef were rolled over the side and towed ashore, likewise two casks of fresh water. A quantity of old canvas and spare spars were also saved, with which it was proposed to erect a tent as a protection against the unhealthy dews peculiar to the African coast. When evening came the cook prepared supper while the men rigged up a shelter, after which, worn out with twenty-four hours of anxiety and labor, the ship's company stretched themselves on the sand under the awning, and slept until the screaming of the sea-birds commenced with the dawn.

After breakfasting the Captain rowed off to the wreck, and brought back a small chest containing about two thousand dollars in gold, and during the day a number of valuable articles, including a sextant and chronometer, were carried ashore. Next the long boat was rigged with a mast and sail, a quantity of beef and pork cooked and stowed away under the thwarts, the boat's breakers filled with water from one of the casks, and the gold sewed up in two small canvas bags and placed under the flooring. Having made all preparations for putting to sea the next morning in the hopes of either being picked up or reaching the Cape Verd Islands, the Captain asked all hands to kneel with him while he thanked the Almighty for preserving their lives during the perils of shipwreck, and asked His blessing on their future efforts.

At daylight, under the influence of a strong northeasterly breeze, the company, consisting of the Captain, two mates, seven seamen, and the negro cook, entered the boat, and made sail to the westward. Towards night the wind increased greatly, and raised a high sea in which the small vessel labored heavily, and occasionally shipped so much water that all hands had to bail to keep the boat from foundering. During the succeeding day and night the wind continued to blow hard, while to add to the burden of the despairing and worn-out men the tremendous straining to which the frail craft had been subjected opened up her planking to such an extent that she racked like a basket, and took water through every seam.

Encouraged by their brave commander the exhausted crew continued for some time to battle against the fearful odds, but at last begged him to give up the struggle, saying that they were resigned to their fate. That brave man, undaunted by the dangers that encompassed him, told his men that it was his duty to save them and himself if possible, and refused to cease his efforts in that direction.

At this time the fresh water was more than two-thirds gone, and the meat was ruined on account of having been washed about in the boat for several days. Under these circumstances Captain Riley told his companions that it was his intention to put about and return to the coast, where they might repair the boat and replenish their stock of water and provisions from the store left under the cliffs, near the wreck of their ship. The idea of regaining the land appeared to cheer the men, who immediately set about lessening the leaks by driving strips torn from their clothing into the largest of the crevices, and in other ways endeavoring to prolong the life of their crazy boat until the shore could be reached. As if to encourage them in their struggles the wind sensibly decreased and the sea grew smoother, so that the little vessel made rapid progress towards the inhospitable coast that had been left three days before, and which they again sighted about forty-eight hours after turning back.

It had been the Captain's intention to sail along the shore until the wreck of the *Commerce* was reached, but unfortunately the boat had so opened from the long strain put upon her that it was only by the incessant efforts of the entire crew that she was held together long enough to beach her among a cluster of rocks near the mainland. Here her total ruin was accomplished by a high comber which swept over the boat, and dashed her side in against a bowlder. Rescuing the small store of water remaining and the two bags of gold, the utterly exhausted men staggered to where the projecting ledges of rock afforded shade from the fierce rays of the tropical sun, threw themselves on the ground, and slept through the remainder of the day and the night that followed. When morning came the men drank their last portion of water, then started north along the coast, hoping to find an avenue by which they might gain the open country back of the cliffs that towered gray and sullen above their heads. After walking over the cutting shingle for several hours without finding means of escape from the shore, or a drop of sweet water to wet their parched lips and mouths, their sufferings became almost intolerable, and it was only by the exertions of the Captain that they were prevented from drinking the salt water that lapped at them so mockingly only a few feet away. Thinking that the appearance of the cliffs a mile or so ahead offered some evidence of an opening, the men pressed forward to find a great cleft running down to the sea, between the walls of which was a steep but not dangerous incline leading to a country the character of which was hidden by the crest of the hill. No sooner had the men dragged themselves to the head of the ascent than they discovered, not more than a quarter of a mile from them, a large company of Arabs encamped, while numerous camels were to be seen browsing on the scanty herbage that grew out of the rocky soil.

Hoping to receive compassionate treatment the shipwrecked mariners hastened towards them, but before covering half the distance were espied by the Arabs, who swarmed forth, surrounded them, and in the most brutal manner stripped them of most of their clothing, and put them in charge of the women while they fought over the spoils. With many blows and expressions of hatred these hags drove the wretched company in the direction of the camp. Upon reaching the enclosure the sailors pointed to their mouths, and by signs begged that they might go to the well which was observed close by. One of the women filled a gourd, and motioned that they were to kneel down and drink from it like beasts, but, suffering as they were from thirst, their only feeling was that of gratefulness for the means of alleviating their sufferings. The Arabs numbered about one hundred,

counting men, women, and children, and by the large number of camels, there being about three to each person, it appeared that several caravans were halted in this spot —a watering-place on the route along the coast. About an hour after this, Mr. Williams, the mate of the *Commerce*, four seamen, and the cook were separated from the rest, and obliged to mount on the backs of camels which were led away towards the desert. In the afternoon the caravan to which the Captain, second mate, and three remaining sailors belonged also moved off; the seamen being driven along with the camels. The blazing sun scorched their bare backs, and the jagged rocks cut their feet, but whenever one of the prisoners lagged behind a heavy lash was laid across his back. After about an hour of journeying in this way the border of the Great Sahara Desert was reached. Here the camels were rested for a while, then five of them were caused to kneel, and each one to receive upon the unsaddled back behind the hump one of the suffering captives, who was obliged to maintain his seat by grasping the long hair of the hump. The motions of the camels were so violent that in a short time the skin was chafed from the bare legs of the seamen, and their suffering was only increased. At last, after their tortures had gone beyond human endurance, and when the Captain had slipped senseless to the ground, the camels were stopped and the camp formed for the night. The camels were now milked, and about a pint of the liquid was served out to each of the five men, who had crept close to one another for mutual sympathy and support. The cold night wind soon commenced to blow, chilling their blood, and increasing their tortures beyond description.

At daylight the caravan prepared to move on, but so stiff and sore were the prisoners that their efforts to rise resulted only in moans. They begged that their captors would leave them there to die. At last, however, they got upon their feet and mounted behind the humps of the camels ridden on the preceding day. After several days and nights of like suffering the caravan reached a peopled valley, where they erected tents and unpacked a quantity of goods which they proposed to barter. Here Captain Riley met a rich Arab trader, whose sympathy he enlisted by recounting the story of the sufferings of himself and companions, and prevailed upon him to purchase them from their present owners and send them to the nearest seaport, giving his word of honor that he would be able to obtain a sufficient amount of money from one of the consuls to handsomely reimburse him for his expense and trouble. This Arab, known as Sidi Hamet, personally conducted the five men to the seaport of Swearah, where the Captain made good his word, borrowing from a noble-hearted stranger named Willshire the sum of one thousand dollars, which he gave to Sidi Hamet with his blessing. As the sum paid by the latter for the captives did not exceed more than a quarter of this amount, their deliverer acknowledged the reward as satisfactory, and parted from Captain Riley with many expressions of good-will.

Although endeavors were made to find the chief mate and the six missing seamen, nothing was ever learned concerning their fate.

HIGH JINKS IN THE BARN.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT was unquestionably a hot day; so hot, indeed, that John, the hired man, said the thermometer had had to climb a tree to get high enough to record the degree of the heat. Jimmieboy had been playing out under the apple-trees for two or three hours, and now, "just for greens," as the saying went, he had climbed into the old barouche in the barn, where it was tolerably cool and there was a soft cushion to lie off on. He closed his eyes for a moment, and then a strange thing happened.

The Wheelbarrow over by the barn door unmistakably spoke. "Say," it said to the Farm Wagon, "there's one thing I like about you."

"What's that?" said the Wagon.

"You have such a long tongue, and yet you never say an unkind word about anybody," replied the Barrow, with a creak of its wheel that sounded very much like a laugh.

"That may be so," said the big gray Horse that was used with the fat old bay to pull the farm wagon. "It may be just as you say, but that tongue has come between me and one of my best friends many a time."

"I couldn't help that," retorted the Wagon. "The hired man made me do it; besides, I have a grudge against you."

"What's the grudge?" queried the Horse.

"You kicked me and my friend the Whiffletree that day you ran away down in the hay field," replied the Wagon. "I was dreadfully upset that day."

"I should say you were," put in the Rake. "And when you were upset you fell on me and knocked out five of my teeth. I never had such a time."

"You needed to have something done to those teeth, anyhow," said the Sickle. "They were nearly all gone when that happened."

"Oh, were they?" retorted the Rake. "And why were they nearly all gone? Do you know that?"

"I do not. I suppose you had been trying to crack chestnuts with them. Was that it?"

"No, it wasn't," retorted the Rake. "They were worn out cleaning up the lawns after you pretended to have finished them off."

"You think you're bright, don't you?" replied the Sickle, with a sneer.

"Well, if I was as dull as you are," returned the Rake, angrily, "I'd visit the Grindstone and get him to put a little more edge on me."

"Come, come; don't be so quarrelsome," said the Hose. "If you don't stop, I'll drown the whole lot of you."

"Tut!" retorted the Rake. "You look for all the world like a snake."

"He is a snake," put in the Curry-comb. "He's a water-snake. Aren't you, Hosey?"

"I'd show you whether I am or not if the faucet hadn't run dry."

"Dear me!" laughed the Sled. "Hear Hosey talk! The idea of a faucet running! It hasn't moved an inch since it came here. Why, I've got two runners that 'll beat it out of sight on the side of a hill."

"Yes, the down side," said the Pony. "Anything can run down hill. Even a stupid old millstone can do that. But when it comes to running up hill, I'm ahead of you all. Why, the biggest river or avalanche in the world couldn't run up hill beside me."

"That's so," put in the Riding-Whip. "And you and I know who makes you do it—eh?"

"I didn't say anything about that," said the Pony. "But I'll tell you one thing: if you'll come down here where I can reach you with one of my hind legs, I'll show you what nice shoes I wear."

"Much obliged," said the Whip. "I don't wear shoes myself, and am not interested in the subject. But if any man who is interested in bugs wants to know how to make a horse fly, I can show him."

"You are a whipper-snapper," said the Pony, angrily.

"Ho! ho!" jeered the Whip.

"Anybody call me?" queried the Hoe, from the corner, where he had been asleep while all this conversation was going on.

Then they all burst out laughing, and peace was restored.

Jimmieboy opened his eyes and peered about the carriage-house and listened intently, but nothing more was said that he could hear. Then he threw himself back on the cushion and closed his eyes again.

"But, my dear Saddle," said the Girth, as Jimmieboy settled down, "nobody denies that you are very useful in your own way, but you couldn't hold your position a minute if it wasn't for me."

"And where would you be, Girthy," observed the Buckle, "if it wasn't for me? *I* am the most important part of the whole horseback outfit."

"Except the horseback," laughed the Pony.

"True," said the Bridle, "but even you are held in check by me."

"A lot of good you'd be, Bridle, if the man on the horse's back didn't guide you and tell you just what to do."

"That just proves what I said," remarked the Saddle. "It brings us back to my first statement, that I am the most important part of a horseback ride. The man who rides does all the guiding and that sort of thing, but he couldn't stay on in most cases if he hadn't me to fall back on."

"What's the time, anyhow?" asked the Clock, anxious to change the subject.

"Hear him," said the old gray Horse, "asking us the time, when it's his business to tell the time to us!"

"Oh, you run around the hay-stack and eat yourself to death!" said the Clock. "I'm like a doctor who never takes his own medicine. I don't take my own time, and, besides, I couldn't see my face without a mirror if I wanted to."

"It's a good thing you can't," observed the gray Horse. "If you could see your face, you'd stop. But, anyhow, it's about half past four."

"I must be slow," said the Clock.

"You are awfully slow," said the old gray Horse.

"But he's not as slow as you are," said the Pitchfork. "I heard Jimmieboy's papa say you always made him miss his train when you tried to take him to the station. Said the only way to catch the 8.30 with you was to start for the 5.16."

"Well, we all know what the hired man said about you," retorted the gray Horse.

"What did he say?" asked the Pitchfork.

"Said you were the worst pitchfork he ever saw. Said your prongs hadn't any point, and advised the cook to use you for an oyster-fork instead," laughed the Horse.

"Yes," sneered the Pitchfork, "and he said you were a four-footed dude, who could eat more and work less in a given time than any two-footed dude in town. Another time he said he thought you ought to be an artist instead of a horse, because he was certain you could draw a picture better than you drew a wagon."

"There's a good deal in that," put in the Farm Wagon. "Why, I even have to push that old horse down hill."

"But I have to pull you up," retorted the Horse.

"Yes, but that's your business. Do you suppose I'm going to do all your work, as well as my own?"

"I wish you'd stop your quarrelling," said the Clock. "I feel kind of run down to-day."

"I'd strike for fewer hours if I were you," said the Door.

"I'd shut up if I were you," said the Clock. "You've stood in my light many a time, and I don't like you."

"No. You don't like me because I'm knobby," said the Door. "And I've got more swing and finer locks than you have. You're jealous, you are."

"Well, I'm not double-faced, anyhow," said the Clock; "and that's more than you can say."

"Don't you say that again," said the Door, angrily.

"Say again—that again—that again," cried the Clock, daring the Door to do his worst.

"They say the Fence is worn out," put in the Sickle.

"I should think it would be," replied the Rake. "It's been running all around this place night and day without ever stopping for the last twenty years."

"How many miles is that?" queried the Wagon.

"Well, once around is half a mile, but if it has gone around every night and every day for twenty years," said the Grindstone, "that's one mile every twenty-four hours—365 miles a year—3650 miles in ten years, and 7300 miles in twenty years."

"That's a good way for a Picket-fence to go," said the Wheelbarrow. "It would kill me to go half that distance."

"Well, if you live until you do go half that distance," put in the Hose, "you'll never die."

"Ho! ho!" jeered the Barrow.

"Somebody did call me that time!" cried the Hoe, waking up again. "I'm sure I heard my name."

"Yes, you did," said the Rake. "We waked you up to tell you that breakfast would be ready in about a month, and to say that if you wanted any you'd do well to go down to the river and see if you can't buy its mouth, because if you don't, nobody knows how you can eat it."

Here the loud and prolonged laugh caused Jimmieboy once more to open his eyes, and as his papa was standing by the side of the carriage holding out his hands to help him down and take him into the house to supper, the little fellow left the quarrelsome tools and horses and other things to themselves.

JACK AND THE TWO SHIPS THAT DON'T GO.

BY H. G. PAINE.

"LADIES and gentlemen, it is indeed a sad reflection when the glorious World's Fair has brought all the advantages of foreign travel to our very door, as it were, that lack of ready money should bar that door, so to speak, to so many girls and boys in this broad land.

"But the reflection is tempered to us by the knowledge



YOU COULDN'T TELL IT FROM A REAL SHIP.

that we have in our midst one whose exceptional opportunities, in the possession of an uncle at whose invitation he spent two weeks at the exposition, have given him a key with which to unlock that door, in a manner, to us, that through his eyes we may behold, as one might say, the beauties of that land on which, like Moses of old, we may not set our foot. I refer to that distinguished traveller and fellow-citizen whose adventures," here the speaker waved aloft a copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, "have already been immortalized in the public press, and whom I now take pleasure in presenting to you —Mr. John Amos Prall. Jack, you're it."

Amid a storm of hand-clapping Jack arose, and stepped to the edge of the platform.

"Our genial president," he began, "Mr. James Atwater, so much better known to us by his title of 'Boundless Jimmy,' has, as I understand, sought to convey to you, in his somewhat extravagant remarks, the fact that I said I would be glad to tell you girls and boys belonging to the school 'Literary' some of the interesting things I saw at the World's Fair. I was there two weeks, and I saw it all—and I tell you it was great!

"Now, according to the rules of the 'Literary,' I must tell you something instructive, so I thought that nothing would be more interesting to inland boys and girls like us than two ocean steamships I saw there. One of them was a man-of-war, and the other was a passenger steamer. Both were life size and perfect in every particular, with the exception of one slight detail—they couldn't go. The one in the water, the battle-ship *Illinois*, was built of brick, and the American liner, which was made of wood, was tucked away, or rather one-sixth of it, was on exhibition in the Transportation Building.



IT'S JUST AS IF A BIG SHIP HAD BEEN SAWED IN TWO.

"I say, girls," said Jack, with a laugh, "it is no use; I can't talk like Jimmy. I'll tell you how it was. It was this way: You see, the government wanted to show the people who came to the fair from all over the country, and who are putting up the money for the big new white ships, what they are getting for it. Now, they couldn't get one of these battle-ships into Lake Michigan from the Atlantic because they're too big, and they couldn't build one because there wasn't time. And, besides that, our treaty with England only lets each of the two countries keep two small gunboats on the Great Lakes. So they just built a brick foundation, like a pier, out in the lake, and on this built the upper part of a man-of-war, only it's of wood, instead of steel, like the real ships.

"But it's painted white, just like them, and on deck and inside you couldn't tell it from a real ship. It has a small crew on board to keep things bright and clean, and officers in charge. A gangplank is run ashore, and visitors are allowed on board in the daytime. It has some real guns, enough to show people how they work, and then some of the biggest guns are just make-believe. It has smoke-stacks, and a funny kind of mast, or tower, made of steel, for men to shoot from. I brought a picture of it that a friend of my uncle's, who is an army officer, took. You would think it was a truly enough boat, wouldn't you? Well, there are lots of people who go on board and look all around, and go on shore again, and never know that it isn't.

"Why, one day, when the old brick ship was crowded with people, a little tug that was alongside let off a tremendous blast from her whistle, which was big enough for a boat ten times her size. An old farmer, who was there with a big party of women and children, got scared and asked one of the marines on guard, 'I say, mister,' he said, 'is she goin' to go?'

"'In about five minutes,' answered the marine, who thought the farmer was having a quiet joke with him.

"Gee-whiz! Maria, Marthy, Jane, Sue, Mary, Kate, Ann, Belle, Lou, they're goin' back to the city. Come, hurry, let's get off; they're goin' back to the ci-i-ity, I say.'

"And the old fellow made a bee-line for the gangplank, and all his women folk after him, calling to each other to hurry ashore, the boat was goin' back to the city.

"Well, the other people saw a lot of folks rushing to the gangplank and heard what they were saying, and they began to rush off too, and to push and shove and yell to their friends, in a regular panic. Then some woman remembered she had left Tommy behind, and started back for him, and that made a jam, and people got almost crazy. The officers and men went about saying that the boat wasn't going, that it was brick, and couldn't go, but nobody seemed to pay any attention to them. Several people got quite badly hurt, and one woman slipped on the plank, and slid under the hand-rail into the water, with a big splash; and then everybody yelled, and got twice as scared as before. It wasn't till the ship was well cleared and the woman pulled out of the water and hung up in the sun to dry, that people began to realize what idiots they had been; and I guess there are some of them who still think that if they hadn't got off when

they did they'd have been carried out to sea, probably to Europe.

"There couldn't any accident like that happen on the American line steamer in the Transportation Building, though. It's just as if a big passenger ship had been cut in two lengthwise, and then the bow and stern had been sawed off, and enough of the bottom to give her some body to stand on.

"I've got a picture of her, too, but you can't form any idea from it how fine she is inside.

"There's a big dining-room and a library, with lots of books and comfortable lounges, and a smoking-room, and the state rooms are just fine. Some of them are in suites of two or three rooms opening into each other with regular beds and private bath rooms. The second cabin rooms are just as good, only not so fancy, and even the steerage looked clean and comfortable, but I guess it wouldn't look so clean with a lot of immigrants in it, nor so comfortable, either. The berths are arranged in rows along passageways, and when you go to bed you have to crawl in over the foot. At any rate, I guess before I go I'll save up enough to go in the cabin.

"And now, thanking you for your kind attention, I will give way to Billy Gregory, who has been motioning to me to quit talking and give him a chance to deliver Mark Antony's oration. Both you and Shakespeare are to be congratulated on the choice of the orator."

SOME ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

THERE is probably no profession in the whole range of human effort in which more eccentric things are done by its followers than in that of the painter. The following stories culled from various sources indicate the truth of this assertion, and will be found amusing as well:

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his, when he fell into a brown-study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop! stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied, without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit, and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said, in tones of entreaty, to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop; I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color-merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck; Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."

Another artist, celebrated in his day as a successful painter of portraits, while making a counterfeit presentment of a lady, perceived that when he came to draw the mouth she tried to render it smaller by contracting her lips.

"Pray do not trouble yourself so much, madam," he exclaimed. "If you like, I will draw your face without any mouth at all."

A somewhat eccentric individual was the Flemish painter Craasbeck, of whom it is told that once, fearing that his wife had ceased to love him, and anxious to discover if his fears were founded on fact, he resolved upon an extraordinary test. He tore his blouse from his chest and painted just above his heart a very vivid representation of a wound. He then painted his lips and cheeks so that they presented a ghastly aspect, covered his palette-knife and his garments with spots of red paint, gave a shriek, and fell to the floor as if dead. The test was successful. Madame Craasbeck, hearing the shriek, rushed into the room, and supposing that her husband had been killed or had killed himself, gave way to what was to the supposed victim on the floor a series of very gratifying outbursts of grief. What the lady said when her lord and master sat up and informed her that he was only shamming, history does not record; but if she failed to go from one extreme to the other and give him a round scolding, she certainly missed a great opportunity, and showed herself a woman of marvellous self-control.

LITTLE JEM.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER V.

ON RATTLESNAKE HILL.

THEY drew farther back into the bushes. Edna stepped on a dead branch, that gave forth a loud crackle beneath her feet.

"Hist! What is that?" they heard the hermit mutter. "Is it some one coming to spy on me? I'll shoot them dead if it is. But no one knows I have the money. Six hundred dollars! Yes, she would have cost too much, though she is Jemima's daughter. And they like the little one, they'll take care of her."

He seemed to go into his house, for the voice ceased for a moment. Then they heard his step coming down the path. They scarcely dared breathe as they crouched behind the stumps and bushes. Fortunately they were dressed in dark clothes, and therefore were not conspicuous. The hermit passed along not twenty feet from them. It was the same tall old man they had seen at the spring. His clothing was tattered and poor, and he wore a large straw hat that almost hid his face, and beneath which his hair fell on his shoulders.

"They'll take care of the little Jemima," he muttered, as he tramped along leaning on his stick. "They'll take care of her. I saw them!" And then he was out of hearing.

"Win, what does it mean?" whispered Edna. "Did you hear him talking about Jemima? Is it our Jem?"

"Of course I did! It is a clew. Ned, we can't stop to talk now. We've got to examine the house, and then get out of his way before he comes back. He would kill us if he found us here."

They went back to the path, and soon reached the abode of the hermit, which was a low hut consisting of one room. They peeped in at the door, and saw in one corner a pile of boughs and straw, which was probably his bed, while in another corner stood a long old-fashioned gun. A rude fireplace had been built, but was not in use, for outside smoked the remains of a fire, over which swung a kettle hanging from a tripod.

A large birch-tree grew at the side of the hut, and at its roots rested a large stone. Winthrop pointed to it.

"The money is there!"

"Yes; what shall we do?"

"We must get out of his way as quickly as possible, and then go back to the island. We had better hurry!"

"I think we had better branch off in that direction," said Winthrop, pointing to the left. "Great Scott! Ned, I've just thought of something!"

"What?"

"He will find the canoe at the spring, and will know some one is around."

"What do you suppose he will do?"

"I can't imagine; but we shall have to be pretty careful."

They had entered the woods again, but as they were not on the path, it was slow and difficult travelling. They walked for some time, and then Edna said,

"Win, I am sure we have been this way already."

"What makes you think so?"

"I remember that tree with the poison-ivy."

"Oh, there are lots of trees with poison-ivy."

"Yes, but I noticed this because the rock near it is covered with the ivy, and looks so pretty. I know we are just where we started from."

Upon further investigation Winthrop acknowledged that she was right.

"The only thing for us to do is to get back to the path and run the risk of the hermit," he said. "What time do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know, but I think it must be getting late. And, oh, Win!"

"What is it?"

"I am perfectly sure I heard a snake."

"Well, what if you did?"

"Nothing; only I thought it might not be very pleasant to meet one," faltered Edna.

"I would rather meet a snake than the hermit. Hark!"

Again they heard the muttering voice coming nearer and nearer. The hermit was passing up the path. He was closer to them than they had thought, but the trees and underbrush were so thick they could not see him nor be seen.

"A canoe!" he said. "The same canoe she was in the day I scared her, the little Jemima, and they fell into the water. They are on the trail, and I must be off. Six hundred dollars. She'd cost too much, she'd cost too much."

They waited until he was out of hearing, and then hurried back to the spot from which his voice had seemed to come. There was the path, and striking into it, they ran as fast as they could down the woody hill, not heeding briers and brambles, sticks or stones, nor pausing until, breathless, they reached the spring, and found the canoe just where they left it.

When they rounded the bend in the river and approached the island, they saw the family gathered in a group at the end of it, looking towards them, and shouting for them to hurry. When they were within speaking-distance Mr. Howland called out:

"Children, where have you been? Winthrop, you have kept us here two hours beyond the time we should have started. If there had been any way of reaching land I should have gone without you, except that your mother has been so alarmed about you."

"I was really afraid that you had been upset, or that some accident had happened, for you are so very late," said Mrs. Howland. "But now tell us where you have been."

"Father, I must speak to you alone," said Winthrop, mysteriously.

"What is up?" asked Dana.

"Never mind; just you wait," returned Winthrop, as he drew up the canoe. "I must speak to father."

"But it is time we were off," said Mrs. Howland. "Martin has been over there waiting with the horses since four o'clock."

"Well, Harry, you paddle over with mater and the kids, and let me speak to father," which suggestion was carried out, greatly to the indignation of the small boys.

Mr. Howland saw that Winthrop really had something of importance to tell him, so they walked off together to a little distance, Winthrop beckoning to Edna to follow them.

"Father, we have found a clew!"

"A clew? What do you mean?"

"We have found out something about Jem. It is the hermit."

"What hermit?"

"Why, the hermit that lives on Rattlesnake Hill. You remember him?"

"No; I had forgotten that there was such a person. What is your clew?"

"He was talking to himself about a child named Jemima. We crept up there to see him, because he is a miser, and we wanted the fun of seeing him, and he was muttering to himself and saying things that we are sure were about Jem. And he has six hundred dollars hidden away, and he is dreadfully afraid of any one finding it out."

"Tell me exactly what he said about the child," said Mr. Howland, who was listening attentively.

Winthrop gave his father a detailed account of the events of the afternoon. When he had finished, Mr. Howland looked at his watch.

"It is too late to do anything to-night," he said; "to-morrow we will go to work. Do not say anything about it until we get home."

They rejoined the others, who were intensely curious, but could discover nothing until their trip was over, supper had been eaten, and all, with the exception of Philip and little Jem, had gathered upon Stone Court piazza. Then Winthrop and Edna told their exciting tale to the family, who listened with breathless interest. When they had finished, Dana exclaimed:

"I do think you were mighty mean not to take us. We wouldn't have made a bit more noise than you did."

"When did you first think of going?" asked Harry.

"That day when Ned and I went up the river and we got upset."

"Oh!" cried Edna, "that is what he meant!"

"What?"

"I have just thought of something. The hermit said to-day that it was the canoe we were in when he frightened the child, and we fell into the water. Don't you remember how Jem shrieked when she upset the boat? She must have seen him."

"Very likely," said Winthrop. "You know we had seen him only a little while before."

"Why did you not tell us that at the time?" asked his father.

"Why, you see, we did not want to give away the hermit scheme, so I made Ned promise not to tell. We never thought of his having anything to do with Jem."

"He must have been about the day that Jem was so frightened when she was out here under the tree," said Mrs. Howland.

"I cannot understand why he was never seen on the river. We made so many inquiries at the time," said Mr. Howland.

"Some one did tell me they had seen the hermit this summer," said Harry, "but I don't suppose anyone ever thought of his being connected with Jem."

"No, I don't think it would have occurred even to me," said his father, "though I was so anxious to find some clew to her."

"What will you do about it now, Henry?" asked Mrs. Howland.

"I am going over to see Judge Grey this evening, and will ask his advice. We must move carefully in the matter."

"Jem will not have to go back to him, will she, Cousin Henry?" asked Edna, anxiously.

"Not if Mrs. Ashurst still wishes to take her. When she hears that a grandfather is living—for I suppose he is the child's grandfather—she may change her mind."

"Oh, I hope not!"

"If she does not take her, we will see that she is placed in some comfortable home," said Mrs. Howland. "Her grandfather evidently does not wish to support her, so we need not force her upon him."

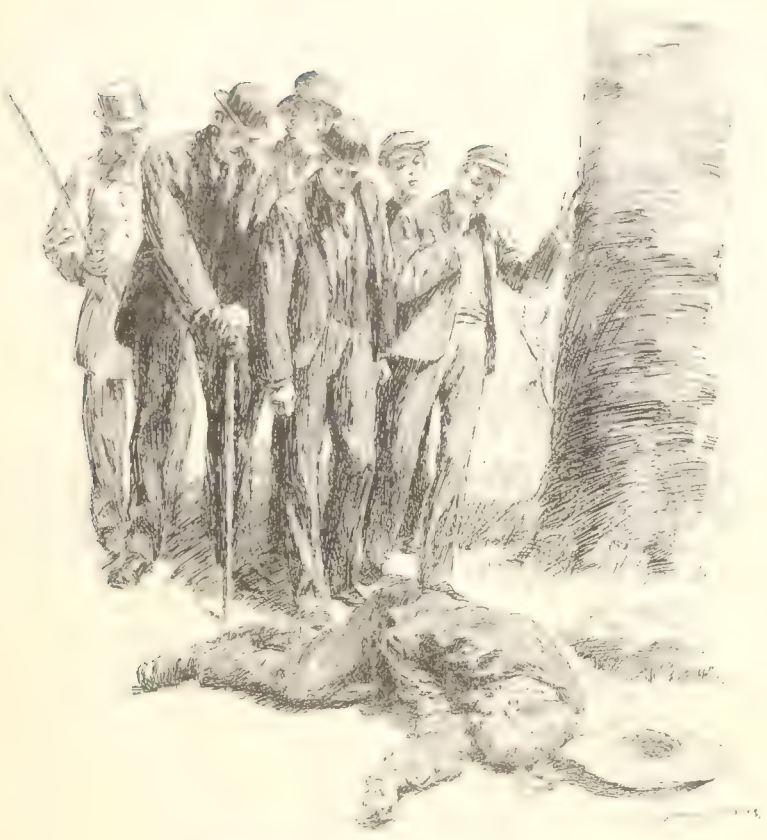
After consultation with Judge Grey, Mr. Howland determined to organize an expedition to go the next day and visit the hermit.

"We must let him know that we have discovered his secret, and induce him to testify that the child is his heir, so that when he dies his miserly savings may go to her," said Mr. Howland to his wife.

"I wish we could leave him alone and let the matter drop," she replied.

"That would not do. It would not be right on the child's account. He must be followed up." So the next day the expedition started.

The party consisted of Judge Grey, and Mr. Howland, Harry, Winthrop, Dana, and Martin the coachman. Edna, of course, was very anxious to go too, but it was



HE LAY ON HIS BACK—HE WAS DEAD.

thought better that she should not, and John also was kept at home, much against his will.

It was impossible to drive up, as the road was on the opposite side of the river from the hermit's hut, and there would be no way of getting across. There was no direct route on the same side except a very rough cart-road. So the party went in two row-boats and the canoe, and landing by the spring, they hauled their craft on shore and began the ascent under the guidance of Winthrop.

They stepped carefully and said little, walking in single file. Dana was full of importance at having been allowed to go when John was left at home, and he marched along with a martial tread that would have been truly impressive if the others had only had time to notice it, but all were absorbed in the task of getting to their destination as quietly and quickly as possible.

When they reached the clearing, Winthrop paused.

"I think, father," he said, "it would be well for one or two of us to go ahead and reconnoitre. What do you think?"

"I agree with you," said Mr. Howland. "As you know the way, you had better go with Martin and myself. The others may remain here within call should we need assistance. What do you say, Mr. Grey?"

"You are quite right," said that gentleman. "If you wish us to come quietly, send some one back. If not, whistle or shout, and we will come at once."

"Let me go, father," said Dana, eagerly. "I don't want to be left here doing nothing while you are fighting the hermit."

"I don't expect to fight him," said Mr. Howland, "and you are to stay where you are."

Winthrop led the way, and slowly and silently they again moved along. As they approached the hut all was quiet. They stood still and listened, but not a sound was to be heard but the singing of the myriads of insects that filled the air. The day was hot, and no breeze stirred the leaves. As they stood there a locust near by began his shrill song and startled them, so absolutely still had it been.

They crept nearer. No smoke had been seen rising from the place. Could the hermit have gone away? Growing bolder, they moved forward more quickly, and emerging from the thick wood, stepped out into the cleared space before the hut. There at the foot of the birch-tree, near the stone which guarded his treasure, lay the hermit. He was dead.

Mr. Howland shouted to the rest of the party, who came hurrying up the path to find that the man for whom they were looking was far beyond their reach. He was afraid of human interference, and death had come to his aid. They stood for a few minutes in awed silence, and then Judge Grey said:

"We must now take steps to secure the money for the child. It will be hard to prove her claims if there is nothing to vouch for them but the remarks that Winthrop overheard. However, there will probably be no other claimants."

They then began to search the hut, but nothing could be found there. The hermit had lived and died in extreme poverty. A little food was stowed away in a cupboard; the pail which he had carried to the spring was half full of water.

Then they went out to the birch-tree to seek for the miser's treasure. They were obliged to dig far down before the spade struck the hard cover of the box. At last it was unearthed and brought to the light of day. It was an old-fashioned tin box, not locked, but carefully corded. They opened it, and found within a number of bags of coin and an old pocket-book with some bank-notes and some papers. The money they did not touch, but Judge Grey took out the papers and read them. One was a letter addressed in a scrawling unformed hand to "John Anderson, deerboro' post Office."

"I remember now," said Judge Grey, "having heard that the hermit asked for letters addressed to that name when he made his yearly visits to the post-office."

He opened the letter and read:

"john anderson yours dorter jemimer is ded her huzband is ded so cum after the chaile sined mary ann smith."

That was all. There was no date, and no address was given. The postmark on the envelope was that of a little town in the interior of the State.

The other paper was a certificate of the marriage of Jemima Anderson and Adam Barnes. They repacked and tied up the box, and carried it to Deerboro'. Later in the day the remains of John Anderson, hermit and miser, were carried to the town and buried.

Mr. Howland and Judge Grey went to the place from which the letter had been sent, and after making inquiries, proved beyond a doubt that little Jem was the grandchild and only heir of John Anderson, and the six hundred dollars were placed in the savings-bank in her name. The child was now formally adopted by Mrs. Ashurst and a new name given her—that of Eleanor Ashurst, though to her friends she always remained "little Jem."

The remainder of the summer passed rapidly at Stone Court, and on the 1st of October Edna said good-by, sorry to leave her cousins in Massachusetts, but with many adventures to relate to her friends at home.

THE END.

THE TRIAL OF MABEL HOWARD.

BY W. THOMSON.

"CHILDREN, I will dismiss you now. The air is becoming so thick with smoke that I'm afraid bush-fires have broken out not far away. All of you had better get home as soon as possible."

Miss Ada Nelson, teacher of a country school in Traverse County, Michigan, said this about three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 9th day of October, 1871, and in less than two minutes thereafter the log school-house was empty.

For six weeks there had been little or no rain. Eastward from Kansas, through Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, right down to the Ohio line, and northward through upper Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan, disastrous fires, consuming the dried-up herbage of open fields as well as the dead trees and underbrush of timbered districts, were of daily occurrence. Even as the young teacher spoke the tremendous conflagration at the doomed city of Chicago had been raging for eighteen hours, and a strong south-west wind had already wafted the "smoke of her torment" over all the country lying between lakes Michigan and Huron.

Fortunately, however, Miss Nelson did not yet know this fact, else she might have attributed the darkened atmosphere of her own neighborhood solely to that cause, whereas it was chiefly due, as she had guessed, to the burning of material much nearer at hand.

When the school-children separated in different directions, one little party took a road leading directly north. This group was composed of Mabel Howard, a well-grown girl of sixteen and the foremost scholar in the school, Gus Boylan, a hulking boy of seventeen, and the two brothers Tim and Harry Lennox, aged eleven and nine years. The parents of these children lived on adjoining farms, three miles from the school-house, in a neighborhood not likely to be reached by bush-fires; so the young people, though bothered by increasing clouds of smoke, had no fears for the safety of their own homes. All went well with them until they came to a belt of pine one and a half miles broad, extending four times that distance to the west, and about two miles to the east, while through the whole tract were scattered innumerable dry tree-tops, left on the ground by the saw log cutters of the preceding winter.

Though the smoke was here shockingly dense the party unhesitatingly entered the wood, but they had not gone a hundred yards when they found the heat unbearable, and borne down by the westerly breeze, a roaring sound fell upon their ears like that produced by the downward rush of mighty waters.

But no water was here, for, as the children stopped in affright, they saw, off to the left, the black pall of smoke; and now an ominous crackling told that the fire was fast sweeping towards them.

"Back—back to the clearing! We can't get through!" cried Mabel, and the quartet rapidly retreated. They stood a moment, bewildered, and then, as a startling recollection occurred to the girl, she hurriedly exclaimed: "Oh, those poor children, Gertrude and Crissy Moore! I met their mother this morning on her way to Manistee, and she told me that Mr. Moore had gone east with a drove of cattle and that she had left the little girls alone in the house. It is, you know, two miles from here, but only a few hundred yards from the east end of these woods. The fire will be sure to fly over that narrow field and catch the house and barn, and unless we can save them, the poor things will be burned to death! They would never have sense enough to escape, for Gertie is only seven years old and Crissy not five yet. Come, boys, come! We can outrun the fire and get there in time to take those babies out of danger."

"Not much," replied Gus Boylan. "I don't risk my life to save anybody's brats. Let them take their chances. I'm off for Manistee River. It's only a mile southeast of here. I can get to it all right, and likely catch a mess of grayling, too."

Mabel Howard glanced at him, and cried: "Oh, you



IT WAS ONLY A FEW SECONDS' WORK TO LOWER THEM.

coward! I always did despise you. But you can go; I'll rescue those children if it can be done."

"You shan't try it alone, Mabel—we'll go with you," exclaimed the Lennox boys.

"You dear little fellows!" cried the girl. "Come, let us make a race of it." And the three set off through the forest, soon losing sight of Boylan sneaking away in the other direction.

Mabel and her young companions had undertaken a race indeed. In their anxiety they had started off at full speed, and soon found that they were outstripping the flames; but borne on in advance of the heated air great sulphurous billows of smoke rolled over them, and before they had gone three fourths of a mile the two brave boys sank to the ground exhausted.

What was to be done? The heroic girl could not leave them there directly in the track of the enemy and yet she dared not delay long. She looked half despairingly around, when a well-remembered landmark met her eyes.

Stooping down, she grasped a coat collar in either hand and lifted the fainting children to their feet. "Come, boys," she said, "make another effort. Your lives and mine, and those of Mrs. Moore's little ones, depend upon it. The west end of Fife Lake is only three hundred yards from here. Hold tight to me and I'll take you there," and half dragging, half carrying the nearly unconscious little fellows along, she reached the water's edge.

All three threw themselves down and drank as they had never done before. Then the refreshed boys wanted to go on; but Mabel said, "No, no; you must stay here. You could not live through such a trial. Lie down on the ground—there is less smoke within two feet of the surface—and if the fire creeps across the field, wade out into the lake. It is quite shallow for some distance from the shore. If I don't come back for you before night, make your way to the Manistee. You'll find people there who will take you home as soon as the road to your home is safe;" then the undaunted girl kissed the children, and started on her desperate race.

The fire had gained on her considerably, but was still several hundred yards in the rear, and, taught by experience, she went on at a pace which she could keep up, though she was frequently obliged to stoop low to the earth in order to get a breath of pure air.

At last the brave little girl reached the southeast corner of the great woods well in advance of the fire, and then, turning to the north, saw at a distance of about two hundred yards from both herself and the forest's edge the house and barn of John Moore; and to her great relief plainly heard the voice of Gertrude as she screamed for help. But now, having to cross the wind on the direct route of the flames, the smoke and heat became almost unendurable, and it was only by holding her breath meantime that she succeeded in rushing across the space.

Either the two little girls had accidentally discovered that they could breathe only near the ground, or had fallen to it through partial suffocation, for both now lay, prone before the door, perfectly conscious and unhurt, though the elder, dimly realizing the danger, never ceased to scream—screams that changed to cries of joy as Mabel threw herself down beside her and drew a deep breath. But she could only rest for a moment. There was no time to lose. The awful sea of fire already showed through the nearest trees, and gently releasing herself from the children's arms, she rose, dipped her light woollen shawl in a convenient pail of water, drew it over her head, and ran swiftly to the forty-foot well near by.

Hanging over the well was an old-fashioned windlass, and wound around its drum was a rope attached to a great iron-bound bucket. The ready-witted girl lowered this to the bottom, and on drawing it up found that the water was less than two feet deep.

The air had now grown so foul and hot, that in order to breathe in an upright position she was obliged to fix a fold of the wet shawl over her mouth and nostrils. While doing so she noticed a small pile of hickory stove-wood standing not six yards away, and in another half minute she had carried and thrown into the well enough of this to rise clear of the water.

Then running back to the house, she jerked the blankets off their two beds, snatched little Crissy up on her disengaged arm, and bidding Gertie hold on to her home-spun frock, ran again to the well. To drop the blankets to the bottom, place the children, one at a time, in the bucket, and lower them also, was only a few seconds' work. Letting the bucket after its last trip rest on the blankets, she grasped the rope, and let herself down hand over hand; then, over thirty feet below the ground, patiently awaited with her frightened charges whatever might happen.

The descent was made not a moment too soon; for before Mabel went down she saw that the flames had emerged from the forest, caught the rail fence bounding the field, and that they were now rushing over the dry grass and stubble. In another minute she heard the little wood-pile begin to burn, and saw a sheet of flame sweep over the well curb. But this had been heavily whitewashed and did not ignite, though the unlimed drum was scorched, and the rope, burning through close to its staple, fell down the well, thus cutting off all hope of escape except from outside help.

Next, shining through the smoke clouds over their retreat, the trio saw the vivid light of the burning house and barn.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Gertrude; "what will poor mother and father do now? They've got no home any more."

"Dear child," answered Mabel, "let us thank God that our lives are spared. Your father will soon build a new house; but how would he and your mother feel if they should find *your* own and Crissy's little body among the ashes of the old one?"

Although the fallen timber, brush, and occasional dead trees in the forest were still furiously burning, the hot air and smoke did not penetrate down into the well, the atmosphere at its bottom being comparatively fresh and pure. There was no danger whatever of the water rising; yet here and there, under the blankets and between the sticks of wood, it oozed up within reach, and by lying flat the captives could at any time manage to drink.

But they might starve before the mother could find her way back over the burning country, or before the Lennox boys could get home and give the alarm.

The short October day ended; the blackened fields of the Moore farm were now nearly clear of fire, and Mabel knew night had come, because the light from the blazing forest was more plainly visible between her and the smoke-laden sky than in the daytime.

As the great well, lined with cobble-stones, was over five feet in diameter, the tired girl by-and-by lay down beside the children, and, worn out by her toil, soon fell asleep.

Her sleep continued all through the night, and when at last she was awakened by Crissy's plaintive cry, "Me want my breakfast!" she found that the sun had risen upon another day, and that the air was tolerably free from smoke.

Bitterly reproaching herself for having, in the hurry of the moment, neglected to secure whatever bread the house had contained the day before, she could only soothe the little one by hopeful assurances that "mother will soon come back, and bring plenty of breakfast." But how they were even then to be rescued she could not guess.

Several anxious hours passed away, and the sun rose

high in the heavens, when up through the fields to the south staggered a woman, who, on coming within sight of the smouldering ruins of her home, quickened her pace to a run, and reached the site of the burned house, where, only the morning before, she had left her little ones apparently safe from harm.

She stood one moment in stupefied horror; then, throwing up her hands in an agony of despair, she wildly shrieked: "Gone, gone! my darlings have perished! Oh, merciful Father, take me too!"

But what is that? Her heart-breaking cry is answered by a muffled shout! Forcing herself to absolute quiet, she listens intently. The shout is repeated, seemingly from the bowels of the earth. A sudden thought strikes her. She rushes toward the well, leans over the blistered curb, and then hears a well-known voice exclaim: "It's I, Mabel Howard, Mrs. Moore. Gertrude and Crissy are with me—alive and well."

Kneeling down by the well's brink Mrs. Moore hears Mabel's simply told story, interrupted now and then by the caressing prattle of her own children, to whom her face is plainly visible as she leans over their dark hiding-place.

"How shall we get out, Mrs. Moore?" asked Mabel; "you see the rope has fallen down from the windlass. Is any one with you, or can you find a long string of any kind?"

"No, you blessed, blessed girl, I am alone, but we will get the rope up directly," replied Mrs. Moore.

Then she opened a little parcel of winter stuff, bought at Manistee for the children, and taking from it a piece of strong jean, tore the cloth into strips, tied a number of them together, weighted one end of the line with a small stone, lowered it to Mabel, and in a few seconds the rope was once more fastened to the windlass.

"Send baby up first!" she called out, as merrily as though hoisting children from wells were an every-day pastime; and in a few moments the delighted little creature was in her arms.

Gertrude came next, and then Mrs. Moore exclaimed: "What shall I do now, Mabel? You are such a heavy lump of goodness that I'm afraid I can't wind you up."

"Never mind me," laughed the girl; "just lower the bucket again. I'll climb out myself after I've sent the blankets and wood up, so as to leave the well fit for use."

Half a dozen windings brought all to the surface; the bucket descended once more, and Mabel, who had meantime stood in the shallow water, grasped the rope with both hands, leaned far back, planted her feet squarely against the rough wall, and walked up to daylight as cleverly as any professional well-digger could have done.

How she was received by the woman to whom she had rendered such heroic service, what words passed between the two, what heartfelt blessings were given and received, must be left to the imagination of each individual reader; for even if I had been told of what then occurred—which I never was—I should hold it as too sacred for written description.

Very luckily, as it proved, Mrs. Moore had brought with her, from the last farm-house she passed on her way, a substantial loaf of bread, and on this and some water the four made a meal, which the two elder have often since declared was the most delicious one of their whole lives.

After a while the little party started off, intending, if possible, to reach Mabel Howard's home.

By keeping a few hundred yards south of the burnt district they got on without much trouble.

As they went along, Mrs. Moore told how she had left Manistee, then in great danger, the afternoon before; how she was finally forced to abandon her horse and wagon, and continue her journey through the whole night on foot, all the people along the route being too much occupied in guarding their own property to give her either company or assistance.

When the travellers came to the forest road, which Mabel and the boys had vainly tried to pass the preceding day, they found that it was now passable, though the ground was still rather hot, and many of the heavier tree-trunks were sullenly burning.

Taking little Crissy up in her arms, Mrs. Moore led the way; but presently met Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who were coming along in a farm wagon to search for their daughter.

Those trustworthy little fellows, the Lennox boys, had got safely home that morning, and had told the story of Mabel's desperate venture; but Gus Boylan had not yet been heard from. When he did turn up, forty eight hours afterwards, it was only to find himself in general disgrace.

Six days after the fire, John Moore—probably the happiest and most thankful man in all Michigan—arrived at the Howard farmstead. His ten fat steers had sold well, and, with three hundred dollars in his pocket, he soon replaced the lost house and barn, and long before the snow fell his wife and children were once more settled in a home of their own.

Exactly fourteen years after these events on the 10th day of October, 1885, I was driving through the lower part of Traverse County. Just before noon, I stopped at a neat-looking brick farm-house to claim the hospitality of its occupants.

A pleasant-faced matron met me at the door, and, in response to my self-made introduction, informed me that she was the wife of farmer John Moore. Presently the goodman himself, coming in from the field, added his own cordial welcome, and, after caring for my horse, took a seat at the bountifully spread dinner table.

We had not yet begun to eat, however, when, with a quick, energetic step, there walked into the room a handsome young woman, whom I should never have guessed to be thirty years of age, and in due form my hostess presented me to "Miss Mabel Howard, principal of our district school."

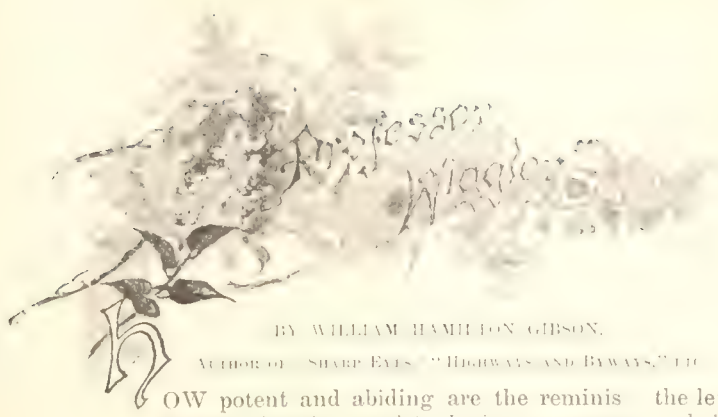
The ensuing meal proved in every way enjoyable, and as we afterwards sat in friendly converse the talk drifted to Michigan's earlier history. It was then I heard, from the lips of the actors themselves, all the details which I have woven into this story.

When the dramatic narrative was finished, I very naturally asked, "But what has become of Gertrude and Crissy?"

Mrs. Moore laughed as only a thoroughly happy woman can, and stepping to the door, said: "Come here, please. Do you see those two pretty cottages a quarter-mile directly west from here?"

"Yes," I replied, "and very tasteful things they are."

"Well," rejoined my companion, "they stand on the former site of those great woods we have just told you of. We are quite interested in them, for the one to the right is owned and occupied by Tim Lennox and our Gertrude, while that on the left makes a pleasant home for Harry Lennox and Crissy, who went to it as a bride only three weeks ago. As for Mabel here," smilingly continued Mrs. Moore, resting one hand caressingly on Miss Howard's shoulder, "she seems determined to be an old maid—a good thing for us, as she lives with each of us in turn when not at her *other* home. The dear girl still keeps up her early habit of trying to make every one happy, and I don't, I really don't, believe that she is utterly miserable herself!"



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

OW potent and abiding are the reminiscences of early youth! It is now some thirty years since I discovered "Professor Wiggler," and noted his peculiar eccentricities. And simply because I chanced first to disclose his wiggling identity on a lilac-bush, how irresistibly must his comical presence assert itself with my slightest thought of lilac, with the shape of its leaf, the faintest whiff of its fragrance, or even a distant glimpse of its spray!

Yonder, for instance, an old ruin of a home closely hemmed in with the well-known bushes spots the wintry landscape. What a place for Wigglers that will be next summer! Only a few days since, while walking down Broadway, New York, I paused for a momentary glimpse of a fine display of spring silks in a shop window, when Professor Wiggler, without the slightest rhyme or reason, suddenly wagged his comical head across my fancy, for my thoughts were far from professors and entomology. Following a frequent quiet pastime of mine, of tracing the pedigree of such vagrant waifs of thought, I fell to pondering what could have summoned my unbidden friend, and I soon discovered. Why, how simple! The window before me was a very epitome of tender vernal hues—blushes of pale blossoms, yellows of pale anthers shadowed under petals, and quickened grays of bourgeoning hill-side woods, warm pulsing greens of budding leaves, each fabric bearing its label of the latest color fad—coral gray, Chinese pink, primrose ash, old-rose, and yonder was a faded purple bearing the title "lilac," which, of course, by its own irresistible telegraph through my retina had called up the professor, and here he was.

Yes, it must be admitted, he is a rather unceremonious and promiscuous professor, but I can nevertheless recommend him to our young people as a most amusing and entertaining character. As I have said, I first made his acquaintance over thirty years ago, and in spite of his obtrusive ways in season and out of season I nevertheless renew our actual acquaintance on the lilac bush every summer, and I am always greeted with the same expressive "wiggle waggle."

It was in early August when I first discovered him, a small brown and white crook-backed creature about an inch long, clothed with scattered hairs, and clinging to the edge of a leaf, half of which he had eaten to the mid rib. As I approached he ceased eating, and began to wag his upraised head and body vehemently, and I promptly named him Wiggler, subsequently adding the "professor" for special reasons which I do not now recall. Careful search about the bush led to the discovery of a dozen or more of the caterpillars, all about the same size; and such was their novelty among the young insect collectors that wigglers now became all the rage, and were at a premium on trade. The lilac bushes of the town were scoured for caterpillars, and there was suddenly a "corner" on wigglers. A Professor Wiggler was now worth two bull's-eyes, and even two classical Polypremuses, or three *Attacus promethea* cocoons were considered only a just and dignified equivalent for a full-grown specimen of the new professor. For those which I had first found proved to be mere infants. As they waxed fat and healthy and lively on their daily supply of fresh lilac leaves, they soon reached the length of quite an inch and a half, and their humps and zigzag outline were proportionately developed, to say nothing of their wiggling propensities.

How well I remember the "whack! whack! whack!" from the inside of the pasteboard or wooden box as I entered the room, or chanced to make the slightest commotion in its neighborhood, as the captive pets threatened to dash their brains out in their demonstrations at my approach. Opening the box, I was always greeted with the same concert of whisking heads, the action being more particularly expressive from the long projecting lash of hairs, an inch and a quarter in length, with which the caterpillar's head was provided. One singular feature of these hairs had always puzzled me in the earlier life of the caterpillar, but was soon explained by close observation. At intervals of every quarter of an inch or so in the length of the slender tuft we find in perfect specimens a tiny brown speck—perhaps three or four graduating in size to the tip of the hairs, where the atom is scarcely visible, or generally absent. A careful examination of their shape revealed the fact that they were exactly like the heads of the younger caterpillars in all their stages, and their presence and successive accumulation were readily explained by the moulting habits of



PROFESSOR WIGGLER AT HOME.

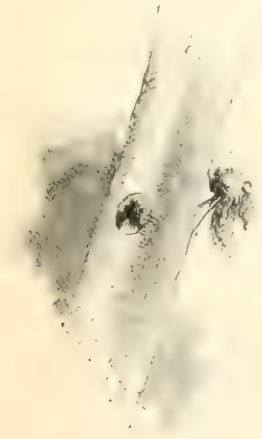


PROFESSOR WIGGLER MOTH.

the caterpillar, which is common to all caterpillars. By these telltale tokens we know that the professor has changed his clothes—let us see, one, two, three, four—perhaps five times.

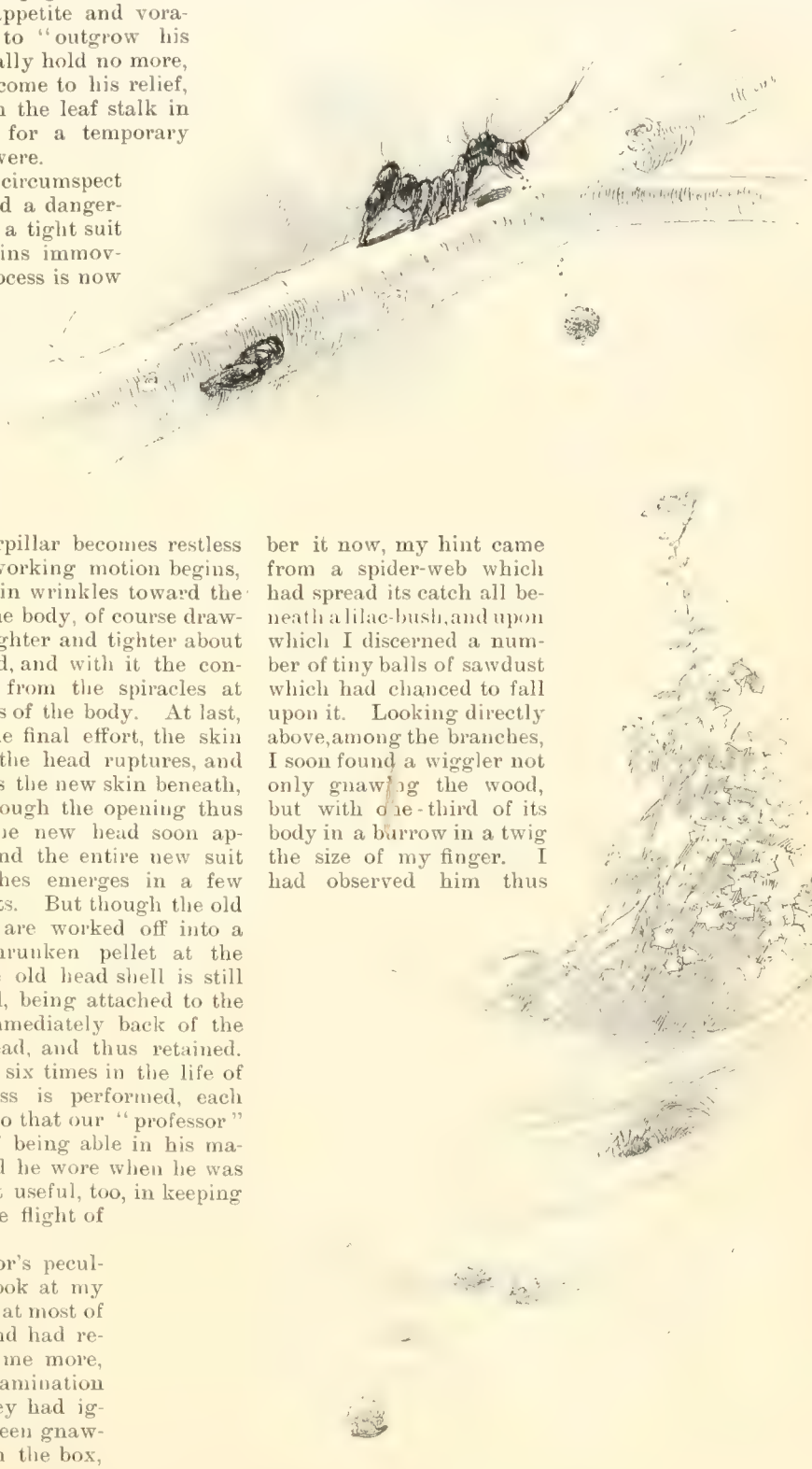
When he first emerged from the egg on the lilac-leaf he was indeed a tiny atom; his head would make a small show laid upon our page. When about a week old, by dint of a good appetite and voracious feeding, he had managed to "outgrow his skin," as it were. He could literally hold no more, and realizing that nature would come to his relief, he began to spin a tiny web upon the leaf stalk in which to secure his hooked feet for a temporary rest, sleeping off his dinner, as it were.

He is now a very quiet and circumspect young professor. It were indeed a dangerous experiment to wiggle in such a tight suit as now encloses him, so he remains immovable and resigned. A strange process is now going on in his physiology. Hour by hour his outer skin is becoming detached from the under skin, and now he is simply enclosed within its sac. The shell of his former head has been crowded off his face, as it were, and has slid down toward the mouth of the new head within. Shortly after this feature has taken place the imprisoned caterpillar becomes restless to burst his bonds, and a quiet working motion begins, which gradually forces the skin in wrinkles toward the tail of the body, of course drawing it tighter and tighter about the head, and with it the connection from the spiracles at the sides of the body. At last, with one final effort, the skin behind the head ruptures, and discloses the new skin beneath, and through the opening thus made the new head soon appears, and the entire new suit of clothes emerges in a few moments. But though the old clothes are worked off into a little shrunken pellet at the tail, the old head shell is still retained, being attached to the hairs immediately back of the new head, and thus retained. Five or six times in the life of the caterpillar this same process is performed, each performance leaving its token; so that our "professor" enjoys the unique distinction of being able in his mature years to look up to the head he wore when he was a baby or youngster, and make it useful, too, in keeping off the flies as he ponders on the flight of time.



THE LILAC TWIG IN JUNE.

But this is not all our professor's peculiarities. One day as I came to look at my hump-backed pets, I discovered that most of them had shrunk a full third, and had refused to eat, and what surprised me more, refused to wiggle. A closer examination of the box showed that while they had ignored the lilac leaves, they had been gnawing the pasteboard everywhere in the box, even perforating it with a number of holes. The captives in a thin wooden box were similarly affected, and numbers of holes were to be seen. What did it mean? I had been expecting daily to see my full-grown caterpillars either beginning their cocoons or suspending themselves by their tails in readiness for the chrysalis state. Yet they had done neither. Their time had evidently come, but they were not satisfied with their surroundings, and would seem to wish to escape, and yet having gnawed their way to liberty deliberately remained in prison! It was some days before I correctly interpreted their curious contradictory actions, and as I remember it now, my hint came from a spider-web which had spread its catch all beneath a lilac-bush, and upon which I discerned a number of tiny balls of sawdust which had chanced to fall upon it. Looking directly above, among the branches, I soon found a wiggler not only gnawing the wood, but with one-third of its body in a burrow in a twig the size of my finger. I had observed him thus



TUNNELLING THE TWIG.

for a few moments, when he began to back out, drawing with him a tiny ball of sawdust, which he threw out with a slight wiggle, and soon resumed operations.

Leaving him to his work, I lost no time in taking the



THE CONCEALED CHAMBER.

hint, and my box was soon criss-crossed with small twigs, and my remaining wigglers soon found themselves at home and littered my box with their chip pellets. The burrow is first made diagonally to the pith, and then follows the centre for about two-thirds of an inch. I remember having about a half-dozen caterpillars thus at work simultaneously. On the morrow, when I opened the box, all signs of caterpillars and burrows had vanished. Though I looked directly upon the spot where yesterday I had surely seen the open tunnel, no vestige of it now appeared, and its whereabouts could only be guessed by the slight rose-colored stain which the caterpillar had left on the bark below. What had happened?

The burrows had been completed in the night, and the caterpillars had retired into them, backwards presumably, and then spun over the opening by a disk of silk, which they had finally, or in the process, tinted the exact color of the external surrounding bark. I have frequently exhibited one of these sticks, with its enclosed caterpillar, to curious friends, who were unable to locate, without long and careful scrutiny, the mysterious curtain. The twig, dried in a mild oven so as to kill the enclosed caterpillar, or with its further side split off for his removal, would serve as an interesting permanent specimen, the delicate disk being otherwise ruptured by the final escape of the moth.

All of mine appeared in the first week of July of the next year. They were small, for the size of the caterpillar, yellowish white "millers," the forewings beautifully mottled and banded with brown, and each with three conspicuous round spots of dull red, which feature has secured the insect its specific name of "Trisignata." *Gortematophora trisignata* being the name of our professor in learned circles.

His burrowing habits do not seem to be generally known. The only mention of which I have chanced to observe merely alluding to the fact that the "caterpillar has the unusual power of boring very smooth cylindrical holes in solid pine wood," but Professor Wiggler does not bore wood for a pastime, as we have seen.

CADET DAYS.

By [illegible] CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "Pops," "Pops's Close Call," "Pops's Promotion."

PREFACE.

WHEN the story of "Corporal Pops" was told to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, the author little thought how many indulgent friends the boy would find asking to be told more about that venturesome youngster. "Pops" was but a "four-year-old" when his big comrades, the troopers, gave him his martial title, and his Apache playmate was even younger. Army boys of the old times saw much more of our great and beautiful land than did their juvenile fellow-citizens with established homes—it was one compensation of their wandering life—and in the four sketches of Geordie Graham's Arizona days the author strove to tell something of the incidents which were instrumental in forming the character of the sturdy soldier "Pops" eventually became.

And then came inquiries as to what manner of man he grew to be. Loving his mother as he did, Geordie could never go far astray, for boy life knows no stronger, surer safeguard, and this, the story of his cadet days, has its parallel in that of many another boy who has undergone the stern discipline of West Point, far removed from, yet never forgetful of, the sweet influences of home, and the patient, unfailing, unselfish devotion of a mother's love.

CHARLES KING.

THIS new serial "Cadet Days" has been called by a competent critic the equal of *Tom Brown's School Days*, and every American will be delighted with the incidents and adventures of our old friend, "Corporal Pops," during the days of his career at West Point, the United States Military Academy. The story will begin in the next number, and run for many weeks, carrying us along through all the many scenes of the great military school. [EDITOR.]

TOM'S IDEA.

"I PLOUGHED up the Pike Meadow this morning, and I want you to pick out the stones this afternoon, Tom," said Farmer Green to his son at the dinner table one day.

Tom said nothing, but he looked his dismay, and forgot to eat the piece of turnip which he held balanced on the end of his three-tined fork.

"Throw them over on the west side of the lot, then they will be out of the way," continued his father, as he put on his hat to go back to his work.

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

The door shut, and Tom groaned. "I was going over to Sam's to make that boat this afternoon," he explained to his sympathetic mother. "I thought that meadow wasn't going to be ploughed till next week."

"If you go right about it, perhaps you can get through in time to go to Sam's," advised his mother.

"I will take the whole afternoon to do it all alone, and I shan't get through before dark," said Tom, dismally.

Mrs. Green said nothing more, and began to wash the dishes.

Tom wandered out to the hen yard with his hands in his pockets. He stood watching an old biddy calling her chicks about her, when suddenly a bright idea struck him. "I've got it!" he cried, giving such a war-whoop that the hen and her chickens scattered in eleven directions. He turned on his heel and rushed into the house very differently from the way he had [illegible] "I'm going over to Sam's," he said to his mother.

She looked at him, and saw a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes. "Well," she said. "Only, Tom, don't fail to have your [illegible]"

"No, ma'am," trying to look sober, though he smiled in spite of himself. An hour later he came into the dining-room where she was sewing, and tilted himself on her rocker while he coaxed: "Say, mother, can't I have a few of the fellows to supper, and won't you make some hot biscuits? Father's going to the village, and won't get home till seven o'clock, so he won't care."

"I guess so," she answered. "I was going to make biscuits anyway, and I can make a few extra just as well." She did not ask him why he wanted the boys to supper, but she knew he was working out some bright idea of his own, and motherlike, was ready to help, while she watched him curiously. Soon after she heard him sawing in the wood-shed, then he came in to ask for some red paint.

The boys came at four o'clock according to Tom's invitation. There were four of them besides Tom.

Mrs. Green looked out of the kitchen window, and saw Tom taking them towards Pike Meadow. Over on the west side of the meadow she could see some bright object standing on the stone wall, but could not tell what it was. Then she saw the boys stoop and fill their pockets with stones. Then they formed in a line, and took turns throwing the stones at the object on the other side. They kept their shot flying, little by little moving nearer their target. Meanwhile, the farmer's wife baked her delicious biscuits, and laughed to herself.

At five o'clock the six young slingers came trooping in to supper, hot and hungry.

"That was a fine target, Tom," said one of his admirers. "Where did you get it?"

"Made it," said Tom, promptly. "Had some paint left over from the boat, you know."

While they were eating, Mr. Green came home unexpectedly. He spoke kindly to them all, then turning to Tom, he said, "Did you pick the stones out of the meadow this afternoon, as I told you, and throw them on the west side, Thomas?"

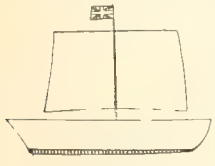
"Yes, sir, we did," said Tom, demurely, while the other boys, seeing through the joke for the first time, fairly shouted.

THE HERRING-POND RACES.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

ONCE upon a time there were two boys, John and Jonathan, who lived on opposite sides of a lake called the Herring Pond. They threw stones at each other till both got hit. Then they made friends; and as they were both fond of sailing toy boats they agreed to have a sailing race.

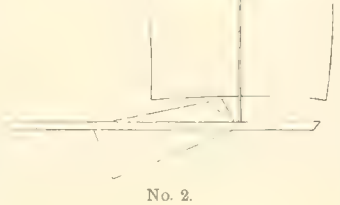
John was the elder, and had the most boats, so Jonathan sailed his best boat across the pond, and John's mamma said she would give a new tin cup for a prize to the winner. Jonathan's boat easily beat all of John's boats, so he carried home the tin cup, and hung it up in the window where all the boys could see it. "John," said Jonathan, "when you have learned how to build boats you may come over and have a chance to win back the cup."



No. 1.

After a while John made a boat out of a board, with lead fastened to one edge for ballast, and a sail set up on the other edge, like number one. And he called it a "cutter," and sent word across the Herring Pond that he was coming.

But Jonathan, too, had been making a new boat. He had sharpened a board at the end, and cut a slit in the middle of it. And through the slit he had thrust a shingle down into the water as in number two.



No. 2.

This he called a sloop, and told John to come on with his cutter.

So John came over, and they sailed several races, and Jonathan beat every time.

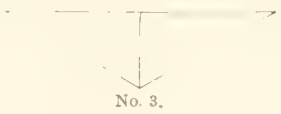
John couldn't understand it; said there must be something wrong with the water on Jonathan's side of the pond; so he put more lead on the edge of his board, and went over again. But it was of no use; he could not beat Jonathan.

Then Jonathan wanted to go over and race John in his own waters; but John said, "No; I won't play with a boy that uses centreboards."

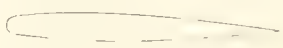
However, the other boys laughed at him so much that he gave in at last, and said that centreboards didn't matter anyhow.

So Jonathan took some of his boats over, but they did not seem to do as well on the other side of the pond, and he began almost to think with John that there must be something the matter with the water.

At last the boys agreed to take two boards of the same size,



No. 3.



No. 4.

and make two boats of the same length with all the latest improvements.

John cut the corners off his board, and fastened them together like number three. Then he shaped the rest of the board like number four, and finally nailed number four on top of number three, like number five.

But Jonathan went to work on a different plan. He shaped part of his board like number six, and the rest of it like



No. 5



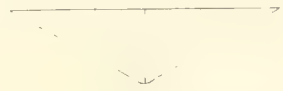
No. 6.

number seven. Then he bolted number seven under number six, and the result was as in number eight.

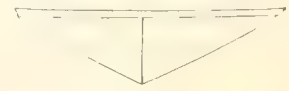
When the boats were compared, Jonathan declared that John had taken the sloop and nailed it on top of his own cutter.

"No such thing," retorted John. "You have taken my cutter and nailed it underneath your sloop."

The two boys glared at each other, and for a moment there was a prospect of a fight; but they thought better of it. Each picked up his boat, and remarking that it wasn't fair, started for home. They had not gone far when both halted, turned, and came back rather sheepishly. Each had discovered that



No. 7.



No. 8.

he had taken the other's boat by mistake. They were so much alike that they could hardly be known apart.

"Strikes me we'd better call it square."

"Done."

"What shall we name 'em?"

"How will 'fin keels' do?"

"Good! 'Fin keels' they are."

But the boys are still racing for the tin cup, and each claims that he taught the other how to build sail-boats.

THE DOINGS OF ABSENT-MINDED FOLK.

IT is not pleasant to be absent-minded, but incidents in the lives of absent-minded people give rise to a great deal of laughter in this world. Of course no one believes that there is any truth in the story of the absent-minded man who put his clothes to bed, and hung himself carefully over the back of his chair; nor have we found anybody yet who had any confidence in the story of the absent-minded small boy who went fishing, and anchored the boat with his fish-hook, and abandoned his sport because he could not find a worm large enough to bait the anchor with. These stories, however true they may be, seem slightly exaggerated, but there are others quite as interesting, and more faithful to facts. For instance, there is the story of a man who arranged to give an elaborate dinner to a numerous and distinguished company. The appointed evening arrived; the collation, an elegant one, was ready to be served, but the guests came not. Half an hour passed, and still they did not come, and the host became really uneasy. When the delay had grown to an hour, and not a man of them had shown up, his feelings were indescribable. And who can picture his agony of spirit when, on returning to his room, he chanced to pull open a drawer, and therein found the whole bundle of invitations which he had forgotten to send out!

And what an absent-minded young man that must have been who, while being married, replied to the minister's question if he was willing to take the young lady for his wedded wife, by scratching his head, and saying, "Yes, I'm willing; but I'd much rather have her sister."



Peter Newell 95 NY

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

(The tale of woe of the small toy lamb.)

"Pray why these tears, my daughter dear?"
The mother lamb observed.
"Why do you weep as though you were
So totally unnerved?

"Oh, I do weep," the lamb replied,
"Because I've learned it said
That I'm an imitation lamb—
I would that I were dead!

"My chops, they say are spareribs,
And my ears a toothpick was;
And on my back, not wool have I,
But common cotton fuzz.

"And what is worse, O mother dear—
Worse than the toothpick ears—
When I do cry 'tis said that I
Shed sawdust instead of tears.

"And you must see, if this be true,
My dearest wish is dross:
I'll ne'er be called to grace a feast
A-swimming in milk sauce!

HER PREFERENCE.

AUNT ALICE. "Here is a cake full of plums and raisins and currants and citron. Now, which part of it do you like the best, Mabel?"

MABEL. "The part that is put on my plate."

HAPPY SECURITY.

MALCOLM. "We [illegible] have lovely recesses at our school. There [illegible] apple-trees on the lawn and we eat apples all the time."

EVA. "But what will you do when the winter comes?"

MALCOLM. "Oh, they've got a nice big winter apple-tree too."

THE BITING PASSION.

The other day the kittens were pawing a sphere of yarn all around the library, and Ruthven was greatly delighted to see them tumbling about it in a heap. Finally he called to his mother who was upstairs:

"Oh, mamma, just come down quick! What do you suppose the kittens are doing?"

"Are they eating that fish in the butler's pantry?" she asked.

"No, mamma; they are only playing football in the library."

ITS PROPER USE.

MAMMA. "Here you are, eating nothing but meat, and no bread. What do you think bread was put in the world for, anyhow?"

BOBBIE. "I hope you won't think me impertinent, mamma, but I think it was put in the world to be saved up to make bread pudding of."

FORTIFYING HIMSELF.

ALBERT. "Now that I have finished my luncheon, may I put a couple of pieces of cake in my pocket?"

MAMMA. "Why do you want to do that, Albert?"

ALBERT. "Just to have them to eat in the afternoon, because you won't let me ask for anything to eat between-meals."

GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION.

WILLIE. "I suppose all the little Indian boys are having their vacations, aren't they?"

UNCLE TOM. "Why do you think so, Willie?"

WILLIE. "Why, because this is Indian-summer, Uncle Tom."

A REASON.

PAPA. "Won't you be glad when you are a big man, Harry?"

HARRY. "No, papa."

PAPA. "Why not?"

HARRY. "Why, because then I cannot get into the circus for half price."

BUTTERFISH.

PERCY. "What kind of fish are these, anyway?"

MAMMA. "These are butterfish, Percy."

PERCY. "And is that the reason they melt away so in the frying-pan?"



THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.

"I don't like de [illegible] at all,
I jess tell you dat.
Tom an' Mollie gets de food,
I'm de pussy-tat.

"Dey sets up dere at de table
[illegible],
All I gets is jess de chance
To sit down here an' mew!"